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SPECIMENS

OF

THE BRITISH POETS.

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SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED, AND WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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With this, the Second Edition of these Specimens, their original Editor has had nothing to do, being prevented by other engagements from resuming the task of revising them. Various inaccuracies of the former edition have been removed in this,—some silently, for it had been burdening the book with useless matter to have retained them in the text, and pointed them out in a note,—while others, that entangled a thought or gave weight to it, have been allowed to stand, but not without notes to stop the perpetuity of the error. With many of the now-discovered inaccuracies of the work in dates and mere minutiæ, Mr. Campbell is not properly chargeable: some may be laid to the excursive nature of his task; others to the imperfect information of those days compared with ours, for we cannot have lived two-and-twenty years without important additions to our literary facts.

Mr. Campbell's excellent taste in the selection of these Specimens has never been disputed; and of his Critical Disquisitions the best eulogy is in the fact that no work of any importance on our literary history has been written since they were published, without commendatory references to them; in particular, that they have been corrected and appealed to by Lord Byron, applaudingly quoted by Sir Walter Scott, and frequently cited and referred to by Mr. Hallam.

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ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

PART I.

THE influence of the Norman conquest upon the language of England was like that of a great inundation, which at first buries the face of the landscape under its waters, but which at last subsiding, leaves behind it the elements of new beauty and fertility. Its first effect was to degrade the Anglo-Saxon tongue to the exclusive use of the inferior orders; and by the transference of estates, ecclesiastical benefices, and civil dignities, to Norman possessors, to give the French language, which had begun to prevail at court from the time of Edward the Confessor, a more complete predominance among the higher classes of society. The native gentry of England were either driven into exile, or depressed into a state of dependence on their conqueror, which habituated them to speak his language. On the other hand, we received from the Normans the first germs of romantic poetry; and our language was ultimately indebted to them for a wealth and compass of expression which it probably would not have otherwise possessed.

The Anglo-Saxon, however, was not lost, though it was superseded by French, and disappeared as the language of superior life and of public business. It is found written in prose, at the end of Stephen's reign, nearly a century after the Conquest; and the Saxon Chronicle, which thus exhibits it,* contains even a fragment of verse, professed to have been composed by an individual who had seen William the Conqueror. To fix upon any precise time when the national speech can be said to have ceased to be Saxon, and begun to be English, is pronounced by Dr. Johnson to be impossible.† It is undoubtedly difficult, if it be possible, from the gradually progressive nature of language, as well as from the doubt, with regard to dates, which hangs over the small number of specimens of the early tongue which we possess. Mr. Ellis fixes upon a period of about forty years, preceding the accession of Henry III., from 1180 to 1216, during which he conceives modern English to have been formed.‡ The opinions of Mr. Ellis, which are always delivered with candour, and almost always founded on intelligent views, are not to be lightly treated; and I hope I shall not appear to be either captious or inconsiderate in disputing them. But it seems to me, that he rather arbitrarily defines the number of years which he supposes to have elapsed in the formation of our language, when he assigns forty years for that formation. He afterwards speaks of the vulgar English having

* As the Saxon Chronicle relates the death of Stephen, it must have been written after that event. ELLIS, *Early Eng. Poets*, vol. i. p. 60, and vol. iii. p. 404, Ed. 1801.

What is commonly called the Saxon Chronicle is continued to the death of Stephen, in 1154, and in the same language, though with some loss of its purity. Besides the neglect of several grammatical rules, French words now and then obtrude themselves, but not very frequently, in the latter pages of this Chronicle.—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 59.—C.

† *Introduction to Johnson's Dictionary.* Nor can it be expected, from the nature of things gradually changing, that any time can be assigned when Saxon may be said to cease, and the English to commence . . . . Total and sudden transformations of a language seldom happen. About the year 1150, the Saxon began to take a form in which the beginning of the present English may be plainly discovered: this change seems not to have been the effect of the Norman conquest, for very few French words are found to have been introduced in the first hundred years after it; the language must therefore have been altered by causes like those which, notwithstanding the care of writers and societies instituted to obviate them, are even now daily making innovations in every living language. JOHNSON.—C.

‡ It is only justice to Mr. Ellis to give his date correctly, 1155. "We may fairly infer," Mr. Ellis writes, "that the Saxon language and literature began to be mixed with the Norman about 1155; and that in 1215 the change may be considered as complete."—C.

suddenly superseded the pure and legitimate Saxon.* Now, if the supposed period could be fixed with any degree of accuracy to thirty or forty years, one might waive the question whether a transmutation occupying so much time could, with propriety or otherwise, be called a sudden one; but when we find that there are no sufficient data for fixing its boundaries even to fifty years, the idea of a sudden transition in the language becomes inadmissible.

The mixture of our literature and language with the Norman, or, in other words, the formation of English, commenced, according to Mr. Ellis, in 1180 [5]. At that period, he calculates that Layamon, the first translator from French into the native tongue, finished his version of Wace's "Brut." This translation, however, he pronounces to be still unmixed, though barbarous Saxon.† It is certainly not very easy to conceive how the sudden and distinct formation of English can be said to have commenced with unmixed Saxon; but Mr. Ellis, possibly, meant the period of Layamon's work to be the date *after*, and not *at* which the change may be understood to have begun. Yet, while he pronounces Layamon's language unmixed Saxon, he considers it to be such a sort of Saxon as required but the substitution of a few French for Saxon words to become English.‡ Nothing more, in Mr. Ellis's opinion, was necessary to change the old into the new native tongue, and to produce an exact resemblance between the Saxon of the twelfth century, and the English of the thirteenth; early in which century, according to Mr. Ellis, the new language was fully formed, or, as he afterwards more cautiously expresses himself, was "*in its far advanced state.*" The reader will please to recollect, that the two main circumstances in the change of Anglo-Saxon into English, are the adoption of French words, and the suppression of the inflections of the Saxon noun and verb. Now, if Layamon's style exhibits a language needing only a few French words to be convertible into English, the Anglo-Saxon must have made some progress, before Layamon's time, to an English form. Whether that progress was made rapidly, or suddenly, we have not sufficient specimens of the language, anterior to Layamon, to determine. But that the change was not sudden but gradual, I conceive, is much more probably to be presumed.‡

Layamon, however, whether we call him Saxon or English, certainly exhibits a dawn of English. And when did this dawn appear?

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* "The most striking peculiarity," says Mr. Ellis, "in the establishment of our vulgar English is, that it seems to have very suddenly superseded the pure and legitimate Saxon, from which its elements were principally derived, instead of becoming its successor, as generally has been supposed, by a slow and imperceptible process." *Specimens of Early English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 404. *Conclusion.*

† Mr. Ellis (p. 73) says, "*very* barbarous Saxon." "So little," says Sir Walter Scott in his Review of Mr. Ellis's *Specimens*, "were the Saxon and Norman languages calculated to amalgamate, that though Layamon wrote in the reign of Henry II., his language is almost pure Saxon; and hence it is probable, that if the mixed language now called English at all existed, it was deemed as yet unfit for composition, and only used as a piebald jargon for carrying on the indispensable intercourse betwixt the Anglo-Saxons and Normans. In process of time, however, the dialect so much despised made its way into the service of the poets, and seems to have superseded the use of the Saxon, although the French, being the court language, continued to maintain its ground till a later period." *Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. xvii. p. 8.—C.

‡ It seems reasonable to infer that Layamon's work was composed at or very near the period when the Saxons and Normans in this country began to unite into one nation, and to adopt a common language. *Ellis*, vol. i. p. 75.—C.

‡ If Layamon's work was finished in 1180 [1185], the verses in the Saxon Chronicle, on the death of William the Conqueror, said to be written by one who had seen that monarch, cannot be considered as a specimen of the language immediately anterior to Layamon. But St. Godric is said to have died in 1170, and the verses ascribed to him might have been written at a time nearly preceding Layamon's work. Of St. Godric's verses a very few may be compared with a few of Layamon's.

ST. GODRIC.

Saintê Marie Christie's bur!
Maiden's clenhud, Modere's flur!
Dillie mine sinnen, rix in mine mod,
Bring me to winne with selfê God.

In English. Saint Mary, Christ's bower—Maiden's purity, Motherhood's flower—Destroy my sin, reign in my mood or mind—Bring me to dwell with the very God.

LAYAMON.

And of alle than folke
The wuneden ther on folde,
Wes thisses londes folk
Leodene hendest itald;
And alswa the wimmen
Wunliche on heowen.

In English. And of all the folk that dwelt on earth was this land's folk the handsomest, (people told;) and also the women handsome of hue.

Here are four lines of St. Godric, in all probability earlier than Layamon's; and yet does the English reader find Layamon at all more intelligible, or does he seem to make any thing like a sudden transition to English, as the poetical successor of St. Godric?

Mr. Ellis computes that it was in 1180 [5], placing it thus late, because Wace took a great many years to translate his "Brut" from Geoffrey of Monmouth; and because Layamon, who translated that "Brut," was probably twenty-five years engaged in the task.* But this is attempting to be precise in dates, where there is no ground for precision. It is quite as easy to suppose that the English translator finished his work in ten as in twenty years; so that the change from Saxon to English would commence in 1265 [1165?], and thus the forty years' exodus of our language, supposing it bounded to 1216, would extend to half a century. So difficult is it to fix any definite period for the commencing formation of English. It is easy to speak of a child being born at an express time; but the birth-epochs of languages are not to be registered with the same precision and facility.† Again, as to the end of Mr. Ellis's period: it is inferred by him, that the formation of the language was either completed or far advanced in 1216, from the facility of rhyming displayed in Robert of Gloucester,‡ and in pieces belonging to the middle of the thirteenth century, or perhaps to an earlier date. I own that, to me, this theorizing by conjecture seems like stepping in quicksand. Robert of Gloucester wrote in 1280;§ and surely his rhyming with facility *then*, does not prove the English language to have been fully formed in 1216. But we have pieces, it seems, which are supposed to have been written early in the thirteenth century. To give any support to Mr. Ellis's theory, such pieces must be proved to have been produced very early in the thirteenth century. Their coming towards the middle of it, and showing facility of rhyming at that late date, will prove little or nothing.

But of these poetical fragments *supposed* to commence either with or early in the thirteenth century, our antiquaries afford us dates which, though often confidently pronounced, are really only conjectural; and in fixing those conjectural dates, they are by no means agreed. Warton speaks of this and that article being certainly not later than the reign of Richard I.; but he takes no pains to authenticate what he affirms. He pronounces the love-song, "Blow, northern wind, blow, blow, blow!" to be as old as the year 1200.‖ Mr. Ellis puts it off only to about half a century later. Hickes places the "Land of Cokayne" just after the Conquest. Mr. Warton would place it *before* the Conquest, if he were not deterred by the appearance of a few Norman words, and by the learned authority of Hickes.¶ Layamon would thus be superseded, as quite a modern. The truth is, respecting the "Land of Cokayne," that we are left in total astonishment at the circumstance of men, so well informed as Hickes and Warton, placing it either be-

* Wace finished his translation in 1155, after, Mr. Ellis supposes, thirty years' labour: Layamon, he assumes, was the same period, finishing it in 1185; "perhaps," he says, "the earliest date that can be assigned to it." *Specimens of Early English Poetry*, vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

"Layamon's age," says Mr. Hallam, "is uncertain; it must have been after 1155, when the original poem was completed, and can hardly be placed below 1200. His language is accounted rather Anglo-Saxon than English." *Lit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 59.—C.

† Nothing can be more difficult, except by an arbitrary line, than to determine the commencement of the English language. When we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate language, rather than a modification or simplification of the former. We must conform, however, to usage, and say that the Anglo-Saxon was converted into English—1st, by contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2dly, by omitting many inflections, especially of the nouns, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3dly, by the introduction of French derivatives; 4thly, by using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these, the second alone I think can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually, that we are not relieved from much of our difficulty—whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother, or the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility. It is a proof of this difficulty, that the best masters of our ancient language have lately introduced the word Semi-Saxon, which is to cover every thing from 1150 to 1250.—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 57.—C.

‡ Robert of Gloucester, who is placed by the critics in the thirteenth century, seems to have used a kind of intermediate diction, neither Saxon nor English: in his work, therefore, we see the transition exhibited. JOHNSON.—C.

§ As Robert of Gloucester alludes to the canonization of St. Louis in 1297, it is obvious, however much he wrote before, he was writing after that event. *See Sir F. Madden's Havelok*, p. lliii.—C.

‖ Warton says, "before or about," which is lax enough. *Price's Warton*, vol. i. p. 28. Ed. 1824.—C.

¶ It is not of the "Land of Cokayne" that Warton says this, but of a religious or moral ode, consisting of one hundred and ninety-one stanzas. *Price's Warton*, vol. i. p. 7. Of the "Land of Cokayne" he has said that it is a satire, which clearly exemplifies the Saxon adulterated by the Norman, and was evidently written soon after the Conquest, at least soon after the reign of Henry II., p. 9. Mr. Price (p. 7) follows Mr. Campbell in the age he would attach to the verse quoted in the first section of Warton, which is, he says, very arbitrary and uncertain.—C.

fore or immediately after the Conquest, as its language is comparatively modern. It contains allusions to pinnacles in buildings, which were not introduced till the reign of Henry III.* Mr. Ellis is not so rash as to place that production, which Hickes and Warton removed to near the Conquest, earlier than the thirteenth century; and I believe it may be placed even late in that century. In short, where shall we fix upon the first poem that is decidedly English? and how shall we ascertain its date to a certainty within any moderate number of years? Instead of supposing the period of the formation of English to commence at 1180 [1185?], and to end at 1216, we might, without violence to any known fact, extend it back to *several* years earlier, and bring it down to a *great many* years later. In the fair idea of English we surely, in general, understand a considerable mixture of French words.† Now, whatever may have been done in the twelfth century, with regard to that change from Saxon to English which consists in the extinction of Saxon grammatical inflections, it is plain that the other characteristic of English, viz. its Gallicism, was only beginning in the thirteenth century. The English language could not be said to be saturated with French, till the days of Chaucer; *i. e.* it did not, till his time, receive all the French words which it was capable of retaining. Mr. Ellis nevertheless tells us that the vulgar English, not gradually, but suddenly, superseded the legitimate Saxon. When this sudden succession precisely began, it seems to be as difficult to ascertain, as when it ended. The sudden transition, by Mr. Ellis's own theory, occupied about forty years; and, to all appearance, that term might be lengthened, with respect to its commencement and continuance, to fourscore years at least.

The Saxon language, we are told, had ceased to be poetically cultivated for some time previous to the Conquest. This might be the case with regard to lofty efforts of composition; but Ingulphus, the secretary of William the Conqueror, speaks of the popular ballads of the English, in praise of their heroes, which were sung about the streets; and William of Malmsbury, in the twelfth century, continues to make mention of them.‡ The pretensions of these ballads to the name of poetry we are unhappily, from the loss of them, unable to estimate. For a long time after the Conquest, the native minstrelsy, though it probably was never altogether extinct, may be supposed to have sunk to the lowest ebb. No human pursuit is more sensible than poetry to national pride or mortification; and a race of peasants, like the Saxons, struggling for bare subsistence, under all the dependence, and without the protection, of the feudal system, were in a state the most ungenial to feelings of poetical enthusiasm. For more than one century after the Conquest, as we are informed, an Englishman was a term of contempt. So much has time altered the associations attached to a name, which we should now employ as the first appeal to the pride or intrepidity of those who bear it. By degrees, however, the Norman and native races began to coalesce, and their patriotism and political interests to be identified. The crown and aristocracy having become, during their struggles, to a certain degree, candidates for the favour of the people, and rivals in affording them protection, free burghs and chartered corporations were increased, and commerce and social intercourse began to quicken. Mr. Ellis alludes to an Anglo-Norman jargon having been spoken in commercial intercourse, from which he conceives our synonymes to have been derived. That individuals, imperfectly understanding each other, might accidentally speak a broken jargon, may be easily conceived; but that such a *lingua Franca* was ever the distinct dialect, even of a mercantile class, Mr. Ellis proves neither by specimens nor historical evidence. The synonymes in our language may certainly be accounted for by the gradual entrance of French words, without supposing an intermediate jargon. The national speech, it is true, received a vast influx of French words; but it received them by degrees, and subdued them, as they came in, to its own idioms and grammar.

Yet, difficult as it may be to pronounce

* So says Gray to Mason, (*Works* by Mitford, vol. iii. p. 305); but this is endeavouring to settle a point by a questionable date—one uncertainty by another.—C.

† In comparing Robert of Gloucester with Layamon, a native of the same county, and a writer on the same subject, it will appear that a great quantity of French had flowed into the language since the loss of Normandy. HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 61.—C.

‡ William of Malmsbury drew much of his information from those Saxon ballads.

precisely when Saxon can be said to have ceased and English to have begun, it must be supposed that the progress and improvement of the national speech was most considerable at those epochs which tended to restore the importance of the people. The hypothesis of a sudden transmutation of Saxon into English appears, on the whole, not to be distinctly made out. At the same time, some public events might be highly favourable to the progress and cultivation of the language. Of those events, the establishment of municipal governments, and of elective magistrates in the towns, must have been very important, as they furnished materials and incentives for daily discussion and popular eloquence. As property and security increased among the people, we may also suppose the native minstrelsy to have revived. The minstrels, or those who wrote for them, translated or imitated Norman romances; and in so doing, enriched the language with many new words, which they borrowed from the originals, either from want of corresponding terms in their own vocabulary, or from the words appearing to be more agreeable. Thus, in a general view, we may say that, amidst the early growth of her commerce, literature, and civilization, England acquired the new form of her language, which was destined to carry to the ends of the earth the blessings from which it sprung.

In the formation of English from its Saxon and Norman materials, the genius of the native tongue might be said to prevail, as it subdued to Saxon grammar and construction the numerous French words which found their way into the language.* But it was otherwise with respect to our poetry—in which, after the Conquest, the Norman Muse must be regarded as the earliest preceptress of our own. Mr. Tyrwhitt has even said, and his opinion seems to be generally adopted, that we are indebted for the use of rhyme, and for all the forms of our versification, entirely to the Normans.† Whatever might be the case with regard to our

* Vide Tyrwhitt's Preface to the Canterbury Tales, where a distinct account is given of the grammatical changes exhibited in the rise and progress of English.

† It is likely that the Normans would have taught us the use of rhyme and their own metres, whether these had been known or not to the Anglo-Saxons before the Conquest. But respecting Mr. Tyrwhitt's position, that we owe all our forms of verse, and the use of rhyme, entirely to the Normans, I trust the reader will pardon me for introducing a mere *doubt* on a subject which cannot be interesting to many. With respect to rhyme, I might lay some stress on the authority of Mr. Turner, who, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, says that the Anglo-Saxon versification possessed occasional rhyme; but as he admits that rhyme formed no part of its constituent character, for fear of assuming too much, let it be admitted that we have no extant specimens of rhyme in our language before the Conquest. One stanza of a ballad shall indeed be mentioned, as an exception to this, which may be admitted or rejected, at the reader's pleasure. In the mean time let it be recollected, that if we have not rhyme in the vernacular verse, we have examples of it in the poetry of the Anglo-Saxon churchmen—abundance of it in Bede's and Boniface's Latin verses. We meet also, in the same writers, with lines which resemble modern verse in their trochaic and iambic structure, considering that structure not as classical but accentual metre.—Take, for example, these verses:

"Quando Christus Deus noster
Natus est ex Virgine—"

which go precisely in the same cadence with such modern trochaics as

"Would you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay."

And we have many such lines as these:

"Ut floreas cum domino
In sempiterno solio
Qua Martyres in cuneo," &c.

which flow exactly like the lines in L'Allegro:

"The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.
* * * * * *
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque, and antique pageantry."

Those Latin lines are, in fact, a prototype of our own eight-syllable iambic. It is singular that rhyme and such metres as the above, which are generally supposed to have come into the other modern languages from the Latin rhymes of the church, should not have found their way from thence into the Anglo-Saxon vernacular verse. But they certainly did not, we shall be told; for there is no appearance of them in the specimens of Anglo-Saxon verse, before the Conquest. Of such specimens, however, it is not pretended that we have any thing like a full or regular series. On the contrary, many Saxon ballads, which have been alluded to by Anglo-Norman writers as of considerable antiquity, have been lost with the very names of their composers. And from a few articles saved in such a wreck, can we pronounce confidently on the whole contents of the cargo? The following solitary stanza, however, has been preserved, from a ballad attributed to Canute the Great.

"Merry sungen the Muneches binnen Ely,
The Cnut Ching reuther by,
Roweth Cnites noer the land,
And here we thes Muniches sang."

"Merry sang the Monks in Ely,
When Canute King was sailing by:
Row, ye knights, near the land,
And let us hear these Monks' song."

There is something very like rhyme in the Anglo-Saxon stanza. I have no doubt that Canute heard the monks singing Latin rhymes; and I have some suspicion that he finished his Saxon ballad in rhyme also. Thomas of Ely, who knew the whole song, translates his specimen of it in Latin lines, which, whether by accident or design, rhyme to each other. The genius of the ancient Anglo-Saxon poetry, Mr. Turner observes, was obscure, peri-

forms of versification, the chief employment of our earliest versifiers certainly was to transplant the fictions of the Norman school, and to naturalize them in our language.

The most liberal patronage was afforded to Norman minstrelsy in England by the first kings of the new dynasty. This encouragement, and the consequent cultivation of the northern dialect of French, gave it so much the superiority over the southern or troubadour dialect, that the French language, according to the acknowledgment of its best informed antiquaries, received from England and Normandy the first of its works which deserve to be cited. The Norman trouveurs, it is allowed, were more eminent narrative poets than the Provençal troubadours. No people had a better right to be the founders of chivalrous poetry than the Normans. They were the most energetic generation of modern men. Their leader, by the conquest of England in the eleventh century, consolidated the feudal system upon a broader basis than it ever had before possessed. Before the end of the same century, Chivalry rose to its full growth as an institution, by the circumstance of martial zeal being enlisted under the banners of superstition. The crusades, though they certainly did not give birth to jousts and tournaments, must have imparted to them a new spirit and interest, as the preparatory images of a consecrated warfare. And those spectacles constituted a source of description to the romancers, to which no exact counterpart is to be found in the heroic poetry of antiquity. But the growth of what may properly be called romantic poetry was not instantaneous after the Conquest; and it was not till "English Richard ploughed the deep," that the crusaders seem to have found a place among the heroes of romance. Till the middle of the twelfth century, or possibly later, no work of professed fiction, or bearing any semblance to epic fable, can be traced in Norman verse—nothing but songs, satires, chronicles, or didactic works, to all of which, however, the name of Romance, derived from the Roman descent of the French tongue, was applied in the early and wide acceptation of the word. To these succeeded the genuine Metrical Romance, which, though often rhapsodical and desultory, had still invention, ingenuity, and design, sufficient to distinguish it from the dry and dreary chronicle. The reign of French metrical romance may be chiefly assigned to the latter part of the twelfth, and the whole of the thirteenth century; that of English metrical romance, to the latter part of the thirteenth, and the whole of the fourteenth* century. Those ages of chivalrous song were, in the mean time, fraught with events which, while they undermined the feudal system, gradually prepared the way for the decline of chivalry itself. Literature and science were commencing, and even in the improvement of the mechanical skill employed to heighten chivalrous or superstitious magnificence, the seeds of arts, industry, and plebeian independence were unconsciously sown. One invention, that of gunpowder, is eminently marked out as the cause of the extinction of Chivalry; but even if that invention had not taken place, it may well be conjectured that the contrivance of other means of missile destruction in war, and the improvement of tactics, would have narrowed that scope for the prominence of individual prowess which was necessary for the chivalrous character, and that the progress of civilization must have ultimately levelled its romantic consequence. But to anticipate the remote effects of such causes, if scarcely within the ken of philosophy, was still less within the reach of poetry. Chivalry was still in all its glory; and to the eye of the poet appeared as likely as ever to be immortal. The progress of civilization even ministered to its external importance. The early arts made chivalrous life, with all its pomp and ceremonies, more august and imposing, and more picturesque as a subject for description. Literature, for a time, contributed to the same effect, by her jejune and fabulous efforts at history, in which the athletic worthies of classical story and of modern romance were gravely connected by an ideal

phrastical, and elliptical; but, according to that writer's conjecture, a new and humble, but perspicuous style of poetry was introduced at a later time, in the shape of the narrative ballad. In this plainer style we may conceive the possibility of rhyme having found a place; because the verse would stand in need of that ornament to distinguish it from prose, more than in the elliptical and inverted manner. With regard to our anapæstic measure, or triple-time verse, Dr. Percy has shown that its rudiments can be traced to Scaldic poetry. It is often found very distinct in Langlande; and that species of verse, at least, I conceive, is not necessarily to be referred to a Norman origin.

* The practice of translating French rhyming romances into English verse, however, continued down to the reign of Henry VII.

genealogy.* Thus the dawn of human improvement smiled on the fabric which it was ultimately to destroy, as the morning sun gilds and beautifies those masses of frost-work, which are to melt before its noonday heat.

The elements of romantic fiction have been traced up to various sources; but neither the Scaldic, nor Saracenic, nor Armorican theory of its origin can sufficiently account for all its materials. Many of them are classical, and others derived from the Scriptures. The migrations of Science are difficult enough to be traced; but Fiction travels on still lighter wings, and scatters the seeds of her wild flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided.† There was a vague and unselecting love of the marvellous in romance, which sought for adventures, like its knights errant, in every quarter where they could be found; so that it is easier to admit of all the sources which are imputed to that species of fiction, than to limit our belief to any one of them.‡

Norman verse dwelt for a considerable time in the tedious historic style, before it reached the shape of amusing fable; and we find the earliest efforts of the Native Muse confined to translating Norman verse, while it still retained its uninviting form of the chronicle. The first of the Norman poets, from whom any versifier in the language is known to have translated, was Wace, a native of Jersey, born in the reign of Henry II.§ In the year 1155, Wace finished his "Brut d'Angleterre," which is a French version of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of Great Britain, deduced from Brutus to Cadwallader, in 689. Layamon, a priest of Ernleye upon Severn, translated Wace's Metrical Chronicle into the verse of the popular tongue; and notwithstanding Mr. Ellis's date of 1180, [1185?] may be supposed, with equal probability, to have produced his work within ten or fifteen years after the middle of the twelfth century.‖ Layamon's translation may be considered as the earliest specimen of metre in the native language, posterior to the Conquest; except some lines in the Saxon Chronicle on the death of William I., and a few religious rhymes, which, according to Matthew Paris, the Blessed Virgin was pleased to dictate to St. Godric, the hermit, near Durham; unless we add to these the specimen of Saxon poetry published in the Archæologia by Mr. Conybeare, who supposes that composition to be posterior to the Conquest, and to be the last expiring voice of the Saxon Muse.¶ Of the dialect of Layamon, Mr.

Twelfth Century.

* Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, of which the modern opinion seems to be, that it was not a forgery, but derived from an Armorican original, and the pseudo-Turpin's Life of Charlemagne, were the grand historical magazines of the romancers. [Ellis's *Met. Rom.* vol. i. p. 75.] Popular songs about Arthur and Charlemagne (or, as some will have it, Charles Martel), were probably the main sources of Turpin's forgery and of Geoffrey's Armorican book. Even the proverbial mendacity of the pseudo-Turpin must have been indebted for the leading hints to songs that were extant respecting Charlemagne. The stream of fiction having thus spread itself in those grand prose reservoirs, afterwards flowed out from thence again in the shape of verse, with a force renewed by accumulation. Once more, as if destined to alternations, romance, after the fourteenth century, returned to the shape of prose, and in many instances made and carried pretensions to the sober credibility of history.

† It is common fairness to Mr. Campbell, to say that the late Mr. Price has cited this passage as one distinguishable alike for its truth and its beauty,—that establishes the fact that popular fiction is in its nature traditive. *Introd. to Warton's Hist.* p. 92.—C.

‡ Various theories have been proposed for the purpose of explaining the origin of romantic fiction. Percy contended for a Scandinavian, Warton for an Arabian, and Leyden for an Armorican birth, to which Ellis inclined; while some have supposed it to be of Provençal, and others of Norman invention. If every argument has not been exhausted, every hypothesis has. But all their systems, as Sir Walter Scott says, seem to be inaccurate, in so far as they have been adopted exclusively of each other, and of the general proposition,—that fables of a nature similar to the Romances of Chivalry, modified according to manners and the state of society, must necessarily be invented in every part of the world, for the same reason that grass grows upon the surface of the soil in every climate and in every country. (*Misc. P. W.* vol. vi. p. 174.) "In reality," says Southey, "mythological and romantic tales are current among all savages of whom we have any full account; for man has his intellectual as well as his bodily appetites, and these things are the food of his imagination and faith. They are found wherever there is language and discourse of reason, in other words, wherever there is man. And in similar stages of civilization, or states of society, the fictions of different people will bear a corresponding resemblance, notwithstanding the difference of time and scene. *Pref. to Morte D'Arthur.*—C.

§ Ellis (p. 44) says, Henry I., whom he professes to have seen. Warton (p. 67) says he was educated at Caen, was canon of Bayeux, and chaplain to Henry II.—C.

‖ Two copies of Layamon's or Lazamon's *Brut* are in the British Museum, Cott. MSS. Calig. A ix. and Otho C 13. Warton and Price have only touched incidentally on Layamon, from Mr. Ellis and Mr. Campbell's showing, one of the most important authors in the English language.—C.

¶ Two specimens of the ancient state of the language, viz. the stanzas on old age, beginning "He may him sore adreden," and the quotation from the Ormulum, which Dr. Johnson placed, on the authority of Hickes, nearly

Mitford, in his Harmony of Languages, observes, that it has "all the appearance of a language thrown into confusion by the circumstances of those who spoke it. It is truly neither Saxon nor English."* Mr. Ellis's opinion of its being simple Saxon has been already noticed. So little agreed are the most ingenious speculative men on the characteristics of style, which they shall entitle Saxon or English. We may, however, on the whole, consider the style of Layamon to be as nearly the intermediate state of the old and new languages as can be found in any ancient specimen:—something like the new insect stirring its wings, before it has shaken off the aurelia state. But of this work, or of any specimen *supposed* to be written in the early part of the thirteenth century, displaying a sudden transition from Saxon to English, I am disposed to repeat my doubts.

Without being over credulous about the antiquity of the Lives of the Saints, and the other fragments of the thirteenth century, which Mr. Ellis places in chronological succession next to Layamon, we may allow that before the date of Robert of Gloucester, not only the legendary and devout style, but the amatory and satirical, had begun to be rudely cultivated in the language. It was customary, in that age, to make the minstrels sing devotional strains to the harp, on Sundays, for the edification of the people, instead of the verses on gayer subjects which were sung at public entertainments; a circumstance which, while it indicates the usual care of the Catholic church to make use of every hold over the popular mind, discovers also the fondness of the people for their poetry, and the attractions which it had already begun to assume. Of the satirical style I have already alluded to one example in the "Land of Cokayne," an allegorical satire on the luxury of the church, couched under the description of an imaginary paradise, in which the nuns are represented as houris, and the black and gray monks as their paramours. This piece has humour, though not of the most delicate kind; and the language is easy and fluent, but it possesses nothing of style, sentiment, or imagery, approaching to poetry. Another specimen of the pleasantry of the times is more valuable; because it exhibits the state of party feeling on real events, as well as the state of the language at a precise time.† It is a ballad, entitled "Richard of Alemaigne," composed by one of the adherents of Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, after the defeat of the royal party at the battle of Lewes in 1264. In the year after that battle the royal cause was restored, and the earl of Warren and Sir Hugh Bigod returned from exile, and assisted in the king's victory. In this satirical ballad, those two personages are threatened with death, if they should ever fall into the hands of their enemies. Such a song and such threats must have been composed by Leicester's party in the moment of their triumph, and not after their defeat and dispersion; so that the date of the piece is ascertained by its contents.‡ This political satire leads me to mention another, which the industrious Ritson published,§ and which, without violent anachronism, may be spoken of among the specimens of the thirteenth century; as it must have been composed within a few years after its close, and relates to events within its verge. It is a ballad on the execution of the Scottish patriots, Sir William Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser. The diction is as barbarous as we should expect from a song of triumph on such a subject. It relates the death and treatment of Wallace very minutely. The circumstance of his being covered with a mock crown of laurel in Westminster Hall, which Stowe repeats, is there mentioned; and that of his legs being fastened with iron fetters "*under his horses wombe*," is told with savage exultation. The piece was probably

Thirteenth Century.

after the Conquest, are considered by Mr. Tyrwhitt to be of a later date than Layamon's translation. Their language is certainly more modern.

* *Mitford*, p. 170. In the specimen of Layamon published by Mr. Ellis, not a Gallicism is to be found, nor even a Norman term: and so far from exhibiting any "appearance of a language thrown into confusion by the circumstances of those who spoke it," nearly every important form of Anglo-Saxon grammar is rigidly adhered to; and so little was the language altered at this advanced period of Norman influence, that a few slight variations might convert it into genuine Anglo-Saxon. PRICE, *Warton*, vol. i. p. 109.—C.

† "Though some make slight of Libels," says Selden, "yet you may see by them how the wind sits; as, take a straw, and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times, so well as *ballads and libels*."—*Table Talk.*

‡ See it in Percy's *Reliques*, and in Wright's *Political Songs of England*, p. 69.—C.

§ Ritson's Ancient Songs.

indited in the very year of the political murders which it celebrates: certainly before 1314, as it mentions the skulking of Robert Bruce, which, after the battle of Bannockburn, must have become a jest out of season.*

A few love-songs of that early period have been preserved, which are not wholly destitute of beauty and feeling. Their expression, indeed, is often quaint, and loaded with alliteration; yet it is impossible to look without a pleasing interest upon strains of tenderness which carry us back to so remote an age, and which disclose to us the softest emotions of the human mind, in times abounding with such opposite traits of historical recollection. Such a stanza as the following† would not disgrace the lyric poetry of a refined age.

For her love I cark and care,
For her love I droop and dare;
For her love my bliss is bare,
And all I wax wan.
For her love in sleep I slake,‡
For her love all night I wake;
For her love mourning I make
More than any man.

In another pastoral strain, the lover says:—

When the nightingale singés the woods waxen green;
Leaf, and grass, and blosme, springs in Averyl, I ween:
And love is to my heart gone with one spear so keen,
Night and day my blood it drinks—my heart doth me teen.

Robert, a monk of Gloucester, whose surname is unknown, is supposed to have finished his Rhyming Chronicle about the year 1280.§ He translated the Legends of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and continued the History of England down to the time of Edward I., in the beginning of whose reign he died. The topographical, as well as narrative, minuteness of his Chronicle, has made it a valuable authority to antiquaries; and as such it was consulted by Selden, when he wrote his Notes to Drayton's "Polyolbion." After observing some traits of humour and sentiment, moderate as they may be, in compositions as old as the middle of the thirteenth century, we might naturally expect to find in Robert of Gloucester not indeed a decidedly poetical manner, but some approach to the animation of poetry. But the Chronicle of this *English Ennius*, as he has been called,‖ whatever progress in the state of the language it may display, comes in reality nothing nearer the character of a work of imagination than Layamon's version of Wace, which preceded it by a hundred years. One would not imagine, from Robert of Gloucester's style, that he belonged to a period when a single effusion of sentiment, or a trait of humour and vivacity, had appeared in the language. On the contrary, he seems to take us back to the nonage of poetry, when verse is employed not to harmonize and beautify expression, but merely to assist the memory. Were we to judge of Robert of Gloucester not as a chronicler, but as a candidate for the honours of fancy, we might be tempted to wonder at the frigidity with which he dwells, as the first possessor of such poetical ground, on the history of Lear, of Arthur, and Merlin; and with which he describes a scene so susceptible of poetical effect as the irruption of the first crusaders into Asia, preceded by the sword of fire which hung in the firmament, and guided them eastward in their path. But, in justice to the ancient versifier, we should remember, that he had still only a rude language to employ—the speech of boors and burghers, which, though it might possess a few songs and satires, could afford him no models of heroic narration. In such an age, the first occupant passes uninspired over subjects which might kindle the highest enthusiasm in the poet of a riper period; as the savage treads unconsciously, in his deserts, over mines of incalculable value, without sagacity to discover, or implements to explore them. In reality, his object was but to be historical. The higher orders of society still made use of French; and scholars wrote in that language or in Latin. His Chronicle was therefore recited to a class of his contemporaries to whom it must have been highly acceptable, as a history of their native country believed to be authentic, and composed in their native tongue. To the fabulous legends of antiquity he added a record of more re-

* Wright assigns it to 1306. *Political Songs*, p. 212. —C.

† It is here stripped of its antiquated spelling.

‡ I am deprived of sleep.

§ Ellis, vol. i. p. 97. It was evidently written after the year 1278, as the poet mentions King Arthur's sumptuous tomb, erected in that year before the high altar of Glastonbury church: and he declares himself a living witness of the remarkably dismal weather which distinguished the day upon which the battle of Evesham was fought, in 1265. From these and other circumstances, this piece appears to have been composed about the year 1280. WARTON, vol. i. p. 52.—C.

‖ By Tom Hearne, his very accurate editor.—C.

cent events, with some of which he was contemporary. As a relater of events, he is tolerably succinct and perspicuous; and wherever the fact is of any importance, he shows a watchful attention to keep the reader's memory distinct with regard to chronology, by making the date of the year rhyme to something prominent in the narration of the fact.

Our first known versifier of the fourteenth century is Robert, commonly called De Brunne. He was born (according to his editor Hearne) at Malton, in Yorkshire; lived for some time in the house of Sixhill, a Gilbertine monastery in Yorkshire; and afterwards became a member of Brunne, or Browne, a priory of black canons in the same county. His real surname was Mannyng; but the writers of history in those times (as Hearne observes) were generally the religious, and when they became celebrated, they were designated by the names of the religious houses to which they belonged. Thus, William of Malmsbury, Matthew of Westminster, and John of Glastonbury, received these appellations from their respective monasteries.* De Brunne was, as far as we know, only a translator. His principal performance is a Rhyming Chronicle of the History of England, in two parts, compiled from the works of Wace and Peter de Langtoft.† The declared object of his work is "Not for the lerid (learned) but for the lewed (the low).

Fourteenth Century.

"For tho[a] that in this land wonn,[b]
That the latyn no[c] Frankys[d] conn."

He seems to reckon, however, if not on the attention of the "lerid," at least on that of a class above the "lewed," as he begins his address to "Lordynges that be now here." He declares also that his verse was constructed simply, being intended neither for seggers (reciters), nor harpours (harpers). Yet it is clear from another passage, that he intended his Chronicle to be sung, at least by parts, at public festivals. In the present day it would require considerable vocal powers to make so dry a recital of facts as that of De Brunne's work entertaining to an audience; but it appears that he could offer one of the most ancient apologies of authorship, namely, "the request of friends"—for he says,

"Men besoght me many a time
To torn it bot in light rhyme."

His Chronicle, it seems, was likely to be an acceptable work to social parties, assembled

"For to haf solace and gamen[f]
In fellawship when they sit samen.[g]"

In rude states of society, verse is attached to many subjects from which it is afterwards divorced by the progress of literature; and primitive poetry is found to be the organ not only of history, but of science,‡ theology, and of law itself. The ancient laws of the Athenians were sung at their public banquets. Even in modern times, and within the last century, the laws of Sweden were published in verse.

De Brunne's versification, throughout the body of the work, is sometimes the entire Alexandrine, rhyming in couplets; but for the most part it is only the half Alexandrine, with alternate rhymes. He thus affords a ballad metre, which seems to justify the conjecture of Hearne, that our most ancient ballads were only fragments of metrical histories.§ By this time (for the date of De Brunne's Chronicle brings us down to the year 1339‖) our popular ballads must have long added the redoubted names of Randal [Earl] of Chester, and Robin Hood, to their list of native subjects. Both of these worthies had died before the middle of the preceding century, and, in the course of the next hundred years, their names became so popular in English song, that Langlande, in the fourteenth century, makes it part of

* Sir F. Madden supposes, and on very fair grounds, that Mannyng was born at Brunne. *Havelok*, p. xiv. —C.

† Peter de Langtoft was an Augustine canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, of Norman origin, but born in England. He wrote an entire History of England in French rhymes, down to the end of the reign of Edward I.—Robert de Brunne, in his Chronicle, follows Wace in the earlier part of his history, but translates the latter part of it from Langtoft.

‡ Virgil, when he carries us back to very ancient manners, in the picture of Dido's feast, appropriately makes astronomy the first subject with which the bard Iopas entertains his audience.

Cithara crinitus Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas;
Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores.
Æneid I.

§ "The conjectures of Hearne," says Warton, (vol. i. p. 91), "were generally wrong." An opinion re-echoed in part by Ellis. *Spec.* vol. i. p. 117.—C.

‖ Robert De Brunne, it appears, from internal evidence, finished his Chronicle in May of that year,—Ritson's *Minot.* XII.

He began it in 1303, as he tells us himself, in very ordinary verse.—C.

[a] Those.—[b] Live.—[c] Nor.—[d] French.—[e] Know.
[f] Game.—[g] Together.

the confession of a sluggard, that he was unable to repeat his paternoster, though he knew plenty of rhymes about Randal of Chester and Robin Hood.* None of the extant ballads about Robin Hood are, however, of any great antiquity.

The style of Robert de Brunne is less marked by Saxonisms than that of Robert of Gloucester; and though he can scarcely be said to come nearer the character of a true poet than his predecessor, he is certainly a smoother versifier, and evinces more facility in rhyming. It is amusing to find his editor, Hearne, so anxious to defend the moral memory of a writer, respecting whom not a circumstance is known, beyond the date of his works, and the names of the monasteries where he wore his cowl. From his willingness to favour the people with historic rhymes for their "fellawship and gamen," Hearne infers that he must have been of a jocular temper. It seems, however, that the priory of Sixhill, where he lived for some time, was a house which consisted of women as well as men, a discovery which alarms the good antiquary for the fame of his author's personal purity. "Can we therefore think," continues Hearne, "that since he was of a jocular temper, he could be wholly free from vice, or that he should not sometimes express himself loosely to the sisters of that place? This objection (he gravely continues) would have had some weight, had the priory of Sixhill been any way noted for luxury or lewdness; but whereas every member of it, both men and women, were very chaste, we ought by no means to suppose that Robert of Brunne behaved himself otherwise than became a good Christian, during his whole abode there." This conclusive reasoning, it may be hoped, will entirely set at rest any idle suspicions that may have crept into the reader's mind respecting the chastity of Robert de Brunne. It may be added, that his writings betray not the least symptom of his having been either an Abelard among priests, or an Ovid among poets.

Considerably before the date of Robert de Brunne's Chronicle, as we learn from De Brunne himself, the English minstrels, or those who wrote for them, had imitated from the French many compositions more poetical than those historical canticles, namely, genuine romances. In most of those metrical stories, irregular and shapeless as they were, if we compare them with the symmetrical structure of epic fable, there was still some portion of interest, and a catastrophe brought about, after various obstacles and difficulties, by an agreeable surprise. The names of the writers of our early English romances have not, except in one or two instances, been even conjectured, nor have the dates of the majority of them been ascertained with any thing like precision. But in a general view, the era of English metrical romance may be said to have commenced towards the end of the thirteenth century. Warton, indeed, would place the commencement of our romance poetry considerably earlier; but Ritson challenges a proof of any English romance being known or mentioned before the close of Edward the First's reign, about which time, that is, the end of the thirteenth century, he conjectures that the romance of Hornchild may have been composed. It would be pleasing, if it were possible, to extend the claims of English genius in this department to any considerable number of original pieces. But English romance poetry, having grown out of that of France, seems never to have improved upon its original, or, rather, it may be allowed to have fallen beneath it. As to the originality of old English poems of this kind, we meet, in some of them, with heroes, whose Saxon names might lead us to suppose them indigenous fictions, which had not come into the language through a French medium. Several old Saxon ballads are alluded to, as extant long after the Conquest, by the Anglo-Norman historians, who drew from them many facts and inferences; and there is no saying how many of these ballads might be recast into a romantic shape by the composers for the native minstrelsy. But, on the other hand, the Anglo-Normans appear to have been more inquisitive into Saxon legends than the Saxons themselves; and their Muse was by no means so illiberal as to object to a hero, because he was not of their own generation. In point of fact, whatever may be alleged about the minstrels of the North Country, it is difficult, if it be possible, to find an English romance which contains no internal allusion to a

* Pierce Plowman's Visions, as quoted by Warton, (vol. i. p. 92.) Langlande tells it *of a friar*, perhaps with truthful severity.—C.

French prototype. Ritson very grudgingly allows, that three old stories may be called original English romances, until a Norman original shall be found for them;* while Mr. Tyrwhitt conceives, that we have not one English romance anterior to Chaucer, which is not borrowed from a French one.

In the reign of Edward II., Adam Davie,

* Those are, "The Squire of Low Degree," "Sir Tryamour," and "Sir Eglamour." Respecting two of those, Mr. Ellis shows, that Ritson might have spared himself the trouble of making any concession, as the antiquity of The Squire of Low Degree [Ritson, vol. iii. p. 145] remains to be proved, it being mentioned by no writer before the sixteenth century, and not being known to be extant in any ancient MS. Sir Eglamour contains allusions to its Norman pedigree.

The difficulty of finding an original South British romance of this period, unborrowed from a French original, seems to remain undisputed: but Mr. Walter Scott, in his edition of "Sir Tristrem," has presented the public with an ancient Scottish romance, which, according to Mr. Scott's theory, would demonstrate the English language to have been cultivated earlier in Scotland than in England.[a] In a different part of these Selections (p. 17), I have expressed myself in terms of more unqualified assent to the supposition of Thomas of Erceldoune having been an *original* romancer, than I should be inclined to use upon mature consideration. Robert De Brunne certainly alludes to Sir Tristrem, as "the most famous of all gests" in his time.[b] He mentions Erceldoune, its author, and another poet of the name of Kendale. Of Kendale, whether he was Scotch or English, nothing seems to be known with certainty. With respect to Thomas of Erceldoune, or Thomas the Rhymer, the Auchinleck MS. published by my illustrious friend, professes to be the work not of Erceldoune himself, but of some minstrel or reciter who had heard the story from Thomas. Its language is confessed to be that of the fourteenth century, and the MS. is not pretended to be less than eighty years older than the supposed date of Thomas of Erceldoune's romance. Accordingly, whatever Thomas the Rhymer's production might be, this Auchinleck MS. is not a transcript of it, but the transcript of the composition of some one, who heard the story from Thomas of Erceldoune. It is a specimen of Scottish poetry not in the thirteenth but the fourteenth century. How much of the matter or manner of Thomas the Rhymer was retained by his deputy reciter of the story, eighty years after the assumed date of Thomas's work, is a subject of mere conjecture.

Still, however, the fame of Erceldoune and Tristrem remain attested by Robert De Brunne: and Mr. Scott's doctrine is, that Thomas the Rhymer, having picked up the chief materials of his romantic history of Sir Tristrem from British traditions surviving on the border, was not a translator from the French, but an original authority to the continental romancers. It is nevertheless acknowledged, that the story of Sir Tristrem had been told in French, and was familiar to the romancers of that language, long before Thomas the Rhymer could have set about picking up British traditions on the border, and in all probability before he was born. The possibility, therefore, of his having heard the story in Norman minstrelsy, is put beyond the reach of denial.[c] On the other hand, Mr. Scott argues, that the Scottish bard must have been an authority to the continental romancers, from two circumstances. In the first place, there are two metrical fragments of French romance preserved in the library of Mr. Douce,[d] which, according to Mr. Scott, tell the story of Sir Tristrem in a manner corresponding with the same tale as it is told by Thomas of Erceldoune, and in which a reference is made to the authority of *a Thomas*. But the whole force of this argument evidently depends on the supposition of Mr. Douce's fragments being the work of one and the same

[a] "The strange appropriation of the Auchinleck poem as a Scottish production, when no single trace of the Scottish dialect is to be found throughout the whole romance, which may not with equal truth be claimed as current in the north of England, while every marked peculiarity of the former is entirely wanting, can hardly require serious investigation. From this opinion the ingenious editor himself must long ago have been reclaimed. The singular doctrines relative to the rise and progress of the English language in North and South Britain may also be dismissed, as not immediately relevant. But when it is seriously affirmed, that the English language was once spoken with greater purity in the Lowlands of Scotland, than in this country, we 'Sothrons' receive the communications with the same smile of incredulity that we bestow upon the *poetic* dogma of the honest Frieslander:—

Buwter, breat en green taies,
Is guth Inglisch en guth Fries.
Butter, bread, and green cheese,
Is good English and good Friese."

—PRICE, *Warton's Hist.* vol. i. p. 196. Ed. 1824.

"As to the Essayist's assertion (Mr. Price's) that the language of Sir Tristrem has in it nothing distinctively *Scottish*—this is a point on which the reader will, perhaps, consider the authority of Sir Walter Scott as sufficient to countervail that of the most accomplished English antiquary."—LOCKHART, Advt. to *Sir Tristrem*, 1833.

No one has yet satisfactorily accounted for the Elizabethan-like *Inglis* of Barbour and Blind Harry, or the Saxon Layamon-like *Inglis* of Gawain Douglas. Did Barbour, who wrote in 1375, write in advance of his age, and Douglas, who began and ended his "Æneid" in 1513–14, behind his age? Or did each represent the spoken language of the times they wrote in? For philological and poetical inquiry this is matter of moment. But is there sufficient material for more than felicitous conjecture; and who is equal to the task? If Barbour wrote his "Bruce" as we have it, it is perhaps the most extraordinary poem in the English language. For the age of the first manuscript known, (1488), supposing it to have been then written, it is still, though not equally so, a wonder.

Scott's view of the priority in cultivation of *Inglis* in Scotland over England is sanctioned by Ellis in the Introduction (p. 127), to his *Metrical Romances*.—C.

[b] Over gestes it has the steem
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas.—C.

[c] Sir Tristrem, like almost all our Romances, had a foreign origin—its language alone is ours. Three copies in French, in Anglo-Norman, and in Greek, composed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and edited by Francisque Michel, appeared in two vols. 8vo, at London in 1835. But Scott never stood out for Thomas's invention. "The tale," he says, "lays claim to a much higher antiquity." (P. 27. Ed. 1833.) To a British antiquity, however. See also Scott's Essay on Romance, in *Misc. Prose Works*, (vol. vi. p. 201,) where he contends that it was derived from Welsh traditions, though told by a Saxon poet.—C.

[d] Now, by Mr. Douce's Will, among the Bodleian books.—C.

who was marshal of Stratford-le-Bow, near London, wrote "Visions" in verse, which appear to be original; and the "Battle of Jerusalem," in which he turned into rhyme the contents of a French prose romance.* In the course of Adam Davie's account of the siege of Jerusalem, Pilate challenges our Lord to single combat. From the specimens afforded by Warton, no very high idea can be formed of the genius of this poetical marshal. Warton anticipates the surprise of his reader, in finding the English language improve so slowly, when we reach the verses of Davie. The historian of our poetry had, in a former section, treated of Robert de Brunne as a writer anterior to Davie; but as the latter part of De Brunne's Chronicle was not finished till 1339, in the reign of Edward III., it would be surprising indeed if the language should seem to improve when we go back to the reign of Edward II.† Davie's work may be placed in our poetical chronology, posterior to the first part of De Brunne's Chronicle, but anterior to the latter.

Richard Rolle, another of our earliest versifiers, died in 1349.‡ He was a hermit, and led a secluded life, near the nunnery of Hampole, in Yorkshire. Seventeen of his devotional pieces are enumerated in Ritson's "Bibliographia Poetica." The penitential psalms and theological tracts of a hermit were not likely to enrich or improve the style of our poetry; and they are accordingly confessed, by those who have read them, to be very dull. His name challenges notice, only from the paucity of contemporary writers.

Laurence Minot, although he is conjectured to have been a monk, had a Muse of a livelier temper; and, for want of a better poet, he may, by courtesy, be called the Tyrtæus of his age. His few poems which have reached us are, in fact, short narrative ballads on the victories obtained in the reign of Edward III., beginning with that of Hallidown Hill, and ending with the siege of Guisnes Castle. As his poem on the last of these events was evidently written recently after the exploit, the era of his poetical career may be laid between the years 1332 and 1352. Minot's works lay in absolute oblivion till late in the last century, in a MS. of the Cotton Collection, which was

author—whereas they are not, to all appearance, by the same author. A single perusal will enable us to observe how remarkably they differ in style. They have no appearance of being parts of the same story, one of them placing the court of King Mark at Tintagil, the other at London. Only one of the fragments refers to the authority of a Thomas, and the style of that one bears very strong marks of being French of the twelfth century, a date which would place it beyond the possibility of its referring to Thomas of Erceldoune.[a] The second of Mr. Scott's proofs of the originality of the Scottish Romance is, that Gotfried von Strasburg, in a German romance, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, refers to Thomas of Britania as his original. Thomas of Britania is, however, a vague word; and among the Anglo-Norman poets there might be one named Thomas, who might have told a story which was confessedly told in many shapes in the French language, and which was known in France before the Rhymer could have flourished; and to this Anglo-Norman Thomas, Gotfried might refer. Eichorn, the German editor, says, that Gotfried translated his romance from the Norman French. Mr. Scott, in his edition of Sir Tristrem, after conjecturing one date for the birth of Thomas the Rhymer, avowedly alters it for the sake of identifying the Rhymer with Gotfried's Thomas of Britania, and places his birth before the end of the twelfth century. This, he allows, would extend the Rhymer's life to upwards of ninety years, a pretty fair age for the Scottish Tiresias; but if he survived 1296, as Harry the Minstrel informs us, he must have lived to beyond an hundred.[b]

* His other works were, the Legend of St. Alexius, from the Latin; Scripture Histories; and Fifteen Tokens before the Day of Judgment. The last two were paraphrases of Scripture. Mr. Ellis ultimately retracted his opinion, adopted from Warton, that he was the author of a romance entitled the "Life of Alexander." Printed in Weber's Collection.—See ELLIS's *Met. Rom.* vol. i. p. 130. —C.

† In this the usual accuracy and candour of Mr. Campbell appear to have forsaken him, Warton's observation is far from being a general one, and might have been interpreted to the exclusion of De Brunne. That such was Warton's intention is obvious, &c.—PARK, *Warton*, vol. ii. p. 52.—C.

‡ Ellis, vol. i. p. 146. Warton (vol. ii. p. 90) calls him Richard Hampole.—C.

[a] This passage is quoted by the late learned Mr. Price in his Note to Sir Tristrem, appended to his edition of Warton's History. "In addition," says Price, "it may be observed that the language of this fragment, so far from vesting Thomas with the character of an original writer, affirms directly the reverse. It is clear that in the writer's opinion the earliest and most authentic narrative of Tristrem's story was to be found in the work of Breri. From his relation later minstrels had chosen to deviate; but Thomas, who had also composed a romance upon the subject, not only accorded with Breri in the order of his events, but entered into a justification of himself and his predecessor, by proving the inconsistency and absurdity of these new-fangled variations. If, therefore, the romance of Thomas be in existence, it must contain this vindication; the poem in the Auchinleck MS. is entirely silent on the subject."—C.

[b] There is now but one opinion of Scott's Sir Tristrem —that it is not, as he would have it, the work of Thomas of Erceldoune, but the work of some after bard, that had heard Thomas tell the story—in other words, an imperfect transcript of the Erceldoune copy. Thomas's own tale is something we may wish for, but we may despair of finding. That Kendale wrote Scott's Sir Tristrem is the fair enough supposition of Mr. David Laing.—*Dunbar*, vol. i. p. 38.—C.

supposed to be a transcript of the works of Chaucer. The name of Richard Chawfir having been accidentally scrawled on a spare leaf of the MS. (probably the name of its ancient possessor), the framer of the Cotton catalogue, very good-naturedly converted it into Geoffrey Chaucer. By this circumstance Mr. Tyrwhitt, when seeking materials for his edition of the "Canterbury Tales," accidentally discovered an English versifier older than Chaucer himself. The style of Minot's ten military ballads is frequently alliterative, and has much of the northern dialect. He is an easy and lively versifier, though not, as Mr. G. Chalmers denominates him, either elegant or energetic.*

In the course of the fourteenth century, our language seems to have been inundated with metrical romances, until the public taste had been palled by the mediocrity and monotony of the greater part of them. At least, if Chaucer's host in the "Canterbury Tales" be a fair representation of contemporary opinion, they were held in no great reverence, to judge by the comparison which the vintner applies to the "drafty rhymings" of Sir Topaz.† The practice of translating French metrical romances into English did not, however, terminate in the fourteenth century. Nor must we form an indiscriminate estimate of the ancient metrical romances, either from Chaucer's implied contempt for them, nor from mine host of the Tabard's ungainly comparison with respect to one of them. The ridiculous style of Sir Topaz is not an image of them all. Some of them, far from being chargeable with impertinent and prolix description, are concise in narration, and paint, with rapid but distinct sketches, the battles, the banquets, and the rites of worship of chivalrous life. Classical poetry has scarcely ever conveyed in shorter boundaries so many interesting and complicated events, as may be found in the good old romance of Le Bone Florence.‡ Chaucer himself, when he strikes into the new or allegorical school of romance, has many passages more tedious and less affecting than the better parts of those simple old fablers. For in spite of their puerility in the excessive use of the marvellous, their simplicity is often touching, and they have many scenes that would form adequate subjects for the best historical pencils.

The reign of Edward III. was illustrious not for military achievements alone; it was a period when the English character displayed its first intellectual boldness. It is true that the history of the times presents a striking contrast between the light of intelligence which began to open on men's minds, and the frightful evils which were still permitted to darken the face of society. In the scandalous avarice of the church, in the corruptions of the courts of judicature, and in the licentiousness of a nobility who countenanced disorders and robbery, we trace the unbanished remains of barbarism; but, on the other hand, we may refer to this period for the genuine commencement of our literature, for the earliest diffusion of free inquiry, and for the first great movement of the national mind towards emancipation from spiritual tyranny. The abuses of religion were, from their nature, the most powerfully calculated to arrest the public attention; and poetry was not deficient in contributing its influence to expose those abuses, both as subjects of ridicule and of serious indignation. Two poets of this period, with very different powers of genius, and probably addressing themselves to different classes of society, made the corruptions of the clergy the objects of their satire —taking satire not in its mean and personal acceptation, but understanding it as the moral warfare of indignation and ridicule against turpitude and absurdity. Those writers were Langlande and Chaucer, both of whom have been claimed as primitive reformers by some of the zealous historians of the Reformation. At the idea of a full separation from the Catholic church, both Langlande and Chaucer would possibly have been struck with horror. The doctrine of predestination, which was a leading tenet of the first Protestants; is not, I believe, avowed in any of Chaucer's writings, and it is expressly reprobated by Langlande. It is, nevertheless, very likely that their works contributed to promote the Reformation. Langlande, especially, who was an earlier

* An edition of Minot's poems was one of Ritson's many contributions to the elucidation of early English language and literature.—C.

† The *Rime of Sir Topaz*, which Chaucer introduces as a parody, undoubtedly, of the rhythmical romances of the age, is interrupted by mine host Harry Bailly with the strongest and most energetic expressions of total and absolute contempt.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. vi. p. 209.—C.

‡ Given in Ritson's Old Metrical Romances.

satirist and painter of manners than Chaucer, is undaunted in reprobating the corruptions of the papal government. He prays to Heaven to amend the Pope, whom he charges with pillaging the Church, interfering unjustly with the king, and causing the blood of Christians to be wantonly shed; and it is a curious circumstance, that he predicts the existence of a king, who, in his vengeance, would destroy the monasteries.

The work entitled "Visions of William concerning Piers Plowman,"* and concerning the origin, progress, and perfection of the Christian life, which is the earliest known original poem, of any extent, in the English language, is ascribed to Robert Langlande [or Longlande], a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury, in Shropshire, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. That it was written by Langlande, I believe, can be traced to no higher authority than that of Bale, or of the printer Crowley; but his name may stand for that of its author, until a better claimant shall be found.

Those Visions, from their allusions to events evidently recent, can scarcely be supposed to have been finished later than the year 1362, almost thirty years before the appearance of the Canterbury Tales.†

It is not easy, even after Dr. Whitaker's laborious analysis of this work, to give any concise account of its contents. The general object is to expose, in allegory, the existing abuses of society, and to inculcate the public and private duties both of the laity and clergy. An imaginary seer, afterwards described by the name of William, wandering among the bushes of the Malvern hills, is overtaken by sleep, and dreams that he beholds a magnificent tower, which turns out to be the tower or fortress of Truth, and a dungeon, which, we soon after learn, is the abode of Wrong. In a spacious plain in front of it, the whole race of mankind are employed in their respective pursuits; such as husbandmen, merchants, minstrels with their audiences, begging friars, and itinerant venders of pardons, leading a dissolute life under the cloak of religion. The last of these are severely satirized. A transition is then made to the civil grievances of society; and the policy, not the duty, of submitting to bad princes, is illustrated by the parable of the Rats and Cats. In the second canto, True Religion descends, and demonstrates, with many precepts, how the conduct of individuals, and the general management of society, may be amended. In the third and fourth canto, Mede or Bribery is exhibited, seeking a marriage with Falsehood, and attempting to make her way to the courts of justice, where it appears that she has many friends, both among the civil judges and ecclesiastics. The poem, after this, becomes more and more desultory. The author awakens more than once; but, forgetting that he has told us so, continues to converse as freely as ever with the moral phantasmagoria of his dream. A long train of allegorical personages, whom it would not be very amusing to enumerate, succeeds. In fact, notwithstanding Dr. Whitaker's discovery of a plan and unity in this work, I cannot help thinking with Warton, that it possesses neither; at least, if it has any design, it is the most vague and ill-constructed that ever entered into the brain of a waking dreamer. The appearance of the visionary personages is often sufficiently whimsical. The power of Grace, for instance, confers upon Piers Plowman, or "Christian Life," four stout oxen, to cultivate the field of Truth; these are, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the last of whom is described as the gentlest of the team. She afterwards assigns him the like number of stots or bullocks, to harrow what the evangelists had ploughed; and this new horned team consists of saint or stot Ambrose, stot Austin, stot Gregory, and stot Jerome.‡

The verse of Langlande is alliterative, without rhyme, and of triple time. In modern pronunciation it divides the ear between an anapæstic and dactylic cadence; though some of the verses are reducible to no perceptible metre. Mr. Mitford, in his "Harmony of Languages," thinks that the more we accommodate the reading of it to

* The work is commonly entitled the "Visions of Piers Plowman," but incorrectly, for Piers is not the dreamer who sees the visions, but one of the characters who is beheld, and who represents the Christian life.

† See Mr. Price's Note in *Warton*, vol. ii. p. 101, and Appendix to the same volume.—C.

‡ If some of the criticisms in this genial Essay prove rather startling to the zealous admirer of our early literature, he will attribute them to the same cause which, during an age of romantic poetry, makes the effusions of Mr. Campbell's Muse appear an echo of the chaste simplicity and measured energy of Attic song.—Price, *Warton*, vol. i. p. 107.—C.

ancient pronunciation, the more generally we shall find it run in an anapæstic measure. His style, even making allowance for its antiquity, has a vulgar air, and seems to indicate a mind that would have been coarse, though strong, in any state of society. But, on the other hand, his work, with all its tiresome homilies, illustrations from school divinity, and uncouth phraseology, has some interesting features of originality. He employs no borrowed materials; he is the earliest of our writers in whom there is a tone of moral reflection; and his sentiments are those of bold and solid integrity. The zeal of truth was in him; and his vehement manner sometimes rises to eloquence, when he denounces hypocrisy and imposture. The mind is struck with his rude voice, proclaiming independent and popular sentiments, from an age of slavery and superstition, and thundering a prediction in the ear of papacy, which was doomed to be literally fulfilled at the distance of nearly two hundred years. His allusions to contemporary life afford some amusing glimpses of its manners. There is room to suspect that Spenser was acquainted with his works; and Milton, either from accident or design, has the appearance of having had one of Langlande's passages in his mind, when he wrote the sublime description of the lazar-house, in "Paradise Lost."*

Chaucer was probably known and distinguished as a poet anterior to the appearance of Langlande's Visions. Indeed, if he had produced nothing else than his youthful poem, "The Court of Love," it was sufficient to indicate one destined to harmonize and refine the national strains. But it is likely, that before his thirty-fourth year, about which time Langlande's Visions may be supposed to have been finished, Chaucer had given several compositions to the public.

The simple old narrative romance had become too familiar in Chaucer's time to invite him to its beaten track. The poverty of his native tongue obliged him to look round for subsidiary materials to his fancy, both in the Latin language, and in some modern foreign source that should not appear to be trite and exhausted. His age was, unfortunately, little conversant with the best Latin classics. Ovid, Claudian, and Statius, were the chief favourites in poetry, and Boethius in prose.† The allegorical style of the last of those authors seems to have given an early bias to the taste of Chaucer. In modern poetry, his first and long continued predilection was attracted by the new and allegorical style of romance which had sprung up in France in the thirteenth century, under William de Lorris. We find him, accordingly, during a great part of his poetical career, engaged among the dreams, emblems, flower-worshippings, and amatory parliaments of that visionary school. This, we may say, was a gymnasium of rather too light and playful exercise for so strong a genius; and it must be owned, that his allegorical poetry is often puerile and prolix. Yet, even in this walk of fiction, we never entirely lose sight of that peculiar grace and gayety which distinguish the muse of Chaucer; and no one who remembers his productions of the "House of Fame," and "The Flower and the Leaf," will regret that he sported for a season in the field of allegory. Even his pieces of this description, the most fantastic in design and tedious in execution, are generally interspersed with fresh and joyous descriptions of external nature.

In this new species of romance, we perceive the youthful muse of the language in love with mystical meanings and forms of fancy, more remote, if possible, from reality than those of the chivalrous fable itself; and we could sometimes wish her back from her emblematic castles to the more solid ones of the elder fable; but still she moves in pursuit of those shadows with an impulse of novelty, and an exuberance of spirit, that is not wholly without its attraction and delight.

Chaucer was afterwards happily drawn to the more natural style of Boccaccio, and from him he derived the hint of a subject,‡ in which, besides his own original portraits of contemporary life, he could introduce stories of every description, from the most heroic to the most familiar.

Gower, though he had been earlier distinguished in French poetry, began later than Chaucer to cultivate his native tongue. His "*Confessio Amantis*," the only work by

* B. xi. l. 475, &c. This coincidence is remarked by Mrs. Cooper, in her *Muses' Library*.—Ellis, vol. i. p. 157.—C.

† The Consolation of Boethius was translated by Alfred the Great and by Queen Elizabeth. No unfair proof of its extraordinary popularity may be derived from The Quair of King James I. It seems to have been a truly regal book.—C.

‡ The Canterbury Tales.—C.

which he is known as an English poet, did not appear till the sixteenth year of Richard II. He must have been a highly accomplished man for his time, and imbued with a studious and mild spirit of reflection. His French sonnets are marked by elegance and sensibility, and his English poetry contains a digest of all that constituted the knowledge of his age. His contemporaries greatly esteemed him; and the Scottish, as well as English writers of the subsequent period, speak of him with unqualified admiration. But though the placid and moral Gower might be a civilizing spirit among his contemporaries, his character has none of the bold originality which stamps an influence on the literature of a country. He was not, like Chaucer, a patriarch in the family of genius, the scattered traits of whose resemblance may be seen in such descendants as Shakspeare and Spenser.* The design of his "*Confessio Amantis*" is peculiarly ill-contrived. A lover, whose case has not a particle of interest, applies, according to the Catholic ritual, to a confessor, who, at the same time, whimsically enough, bears the additional character of a pagan priest of Venus. The holy father, it is true, speaks like a good Christian, and communicates more scandal about the intrigues of Venus than pagan author ever told. A pretext is afforded by the ceremony of confession, for the priest not only to initiate his pupil in the duties of a lover, but in a wide range of ethical and physical knowledge; and at the mention of every virtue and vice, a tale is introduced by way of illustration. Does the confessor wish to warn the lover against impertinent curiosity? he introduces, apropos to that failing, the history of Actæon, of peeping memory. The confessor inquires if he is addicted to a vain-glorious disposition; because if he is, he can tell him a story about Nebuchadnezzar. Does he wish to hear of the virtue of conjugal patience? it is aptly inculcated by the anecdote respecting Socrates, who, when he received the contents of Xantippe's pail upon his head, replied to the provocation with only a witticism. Thus, with shrieving, narrations, and didactic speeches, the work is extended to thirty thousand lines, in the course of which the virtues and vices are all regularly allegorized. But in allegory Gower is cold and uninventive, and enumerates qualities when he should conjure up visible objects. On the whole, though copiously stored with facts and fables, he is unable either to make truth appear poetical, or to render fiction the graceful vehicle of truth.

PART II.

WARTON, with great beauty and justice, compares the appearance of Chaucer in our Fifteenth Century. language to a premature day in an English spring; after which the gloom of winter returns, and the buds and blossoms, which have been called for by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts, and scattered by storms. The causes of the relapse of our poetry, after Chaucer, seem but too apparent in the annals of English history, which during five reigns of the fifteenth century continue to display but a tissue of conspiracies, proscriptions, and bloodshed. Inferior even to France in literary progress, England displays in the fifteenth century a still more mortifying contrast with Italy. Italy too had her religious schisms and public distractions; but her arts and literature had always a sheltering place. They were even cherished by the rivalship of independent communities, and received encouragement from the opposite sources of commercial and ecclesiastical wealth. But *we* had no Nicholas the Fifth, nor house of Medicis. In England, the evils of civil war agitated society as one mass. There was no refuge from them—no enclosure to fence in the field of improvement—no mound to stem the torrent of public troubles. Before the death of Henry VI.,

* Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease.—DRYDEN. *Malone*, vol. iv. p. 592.—C.

it is said that one-half of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom had perished in the field, or on the scaffold. Whilst in England the public spirit was thus brutalized, whilst the value and security of life were abridged, whilst the wealth of the rich was employed only in war, and the chance of patronage taken from the scholar; in Italy, princes and magistrates vied with each other in calling men of genius around them, as the brightest ornaments of their states and courts. The art of printing came to Italy to record the treasures of its literary attainments; but when it came to England, with a very few exceptions, it could not be said, for the purpose of diffusing native literature, to be a necessary art. A circumstance, additionally hostile to the national genius, may certainly be traced in the executions for religion, which sprung up as a horrible novelty in our country in the fifteenth century. The clergy were determined to indemnify themselves for the exposures which they had met with in the preceding age, and the unhallowed compromise which Henry IV. made with them, in return for supporting his accession, armed them, in an evil hour, with the torch of persecution. In one point of improvement, namely, in the boldness of religious inquiry, the North of Europe might already boast of being superior to the South, with all its learning, wealth, and elegant acquirements. The Scriptures had been opened by Wickliff, but they were again to become "a fountain sealed, and a spring shut up." Amidst the progress of letters in Italy, the fine arts threw enchantment around superstition; and the warm imagination of the South was congenial with the nature of Catholic institutions. But the English mind had already shown, even amidst its comparative barbarism, a stern independent spirit of religion; and from this single proud and elevated point of its character, it was now to be crushed and beaten down. Sometimes a baffled struggle against oppression is more depressing to the human faculties than continued submission.

Our natural hatred of tyranny, and we may safely add, the general test of history and experience, would dispose us to believe religious persecution to be necessarily and essentially baneful to the elegant arts, no less than to the intellectual pursuits of mankind. It is natural to think, that when punishments are let loose upon men's opinions, they will spread a contagious alarm from the understanding to the imagination. They will make the heart grow close and insensible to generous feelings, where it is unaccustomed to express them freely; and the graces and gayety of fancy will be dejected and appalled. In an age of persecution, even the living study of his own species must be comparatively darkened to the poet. He looks round on the characters and countenances of his fellow-creatures; and instead of the naturally cheerful and eccentric variety of their humours, he reads only a sullen and oppressed uniformity. To the spirit of poetry we should conceive such a period to be an impassable Avernus, where she would drop her wings and expire. Undoubtedly this inference will be found warranted by a general survey of the history of Genius. It is, at the same time, impossible to deny, that wit and poetry have in some instances flourished coeval with ferocious bigotry, on the same spot, and under the same government. The literary glory of Spain was posterior to the establishment of the Inquisition. The fancy of Cervantes sported in its neighbourhood, though he declared that he could have made his writings still more entertaining, if he had not dreaded the Holy Office. But the growth of Spanish genius, in spite of the co-existence of religious tyranny, was fostered by uncommon and glorious advantages in the circumstances of the nation. Spain (for we are comparing Spain in the sixteenth with England in the fifteenth century) was, at the period alluded to, great and proud in an empire, on which it was boasted that the sun never set. Her language was widely diffused. The wealth of America for a while animated all her arts. Robertson says, that the Spaniards discovered at that time an extent of political knowledge, which the English themselves did not attain for more than a century afterwards. Religious persecutions began in England, at a time when she was comparatively poor and barbarous; yet after she had been awakened to so much intelligence on the subject of religion, as to make one-half of the people indignantly impatient of priestly tyranny. If we add to the political troubles of the age, the circumstance of religious opinions being silenced and stifled by penal horrors, it will seem

more wonderful that the spark of literature was kept alive, than that it did not spread more widely. Yet the fifteenth century had its redeeming traits of refinement, the more wonderful for appearing in the midst of such unfavourable circumstances. It had a Fortescue, although he wandered in exile, unprotected by the constitution which he explained and extolled in his writings. It had a noble patron and lover of letters in Tiptoft,* although he died by the hands of the executioner. It witnessed the founding of many colleges, in both of the universities, although they were still the haunts of scholastic quibbling; and it produced, in the venerable Pecock, one conscientious dignitary of the church, who wished to have converted the Protestants by appeals to reason, though for so doing he had his books, and, if he had not recanted in good time, would have had his body also, committed to the flames. To these causes may be ascribed the backwardness of our poetry between the dates of Chaucer and Spenser. I speak of the chasm extending to, or nearly to Spenser; for, without undervaluing the elegant talents of Lord Surrey, I think we cannot consider the national genius as completely emancipated from oppressive circumstances, till the time of Elizabeth. There was indeed a commencement of our poetry under Henry VIII. It was a fine, but a feeble one. English genius seems then to have come forth, but half assured that her day of emancipation was at hand. There is something melancholy even in Lord Surrey's strains of gallantry. The succession of Henry VIII. gave stability to the government, and some degree of magnificence to the state of society. But tyranny was not yet at an end; and to judge, not by the gross buffoons, but by the few minds entitled to be called poetical, which appear in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, we may say that the English Muse had still a diffident aspect and a faltering tone.

There is a species of talent, however, which may continue to indite what is called poetry, without having its sensibilities deeply affected by the circumstances of society; and of luminaries of this description our fifteenth century was not destitute. Ritson has enumerated about seventy of them.† Of these, Occleve and Lydgate were the nearest successors to Chaucer. Occleve speaks of himself as Chaucer's scholar. He has, at least, the merit of expressing the sincerest enthusiasm for his master. But it is difficult to controvert the character which has been generally assigned to him, that of a flat and feeble writer. Excepting the adoption of his story of Fortunatus, by William Browne, in his pastorals, and the modern republication of a few of his pieces, I know not of any public compliment which has ever been paid to his poetical memory.

Lydgate is altogether the most respectable versifier of the fifteenth century. A list of two hundred and fifty of the productions ascribed to him (which is given in Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica) attests, at least, the fluency of his pen; and he seems to have ranged with the same facility through the gravest and the lightest subjects of composition. Ballads, hymns, ludicrous stories, legends, romances, and allegories, were equally at his command. Verbose and diffuse as Dan John of Bury must be allowed to have been, he is not without occasional touches of pathos. The poet Gray was the first in modern times who did him the justice to observe them.‡ His "Fall of Princes" may also deserve notice, in tracing back the thread of our national poetry, as it is more likely than any other English production to have suggested to Lord Sackville the idea of his "Mirror for Magistrates." The "Mirror for Magistrates" again gave hints to Spenser in allegory, and may also have possibly suggested to Shakspeare the idea of his historical plays.

* Earl of Worcester. † In his Bibliographia Poetica.

‡ Vide p. 15 of these Selections. He translated largely from the French and Latin. His principal poems are, "The Fall of Princes," "the Siege of Thebes," and "The Destruction of Troy." The first of these is from Laurent's French version of Boccaccio's book "De Casibus virorum et feminarum illustrium." His "Siege of Thebes," which was intended as an additional Canterbury Tale, and in the introduction to which he feigns himself in company with "the host of the Tabard and the Pilgrims," is compiled from Guido Colonna, Statius, and Seneca. His "Destruction of Troy" is from the work of Guido Colonna, or from a French translation of it. His "London Lickpenny" is curious, for the minute picture of the metropolis, which it exhibits, in the fifteenth century. A specimen of Lydgate's humour may be seen in his tale of "The Prioress and her Three Wooers," which Mr. Jamieson has given in his "Popular Ballads and Songs," [vol. i. pp. 249—266]. I had transcribed it from a manuscript in the British Museum, [Harl. MS. 78], thinking that it was not in print, but found that Mr. Jamieson had anticipated me.

I know not if Hardynge,* who belonged to the reign of Edward IV., be worth mentioning, as one of the obscure luminaries of this benighted age. He left a Chronicle of the History of England, which possesses an incidental interest from his having been himself a witness to some of the scenes which he records; for he lived in the family of the Percys, and fought under the banners of Hotspur; but from the style of his versified Chronicle, his head would appear to have been much better furnished for sustaining the blows of the battle, than for contriving its poetical celebration.

End of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century.

The Scottish poets of the fifteenth, and of a part of the sixteenth century, would also justly demand a place in any history of our poetry that meant to be copious and minute; as the northern "makers," notwithstanding the difference of dialect, generally denominate their language "Inglis." Scotland produced an entire poetical version of the Æneid, before Lord Surrey had translated a single book of it; indeed before there was an English version of any classic, excepting Boëthius, if he can be called a classic. Virgil was only known in the English language through a romance on the Siege of Troy, published by Caxton, which, as Bishop Douglas observes, in the prologue to his Scottish Æneid, is no more like Virgil than the devil is like St. Austin.† Perhaps the resemblance may not even be so great. But the Scottish poets, after all that has been said of them, form nothing like a brilliant revival of poetry. They are, on the whole, superior indeed, in spirit and originality to their English cotemporaries, which is not saying much; but their style is, for the most part, cast, if possible, in a worse taste. The prevailing fault of English diction, in the fifteenth century, is redundant ornament, and an affectation of anglicising Latin words. In this pedantry and use of "*aureate terms*," the Scottish versifiers went even beyond their brethren of the south. Some exceptions to the remark, I am aware, may be found in Dunbar, who sometimes exhibits simplicity and lyrical terseness; but even *his* style has frequent deformities of quaintness, false ornament, and alliteration. The rest of them, when they meant to be most eloquent, tore up words from the Latin, which never took root in the language, like children making a mock garden with flowers and branches stuck in the ground, which speedily wither.

From Lydgate down to Wyat and Surrey, there seem to be no southern writers deserving attention, unless for the purposes of the antiquary, excepting Hawes, Barklay, and Skelton; and even their names might perhaps be omitted, without treason to the cause of taste.‡

Stephen Hawes,§ who was groom of the chamber to Henry VII., is said to have been accomplished in the literature of France and Italy, and to have travelled into those countries. His most important production is the "Pastyme of Pleasure,"‖ an allegorical romance, the hero of which is Grandamour or Gallantry, and the heroine La Belle Pucelle, or Perfect Beauty. In this work the personified characters have all the capriciousness and vague moral meaning of the old French allegorical romance; but the puerility of the school remains, while the zest of its novelty is gone. There is also in his foolish personage of Godfrey Gobelive, something of the burlesque of the worst taste of Italian poetry. It is certainly very tiresome to follow Hawes's hero, Grandamour, through all his adventures, studying grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic, in the tower of Doctrine; afterwards slaughtering giants, who have each two or three emblematic heads; sacrificing to heathen gods; then marrying according to the Catholic rites; and, finally, relating his own death and burial, to which he is so obliging as to add his epitaph. Yet, as the story seems to be of Hawes's inven-

* A kind of Robert of Gloucester *redivivus*. Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. xvii. p. 13.—C.

† *Warton*, vol. iii. p. 112. Douglas is said to have written his translation in the short space of sixteen months, and to have finished it in 1513. This was *before Surrey was born*.—C.

‡ To the reign of Henry VI. belongs Henry Lonelich, who plied the unpoetical trade of a skinner, and who translated the French romance of St. Graal; Thomas Chestre, who made a free and enlarged version of the Lai de Lanval, of the French poetess Marie; and Robert Thornton, who versified the "Morte Arthur" in the alliterative measure of Langlande.

§ A bad imitator of Lydgate, ten times more tedious than his original. Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. xvii. p. 13.—C.

‖ He also wrote the "Temple of Glass," the substance of which is taken from Chaucer's "House of Fame."

The Temple of Glass is now, as Mr. Hallam observes, by general consent, restored to Lydgate.—*Lit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 432; and *Price's Warton*, vol. iii. pp. 46, 47.—C.

tion, it ranks him above the mere chroniclers and translators of the age. Warton praises him for improving on the style of Lydgate.* His language may be somewhat more modern, but in vigour or harmony, I am at a loss to perceive in it any superiority. The indulgent historian of our poetry has, however, quoted one fine line from him, describing the fiery breath of a dragon, which guarded the island of beauty:

"The fire was great; it made the island light."

Every romantic poem in his own language is likely to have interested Spenser; and if there were many such glimpses of magnificence in Hawes, we might suppose the author of "The Fairy Queen" to have cherished his youthful genius by contemplating them; but his beauties are too few and faint to have afforded any inspiring example to Spenser.

Alexander Barklay was a priest of St. Mary Otterburne, in Devonshire, and died at a great age at Croydon, in the year 1552. His principal work was a free translation of Sebastian Brandt's† "Navis Stultifera," enlarged with some satirical strictures of his own upon the manners of his English contemporaries. His "Ship of Fools" has been as often quoted as most obsolete English poems; but if it were not obsolete it would not be quoted. He also wrote Eclogues, which are curious as the earliest pieces of that kind in our language. From their title we might be led to expect some interesting delineations of English rural customs at that period. But Barklay intended to be a moralist, and not a painter of nature; and the chief, though insipid moral which he inculcates is, that it is better to be a clown than a courtier.‡ The few scenes of country life which he exhibits for that purpose are singularly ill fitted to illustrate his doctrine, and present rustic existence under a miserable aspect, more resembling the caricature of Scotland in Churchill's "Prophecy of Famine," than any thing which we can imagine to have ever been the general condition of English peasants. The speakers, in one of his eclogues, lie littered among straw, for want of a fire to keep themselves warm; and one of them expresses a wish that the milk for dinner may be curdled, to save them the consumption of bread. As the writer's object was not to make us pity but esteem the rustic lot, this picture of English poverty can only be accounted for by supposing it to have been drawn from partial observation, or the result of a bad taste, that naturally delighted in squalid subjects of description. Barklay, indeed, though he has some stanzas which might be quoted for their strength of thought and felicity of expression, is, upon the whole, the least ambitious of all writers to adorn his conceptions of familiar life with either dignity or beauty. An amusing instance of this occurs in one of his moral apologues: Adam, he tells us in verse, was one day abroad at his work—Eve was at the door of the house, with her children playing about her; some of them she was "kembing," says the poet, prefixing another participle not of the most delicate kind, to describe the usefulness of the comb. Her Maker having deigned to pay her a visit, she was ashamed to be found with so many ill-dressed children about her, and hastened to stow a number of them out of sight; some of them she concealed under hay and straw, others she put up the chimney, and one or two into a "tub of draff." Having produced, however, the best looking and best dressed of them, she was delighted to hear their Divine Visitor bless them, and destine some of them to be kings and emperors, some dukes and barons, and others sheriffs, mayors, and aldermen. Unwilling that any of her family should forfeit blessings whilst they were going, she immediately drew out the remainder from their concealment; but when they came forth, they were so covered with dust and cobwebs, and had so many bits of chaff and straw sticking to their hair, that instead of receiving benedictions and promotion, they were doomed to vocations of toil and poverty, suitable to their dirty appearance.

* *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 54. "Hawes has added new graces to Lydgate's manner."—C.

† Sebastian Brandt was a civilian of Basil.

‡ Barklay gives some sketches of manners; but they are those of the town, not the country. Warton is partial to his black-letter eclogues, because they contain allusions to the customs of the age. They certainly inform us at what hour our ancestors usually dined, supped, and went to bed; that they were fond of good eating; and that it was advisable, in the poet's opinion, for any one who attempted to help himself to a favourite dish at their banquets to wear a gauntlet of mail. Quin, the player, who probably never had heard of Barklay, delivered at a much later period a similar observation on city feasts; namely, that the candidate for a good dish of turtle ought never to be without a basket-hilted knife and fork.

John Skelton, who was the rival and contemporary of Barklay, was laureate to the University of Oxford, and tutor to the prince, afterwards Henry VIII. Erasmus must have been a bad judge of English poetry, or must have alluded only to the learning of Skelton, when in one of his letters he pronounces him "Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus." There is certainly a vehemence and vivacity in Skelton, which was worthy of being guided by a better taste; and the objects of his satire bespeak some degree of public spirit.* But his eccentricity in attempts at humour is at once vulgar and flippant; and his style is almost a texture of slang phrases, patched with shreds of French and Latin. We are told, indeed, in a periodical work of the present day, that his manner is to be excused, because it was assumed for "the nonce," and was suited to the taste of his contemporaries. But it is surely a poor apology for the satirist of any age, to say that he stooped to humour its vilest taste, and could not ridicule vice and folly without degrading himself to buffoonery.† Upon the whole, we might regard the poetical feeling and genius of England as almost extinct at the end of the fifteenth century, if the beautiful ballad of the "Nut-brown Maid" were not to be referred to that period.‡ It is said to have been translated from the German; but even considered as a translation, it meets us as a surprising flower amidst the winter-solstice of our poetry.

The literary character of England was not established till near the end of the six-
Sixteenth Century.
teenth century, at the beginning of that century, immediately anterior to Lord Surrey, we find Barklay and Skelton popular candidates for the foremost honours of English poetry. They are but poor names. Yet slowly as the improvement of our poetry seems to proceed in the early part of the sixteenth century, the circumstances which subsequently fostered the national genius to its maturity and magnitude, begin to be distinctly visible even before the year 1500. The accession of Henry VII., by fixing the monarchy and the prospect of its regular succession, forms a great era of commencing civilization. The art of printing, which had been introduced in a former period of discord, promised to diffuse its light in a steadier and calmer atmosphere. The great discoveries of navigation, by quickening the intercourse of European nations, extended their influence to England. In the short portion of the fifteenth century during which printing was known in this country, the press exhibits our literature at a lower ebb than even that of France; but before that century was concluded, the tide of classical learning had fairly set in. Eng-

* He was the determined enemy of the mendicant friars and of Cardinal Wolsey. The courtiers of Henry VIII., whilst obliged to flatter a minister whom they detested, could not but be gratified with Skelton's boldness in singly daring to attack him. In his picture of Wolsey at the Council Board, he thus describes the imperious minister:

"——— in chamber of Stars
All matters there he mars;
Clapping his rod on the board,
No man dare speak a word;
For he hath all the saying,
Without any renaying.
He rolleth in his Records,
He sayeth, How say ye, my lords,
Is not my reason good?
Good even, good Robin Hood.
Some say yes, and some
Sit still, as they were dumb."

These lines are a remarkable anticipation[a] of the very words in the fifteenth article of the charges preferred against Wolsey by the Parliament of 1529. "That the said Lord Cardinal, sitting among the Lords and other of your majesty's most honourable council, used himself so, that if any man would show his mind according to his duty, he would so take him up with his accustomable words, that they were better to hold their peace than to speak, so that he would hear no more speak, but one or two great personages, so that he would have all the words himself, and consumed much time without a fair tale." His ridicule drew down the wrath of Wolsey, who ordered him to be apprehended. But Skelton fled to the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where he was protected; and died in the same year in which Wolsey's prosecutors drew up the article of impeachment, so similar to the satire of the poet.

† I know Skelton only by the modern edition of his works, dated 1736. But from this stupid publication I can easily discover that he was no ordinary man. Why Warton and the writers of his school rail at him vehemently I know not; he was perhaps the best scholar of his day, and displays on many occasions strong powers of description, and a vein of poetry that shines through all the rubbish which ignorance has spread over it. He flew at high game, and therefore occasionally called in the aid of vulgar ribaldry to mask the direct attack of his satire.—GIFFORD, *Jonson*, vol. viii. p. 77.

The power, the strangeness, the volubility of his language, the intrepidity of his satire, and the perfect originality of his manner, render Skelton one of the most extraordinary poets of any age or country.—SOUTHEY, *Specimens and Quar. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 485.

Mr. Hallam is not so kind; but till Mr. Dyce gives us his long-promised edition of Skelton, we know the old rough, ready-witted writer very imperfectly.—C.

‡ Warton places it about the year 1500. It was in print in 1521, if not a little earlier.—C.

[a] Neve's Cursory Remarks on the English Poets.

land had received Erasmus, and had produced Sir Thomas More. The English poetry of the last of these great men is indeed of trifling consequence, in comparison with the general impulse which his other writings must have given to the age in which he lived. But every thing that excites the dormant intellect of a nation must be regarded as contributing to its future poetry. It is possible, that in thus adverting to the diffusion of knowledge (especially classical knowledge) which preceded our golden age of originality, we may be challenged by the question, how much the greatest of all our poets was indebted to learning. We are apt to compare such geniuses as Shakspeare to comets in the moral universe, which baffle all calculations as to the causes which accelerate or retard their appearance, or from which we can predict their return. But those phenomena of poetical inspiration are, in fact, still dependent on the laws and light of the system which they visit. Poets may be indebted to the learning and philosophy of their age, without being themselves men of erudition, or philosophers. When the fine spirit of truth has gone abroad, it passes insensibly from mind to mind, independent of its direct transmission from books; and it comes home in a more welcome shape to the poet, when caught from his social intercourse with his species, than from solitary study. Shakspeare's genius was certainly indebted to the intelligence and moral principles which existed in his age, and to that intelligence and to those moral principles, the revival of classical literature undoubtedly contributed. So also did the revival of pulpit eloquence, and the restoration of the Scriptures to the people in their native tongue. The dethronement of scholastic philosophy, and of the supposed infallibility of Aristotle's authority, an authority at one time almost paramount to that of the Scriptures themselves, was another good connected with the Reformation; for though the logic of Aristotle long continued to be formally taught, scholastic theology was no longer sheltered beneath his name. Bible divinity superseded the glosses of the schoolmen, and the writings of Duns Scotus were consigned at Oxford to proclaimed contempt.* The reign of true philosophy was not indeed arrived, and the Reformation itself produced events tending to retard that progress of literature and intelligence, which had sprung up under its first auspices. Still, with partial interruptions, the culture of classical literature proceeded in the sixteenth century; and, amidst that culture, it is difficult to conceive that a system of Greek philosophy more poetical than Aristotle's, was without its influence on the English spirit—namely, that of Plato. That England possessed a distinct school of Platonic philosophy in the sixteenth century, cannot, I believe, be affirmed,† but we hear of the Platonic studies of Sir Philip Sydney; and traits of Platonism are sometimes beautifully visible in the poetry of Surrey and of Spenser.‡ The Italian Muse communicated a tinge of that spirit to our poetry,

* Namely, in the year 1535. The decline of Aristotle's authority, and that of scholastic divinity, though to a certain degree connected, are not, however, to be identified. What were called the doctrines of Aristotle by the schoolmen, were a mass of metaphysics established in his name, first by Arabic commentators, and afterwards by Catholic doctors: among the latter of whom, many expounded the philosophy of the Stagyrite without understanding a word of the original language in which his doctrines were written. Some Platonic opinions had also mixed with the metaphysics of the schoolmen. Aristotle was nevertheless their main authority; though it is probable that, if he had come to life, he would not have fathered much of the philosophy which rested on his name. Some of the reformers threw off scholastic divinity and Aristotle's authority at once; but others, while they abjured the schoolmen, adhered to the Peripatetic system. In fact, until the revival of letters, Aristotle could not be said, with regard to the modern world, to be either fully known by his own works, or fairly tried by his own merits. Though ultimately overthrown by Bacon, his writings and his name, in the age immediately preceding Bacon, had ceased to be a mere stalking-horse to the schoolmen, and he was found to contain heresies which the Catholic metaphysicians had little suspected.

† Enfield mentions no English school of Platonism before the time of Gale and Cudworth.

Hallam is equally silent.—C.

‡ In one of Spenser's hymns on Love and Beauty, he breathes this Platonic doctrine.

"——— Every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

So, also, Surrey to his fair Geraldine.

"The golden gift that Nature did thee give,
To fasten friends, and feed them at thy will
With form and favour, taught me to believe
How thou art *made to show her greatest skill.*"

This last thought was probably suggested by the lines in Petrarch, which express a doctrine of the Platonic school, respecting the idea or origin of beauty.

"In qual parte del ciel', in quale idea
Era l'esempio onde Natura tolse
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in che ella volse
Mostrar quaggiù, quantò lassù potea."

which must have been farther excited in the minds of poetical scholars by the influence of Grecian literature. Hurd indeed observes, that the Platonic doctrines had a deep influence on the sentiments and character of Spenser's age. They certainly form a very poetical creed of philosophy. The Aristotelian system was a vast mechanical labyrinth, which the human faculties were chilled, fatigued, and darkened by exploring. Plato, at least, expands the imagination, for he was a great poet; and if he had put in practice the law respecting poets, which he prescribed to his ideal republic, he must have begun by banishing himself.

The Reformation, though ultimately beneficial to literature, like all abrupt changes in society, brought its evil with its good. Its establishment under Edward VI. made the English too fanatical and polemical to attend to the finer objects of taste. Its commencement under Henry VIII., however promising at first, was too soon rendered frightful, by bearing the stamp of a tyrant's character, who, instead of opening the temple of religious peace, established a Janus-faced persecution against both the old and new opinions. On the other hand, Henry's power, opulence, and ostentation, gave some encouragement to the arts. He himself, monster as he was, affected to be a poet. His masques and pageants assembled the beauty and nobility of the land, and prompted a gallant spirit of courtesy. The cultivation of musical talents among his courtiers fostered our early lyrical poetry. Our intercourse with Italy was renewed from more enlightened motives than superstition; and under the influence of Lord Surrey, Italian poetry became once more, as it had been in the days of Chaucer, a source of refinement and regeneration to our own. I am not indeed disposed to consider the influence of Lord Surrey's works upon our language in the very extensive and important light in which it is viewed by Dr. Nott. I am doubtful if that learned editor has converted many readers to his opinion, that Lord Surrey was the first who gave us metrical instead of rhythmical versification; for, with just allowance for ancient pronunciation, the heroic measure of Chaucer will be found in general not only to be metrically correct, but to possess considerable harmony.* Surrey was not the inventor of our metrical versification; nor had his genius the potent voice and the magic spell which rouse all the dormant energies of a language. In certain walks of composition, though not in the highest, viz. in the ode, elegy, and epitaph, he set a chaste and delicate example; but he was cut off too early in life, and cultivated poetry too slightly, to carry the pure stream of his style into the broad and bold channels of inventive fiction. Much undoubtedly he did, in giving sweetness to our numbers, and in substituting for the rude tautology of a former age a style of soft and brilliant ornament, of selected expression, and of verbal arrangement, which often winds into graceful novelties; though sometimes a little objectionable from its involution. Our language was also indebted to him for the introduction of blank verse. It may be noticed at the same time that blank verse, if it had continued to be written as Surrey wrote it, would have had a cadence too uniform and cautious to be a happy vehicle for the dramatic expression of the passions. Grimoald, the second poet who used it after Lord Surrey, gave it a little more variety of pauses; but it was not till it had been tried as a measure by several composers, that it acquired a bold and flexible modulation.†

* Our father Chaucer hath used the same liberty in feet and measures that the Latinists do use: and whosoever do peruse and well consider his works, he shall find that although his lines are not always of one self-same number of syllables, yet being read by one that hath understanding, the longest verse, and that which hath most syllables, will fall (to the ear) correspondent unto that which hath in it fewest syllables, shall be found yet to consist of words that have such natural sound, as may seem equal in length to a verse which hath many more syllables of lighter accents.—Gascoigne.

But if some Englishe woorde, herein seem sweet,
Let Chaucer's name exalted be therefore;
Yf any verse, doe passe on plesant feet,
The praise thereof redownd to Petrark's lore.
Gascoigne, *The Grief of Joy.*

It is a disputed question whether Chaucer's verses be rhythmical or metrical. I believe them to have been written rhythmically, upon the same principle on which Coleridge composed his Christabel—that the number of *beats* or accentuated syllables in every line should be the same, although the number of syllables themselves might vary. Verse so composed will often be strictly metrical; and because Chaucer's is frequently so, the argument has been raised that it is always so if it be read properly, according to the intention of the author.—Southey, *Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 117.—C.

† Surrey is not a great poet, but he was an influential one; we owe to him the introduction of the Sonnet into our language, and the first taste for the Italian poets.—C.

The genius of Sir Thomas Wyat was refined and elevated like that of his noble friend and contemporary; but his poetry is more sententious and sombrous, and in his lyrical effusions he studied terseness rather than suavity. Besides these two interesting men, Sir Francis Bryan, the friend of Wyat, George Viscount Rochford, the brother of Anna Boleyne, and Thomas Lord Vaux, were poetical courtiers of Henry VIII. To the second of these Ritson assigns, though but by conjecture, one of the most beautiful and plaintive strains of our elder poetry, "O Death, rock me on sleep." In Totell's Collection, the earliest poetical miscellany in our language, two pieces have been ascribed to the same nobleman, the one entitled "The Assault of Cupid," the other beginning, "I loath that I did love," which have been frequently reprinted in modern times.

A poem of uncommon merit in the same collection, which is entitled "The restless state of a Lover," and which commences with these lines,

> "The Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
> And show'd his face ten thousand ways,"

has been ascribed by Dr. Nott to Lord Surrey, but not on decisive evidence.

In the reign of Edward VI. the effects of the Reformation became visible in our poetry, by blending religious with poetical enthusiasm, or rather by substituting the one for the other. The national muse became puritanical, and was not improved by the change. Then flourished Sternhold and Hopkins, who, with the best intentions and the worst taste, degraded the spirit of Hebrew psalmody by flat and homely phraseology; and mistaking vulgarity for simplicity, turned into bathos what they found sublime. Such was the love of versifying holy writ at that period, that the Acts of the Apostles were rhymed, and set to music by Christopher Tye.*

Lord Sackville's name is the next of any importance in our poetry that occurs after Lord Surrey's. The opinion of Sir Egerton Brydges, with respect to the date of the first appearance of Lord Sackville's "Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates," would place that production, in strictness of chronology, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. As an edition of the "Mirror," however, appeared in 1559, supposing Lord Sackville not to have assisted in that edition, the first shape of the work must have been cast and composed in the reign of Mary. From the date of Lord Sackville's birth,† it is also apparent, that although he flourished under Elizabeth, and lived even to direct the councils of James, his prime of life must have been spent, and his poetical character formed, in the most disastrous period of the sixteenth century, a period when we may suppose the cloud that was passing over the public mind to have cast a gloom on the complexion of its literary taste. During five years of his life, from twenty-five to thirty, the time when sensibility and reflection meet most strongly, Lord Sackville witnessed the horrors of Queen Mary's reign; and I conceive that it is not fanciful to trace in his poetry the tone of an unhappy age. His plan for "The Mirror of Magistrates" is a mass of darkness and despondency. He proposed to make the figure of Sorrow introduce us in Hell to every unfortunate great character of English history. The poet, like Dante, takes us to the gates of Hell; but he does not, like the Italian poet, bring us back again. It is true that those doleful legends were long continued, during a brighter period; but this was only done by an inferior order of poets, and was owing to their admiration of Sackville. Dismal as

* To the reign of Edward VI. and Mary may be referred two or three contributors to the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" [1576], who, though their lives extended into the reign of Elizabeth, may exemplify the state of poetical language before her accession. Among these may be placed Edwards, author of the pleasing little piece, "Amantium iræ amoris integratio est," and Hunnis, author of the following song. [See p. 34, and *Hallam*, vol. ii. p. 303.]

> "When first mine eyes did view and mark
> Thy beauty fair for to behold,
> And when mine ears 'gan first to hark
> The pleasant words that thou me told,
> I would as then I had been free,
> From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
>
> And when in mind I did consent
> To follow thus my fancy's will,
> And when my heart did first relent
> To taste such bait myself to spill,
> I would my heart had been as thine
> Or else thy heart as soft as mine.
>
> O flatterer false! thou traitor born,
> What mischief more might thou devise,
> Than thy dear friend to have in scorn,
> And him to wound in sundry wise;
> Which still a friend pretends to be,
> And art not so by proof I see?
> Fie, fie upon such treachery."

† 1536, if not a little earlier.—C.

his allegories may be, his genius certainly displays in them considerable power. But better times were at hand. In the reign of Elizabeth, the English mind put forth its energies in every direction, exalted by a purer religion, and enlarged by new views of truth. This was an age of loyalty, adventure, and generous emulation. The chivalrous character was softened by intellectual pursuits, while the genius of chivalry itself still lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and paid his last homage to a warlike and female reign. A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstitions of the people; and allegory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivities. Quaint and pedantic as those allegorical exhibitions might often be, they were nevertheless more expressive of erudition, ingenuity, and moral meaning than they had been in former times. The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A poetical spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age; and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men than like beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of her dreams. They had "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."* The life of Sir Philip Sydney was poetry put into action.

The result of activity and curiosity in the public mind was to complete the revival of classical literature, to increase the importation of foreign books, and to multiply translations, from which poetry supplied herself with abundant subjects and materials, and in the use of which she showed a frank and fearless energy, that criticism and satire had not yet acquired power to overawe. Romance came back to us from the southern languages, clothed in new luxury by the warm imagination of the south. The growth of poetry under such circumstances might indeed be expected to be as irregular as it was profuse. The field was open to daring absurdity, as well as to genuine inspiration; and accordingly there is no period in which the extremes of good and bad writing are so abundant. Stanihurst, for instance, carried the violence of nonsense to a pitch of which there is no preceding example. Even late in the reign of Elizabeth, Gabriel Harvey was aided and abetted by several men of genius in his conspiracy to subvert the versification of the language; and Lyly gained over the court, for a time, to employ his corrupt jargon called Euphuism. Even Puttenham, a grave and candid critic, leaves an indication of crude and puerile taste, when, in a laborious treatise on poetry, he directs the composer how to make verses beautiful to the eye, by writing them "in the shapes of eggs, turbots, fuzees, and lozenges."

Among the numerous poets belonging exclusively to Elizabeth's reign,† Spenser stands without a class and without a rival. To proceed from the poets already mentioned to Spenser, is certainly to pass over a considerable number of years, which are important, especially from their including the dates of those early attempts in the regular drama which preceded the appearance of Shakspeare.‡ I shall, therefore, turn back again to that period, after having done homage to the name of Spenser.

He brought to the subject of "The Fairy Queen," a new and enlarged structure of stanza, elaborate and intricate, but well contrived for sustaining the attention of the ear, and concluding with a majestic cadence. In the other poets of Spenser's age we chiefly admire their language, when it seems casually to advance into modern polish and succintness. But the antiquity of Spenser's style has a peculiar charm. The mistaken opinion that Ben Jonson censured the antiquity of the diction in the "Fairy Queen,"§ has been corrected by Mr. Malone,

* An expression used by Sir P. Sydney.

† Of Shakspeare's career a part only belongs to Elizabeth's reign, and of Jonson's a still smaller.

‡ The tragedy of Gorboduc, by Sackville and Norton, was represented in 1561–62. Spenser's Pastorals were published in 1579; and the three first books of The Fairy Queen in 1590.

§ Ben Jonson applied his remark to Spenser's Pastorals. Malone was very rash in his correction: "Spenser, in affecting the ancients," says Jonson, "writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius." (*Works*, ix. 215.) Jonson's remark is a general censure, not confined to the Shepherd's Calendar alone. "Some," he says in another place, "seek Chaucerisms with us, which were better expunged and banished." (*Works*, ix. 220.) Here we conceive is another direct allusion to Spenser.

If Spenser's language is the language of his age, who among his contemporaries is equally obsolete in phraseology? The letters of the times have none of his words borrowed of antiquity, nor has the printed prose, the poetry contradistinguished from the drama, or the drama, which is always the language of the day. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity. Has

who pronounces it to be exactly that of his contemporaries. His authority is weighty; still, however, without reviving the exploded error respecting Jonson's censure, one might imagine the difference of Spenser's style from that of Shakspeare's, whom he so shortly preceded, to indicate that his gothic subject and story made him lean towards words of the elder time. At all events, much of his expression is now become antiquated; though it is beautiful in its antiquity, and like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.

His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterize the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colours of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes. On a comprehensive view of the whole work, we certainly miss the charm of strength, symmetry, and rapid or interesting progress; for, though the plan which the poet designed is not completed, it is easy to see that no additional cantos could have rendered it less perplexed.* But still there is a richness in his materials, even where their coherence is loose, and their disposition confused. The clouds of his allegory may seem to spread into shapeless forms, but they are still the clouds of a glowing atmosphere. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design, by the magic of his colouring. We always rise from perusing him with melody in the mind's ear, and with pictures of romantic beauty impressed on the imagination.† For these attractions "The Fairy Queen" will ever continue to be resorted to by the poetical student. It is not, however, very popularly read, and seldom perhaps from beginning to end, even by those who can fully appreciate its beauties.

Drayton, or Daniel, or Peele, Marlowe, or Shakspeare the obscure words found constantly recurring in Spenser? "Let others," says Daniel (the well-languaged Daniel, as Coleridge calls him)—

> "Let others sing of knights and paladines,
> In aged accents and untimely words,

I sing of Delia in the language of those who are about her and of her day." Davenant is express on the point, and speaks of Spenser's new grafts of old withered words and exploded expressions. Surely the writers of his own age are better authorities than Malone, who read verbally, not spiritually, and, emptying a commonplace book of obsolete words, called upon us to see in separate examples what collectively did not then exist. It is easy to find many of Spenser's *Chaucerisms* in his contemporaries, but they do not crowd and characterise their writings; they tincture, but they do not colour; they are there, but not for ever there.

Bolton, who wrote in 1622 of language and style, speaks to this point in his Hypercritica. He is recommending authors for imitation and study—"Those authors among us, whose English hath in my conceit most propriety, and is nearest to the phrase of court, and to the speech used among the noble, and among the better sort in London; the two sovereign seats, and as it were Parliament tribunals, to try the question in." "In verse there are," he says, "to furnish an English Historian with copy and tongue, Ed. Spenser's Hymns. I cannot advise the allowance of other of his Poems, as for practick English, no more than I can do Jeff. Chaucer, Lydgate, Peirce Plowman, or Laureat Skelton. It was laid as a fault to the charge of Sallust, that he used some old outworn words, stolen out of Cato his Books de Originibus. And for an Historian in our tongue to AFFECT the like out of those our Poets would be accounted a foul oversight. That therefore must not be."

Gray has a letter to prove that the language of the age is never the language of poetry. Was Spenser behind or Shakspeare in advance? Stage language must necessarily be the language of the time; and Shakspeare gives us words pure and neat, yet plain and customary—the style that Ben Jonson loved, the eldest of the present and the newest of the past—while Spenser fell back on Chaucer as the

> Well of English undefilde,

as he was pleased to express it. (See WARTON'S *Essay on Spenser*, vol. i., and HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 328.) "The language of Spenser," says Hallam, "like that of Shakspeare, is an instrument manufactured for the sake of the work it was to perform."—C.

* Mr. Campbell has given a character of Spenser, not so enthusiastic as that to which I have alluded, but so discriminating, and in general sound, that I shall take the liberty of extracting it from his Specimens of the British Poets.—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 334.—C.

† Spenser's allegorical story resembles, methinks, a continuance of extraordinary dreams.—SIR W. DAVENANT.

After my reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago, to an old lady between seventy and eighty, she said that I had been showing her a collection of pictures. She said very right.—POPE *to Spence*.—C.

This cannot be ascribed merely to its presenting a few words which are now obsolete; nor can it be owing, as has been sometimes alleged, to the tedium inseparable from protracted allegory. Allegorical fable *may* be made entertaining. With every disadvantage of dress and language, the humble John Bunyan has made this species of writing very amusing.

The reader may possibly smile at the names of Spenser and Bunyan being brought forward for a moment in comparison; but it is chiefly because the humbler allegorist is so poor in language that his power of interesting the curiosity is entitled to admiration. We are told by critics that the passions may be allegorized, but that Holiness, Justice, and other such thin abstractions of the mind, are too unsubstantial machinery for a poet;—yet we all know how well the author of the Pilgrim's Progress (and he was a poet, though he wrote in prose) has managed such abstractions as Mercy and Fortitude. In his artless hands, those attributes cease to be abstractions, and become our most intimate friends. Had Spenser, with all the wealth and graces of his fancy, given his story a more implicit and animated form, I cannot believe that there was any thing in the nature of his machinery to set bounds to his power of enchantment. Yet, delicious as his poetry is, his story, considered as a romance, is obscure, intricate, and monotonous. He translated entire cantos from Tasso, but adopted the wild and irregular manner of Ariosto. The difference is, that Spenser appears, like a civilized being, slow and sometimes half forlorn, in exploring an uninhabited country, while Ariosto traverses the regions of romance like a hardy native of its pathless wilds. Hurd and others, who forbid us to judge of "The Fairy Queen" by the test of classical unity, and who compare it to a gothic church, or a gothic garden, tell us what is little to the purpose. They cannot persuade us that the story is not too intricate and too diffuse. The thread of the narrative is so entangled, that the poet saw the necessity for explaining the design of his poem in prose, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh; and the perspicuity of a poetical design which requires such an explanation may, with no great severity, be pronounced a contradiction in terms. It is degrading to poetry, we shall perhaps be told, to attach importance to the mere story which it relates. Certainly the poet is not a great one whose only charm is the management of his fable; but where there is a fable, it should be perspicuous.

There is one peculiarity in "The Fairy Queen," which, though not a deeply pervading defect, I cannot help considering as an incidental blemish; namely, that the allegory is doubled and crossed with complimentary allusions to living or recent personages, and that the agents are partly historical and partly allegorical. In some instances the characters have a threefold allusion. Gloriana is at once an emblem of true glory, an empress of fairy-land, and her majesty Queen Elizabeth. Envy is a personified passion, and also a witch, and, with no very charitable insinuation, a type of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The knight in dangerous distress is Henry IV. of France; and the knight of magnificence, Prince Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, an ancient British hero, is the bulwark of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. Such distraction of allegory cannot well be said to make a fair experiment of its power. The poet may cover his moral meaning under a single and transparent veil of fiction; but he has no right to muffle it up in foldings which hide the form and symmetry of truth.

Upon the whole, if I may presume to measure the imperfections of so great and venerable a genius, I think we may say that, if his popularity be less than universal and complete, it is not so much owing to his obsolete language, nor to degeneracy of modern taste, nor to his choice of allegory as a subject, as to the want of that consolidating and crowning strength, which alone can establish works of fiction in the favour of all readers and of all ages. This want of strength, it is but justice to say, is either solely or chiefly apparent when we examine the entire structure of his poem, or so large a portion of it as to feel that it does not impel or sustain our curiosity in proportion to its length. To the beauty of insulated passages who can be blind? The sublime description of "*Him who with the Night durst ride*," "The House of Riches," "The Canto of Jealousy," "The Masque of Cupid," and other parts, too many to enumerate, are so

splendid, that after reading them, we feel it for the moment invidious to ask if they are symmetrically united into a whole. Succeeding generations have acknowledged the pathos and richness of his strains, and the new contour and enlarged dimensions of grace which he gave to English poetry. He is the poetical father of a Milton and a Thomson. Gray habitually read him when he wished to frame his thoughts for composition; and there are few eminent poets in the language who have not been essentially indebted to him.

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light."

The publication of "The Fairy Queen," and the commencement of Shakspeare's dramatic career, may be noticed as contemporary events; for by no supposition can Shakspeare's appearance as a dramatist be traced higher than 1589,* and that of Spenser's great poem was in the year 1590. I turn back from that date to an earlier period, when the first lineaments of our regular drama began to show themselves.

Before Elizabeth's reign we had no dramatic authors more important than Bale and Heywood the Epigrammatist. Bale, before the titles of tragedy and comedy were well distinguished, had written comedies on such subjects as the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Passion and Sepulture of our Lord. He was, in fact, the last of the race of mystery-writers. Both Bale and Heywood died about the middle of the sixteenth century, but flourished (if such a word can be applied to them) as early as the reign of Henry VIII. Until the time of Elizabeth, the public was contented with mysteries, moralities, or interludes, too humble to deserve the name of comedy. The first of these, the mysteries, originated almost as early as the Conquest, in shows given by the church to the people. The moralities,† which were chiefly allegorical, probably arose about the middle of the fifteenth century, and the interludes became prevalent during the reign of Henry VIII.‡

Lord Sackville's Gorboduc, first represented in 1561–62, and Still's Gammer Gurton's Needle, about 1566, were the earliest, though faint, drafts of our regular tragedy and comedy.§ They did not, however, immediately supersede the taste for the allegorical moralities. Sackville even introduced dumb show in his tragedy to explain the piece, and he was not the last of the old dramatists who did so. One might conceive the explanation of allegory by real personages to be a natural complaisance to an audience; but there is something peculiarly ingenious in making allegory explain reality, and the dumb interpret for those who could speak. In reviewing the rise of the drama, Gammer Gurton's Needle, and Sackville's Gorboduc, form convenient resting-places for the memory; but it may be doubted if their superiority over the mysteries and moralities be half so great as their real distance from an affecting tragedy, or an exhilarating comedy. The main incident in Gammer Gurton's Needle is the loss of a needle in a man's small-clothes.‖ Gorboduc has no interesting plot or impassioned dia-

* It is clear that before 1591, or even 1592, Shakspeare had no celebrity as a writer of plays; he must, therefore, have been valuable to the theatre chiefly as an actor; and if this was the case, namely, that he speedily trode the stage with some respectability, Mr. Rowe's tradition that he was at first admitted in a mean capacity must be taken with a bushel of doubt.—CAMPBELL, *Life of Shakspeare*, 8vo, 1838, p. xxii.—C.

† The *Mysteries* Mr. Collier would have called *Miracle-Plays*, and the *Moralities*, *Morals* or Moral-Plays.—C.

‡ Warton also mentions Rastell, the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, who was a printer; but who is believed by the historian of our poetry to have been also an author, and to have made the moralities in some degree the vehicle of science and philosophy. He published [about 1519] a new interlude on The Nature of the Four Elements, in which The Tracts of America lately discovered and the manners of the natives are described.—[See Collier's *Annals*, vol. ii. p. 319.]

§ Sackville became a statesman, and forsook the pleasant paths of poetry; nor does he appear to have encouraged it in others; for in an age rife with poetical commendations, he seems to have drawn but one solitary sonnet, and that attached to a book where praises were made cheap—"The Faerie Queene." He died, and received a funeral sermon from Abbot, but no tears of regret from the Muses;—he who should have been a second Pembroke or Southampton. Still took to the church and became a bishop—but not before the creator of our comedy had written a supplicatory letter that, for acting at Cambridge, a Latin play should be preferred to an English one.—C.

‖ Speaking of Gammer Gurton, Scott writes, "It is a piece of low humour; the whole jest turning upon the loss and the recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was to repair the breeches of her man Hodge; but in point of manners, it is a great curiosity, as the *carta supellex* of our ancestors is scarcely anywhere so well described." "The unity," he continues, "of time, place, and action, are observed through the play, with an accuracy of which France might be jealous." And adds, alluding to Gorboduc, "It is remarkable, that the earliest English tragedy and comedy are both works of considerable merit; that each partakes of the distinct character

logue; but it dignified the stage with moral reflection and stately measure. It first introduced blank verse instead of ballad rhymes in the drama. Gascoigne gave a farther popularity to blank verse by his paraphrase of Jocasta, from Euripides, which appeared in 1566. The same author's "Supposes," translated from Ariosto, was our earliest prose comedy. Its dialogue is easy and spirited. Edward's Palamon and Arcite was acted in the same year, to the great admiration of Queen Elizabeth, who called the author into her presence, and complimented him on having justly drawn the character of a genuine lover.

Ten tragedies of Seneca were translated into English verse at different times, and by different authors, before the year 1581. One of these translators was Alexander Neyvile, afterwards secretary to Archbishop Parker, whose Œdipus came out as early as 1563; and though he was but a youth of nineteen, his style has considerable beauty. The following lines, which open the first act, may serve as a specimen:

"The night is gone, and dreadful day begins at length t' appear,
And Phœbus, all bedimm'd with clouds, himself aloft doth rear;
And, gliding forth, with deadly hue and doleful blaze in skies,
Doth bear great terror and dismay to the beholder's eyes.
Now shall the houses void be seen, with plague devoured quite,
And slaughter which the night hath made shall day bring forth to light.
Doth any man in princely thrones rejoice? O brittle joy!
How many ills, how fair a face, and yet how much annoy
In thee doth lurk, and hidden lies what heaps of endless strife!
They judge amiss, that deem the Prince to have the happy life."

In 1568 was produced the tragedy of "Tancred and Sigismunda," by Robert Wilmot, and four other students of the Inner Temple. It is reprinted in Reed's plays; but that reprint is taken not from the first edition, but from one greatly polished and amended in 1592.* Considered as a piece coming within the verge of Shakspeare's age, it ceases to be wonderful. Immediately subsequent to these writers we meet with several obscure and uninteresting dramatic names, among which is that of Whetstone, the author of "Promos and Cassandra," [1578], in which piece there is a partial anticipation of the plot of Shakspeare's Measure for Measure. Another is that of Preston, whose tragedy of Cambyses† is alluded to by Shakspeare, when Falstaff calls for a cup of sack, that he may weep "in King Cambyses' vein."‡ There is, indeed, matter for weeping in this tragedy; for, in the course of it, an elderly gentleman is flayed alive. To make the skinning more pathetic, his own son is witness to it, and exclaims,

"What child is he of Nature's mould could bide the same to see,
His father fleaed in this wise? O how it grieveth me!"

It may comfort the reader to know that this theatric decortication was meant to be allegorical; and we may believe that it was performed with no degree of stage illusion that could deeply affect the spectator.§

In the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, we come to a period when the increasing demand for theatrical entertainments produced play-writers by profession. The earliest of these appears to have been George Peele, who was the city poet and conductor of the civil pageants. His "Arraignment of Paris" came out in 1584. Nash calls him an Atlas in poetry. Unless we make allowance for his antiquity, the expression will appear hyperbolical; but, with that allowance, we may justly cherish the memory of Peele as the oldest genuine dramatic poet of our language. His "David and Bethsabe" is the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry. His fancy is rich and his feeling tender, and his conceptions of dramatic character have no inconsiderable mixture of solid veracity and ideal beauty.

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of its class; that the tragedy is without intermixture of comedy; the comedy without any intermixture of tragedy."—*Misc. Prose Works*, vol. vi. p. 333.—C.

* *Newly revived, and polished according to the decorum of these days.* That is, as Mr. Collier supposes, by the removal of the rhymes to a blank verse fashion. —C.

† In the title-page it is denominated "A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant Mirth."

‡ The Tamerlanes and Tamer-chams of the late age had nothing in them but the scenical strutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. —Ben Jonson. (*Gifford*, vol. ix. p. 180.)

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded *King Cambyses* with *King Darius*. Falstaff's solemn fustian bears not the slightest resemblance, either in metre or in matter, to the vein of King Cambyses. *Kyng Daryus*, whose *doleful strain* is here burlesqued, was a *pithie and pleasaunt Enterlude*, printed about the middle of the sixteenth century.—Gifford. Note on *Jonson's Poetaster*, *Works*, vol. ii. p. 455.—C.

§ The stage direction excites a smile. *Flea him with a false skin.*—C.

There is no such sweetness of versification and imagery to be found in our blank verse anterior to Shakspeare.* David's character —the traits both of his guilt and sensibility —his passion for Bethsabe—his art in inflaming the military ambition of Urias, and his grief for Absalom, are delineated with no vulgar skill. The luxuriant image of Bethsabe is introduced by these lines:

Come, gentle Zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy gentle fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee.
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh, and arbour sweet.
No brazen gate her passage can refuse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath:
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wanton with us through the leaves.
David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Strook with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain, that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers!
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make;
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew.

* * * * * *

Joab thus describes the glory of David:

Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun, attired in glistering robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams: such doth King David show,
Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth;
So looketh David, King of Israel.

At the conclusion of the tragedy, when David gives way to his grief for Absalom, he is roused with great dignity and energy by the speech of Joab. When informed by Joab of the death of his son, David exclaims:

David. Thou man of blood! thou sepulchre of death!
Whose marble breast entombs my bowels quick,
Did I not charge thee, nay, entreat thy hand,
Even for my sake, to spare my Absalom?
And hast thou now, in spite of David's health,
And scorn to do my heart some happiness,
Given him the sword, and spilt his purple soul?
Joab. What! irks it David, that he victor breathes,
That Juda, and the fields of Israel
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?
What! art thou weary of thy royal rule?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake?
Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers, by the brightest rain,
Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade?
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preserved with the hand;
And that the man shall touch them must be arm'd
With coats of iron, and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defenced spear?
And art thou angry he is now cut off,
That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
Or, by the Lord that sways the Heaven, I swear,
I'll lead thine armies to another king,
Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry;
And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
When his fair looks, with oil and wine refresh'd,
Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
That, when elsewhere stern War shall sound his trump,
And call another battle to the field,
Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
And for their service happily confess
She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess;
Take thou this course, and live;—*Refuse, and die.*

Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Nash, Lodge, and Marlowe, were the other writers for our early stage, a part of whose career preceded that of Shakspeare.† Lyly, whose dramatic language is prose, has traits of genius which we should not expect from his generally depraved taste, and he has several graceful

* Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Peele, has quoted this passage from Mr. Campbell, "a critic," he styles him, "who is by no means subject to the pardonable weakness of discovering beauties in *every* writer of the olden time."—p. xxxviii.

It is quoted too by Mr. Hallam, (*Lit. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 378), who concurs with Mr. Collier in thinking these compliments excessive.—C.

† An interesting subject of inquiry in Shakspeare's literary history, is the state of our dramatic poetry when he began to alter and originate English plays. Before his time mere mysteries and miracle plays, in which Adam and Eve appeared naked, in which the devil displayed his horns and tail, and in which Noah's wife boxed the patriarch's ears before entering the ark, had fallen comparatively into disuse, after a popularity of four centuries: and, in the course of the sixteenth century, the clergy were forbidden by orders from Rome to perform in them. Meanwhile "Moralities," which had made their appearance about the middle of the fifteenth century, were also hastening their retreat, as well as those pageants and masques in honour of royalty, which nevertheless aided the introduction of the drama. But we owe our first regular dramas to the universities, the inns of court, and public seminaries. The scholars of these establishments engaged in free translations of clas-

interspersions of "sweet lyric song." But his manner, on the whole, is *stilted*. "Brave Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,"* of whose "mighty muse" Ben Jonson himself speaks reverentially, had powers of no ordinary class, and even ventured a few steps into the pathless sublime. But his pathos is dreary, and the terrors of his Muse remind us more of Minerva's gorgon than her countenance. The first sober and cold school of tragedy, which began with Lord Sackville's Gorboduc, was succeeded by one of headlong extravagance. Kyd's bombast was proverbial in his own day. With him the genius of tragedy might be said to have run mad; and, if we may judge of one work, the joint production of Greene and Lodge, to have hardly recovered her wits in the company of those authors. The piece to which I allude is entitled "A Looking-glass for London" [1594]. There, the Tamburlane of Kyd is fairly rivalled in rant and blasphemy by the hero Rasni, King of Nineveh, who boasts

> "Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,
> Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought;
> For he be God in Heaven, yet viceroys know
> Rasni is God on earth, and none but he."

In the course of the play, the imperial swaggerer marries his own sister, who is quite as consequential a character as himself; but finding her struck dead by lightning, he deigns to espouse her lady-in-waiting, and is finally converted after his wedding, by Jonah, who soon afterwards arrives at Nineveh. It would be perhaps unfair, however, to assume this tragedy as a fair test of the dramatic talents of either Greene or Lodge. Ritson recommended the dramas of Greene as well worthy of being collected. The taste of that antiquary was not exquisite, but his knowledge may entitle his opinion to consideration.†

Among these precursors of Shakspeare we may trace, in Peele and Marlowe, a pleasing dawn of the drama, though it was by no means a dawn corresponding to so bright a sunrise as the appearance of his mighty genius. He created our *romantic* drama, or if the assertion is to be qualified, it requires but a small qualification.‡ There were, undoubtedly, prior occupants of the dramatic ground in our language; but they appear only like unprosperous settlers on the patches and skirts of a wilderness,

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sical dramatists, though with so little taste, that Seneca was one of their favourites. They caught the coldness of that model, however, without the feeblest trace of his slender graces; they looked at the ancients without understanding them; and they brought to their plots neither unity, design, nor affecting interest. There is a general similarity among all the plays that preceded Shakspeare in their ill-conceived plots, in the bombast and dulness of tragedy, and in the vulgar buffoonery of comedy.

Of our great poet's immediate predecessors, the most distinguished were Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Nash, Lodge, and Marlowe. Lyly was not entirely devoid of poetry, for we have some pleasing lyrical verses by him; but in the drama he is cold, mythological, and conceited, and he even polluted for a time the juvenile age of our literature with his abominable Euphuism. Peele has left some melodious and fanciful passages in his "David and Bethsabe." Greene is not unjustly praised for his comedy "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay." Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" was at first admired, but, subsequently, quoted only for its samples of the mock sublime. Nash wrote no poetry except for the stage; but he is a poor dramatic poet—though his prose satires are remarkably powerful. Lodge was not much happier on the stage than Nash; his prose works are not very valuable; but he wrote one satire in verse of considerable merit, and various graceful little lyrics. Marlowe was the only great man among Shakspeare's precursors; his conceptions were strong and original; his intellect grasped his subject as a whole: no doubt he dislocated the thews of his language by overstrained efforts at the show of strength, but he delineated character with a degree of truth unknown to his predecessors: his "Edward the Second" is pathetic; and his "Faustus" has real grandeur. If Marlowe had lived, Shakspeare might have had something like a competitor.—CAMPBELL, *Life of Shakspeare*, p. xxiii.—C.

* Drayton.—C.

† His Dramas and Poems were printed together in 1831, by Mr. Dyce. "In richness of fancy, Greene," says Mr. Dyce, "is inferior to Peele; and with the exception of his amusing comedy *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, there is, perhaps, but little to admire in his dramatic productions."—C.

‡ Untaught, unpractised, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but *created* first the stage,—
And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas that my own abundance gave me more.
DRYDEN *of Shakspeare.*

The English stage might be considered equally without rule and without model when Shakspeare arose. The effect of the genius of an individual upon the taste of a nation is mighty; but that genius, in its turn, is formed according to the opinions prevalent at the period when it comes into existence. Such was the case with Shakspeare. Had he received an education more extensive, and possessed a taste refined by the classical models, it is probable that he also, in admiration of the ancient drama, might have mistaken the form for the essence, and subscribed to those rules which had produced such masterpieces of art. Fortunately for the full exertion of a genius, as comprehensive and versatile as intense and powerful, Shakspeare had no access to any models of which the commanding merit might have controlled and limited his own exertions. He followed the path which a nameless crowd of obscure writers had trodden before him; but he moved in it with the grace and majestic step of a being of a superior order; and vindicated for ever the British theatre from a pedantic restriction to classical rule.

which he converted into a garden. He is, therefore, never compared with his native predecessors. Criticism goes back for names worthy of being put in competition with his, to the first great masters of dramatic invention; and even in the points of dissimilarity between them and him, discovers some of the highest indications of his genius. Compared with the classical composers of antiquity, he is to our conceptions nearer the character of a universal poet; more acquainted with man in the real world, and more terrific and bewitching in the preternatural. He expanded the magic circle of the drama beyond the limits that belonged to it in antiquity; made it embrace more time and locality; filled it with larger business and action—with vicissitudes of gay and serious emotion, which classical taste had kept divided—with characters which developed humanity in stronger lights and subtler movements—and with a language more wildly, more playfully diversified by fancy and passion, than was ever spoken on any stage. Like Nature herself, he presents alternations of the gay and the tragic; and his mutability, like the suspense and precariousness of real existence, often deepens the force of our impressions. He converted imitation into illusion. To say that, magician as he was, he was not faultless, is only to recall the flat and stale truism, that every thing human is imperfect. But how to estimate his imperfections!* To praise him is easy—*In facili causa cuivis licet esse diserto* —But to make a special, full, and accurate estimate of his imperfections would require a delicate and comprehensive discrimination, and an authority which are almost as seldom united in one man as the powers of Shakspeare himself. He is the poet of the world. The magnitude of his genius puts it beyond all private opinion to set defined limits to the admiration which is due to it. We know, upon the whole, that the sum of blemishes to be deducted from his merits is not great,† and we should scarcely be thankful to one who should be anxious to make it. No other poet triumphs so anomalously over eccentricities and peculiarities in composition which would appear blemishes in others; so that his blemishes and beauties have an affinity which we are jealous of trusting any hand with the task of separating. We dread the interference of criticism with a fascination so often inexplicable by critical laws, and justly apprehend that any man in standing between us and Shakspeare may show for pretended spots upon his disk only the shadows of his own opacity.

Still it is not a part even of that enthusiastic creed, to believe that he has no excessive mixture of the tragic and comic, no blemishes of language in the elliptical throng and impatient pressure of his imagos, no irregularities of plot and action, which another Shakspeare would avoid, if "nature had not broken the mould in which she made him," or if he should come back into the world to blend experience with inspiration.‡

The bare name of the dramatic unities is

Nothing went before Shakspeare which in any respect was fit to fix and stamp the character of a national Drama; and certainly no one will succeed him capable of establishing, by mere authority, a form more restricted than that which Shakspeare used.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. iii. p. 336.

Shakspeare began his literary career by alterations and adaptations of former dramas and copyright pieces to more popular and poetical purposes. He seems to have extended his desire for emendation to the works of living writers; and, taught by nature, to have done for the writings of University Men what Pope did (with equal offence) for the rhymes and lines of Wycherley. It was the common practice of his age to call in the pen of a living writer to aid with additions the Muse of a fellow-dramatist. He soon, however, learned to depend on his own myriad-minded genius, on his own thousand-tongued soul.—C.

* He (Shakspeare) was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets—

> Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.
>
> Dryden.—C.

† If Shakspeare's embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot.—Dryden, *Malone*, vol. ii. p. 295.—C.

‡ Of the learning of Shakspeare, Mr. Campbell says elsewhere: "There is not a doubt that he lighted up his glorious fancy at the lamp of classical mythology:—

> Hyperion's curls—the front of Jove himself,
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill—

apt to excite revolting ideas of pedantry, arts of poetry, and French criticism. With none of these do I wish to annoy the reader. I conceive that it may be said of those unities as of fire and water, that they are good servants but bad masters. In perfect rigour they were never imposed by the Greeks, and they would be still heavier shackles if they were closely riveted on our own drama. It would be worse than useless to confine dramatic action literally and immovably to one spot, or its imaginary time to the time in which it is represented. On the other hand, dramatic time and place cannot surely admit of indefinite expansion. It would be better, for the sake of illusion and probability,* to change the scene from Windsor to London, than from London to Pekin; it would look more like reality if a messenger, who went and returned in the course of the play, told us of having performed a journey of ten or twenty, rather than of a thousand miles; and if the spectator had neither that nor any other circumstance to make him ask how so much could be performed in so short a time.

In an abstract view of dramatic art, its principles must appear to lie nearer to unity than to the opposite extreme of disunion, in our conceptions of time and place. Giving up the law of unity in its literal rigour, there is still a latitude of its application which may preserve proportion and harmony in the drama.†

The brilliant and able Schlegel has traced the principles of what he denominates the romantic, in opposition to the classical drama; and conceives that Shakspeare's theatre, when tried by those principles, will be found not to have violated any of the unities, if they are largely and liberally understood. I have no doubt that Mr. Schlegel's criticism will be found to have proved this point in a considerable number of the works of our mighty poet. There are traits, however, in Shakspeare, which, I must own, appear to my humble judgment incapable of being illustrated by any system or principles of art. I do not allude to his historical plays, which, expressly from being historical, may be called a privileged class. But in those of purer fiction, it strikes me that there are licenses conceded indeed to imagination's "chartered libertine," but anomalous with regard to any thing which can be recognised as principles in dramatic art. When Perdita, for instance, grows from the cradle to the marriage altar in the course of the play, I can perceive no unity in the design of the piece, and take refuge in the supposition of Shakspeare's genius triumphing and trampling over art. Yet Mr. Schlegel, as far as I have observed, makes no exception to this breach of temporal unity; nor, in proving Shakspeare a regular artist on a mighty scale, does he deign to notice this circumstance, even as the *ultima Thule* of his license.‡ If a man contends that dramatic laws are all idle restrictions, I can understand him; or if he says that Perdita's growth on the stage is a trespass on art, but that Shakspeare's fascination over and over again redeems it, I can both understand and agree with him. But when I am left to infer that all this is right on romantic principles, I confess that those principles become too romantic for my conception. If Perdita may be born and married on the stage, why may not Webster's Duchess of Malfi lie-in between the acts, and produce a fine family of tragic children? Her grace actually does so in Web-

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Who can read these lines without perceiving that Shakspeare had imbibed a deeper feeling of the beauty of Pagan mythology than a thousand pedants could have imbibed in their whole lives?"—*Life of Shakspeare*, p. xvi.—C.

* Dr. Johnson has said, with regard to local unity in the drama, that we can as easily imagine ourselves in one place as another. So we can, at the beginning of a play; but having taken our imaginary station with the poet in one country, I do not believe with Dr. Johnson, that we change into a different one with perfect facility to the imagination. Lay the first act in Europe, and we surely do not naturally expect to find the second in America.

† For some admirable remarks on dramatic unities, see Scott's *Essay on the Drama* (*Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. vi. pp. 298—321.) Dr. Johnson has numerous obligations to an excellent paper of Farquhar's; a fact not generally enough known.—C.

‡ *Mitis.* How comes it that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirable dexterity?

Cordatus. O, that but shows how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and outrun the apprehension of their auditory.—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

This was said in 1599, and at *The Globe*, when Shakspeare, that very year, perhaps the performance before, had crossed the seas in his chorus from England to France, and from France to England, with admirable dexterity. Jonson wrote to recommend his own unities, and to instruct his audience; not, as the Shakspeare commentators would have us believe, to abuse Shakspeare, if not in his own house, in the very theatre in which he was a large sharer, and unquestionably the main-stay.—C

ster's drama, and he is a poet of some genius, though it is not quite so sufficient as Shakspeare's, to give a "sweet oblivious antidote" to such "perilous stuff." It is not, however, either in favour of Shakspeare's or of Webster's genius that we shall be called on to make allowance, if we justify in the drama the lapse of such a number of years as may change the apparent identity of an individual. If romantic unity is to be so largely interpreted, the old Spanish dramas, where youths grow graybeards upon the stage, the mysteries and moralities, and productions teeming with the wildest anachronism, might all come in with their grave or laughable claims to romantic legitimacy.

Nam sic
Et Laberi mimos ut pulchra poemata mirer.—Hor.

On a general view, I conceive it may be said, that Shakspeare nobly and legitimately enlarged the boundaries of time and place in the drama; but in extreme cases, I would rather agree with Cumberland, to waive all mention of his name in speaking of dramatic laws, than accept those licenses for art which are not art, and designate irregularity by the name of order.

There were other poets who started nearly coeval with Ben Jonson in the attempt to give a classical form to our drama. Daniel, for instance, brought out his tragedy of Cleopatra in 1594; but his elegant genius wanted the strength requisite for great dramatic efforts. Still more unequal to the task was the Earl of Sterline, who published his cold "*monarchic tragedies*," in 1604. The triumph of founding English classical comedy belonged exclusively to Jonson. In his tragedies it is remarkable that he freely dispenses with the unities, though in those tragedies he brings classical antiquity in the most distinct and learnedly authenticated traits before our eyes. The vindication of his great poetic memory forms an agreeable contrast in modern criticism with the bold bad things which used to be said of him in a former period; as when Young compared him to a blind Samson, who pulled down the ruins of antiquity on his head and buried his genius beneath them.* Hurd, though he inveighed against the too abstract conception of his characters, pronouncing them rather personified humours than natural beings, did him, nevertheless, the justice to quote one short and lovely passage from one of his masques, and the beauty of that passage probably turned the attention of many readers to his then neglected compositions.† It is indeed but one of the many beauties which justify all that has been said of Jonson's lyrical powers. In that fanciful region of the drama (the Masque) he stands as pre-eminent as in comedy; or if he can be said to be rivalled, it is only by Milton. And our surprise at the wildness and sweetness of his fancy in one walk of composition is increased by the stern and rigid (sometimes rugged) air of truth which he preserves in the other. In the regular drama he certainly holds up no romantic mirror to nature. His object was to exhibit human characters at once strongly comic and severely and instructively true; to nourish the understanding, while he feasted the sense of ridicule. He is more anxious for verisimilitude than even for comic effect. He understood the humours and peculiarities of his species scientifically, and brought them forward in their greatest contrasts and subtlest modifications. If Shakspeare carelessly scattered illusion, Jonson skilfully prepared it. This is speaking of Jonson in his happiest manner. There is a great deal of harsh and sour fruit in his miscellaneous poetry. It is acknowledged that in the drama he frequently overlabours his delineation of character, and wastes it tediously upon uninteresting humours and peculiarities. He is a moral painter, who delights overmuch to show his knowledge of moral anatomy. Beyond the pale of his three great dramas, "The Fox," "The Epicene,

* "If the ancients," says Headley, "were to reclaim their own, Jonson would not have a rag to cover his nakedness:" a remark that called a taunting reply from Gifford in one of his most bitter moods. Dryden has beautifully said of Jonson, that you may track him everywhere in the snow of the ancients.—C.

† Namely, the song of Night, in the masque of "The Vision of Delight."

"Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud."—p. 117.

His lyrical poetry forms, perhaps, the most delightful part of his poetical character. In songs and masques, and interludes, his fancy has a wildness and a sweetness that we should not expect from the severity of his dramatic taste. It cannot be said, indeed, that he is always free from metaphysical conceit, but his language is weighty with thought, and polished with elegance. Upon the whole, his merits, after every fair deduction, leave him in possession of a high niche in our literature, and entitle him to be ranked (next to Shakspeare) as the most important benefactor of our early drama.—Campbell, *article Jonson, in Brewster's Encyclopædia.*—C.

or Silent Woman," and "The Alchemist," it would not be difficult to find many striking exceptions to that love of truth and probability, which, in a general view, may be regarded as one of his best characteristics. Even within that pale, namely, in his masterly character of Volpone, one is struck with what, if it be not an absolute breach, is at least a very bold stretch, of probability. It is true that Volpone is altogether a being daringly conceived; and those who think that art spoiled the originality of Jonson, may well rectify their opinion by considering the force of imagination which it required to concentrate the traits of such a character as "The Fox;" not to speak of his Mosca, who is the phœnix of all parasites. Volpone himself is not like the common misers of comedy, a mere money-loving dotard—a hard, shrivelled old mummy, with no other spice than his avarice to preserve him; he is a happy villain, a jolly misanthrope—a little god in his own selfishness, and Mosca is his priest and prophet. Vigorous and healthy, though past the prime of life, he hugs himself in his arch humour, his successful knavery and imposture, his sensuality and his wealth, with an unhallowed relish of selfish existence. His passion for wealth seems not to be so great as his delight in gulling the human "vultures and gorecrows" who flock round him at the imagined approach of his dissolution; the speculators who put their gold, as they conceive, into his dying gripe, to be returned to them a thousand-fold in his will. Yet still, after this exquisite rogue has stood his trial in a sweat of agony at the *scrutineum*, and blest his stars at having narrowly escaped being put to the torture, there is something (one would think) a little too strong for probability, in that mischievous mirth and love of tormenting his own dupes, which bring him, by his own folly, a second time within the fangs of justice. "The Fox" and "The Alchemist" seem to have divided Jonson's admirers as to which of them may be considered his masterpiece. In confessing my partiality to the prose comedy of "The Silent Woman," considered merely as a comedy, I am by no means forgetful of the rich eloquence which poetry imparts to the two others. But "The Epicene," in my humble apprehension, exhibits Jonson's humour in the most exhilarating perfection.* With due admiration for "The Alchemist," I cannot help thinking the jargon of the chemical jugglers, though it displays the learning of the author, to be tediously profuse. "The Fox" rises to something higher than comic effect. It is morally impressive. It detains us at particular points in serious terror and suspense. But "The Epicene" is purely facetious. I know not, indeed, why we should laugh more at the sufferings of Morose than at those of the sensualist, Sir Epicure Mammon, who deserves his miseries much better than the rueful and pitiable Morose. Yet so it is, that, though the feelings of pathos and ridicule seem so widely different, a certain tincture of the pitiable makes comic distress more irresistible. Poor Morose suffers what the fancy of Dante could not have surpassed in description, if he had sketched out a ludicrous Purgatory. A lover of quiet—a man exquisitely impatient of rude sounds and loquacity, who lived in a retired street—who barricadoed his doors with matresses to prevent disturbance to his ears, and who married a wife because he could with difficulty prevail upon her to speak to him—has hardly tied the fatal knot when his house is tempested by female eloquence, and the marriage of him who had pensioned the city-wakes to keep away from his neighbourhood, is celebrated by a concert of trumpets. He repairs to a court of justice to get his marriage, if possible, dissolved, but is driven back in despair by the intolerable noise of the court. For this marriage how exquisitely we are prepared by the scene of courtship! When Morose questions his intended bride about her likings and habits of life, she plays her part so hypocritically, that he seems for a moment impatient of her reserve, and with the most ludicrous cross-feelings wishes her to speak more loudly, that he may have a proof of her taciturnity from her own lips; but, re-

* The plot of *The Fox* is admirably conceived; and that of *The Alchemist*, though faulty in the conclusion, is nearly equal to it. In the two comedies of *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Every Man out of his Humour*, the plot deserves much less praise, and is deficient at once in interest and unity of action; but in that of *The Silent Woman*, nothing can exceed the art with which the circumstance upon which the conclusion turns is, until the very last scene, concealed from the knowledge of the reader, while he is tempted to suppose it constantly within his reach.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. vi. p. 341.—C.

collecting himself, he gives way to the rapturous satisfaction of having found a silent woman, and exclaims to Cutbeard, "Go thy ways and get me a clergyman presently, with a soft, low voice, to marry us, and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can."

The art of Jonson was not confined to the cold observation of the unities of place and time, but appears in the whole adaptation of his incidents and characters to the support of each other. Beneath his learning and art he moves with an activity which may be compared to the strength of a man who can leap and bound under the heaviest armour.*

The works of Jonson bring us into the seventeenth century; and early in that century, our language, besides the great names already mentioned, contains many other poets whose works may be read with a pleasure independent of the interest which we take in their antiquity.

Drayton and Daniel, though the most opposite in the cast of their genius, are pre-eminent in the second poetical class of their age, for their common merit of clear and harmonious diction. Drayton is prone to Ovidian conceits, but he plays with them so gayly, that they almost seem to become him as if natural. His feeling is neither deep, nor is the happiness of his fancy of long continuance, but its short April gleams are very beautiful. His Legend of the Duke of Buckingham opens with a fine description. Unfortunately, his descriptions in long poems are, like many fine mornings, succeeded by a cloudy day.

"The lark, that holds observance to the sun,
Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
And on the river's murmuring base did run,
Whilst the pleased heavens her fairest livery wear;
The place such pleasure gently did prepare,
The flowers my smell, the flood my taste to steep,
And the much softness lulled me asleep.
When, in a vision, as it seem'd to me,
Triumphal music from the flood arose." . . . .

Of the grand beauties of poetry he has none; but of the sparkling lightness of his best manner an example may be given in the following stanzas, from his sketch of the Poet's Elysium.

A Paradise on earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound,
That it Elysium hight. . . . . .

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time:
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime. . . . . .

Those cliffs whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,
E'en bending with their fruits—

Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room. . . . . .

There, in perpetual summer shade,
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit;

To whom the nymphs, upon their lyres,
Tune many a curious lay,
And, with their most melodious quires,
Make short the longest day.

Daniel is "*somewhat* a-*flat*," as one of his contemporaries said of him,† but he had more sensibility than Drayton, and his moral reflection rises to higher dignity. The lyrical poetry of Elizabeth's age runs often into pastoral insipidity and fantastic carelessness, though there may be found in some of the pieces of Sir Philip Sydney, Lodge, Marlowe, and Breton, not only a sweet, wild spirit, but an exquisite finish of expression. Of these combined beauties Marlowe's song, "Come live with me, and be my love," is an example. The "Soul's Errand," by whomsoever it was written, is a burst of genuine poetry.‡ I know not how that short production has ever affected other readers, but it carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, pronounced by

* He (Jonson) was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented old Rome to us in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies we had seen less of it than in him.—Dryden.—C.

† Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, 1622.—C.

‡ Vide these Selections, p. 116.

a dying man, whose eye glares on eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world.* Raleigh, also (according to Puttenham), had a "lofty and passionate" vein. It is difficult, however, to authenticate his poetical relics. Of the numerous sonnetteers of that time (keeping Shakspeare and Spenser apart), Drummond and Daniel are certainly the best. Hall was the master satirist of the age; obscure and quaint at times, but full of nerve and picturesque illustration. No contemporary satirist has given equal grace and dignity to moral censure. Very unequal to him in style, though often as original in thought, and as graphic in exhibiting manners, is Donne, some of whose satires have been modernized by Pope.† Corbet has left some humorous pieces of raillery on the Puritans. Wither, all fierce and fanatic on the opposite side, has nothing more to recommend him in invective, than the sincerity of that zeal for God's house, which ate him up. Marston, better known in the drama than in satire, was characterized by his contemporaries for his ruffian style. He has more will than skill in invective. "*He puts in his blows with love,*" as the pugilists say of a hard but artless fighter; a degrading image, but on that account not the less applicable to a coarse satirist.

Donne was the "best good-natured man, with the worst-natured Muse." A romantic and uxorious lover, he addresses the object of his real tenderness with ideas that outrage decorum. He begins his own epithalamium with a most indelicate invocation to his bride. His ruggedness and whim are almost proverbially known.‡ Yet there is a beauty of thought which at intervals rises from his chaotic imagination, like the form of Venus smiling on the waters. Giles and Phineas Fletcher possessed harmony and fancy. The simple Warner has left, in his "Argentile and Curan," perhaps the finest pastoral episode in our language. Browne was an elegant describer of rural scenes, though incompetent to fill them with life and manners. Chalkhill‖ is a writer of pastoral romance, from whose work of Thealma and Clearchus a specimen should have been given in the body of these Selections, but was omitted by an accidental oversight. Chalkhill's numbers are as musical as those of any of his contemporaries, who employ the same form of versification. It was common with the writers of the heroic couplet of that age to bring the sense to a full and frequent pause in the middle of the line. This break, by relieving the uniformity of the couplet measure, sometimes produces a graceful effect and a varied harmony which we miss in the exact and unbroken tune of our later rhyme; a beauty of which the reader will probably be sensible, in perusing such lines of Chalkhill's as these:—

> "And ever and anon he might well hear
> A sound of music steal in at his ear,
> As the wind gave it being. So sweet an air
> Would strike a siren mute——."

This relief, however, is used rather too liberally by the elder rhymists, and is perhaps as often the result of their carelessness as of their good taste. Nor is it at all times obtained by them without the sacrifice of one of the most important uses of rhyme; namely, the distinctness of its effect in marking the measure. The chief source of the gratification which the ear finds in rhyme is our perceiving the emphasis of sound coincide with that of sense. In other words, the rhyme is best placed on the most emphatic word in the sentence. But it is nothing unusual with the ancient couplet writers, by laying the rhyme on unimportant words, to disappoint the ear of this pleasure, and to exhibit the restraint of rhyme without its emphasis.

As a poetical narrator of fiction, Chalkhill is rather tedious; but he atones for the slow progress of his narrative by many touches of rich and romantic description.

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* Is not the Soul's Errand the same poem with the Soul's Knell, which is always ascribed to Richard Edwards?—If so, why has it been inserted in Raleigh's poems by Sir Egerton Brydges? [They are distinct poems.—C.]

† Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and his numbers? . . . . . I may safely say of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly we are better poets.—Dryden. —C.

‡ Nothing could have made Donne a poet, unless as great a change had been worked in the internal structure of his ears, as was wrought in elongating those of Midas.—Southey, *Specimens*, p. xxiv.—C.

‖ Chalkhill was a gentleman and a scholar, the friend of Spenser. He died before he could finish the fable of his "Thealma and Clearchus," which was published, long after his death, by Isaak Walton.

And has been since reprinted; one of Mr. Singer's numerous contributions to our literature.—C.

FROM "THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS."

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRIESTESS OF DIANA.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent, he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about;
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear,
As the wind gave it being. So sweet an air
Would strike a siren mute, and ravish her.
He sees no creature that might cause the same,
But he was sure that from the grove it came,
And to the grove he goes to satisfy
The curiosity of ear and eye.
Thorough the thick-leaved boughs he makes a way,
Nor could the scratching brambles make him stay,
But on he rushes, and climbs up a hill,
Thorough a glade. He saw and heard his fill—
A hundred virgins there he might espy,
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana. On their knee
They tended their devotions with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers,
Their garments all alike. . . . . .
And cross their snowy silken robes they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er;
Their hair in curious tresses was knot up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top;
A silver bow their left hand held, their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight
Of arrows. . . . . .
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, laced with ribbanding, they wore;
It was a catching sight to a young eye,
That Love had fix'd before. He might espy
One whom the rest had, sphere-like, circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd:
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

THE IMAGE OF JEALOUSY IN THE CHAPEL OF DIANA.

. . . . . A curious eye
Might see some relics of art
That Psyche made, when Love first fired her heart;
It was the story of her thoughts, that she
Curiously wrought in lively imagery;
Among the rest she thought of Jealousy,
Time left untouch'd to grace antiquity,
She was decypher'd by a tim'rous dame,
Wrapt in a yellow mantle lined with flame;
Her looks were pale, contracted with a frown,
Her eyes suspicious, wandering up and down:
Behind her Fear attended, big with child,
Able to fright Presumption if she smiled;
After her flew a sigh between two springs
Of briny waters. On her dove-like wings
She bore a letter seal'd with a half moon,
And superscribed—this from Suspicion.

ABODE OF THE WITCH ORANDRA.

Her cell was hewn out in the marble rock
By more than human art. She need not knock—
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines;
Not set by art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth; so starlike bright they shone,
They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry. . . . . .
. . . . . In they went:
The ground was strewn with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mixt with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brains, and quickly caught
His credulous sense. The walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
O'er all the arch—the swelling grapes were red;
This art had made of rubies, cluster'd so,
To the quickest eye they more than seem'd to grow.
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as whereof loose Ovid sometimes sung;
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers taller than themselves,
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature,
Their rich attire so differing, yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest. . . . . .
After a low salute they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring;
Orandra to her charms was stept aside,
Leaving her guest half won, and wanton eyed:
He had forgot his herb—cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
That he was not himself. . . . . .
. . . . . Unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste—so like she was
To his Clarinda both in shape and face,
So voiced, so habited—of the same gait
And comely gesture. . . . . .
. . . . . Hardly did he refrain
From sucking in destruction at her lip;
Sin's cup will poison at the smallest sip.
She weeps and wooes again with subtleness,
And with a frown she chides his backwardness:
Have you (said she) sweet prince, so soon forgot
Your own beloved Clarinda? Are you not
The same you were, that you so slightly set
By her that once you made the cabinet
Of your choice counsel? Hath some worthier love
Stole your affections? What is it should move
You to dislike so soon? Must I still taste
No other dish but sorrow? When we last
Emptied our souls into each other's breast,
It was not so. . . . . .
. . . . . With that she wept afresh . . . . . .
. . . . . She seem'd to fall into a swound;
And stooping down to raise her from the ground,
He puts his herb into his mouth, whose taste
Soon changed his mind: he lifts her—but in vain,
His hands fell off, and she fell down again:
With that she lent him such a frown as would
Have kill'd a common lover, and made cold
Even lust itself. . . . . .
. . . . . The lights went out,
And darkness hung the chamber round about:
A yelling, hellish noise was each where heard.

In classical translation Phaer and Golding were the earliest successors of Lord Surrey. Phaer published his "Virgil" in 1562, and Golding his "Ovid" three years later.* Both of these translators, consi-

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[* The seven first books of Phaer's Virgil were first printed in 1558, the eighth, ninth, and the fragment of

dering the state of the language, have considerable merit. Like them, Chapman, who came later, employed in his version of the "Iliad" the fourteen-syllable rhyme, which was then in favourite use. Of the three translators, Phaer is the most faithful and simple, Golding the most musical, and Chapman the most spirited; though Chapman is prone to be turgid, and often false to the sense of Homer. Phaer's Æneid has been praised by a modern writer,[+] in the "Lives of the Nephews of Milton," with absurd exaggeration. I have no wish to disparage the fair value of the old translator; but when the biographer of Milton's nephews declares, "that nothing in language or conception can exceed the style in which Phaer treats of the last day of the existence of Troy," I know of no answer to this assertion but to give the reader the very passage which is pronounced so inimitable, although, to save myself farther impediment in the text, I must subjoin it in a note.†

The harmony of Fairfax is justly cele-

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the tenth in 1562. Twyne's continuation was first printed in 1573.

In 1565, Golding published the four first books of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and in 1567 a translation of the whole.

We have had the good fortune to fall in with a notice of Arthur Golding in a Museum MS. of orders made on petitions to the Privy Council from 1605 to 1616. "No particulars," says Mr. Collier, "of the life of Golding have been recovered. He does not appear to have written any thing after 1590, but the year of his death is uncertain."—*Bridge. Cat.* p. 130.

Arthure Golding to have the sole printing of some books translated by himself.

Hatfield, the xxvth of July, 1605.

His Matie is graciouslie pleased that the lord Archbyshopp of Canterburie his Grace and his Matie Atturney Gefiall shall advisedlie consider of this sut, and for such of the books as they shall think meete for the benefitt of the church and commonweale to be solie printed by this peticon^r and wherby noe enormious monopolies may ensue, his Matie Atturney is to drawe a book ready for his Matie signature, contayning agraunt hereof to the peticoner, leaving a blank for the number of yeires to be inserted at his Matie pleasure.

Lans. MSS. No. 266, *Folio* 61.—C.]

[+ William Godwin.—C.]

† ENEAS'S NARRATIVE AFTER THE DEATH OF PRIAM. ENEID II.

Than first the cruel fear me caught, and sore my sprites appall'd,
And on my father dear I thought, his face to mind I call'd,
Whan slain with grisly wound our king, him like of age in sight,
Lay gasping dead, and of my wife Creuse bethought the plight.
Alone, forsake, my house despoil'd, my child what chaunce had take,
I looked, and about me view'd what strength I might me make.
All men had me forsake for paynes, and down their bodies drew,
To ground they leapt, and some for woe themselves in fires they threw.
And now alone was left but I whan Vesta's temple stair
To keep and secretly to lurk all crouching close in chair,
Dame Helen I might see to sit; bright burnings gave me light,
Wherever I went, the ways I pass'd, all thing was set in sight.
She fearing her the Trojans' wrath, for Troy destroy'd to wreke,
Greek's torments and her husband's force, whose wedlock she did break,
The plague of Troy and of her country, monster most ontame,
There sat she with her hated head, by the altars hid for shame.
Straight in my breast I felt a fire, deep wrath my heart did strain,
My country's fall to wreak, and bring that cursed wretch to pain.
What! shall she into her country soil of Sparta and high Mycene,
All safe shall she return, and there on Troy triumph as queen?
Her husband, children, country, kynne, her house, her parents old,
With Trojan wives, and Trojan lords, her slaves shall she behold?
Was Priam slain with sword for this? Troy burnt with fire so wood?
Is it herefore that Dardan strondes so often hath sweat with blood?
Not so, for though it be no praise on woman kind to wreak,
And honour none there lieth in this, nor name for men to speak;
Yet quench I shall this poison here, and due deserts to dight,
Men shall commend my zeal, and ease my mind I shall outright:
This much for all my peoples' bones and country's flame to quite.
These things within myself I tost, and fierce with force I ran,
Whan to my face my mother great, so brim no time till than,
Appearing shew'd herself in sight, all shining pure by night,
Right goddess-like appearing, such as heavens beholds her bright.
So great with majesty she stood, and me by right-hand take,
She stay'd, and red as rose, with mouth these words to me she spake:
My son, what sore outráge so wild thy wrathful mind upstares?
Why frettest thou, or where alway from us thy care withdrawn appears?
Nor first unto thy father see'st, whom, feeble in all this woe,
Thou hast forsake, nor if thy wife doth live thou know'st or no,
Nor young Ascanius, thy child, whom throngs of Greeks about

brated.* Joshua Sylvester's version of the "Divine Weeks and Works" of the French poet Dubartas was among the most popular of our early translations; and the obligations which Milton is alleged to have owed to it, have revived Sylvester's name with some interest in modern criticism. Sylvester was a puritan, and so was the publisher of his work, Humphrey Lownes, who lived in the same street with Milton's father; and from the congeniality of their opinions, it is not improbable that they might be acquainted. It is easily to be conceived that Milton often repaired to the shop of Lownes, and there first met with the pious didactic poem. Lauder was the earliest to trace Milton's particular thoughts and expressions to Sylvester; and, as might be expected, maliciously exaggerated them. Later writers took up the subject with a very different spirit. Mr. Todd, the learned editor of Spenser, noticed in a number of the Gentleman's Magazine,† the probability of Milton's early acquaintance with the translation of Dubartas's poem; and Mr. Dunster has since, in his "*Essay on Milton's early reading*," supported the opinion, that the same work contains the *prima stamina* of Paradise Lost, and laid the first foundation of that "*monumentum ære perennius*." Thoughts and expressions there certainly are in Milton, which leave his acquaintance with Sylvester hardly questionable; although some of the expressions quoted by Mr. Dunster, which are common to them both, may be traced back to other poets older than Sylvester. The entire amount of his obligations, as Mr. Dunster justly admits, cannot detract from our opinion of Milton. If Sylvester ever stood high in his favour, it must have been when he was very young.‡ The beauties which occur so strangely intermixed with bathos and flatness in Sylvester's poem, might have caught the youthful discernment, and long dwelt in the memory, of the great poet. But he must have perused it with disgust at Sylvester's general manner. Many of his epithets and happy phrases were really worthy of Milton; but by far the greater proportion of his thoughts and expressions have a quaintness and flatness more worthy of Quarles and Wither.

The following lines may serve as no unfavourable specimens of his translation of Dubartas's poem.

PROBABILITY OF THE CELESTIAL ORBS BEING INHABITED.

I not believe that the great architect
With all these fires the heavenly arches deck'd
Only for show, and with these glistering shields
T'amaze poor shepherds, watching in the fields;
I not believe that the least flower which pranks
Our garden borders, or our common banks,
And the least stone, that in her warming lap
Our mother earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
And that the glorious stars of Heaven have none.

THE SERPENT'S ADDRESS TO EVE WHEN HE TEMPTED HER IN EDEN.

As a false lover, that thick snares hath laid
T' entrap the honour of a fair young maid,
If she (though little) list'ning ear affords
To his sweet-courting, deep-affecting words,
Feels some assuaging of his ardent flame,
And soothes himself with hopes to win his game,

Doth swarming run, and, were not my relief, withouten doubt
By this time flames had by devoured, or swords of en'mies killed.
It is not Helen's fate of Greece this town, my son, hath spill'd,
Nor Paris is to blame for this, but Gods, with grace unkind,
This wealth hath overthrown, a Troy from top to ground outwind.
Behold! for now away the cloud and dim fog will I take,
That over mortal eyes doth hang, and blind thy sight doth make;
Thou to thy parents haste, take heed (dread not) my mind obey.
In yonder place, where stones from stones, and buildings huge to sway,
Thou seest, and mixt in dust and smoke, thick streams of richness rise,
Himself the God Neptune that side doth turn in wonders wise,
With fork three-tined the walls uproots, foundations all too shakes,

And quite from under soil the town with ground-works all uprakes.
On yonder side, with furies mixt, Dame Juno fiercely stands,
The gates she keeps, and from their ships the Greeks, her friendly bands,
In armour girt, she calls.

[* Many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.—DRYDEN, *Malone*, vol. iv. p. 592. *See Note* A *at the end of this volume.*—C.]

† For November, 1796.

[‡ I remember, when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Dubartas, and was rapt into ecstasy when I read these lines:

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
To crystallise the Baltic ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian. —DRYDEN.—C.]

While, wrapt with joy, he on his point persists,
That parleying city never long resists—
Even so the serpent. . . . . .
Perceiving Eve his flattering glose digest,
He prosecutes, and jocund doth not rest.
No, Fair (quoth he), believe not that the care
God hath from spoiling Death mankind to spare
Makes him forbid you, on such strict condition,
His purest, rarest, fairest fruit's fruition. . . . . .
Begin thy bliss, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain Godhead, only great
Through self-awed zeal—put on the glist'ning pall
Of immortality.

MORNING.

Arise betimes, while th' opal-colour'd morn
In golden pomp doth May-day's door adorn.

The "opal-colour'd morn" is a beautiful expression, that I do not remember any other poet to have ever used.

The school of poets, which is commonly called the metaphysical, began in the reign of Elizabeth with Donne; but the term of metaphysical poetry would apply with much more justice to the quatrains of Sir John Davies, and those of Sir Fulke Greville, writers who, at a later period, found imitators in Sir Thomas Overbury and Sir William Davenant.* Davies's poem on the Immortality of the Soul, entitled "*Nosce teipsum*," will convey a much more favourable idea of metaphysical poetry than the wittiest effusions of Donne and his followers. Davies carried abstract reasoning into verse with an acuteness and felicity which have seldom been equalled. He reasons, undoubtedly, with too much labour, formality, and subtlety, to afford uniform poetical pleasure. The generality of his stanzas exhibit hard arguments interwoven with the pliant materials of fancy, so closely, that we may compare them to a texture of cloth and metallic threads, which is cold and stiff, while it is splendidly curious. There is this difference, however, between Davies and the commonly styled metaphysical poets, that *he* argues like a hard thinker, and *they*, for the most part, like madmen. If we conquer the drier parts of Davies's poem, and bestow a little attention on thoughts which were meant, not to gratify the indolence, but to challenge the activity of the mind, we shall find in the entire essay fresh beauties at every perusal: for in the happier parts we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction.

Such were some of the first and inferior luminaries of that brilliant era of our poetry, which, perhaps, in general terms, may be said to cover about the last quarter of the sixteenth, and the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and which, though commonly called the age of Elizabeth, comprehends many writers belonging to the reign of her successor. The romantic spirit, the generally unshackled style, and the fresh and fertile genius of that period, are not to be called in question. On the other hand, there are defects in the poetical character of the age, which, though they may disappear or be of little account amidst the excellencies of its greatest writers, are glaringly conspicuous in the works of their minor contemporaries. In prolonged narrative and description the writers of that age are peculiarly deficient in that charm, which is analogous to "*keeping*" in pictures. Their warm and cold colours are generally without the gradations which should make them harmonize. They fall precipitately from good to bad thoughts, from strength to imbecility. Certainly they are profuse in the detail of natural circumstances, and in the utterance of natural feelings. For this we love them, and we should love them still more if they knew where to stop in description and sentiment. But they give out the dregs of their mind without reserve, till their fairest conceptions are overwhelmed by a rabble of mean associations. At no period is the mass of vulgar mediocrity in poetry marked by more formal gallantry, by grosser adulation, or by coarser satire. Our amatory strains in the time of Charles the Second may be more dissolute, but those of Elizabeth's age often abound in studious and prolix licentiousness. Nor are examples of this solemn and sedate impurity to be found only in the minor poets: our reverence for Shakspeare himself need not make

[* This has been re-echoed by Mr. Hallam in his History. Johnson has been unjustly blamed for the name applied to Donne and his followers of metaphysical poets, but it was given to this school before Johnson wrote, by Dryden and by Pope. However, as Mr. Southey has said, "If it were easy to find a better name, so much deference is due to Johnson, that his should be still adhered to."—C.]

it necessary to disguise that he willingly adopted that style in his youth, when he wrote his Venus and Adonis.*

The fashion of the present day is to solicit public esteem not only for the best and better, but for the humblest and meanest writers of the age of Elizabeth. It is a bad book which has not something good in it; and even some of the worst writers of that period have their twinkling beauties. In one point of view, the research among such obscure authors is undoubtedly useful. It tends to throw incidental lights on the great old poets, and on the manners, biography, and language of the country. So far all is well—but as a matter of taste, it is apt to produce illusion and disappointment. Men like to make the most of the slightest beauty which they can discover in an obsolete versifier; and they quote perhaps the solitary good thought which is to be found in such a writer, omitting any mention of the dreary passages which surround it. Of course it becomes a lamentable reflection, that so valuable an old poet should have been forgotten. When the reader however repairs to him, he finds that there are only one or two grains of gold in all the sands of this imaginary Pactolus. But the display of neglected authors has not been even confined to glimmering beauties; it has been extended to the reprinting of large and heavy masses of dulness. Most wretched works have been praised in this enthusiasm for the obsolete; even the dullest works of the meanest contributors to the "Mirror for Magistrates."† It seems to be taken for granted, that the inspiration of the good old times descended to the very lowest dregs of its versifiers; whereas the bad writers of Elizabeth's age are only more stiff and artificial than those of the preceding, and more prolix than those of the succeeding period.

Yet there are men, who, to all appearance, would wish to revive such authors—not for the mere use of the antiquary, to whom every volume *may* be useful, but as standards of manner, and objects of general admiration. Books, it is said, take up little room. In the library this may be the case; but it is not so in the minds and time of those who peruse them. Happily, indeed, the task of pressing indifferent authors on the public attention is a fruitless one. They may be dug up from oblivion, but life cannot be put into their reputations. "Can these bones live?" Nature will have her course, and dull books will be forgotten, in spite of bibliographers.

[* Shakspeare's sonnets are addressed to a youth of both sexes, to some hermaphrodite or Stella of his own fancy, and Barnfeild is guilty of eulogising a youth in the language of love in its most womanly signification. Had Shakspeare published these now over-rated productions of his muse, (of which no one throughout is positively excellent,) this unnatural association had never existed, but several of his *sugared sonnets* among his private friends, when copyrights were not acknowledged or made the subject of law, falling into the hands of T. T., a bookseller, the said T. T., whose name was Thomas Thorpe, printed them with a hieroglyphical inscription, that is the puzzle of commentator, critic and reader. It deserves transcription:

To the
Only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets,
Mr. W. H.
all Happiness
and that Eternity
promised by our ever-living Poet
wisheth the
well-wishing Adventurer
in setting forth. T. T.

Who was Mr. W. H.? A host of learned and unlearned, with Mr. Hallam of their number, would have us to believe William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; which we shall credit when an instance is adduced of a peer of nine years' standing described, dedicated to, or shadowed as Mr. This or That by mere initials. Mr. W. H. was well enough known in his own day; what is enigmatical to us was no obscurity then. T. T. had not dared to address the Earl of Pembroke as Mr. W. H.

The same Mr. W. H. is said to have been "the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets;" but in what signification is the word used? An instance is given from Dekker, where its purport is *to procure*. Was Mr. W. H. the procurer—the person by whose means T. T. had been able to print them?—a character akin to the mysterious man who brought the letter of Pope to the piratical Curll; or is he the individual to whom they are addressed? But all is conjecture; one thing however is evident, that if T. T. meant that Mr. W. H. was addressed throughout by the poet, he had never read the Sonnets, for the last twenty-eight are to a woman.—C.]

[† The Mirror for Magistrates was one of Haslewood's reprints—a heavy man, with no kind or degree of good taste.—C.]

PART III.

The pedantic character of James I. has been frequently represented as the cause of degeneracy in English taste and genius. It must be allowed that James was an indifferent author; and that neither the manners of his court nor the measures of his reign were calculated to excite romantic virtues in his subjects. But the opinion of his character having influenced the poetical spirit of the age unfavourably is not borne out by facts. He was friendly to the stage and to its best writers: he patronized Ben Jonson, and is said to have written a complimentary letter to Shakspeare with his own hand.* We may smile at the idea of James's praise being bestowed as an honour upon Shakspeare; the importance of the compliment, however, is not to be estimated by our present opinion of the monarch, but by the excessive reverence with which royalty was at that time invested in men's opinions. James's reign was rich in poetical names, some of which have been already enumerated. We may be reminded, indeed, that those poets had been educated under Elizabeth, and that their genius bore the high impress of her heroic times; but the same observation will also oblige us to recollect that Elizabeth's age had its traits of depraved fashion, (witness its Euphuism,†) and that the first examples of the worst taste which ever infected our poetry were given in her days, and not in those of her successor. Donne, (for instance,) the patriarch of the metaphysical generation, was thirty years of age at the date of James's accession; a time at which his taste and style were sufficiently formed to acquit his learned sovereign of all blame in having corrupted them. Indeed, if we were to make the memories of our kings accountable for the poetical faults of their respective reigns, we might reproach Charles I., among whose faults bad taste is certainly not to be reckoned, with the chief disgrace of our metaphysical poetry; since that school never attained its unnatural perfection so completely as in the luxuriant ingenuity of Cowley's fancy, and the knotted deformity of Cleveland's. For a short time after the suppression of the theatres, till the time of Milton, the metaphysical poets are forced upon our attention for want of better objects. But during James's reign there is no such scarcity of good writers as to oblige us to dwell on the school of elaborate conceit. Phineas Fletcher has been sometimes named as an instance of the vitiated taste which prevailed at this period. He, however, though musical and fanciful, is not to be admitted as a representative of the poetical character of those times, which included Jonson, Beaumont and John Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, and Shirley. Shakspeare was no more; but there were dramatic authors of great and diversified ability. The romantic school of the drama continued to be more popular than the classical, though in the latter Ben Jonson lived to see imitators of his own manner, whom he was not ashamed to adopt as his poetical heirs. Of these Cartwright and Randolph were the most eminent. The originality of Cartwright's plots is always acknowledged; and Jonson used to say of him, "*My son Cartwright writes all like a man.*"

Massinger is distinguished for the harmony and dignity of his dramatic eloquence. Many of his plots, it is true, are liable to heavy exceptions. The fiends and angels of his Virgin Martyr are unmanageable tragic machinery; and the incestuous passion of his Ancient Admiral excites our horror. The poet of love is driven to a frightful expedient, when he gives it the terrors of a maniac passion breaking down

* This anecdote is given by Oldys on the authority of the Duke of Buckingham, who [is said to have] had it from Sir William Davenant. [The cause assigned, an obscure allusion in Macbeth, is a very lame and unlikely one. Shakspeare's plays were in the greatest esteem with King James: of the *fourteen* plays acted at Court between the 1st of November, 1604, and the 31st of October, 1605, *eight* were Shakspeare's, the remaining six were divided among Ben Jonson, Heywood, and Chapman.—C.]

† An affected jargon of style, which was fashionable for some time at the court of Elizabeth, and so called from the work of Lyly entitled *Euphues*.

the most sacred pale of instinct and consanguinity. The ancient admiral is in love with his own daughter. Such a being, if we fancy him to exist, strikes us as no object of moral warning, but as a man under the influence of insanity. In a general view, nevertheless, Massinger has more art and judgment in the serious drama than any of the other successors of Shakspeare. His incidents are less entangled than those of Fletcher, and the scene of his action is more clearly thrown open for the free evolution of character. Fletcher strikes the imagination with more vivacity, but more irregularly, and amidst embarrassing positions of his own choosing. Massinger puts forth his strength more collectively. Fletcher has more action and character in his drama, and leaves a greater variety of impressions upon the mind. His fancy is more volatile and surprising, but then he often blends disappointment with our surprise, and parts with the consistency of his characters even to the occasionally apparent loss of their identity. This is not the case with Massinger. It is true that Massinger excels more in description and declamation than in the forcible utterance of the heart, and in giving character the warm colouring of passion. Still, not to speak of his one distinguished hero* in comedy, he has delineated several tragic characters with strong and interesting traits. They are chiefly proud spirits. Poor himself, and struggling under the rich man's contumely, we may conceive it to have been the solace of his neglected existence to picture worth and magnanimity breaking through external disadvantages, and making their way to love and admiration. Hence his fine conceptions of Paris, the actor, exciting by the splendid endowments of his nature the jealousy of the tyrant of the world; and Don John and Pisander, habited as slaves, wooing and winning their princely mistresses. He delighted to show heroic virtue stripped of all adventitious circumstances, and tried, like a gem, by its shining through darkness. His Duke of Milan is particularly admirable for the blended interest which the poet excites by the opposite weaknesses and magnanimity of the same character. Sforza, Duke of Milan, newly married and uxoriously attached to the haughty Marcelia, a woman of exquisite attractions, makes her an object of secret but deadly enmity at his court, by the extravagant homage which he requires to be paid to her, and the precedence which he enjoins even his own mother and sisters to yield her. As Chief of Milan, he is attached to the fortunes of Francis I. The sudden tidings of the approach of Charles V., in the campaign which terminated with the battle of Pavia, soon afterwards spread dismay through his court and capital. Sforza, though valiant and self-collected in all that regards the warrior or politician, is hurried away by his immoderate passion for Marcelia; and being obliged to leave her behind, but unable to bear the thoughts of her surviving him, obtains the promise of a confidant to destroy her, should his own death appear inevitable. He returns to his capital in safety. Marcelia, having discovered the secret order, receives him with coldness. His jealousy is inflamed; and her perception of that jealousy alienates the haughty object of his affection, when she is on the point of reconcilement. The fever of Sforza's diseased heart is powerfully described, passing from the extreme of dotage to revenge, and returning again from thence to the bitterest repentance and prostration, when he has struck at the life which he most loved, and has made, when it is too late, the discovery of her innocence. Massinger always enforces this moral in love;—he punishes distrust, and attaches our esteem to the unbounded confidence of the passion. But while Sforza thus exhibits a warning against morbidly-selfish sensibility, he is made to appear, without violating probability, in all other respects a firm, frank, and prepossessing character. When his misfortunes are rendered desperate by the battle of Pavia, and when he is brought into the presence of Charles V., the intrepidity with which he pleads his cause disarms the resentment of his conqueror; and the eloquence of the poet makes us expect that it should do so. Instead of palliating his zeal for the lost cause of Francis, he thus pleads—

> I come not, Emperor, to invade thy mercy
> By fawning on thy fortune, nor bring with me
> Excuses or denials; I profess,
> And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
> That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy,
> Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wish'd

* Sir Giles Overreach.

Confusion to thy person and estates,
And with my utmost power and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself and all men.

After describing his obligations to Francis, he says—

He was indeed to me as my good angel,
To guard me from all danger. I dare speak,
Nay *must* and *will*, his praise now in as high
And loud a key as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me met not
Unthankful ground. . . . . .
. . . . . If then to be grateful
For benefits received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling
For a forestall'd remission—that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory, for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a Duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and, witness truth, that now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With life and them together, I'm the same—
My veins *then* did not swell with pride, nor *now*
Shrink they for fear.

If the vehement passions were not Massinger's happiest element, he expresses fixed principle with an air of authority. To make us feel the elevation of genuine pride was the master-key which he knew how to touch in human sympathy; and his skill in it must have been derived from deep experience in his own bosom.*

The theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher contains all manner of good and evil. The respective shares of those dramatic partners, in the works collectively published with their names, have been stated in a different part of this volume. Fletcher's share in them is by far the largest; and he is chargeable with the greatest number of faults, although at the same time his genius was more airy, prolific, and fanciful. There are such extremes of grossness and magnificence in their drama, so much sweetness and beauty interspersed with views of nature either falsely romantic, or vulgar beyond reality; there is so much to animate and amuse us, and yet so much that we would willingly overlook, that I cannot help comparing the contrasted impressions which they make, to those which we receive from visiting some great and ancient city, picturesquely but irregularly built, glittering with spires and surrounded with gardens, but exhibiting in many quarters the lanes and hovels of wretchedness. They have scenes of wealthy and high life which remind us of courts and palaces frequented by elegant females and high-spirited gallants, whilst their noble old martial characters, with Caractacus in the midst of them, may inspire us with the same sort of regard which we pay to the rough-hewn magnificence of an ancient fortress.

Unhappily, the same simile, without being hunted down, will apply but too faithfully to the *nuisances* of their drama. Their language is often basely profligate. Shakspeare's and Jonson's indelicacies are but casual blots; whilst theirs are sometimes essential colours of their painting, and extend, in one or two instances, to entire and offensive scenes. This fault has deservedly injured their reputation; and, saving a very slight allowance for the fashion and taste of their age, admits of no sort of apology.† Their drama, nevertheless, is a very wide

[* Although incalculably superior to his contemporaries, Shakspeare had successful imitators; and the art of Jonson was not unrivalled. Massinger appears to have studied the works of both, with the intention of uniting their excellences. He knew the strength of plot; and although his plays are altogether irregular, yet he well understood the advantage of a strong and defined interest; and in unravelling the intricacy of his intrigues, he often displays the management of a master.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. vi. p. 342.—C.]

[† Ravenscroft, the filthiest writer for the stage in the reign of the second Charles, is not more obscene than Beaumont and Fletcher. Yet Earle, who was in the church and a bishop withal, praises their plays for their purity; and Lovelace likens the nakedness of their language to Cupid dressed in Diana's linen. The outspoken nature of their writings is in the very character of their age, for Charles I. would address the ladies of his court in a style that would meet with no toleration now. Propriety of speech and conduct one does not look for at the Restoration. All was license then:

Love was liberty, and nature law.

Plays were beheld by ladies in masks, who blushed unseen at situations, language, and allusions of the most obscene description. Something of this continued to a later time. Ramsay dedicates his Tea Table Miscellany to the ladies and lassies of Britain, and boasts that his book is without a word or an allusion to redden the brow of offended beauty. Yet the book abounds in naked vulgarities and songs of studied obscenity. The novels of the once immaculate Richardson, that ladies talked and quoted into deserved celebrity, few ladies now own to their perusal, and no clergymen be found to recommend, as of old, to their flock from the pulpit. While the letters of the maids of honour about the court

one, and "*has ample room and verge enough*"* to permit the attention to wander from these, and to fix on more inviting peculiarities—as on the great variety of their fables and personages, their spirited dialogue, their wit, pathos, and humour. Thickly sown as their blemishes are, their merit will bear great deductions, and still remain great. We never can forget such beautiful characters as their Cellide, their Aspatia, and Bellario, or such humorous ones as their La Writ and Cacafogo. Awake they will always keep us, whether to quarrel or to be pleased with them. Their invention is fruitful; its beings are on the whole an active and sanguine generation; and their scenes are crowded to fulness with the warmth, agitation, and interest of life.

In thus speaking of them together, it may be necessary to allude to the general and traditionary understanding, that Beaumont was the graver and more judicious genius of the two. Yet the plays in which he may be supposed to have assisted Fletcher are by no means remarkable either for harmonious adjustment of parts, or scrupulous adherence to probability. In their "Laws of Candy," the winding up of the plot is accomplished by a young girl commanding a whole bench of senators to descend from their judgment-seats, in virtue of an ancient law of the state which she discovers; and they obey her with the most polite alacrity. "Cupid's Revenge" is assigned to them conjointly, and is one of the very weakest of their worst class of pieces. On the other hand, Fletcher produced his "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," after Beaumont's death, so that he was able, when he chose, to write with skill as well as spirit.

Of that skill, however, he is often so sparing as to leave his characters subject to the most whimsical metamorphoses. Sometimes they repent, like methodists, by instantaneous conversion. At other times they shift from good to bad, so as to leave us in doubt what they were meant for. In the tragedy of "Valentinian" we have a fine old soldier, Maximus, who sustains our affection through four acts, but in the fifth we are suddenly called upon to hate him, on being informed, by his own confession, that he is very wicked, and that all his past virtue has been but a trick on our credulity. The imagination, in this case, is disposed to take part with the creature of the poet's brain against the poet himself, and to think that he maltreats and calumniates his own offspring unnaturally.† But for these faults

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of the first and second Georges—the Howes, the Belendens, and Lepells—are rife with the very dirt of our language. The cleanest are in the Suffolk Papers; and there, as the proverb goes, a spade is called a spade:

Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ.—C.]

[* Dryden.—C.]

† The most amusingly absurd perhaps of all Fletcher's bad plays is The Island Princess. One might absolutely take it for a burlesque on the heroic drama, if its religious conclusion did not show the author to be in earnest. Quisara, princess of the island of Tidore, where the Portuguese have a fort, offers her hand in marriage to any champion who shall deliver her brother, a captive of the governor of Ternata. Ruy Dias, her Portuguese lover, is shy of the adventure; but another lover, Armusia, hires a boat, with a few followers, which he hides on landing at Tidore, among the reeds of the invaded island. He then disguises himself as a merchant, hires a cellar, like the Popish conspirators, and in the most credible manner blows up a considerable portion of a large town, rescues the king, slaughters all opposers, and re-embarks in his yawl from among the reeds. On his return he finds the lovely Quisara loth to fulfil her promise, from her being still somewhat attached to Ruy Dias. The base Ruy Dias sends his nephew, Piniero, to The Island Princess, with a project of assassinating Armusia; but Piniero, who is a merry fellow, thinks it better to prevent his uncle's crime, and to make love for himself. Before his introduction to the Princess, however, he meets with her aunt Quisana, to whom he talks abundance of ribaldry and *double entendre*, and so captivates the aged woman, that she exclaims to her attendant, "Pray thee let him talk still, for methinks he talks handsomely!" With the young lady he is equally successful, offers to murder anybody she pleases, and gains her affections so far that she kisses him. The poor virtuous Armusia, in the mean time, determines to see his false Princess, makes his way to her chamber, and in spite of her reproaches and her late kiss to Piniero, at last makes a new impression on her heart. The dear Island Princess is in love a third time, in the third act. In the fourth act, the king of Tidore, lately delivered by Armusia, plots against the Christians; he is accompanied by a Moorish priest, who is no other than the governor of Ternata, disguised in a false wig and beard; but his Tidorian majesty recollects his old enemy so imperfectly as to be completely deceived. This conspiracy alarms the Portuguese; the cowardly Ruy Dias all at once grows brave and generous; Quisara joins the Christians, and for the sake of Armusia and her new faith offers to be burnt alive. Nothing remains but to open the eyes of her brother, the king of Tidore. This is accomplished by the merry Piniero laying hold of the masqued governor's beard, which comes away without the assistance of a barber. The monarch exclaims that he cannot speak for astonishment, and every thing concludes agreeably. The Island Princess is not unlike some of the romantic dramas of Dryden's time; but the later play-writers superadded a style of outrageous rant and turgid imagery.—[Such is the plot, nor is the dialogue better. Still Armusia is a fine fellow, and Piniero a merry one, while Quisara, who loves a ranter, transfers her affections with

Fletcher makes good atonement, and has many affecting scenes. We must still indeed say scenes; for, except in "The Faithful Shepherdess," which, unlike his usual manner, is very lulling, where shall we find him uniform? If "The Double Marriage" could be cleared of some revolting passages, the part of Juliana would not be unworthy of the powers of the finest tragic actress. Juliana is a high attempt to portray the saint and heroine blended in female character. When her husband Virolet's conspiracy against Ferrand of Naples is discovered, she endures and braves for his sake the most dreadful cruelties of the tyrant. Virolet flies from his country, obliged to leave her behind him; and falling at sea into the hands of the pirate Duke of Sesse, saves himself and his associates from death, by consenting to marry the daughter of the pirate (Martia), who falls in love and elopes with him from her father's ship. As they carry off with them the son of Ferrand, who had been a prisoner of the Duke of Sesse, Virolet secures his peace being made at Naples; but when he has again to meet Juliana, he finds that he has purchased life too dearly. When the ferocious Martia, seeing his repentance, revenges herself by plotting his destruction, and when his divorced Juliana, forgetting her injuries, flies to warn and to save him, their interview has no common degree of interest. Juliana is perhaps rather a fine idol of the imagination than a probable type of nature; but poetry which "conforms the shows of things to the desires of the soul,"* has a right to the highest possible virtues of human character. And there have been women who have prized a husband's life above their own, and his honour above his life, and who have united the tenderness of their sex to heroic intrepidity. Such is Juliana, who thus exhorts the wavering fortitude of Virolet on the eve of his conspiracy.

Virolet. ..... Unless our hands were cannon
To batter down his walls, our weak breath mines
To blow his forts up, or our curses lightning,
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.....

She replies—

..... Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking—nor can vice
Raise any bulwark to make good a place
Where virtue seeks to enter.

The joint dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher, entitled "Philaster" and "The Maid's Tragedy," exhibit other captivating female portraits. The difficulty of giving at once truth, strength, and delicacy to female repentance for the loss of honour, is finely accomplished in Evadne. The stage has perhaps few scenes more affecting than that in which she obtains forgiveness of Amintor, on terms which interest us in his compassion, without compromising his honour. In the same tragedy,† the plaintive image of the forsaken Aspatia has an indescribably sweet spirit and romantic expression. Her fancy takes part with her heart, and gives its sorrow a visionary gracefulness. When she finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne, she tells her to copy the likeness from herself, from "the lost Aspatia."

Asp. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me—
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true. Put me on the wild island.
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and my hair blown by the wind
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Be teachers of my story.....
.....Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument, and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

The resemblance of this poetical picture to Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne has been noticed by Mr. Seward in the preface to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. "In both representations the extended arms of the mourner, her hair blown by the wind, the barren roughness of the rocks around her, and the broken trunks of leafless trees, make her figure appear like Sorrow's monument."

Their masculine characters in tragedy are generally much less interesting than their females. Some exceptions may be found to this remark; particularly in the British chief Caractacus and his interesting nephew, the boy Hengo. With all the faults of the

marvellous celerity. Piniero is evidently more her match than Armusia, whom she marries, but not before he has won her waiting-woman to admit him to her bed-chamber, where Quisara scolds him with all the anxious importunity of desire.—C.]

* Expression of Lord Bacon's. † The Maid's Tragedy.

tragedy of Bonduca, its British subject and its native heroes attach our hearts. We follow Caractacus to battle and captivity with a proud satisfaction in his virtue. The stubbornness of the old soldier is finely tempered by his wise, just, and candid respect for his enemies the Romans, and by his tender affection for his princely ward. He never gives way to sorrow till he looks on the dead body of his nephew, Hengo, when he thus exclaims—

> .....Farewell the hopes of Britain!
> Farewell thou royal graft for ever! Time and Death,
> Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
> Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph.
> .....O fair flower,
> How lovely yet thy ruins show—how sweetly
> Ev'n Death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,
> The fellowship of all great souls, go with thee!

The character must be well supported which yields a sensation of triumph in the act of surrendering to victorious enemies. Caractacus does not need to tell us, that when a brave man has done his duty, he cannot be humbled by fortune—but he makes us feel it in his behaviour. The few brief and simple sentences which he utters in submitting to the Romans, together with their respectful behaviour to him, give a sublime composure to his appearance in the closing scene.

Dryden praises the gentlemen of Beaumont and Fletcher in comedy as the true men of fashion of "the times." It was necessary that Dryden should call them the men of fashion of the times, for they are not in the highest sense of the word gentlemen. Shirley's comic characters have much more of the conversation and polite manners, which we should suppose to belong to superior life in all ages and countries. The genteel characters of Fletcher form a narrower class, and exhibit a more particular image of their times and country. But their comic personages, after all, are a spirited race. In one province of the facetious drama they set the earliest example; witness their humorous mock-heroic comedy, The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

The memory of Ford has been deservedly revived as one of the ornaments of our ancient drama; though he has no great body of poetry, and has interested us in no other passion except that of love; but in that he displays a peculiar depth and delicacy of romantic feeling.† Webster has a gloomy force of imagination, not unmixed with the beautiful and pathetic. But it is "beauty in the lap of horror:" he caricatures the shapes of terror, and his Pegasus is like a nightmare. Middleton,‡ Marston, Thomas Heywood, Decker, and Chapman, also present subordinate claims to remembrance in that fertile period of the drama.

Shirley was the last of our good old dramatists. When his works shall be given to the public, they will undoubtedly enrich our popular literature.[?] His language sparkles with the most exquisite images. Keeping some occasional pruriences apart, the fault of his age rather than of himself,

[* Beaumont and Fletcher seemed to have followed Shakspeare's mode of composition, rather than Jonson's. They may, indeed, be rather said to have taken for their model the boundless license of the Spanish stage, from which many of their pieces are expressly and avowedly derived. The sets of their plays are so detached from each other, in substance and consistency, that the plot can scarce be said to hang together at all, or to have, in any sense of the word, a beginning, progress, and conclusion. It seems as if the play began because the curtain rose, and ended because it fell.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. vi. p. 343.

Beaumont and Fletcher's plots are wholly inartificial; they only care to pitch a character into a position to make him or her talk; you must swallow all their gross improbabilities, and, taking it all for granted, attend only to the dialogue.—Coleridge, *Table Talk*, p. 200.

Shakspeare borrowed his plots, Jonson invented his; while Beaumont and Fletcher disregarded a story, and relied on dialogue and situation. What they sought, they achieved. You could not publish *tales* from their plays, but scenes and incidents of truth and beauty without number. Where had they stood, with plots like Shakspeare? Not above Shakspeare, certainly, but above Ben Jonson, not as now assuredly below, though the next.

What *Tom Jones* is among our novels, *The Fox* and *The Alchemist* are among our dramas.—C.]

[† Mr. Campbell observes, that Ford interests us in no other passion than that of *love*; "in which he displays a peculiar depth and delicacy of romantic feeling." Comparatively speaking, this may be admitted; but in justice to the poet, it should be added that he was not insensible to the power of *friendship*, and in more than one of his dramas has delineated it with a master hand. Had the critic forgotten the noble Dalyell? the generous and devoted Malfato? Mr. Campbell, however, terms him "one of the ornaments of our ancient drama."—Gifford, *Ford*, p. xl.—C.]

[‡ Middleton's hags, in the tragi-comedy of The Witch, were conjectured by Mr. Steevens to have given the hint to Shakspeare of his witches in Macbeth. It has been repeatedly remarked, however, that the resemblance scarcely extends beyond a few forms of incantation. The hags of Middleton are merely mischievous old women, those of Shakspeare influence the elements of nature and the destinies of man.

[? They have been since published in six volumes octavo, the plays with notes by Gifford, the poems and memoirs by Mr. Dyce.—C.]

he speaks the most polished and refined dialect of the stage; and even some of his over-heightened scenes of voluptuousness are meant, though with a very mistaken judgment, to inculcate morality.* I consider his genius, indeed, as rather brilliant and elegant than strong or lofty. His tragedies are defective in fire, grandeur, and passion; and we must *select* his comedies, to have any favourable idea of his humour. His finest poetry comes forth in situations rather more familiar than tragedy and more grave than comedy, which I should call sentimental comedy, if the name were not associated with ideas of modern insipidity. That he was capable, however, of pure and excellent comedy will be felt by those who have yet in reserve the amusement of reading his Gamester, Hyde-park, and Lady of Pleasure. In the first and last of these there is a subtle ingenuity in producing comic effect and surprise, which might be termed Attic, if it did not surpass any thing that is left us in Athenian comedy.

I shall leave to others the more special enumeration of his faults, only observing, that the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the beauty of his similes, are often found where the poet survives the dramatist, and where he has not power to transfuse life and strong individuality through the numerous characters of his voluminous drama. His style, to use a line of his own, is "studded like a frosty night with stars;" and a severe critic might say, that the stars often shine when the atmosphere is rather too frosty. In other words, there is more beauty of fancy than strength of feeling in his works. From this remark, however, a defender of his fame might justly appeal to exceptions in many of his pieces. From a general impression of his works I should not paint his Muse with the haughty form and features of inspiration, but with a countenance, in its happy moments, arch, lovely, and interesting both in smiles and in tears; crowned with flowers, and not unindebted to ornament, but wearing the drapery and chaplet with a claim to them from natural beauty. Of his style I subjoin one or two more examples, lest I may not have done justice to him in that respect in the body of the work.†

FROM "THE GRATEFUL SERVANT."

CLEONA INFORMED BY THE PAGE DULCINO OF FOSCARI, WHOM SHE HAD THOUGHT DEAD, BEING STILL ALIVE.

Cleona. The day breaks glorious to my darken'd thoughts.
He lives, he lives yet! cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me. Prithee speak, sweet youth:
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health?
Dulcino. Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.—
Cleon. O get thee wings and fly then:
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which with his memory, richer than all spices,
Dispersed odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it, when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence——
——Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon; where is he? speak.
Dul. He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.
Cleon. Time has no feathers—he walks now on crutches.
Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words?—Did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not, for the wealth of this great world,
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?
Dul. He said what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak—he said you were
Both star and pilot.
Cleon. The sun's loved flower, that shuts his yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising: with my parting lord
I closed all my delight—till his approach
It shall not spread itself.

FROM THE SAME.

FOSCARI, IN HIS MELANCHOLY, ANNOUNCING TO FATHER VALENTIO HIS RESOLUTION TO BECOME A MONK.

Foscari. There is a sun, ten times more glorious
Than that which rises in the east, attracts me
To feed upon his sweet beams, and become
A bird of Paradise, a religious man,
To rise from earth, and no more to turn back
But for a burial.
Valentio. My lord, the truth is, like your coat of arms,
Richest when plainest. I do fear the world
Hath tired you, and you seek a cell to rest in;
As birds that wing it o'er the sea seek ships
Till they get breath, and then they fly away.

* The scene in Shirley's Love's Cruelty, for example, between Hippolito and the object of his admiration, Act 4, scene 1., and another in The Grateful Servant, between Belinda and Lodwick. Several more might be mentioned.

[† Mr. Campbell has been too kind to Shirley, whose merits are exaggerated by the length and frequency of his quotations from him. The reader who will turn to Shirley's six volumes, and seek there for a succession of such passages as Mr. Campbell has here given, for happiness of plot, dialogue, and language, is certain only of disappointment. In endeavouring to atone for the injustice of one age, another is apt to overleap the mark, and to err as far in the other way. Shirley shines in extract—in passages—not in plays, or even in scenes.—C.]

FROM "THE TRAITOR."

THE DUKE OF FLORENCE TO HIS MURDERER, LORENZO.

* * * For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
My blood shall fly to heaven, and there inflamed,
Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life:
And when, by some as bloody hand as thine,
Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend,
In flaming drops, upon thee. O! I faint!
Thou flattering world, farewell. Let princes gather
My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
Their hour of state—that's all they have—for when
That's out, Time never turns the glass again.

FROM THE SAME.

* * When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

FROM THE COMEDY OF "THE BROTHERS."

FERNANDO DESCRIBING HIS MISTRESS TO FRANCISCO.

Fern. You have, then, a mistress,
And thrive upon her favours———but thou art
My brother; I'll deliver thee a secret:
I was at St. Sebastian's, last Sunday,
At vespers.

Fran. Is it a secret that you went to church?
You need not blush to tell't your ghostly father.

Fern. I prithee leave thy impertinence: there I saw
So sweet a face, so harmless, so intent
Upon her prayers; it frosted my devotion
To gaze upon her, till by degrees I took
Her fair idea, through my covetous eyes,
Into my heart, and know not how to ease
It since of the impression.

* * * *

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory over grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.*

The contempt which Dryden expresses for Shirley† might surprise us, if it were not recollected that he lived in a degenerate age of dramatic taste, and that his critical sentences were neither infallible nor immutable. He at one time undervalued Otway, though he lived to alter his opinion.‡

The civil wars put an end to this dynasty of our dramatic poets. Their immediate successors or contemporaries, belonging to the reign of Charles I., many of whom resumed their lyres after the interregnum, may, in a general view, be divided into the classical and metaphysical schools. The former class, containing Denham, Waller, and Carew, upon the whole cultivated smooth and distinct melody of numbers, correctness of imagery, and polished elegance of expression. The latter, in which Herrick and Cowley stood at the head of Donne's metaphysical followers, were generally loose or rugged in their versification, and preposterous in their metaphors. But this distinction can only be drawn in very general terms; for Cowley, the prince of the metaphysicians, has bursts of natural feeling and just thoughts in the midst of his absurdities. And Herrick, who is equally whimsical, has left some little gems of highly-finished composition. On the other hand, the correct Waller is sometimes mataphysical; and ridiculous hyperboles are to be found in the elegant style of Carew.

The characters of Denham, Waller, and Cowley have been often described. Had Cowley written nothing but his prose, it would have stamped him a man of genius, and an improver of our language. Of his poetry, Rochester indecorously said, that "not being of God, it could not stand."§ Had the word *nature* been substituted, it would have equally conveyed the intended meaning, but still that meaning would not have been strictly just.‖ There is much in Cowley that will stand. He teems, in many places, with the imagery, the feeling, the grace and gayety of a poet. No-

[* The citation of this beautiful passage by Dr. Farmer in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, 1766, may be regarded as one of the earliest attempts to rescue the works of Shirley from the long oblivion to which they had been consigned.—Dyce's *Shirley*, vol. i. p. xi.]

[† In Mac Flecknoe. "The critical decisions of Dryden," says Dyce, "however unjust, had no slight influence on the public mind."]

[‡ That Dryden at any time undervalued Otway, we have no very positive proof—a coffee-house criticism retailed, though the retailer was Otway himself, at second-hand. The play that Dryden is said to have spoken petulantly and disparagingly about, was *Don Carlos*. *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* were of a later date, and justified Dryden's firm conviction, that Otway possessed the art of expressing the passions and emotions of the mind as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. *Don Carlos* gives no promise of *The Orphan*, or of *Venice Preserved*.]

[§ Told on the authority of Dryden. (*Malone*, vol. iv. p. 612.) Yet Burnet, Joseph Warton, and Johnson speak of Cowley as Rochester's favourite author.]

[‖ Nature is but a name for an effect,]
Whose cause is God.—COWPER, *The Task*, B. vi.]

thing but a severer judgment was wanting to collect the scattered lights of his fancy. His unnatural flights arose less from affectation than self-deception. He cherished false thoughts as men often associate with false friends, not from insensibility to the difference between truth and falsehood, but from being too indolent to examine the difference. Herrick, if we were to fix our eyes on a small portion of his works, might be pronounced a writer of delightful Anacreontic spirit. He has passages where the thoughts seem to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure; as when he sings—

> Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a flying;
> And this same flower that blooms to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying.

In the same spirit are his verses to Anthea, concluding—

> Thou art my life, my love, my heart.
> The very eyes of me;
> And hast command of every part,
> To live and die for thee.

But his beauties are so deeply involved in surrounding coarseness and extravagance, as to constitute not a tenth part of his poetry; or rather it may be safely affirmed, that of 1400 pages of verse which he has left, not a hundred are worth reading.

In Milton there may be traced obligations to several minor English poets; but his genius had too great a supremacy to belong to any school. Though he acknowledged a filial reverence for Spenser as a poet, he left no Gothic irregular tracery in the design of his own great work, but gave a classical harmony of parts to its stupendous pile. It thus resembles a dome, the vastness of which is at first sight concealed by its symmetry, but which expands more and more to the eye while it is contemplated. His early poetry seems to have neither disturbed nor corrected the bad taste of his age. Comus came into the world unacknowledged by its author, and Lycidas appeared at first only with his initials.* These and other exquisite pieces, composed in the happiest years of his life, at his father's country-house at Horton, were collectively published, with his name affixed to them, in 1645; but that precious volume which included L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, did not come to a second edition, till it was republished by himself at the distance of eight-and-twenty years.† Almost a century elapsed before his minor works obtained their proper fame. Handel's music is said, by Dr. Warton, to have drawn the first attention to them; but they must have been admired before Handel set them to music; for he was assuredly not the first to discover their beauty. But of Milton's poetry being above the comprehension of his age, we should have a sufficient proof, if we had no other, in the grave remark of Lord Clarendon, that Cowley had, in his time, "*taken a flight above all men in poetry.* Even when "Paradise Lost" appeared, though it was not neglected, it attracted no crowd of imitators and made no visible change in the poetical practice of the age.‡ He stood alone and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects, and, as far as there is perpetuity in language, of immortal fame. The very choice of those subjects bespoke a contempt for any species of excellence that was attainable by other men. There is something that overawes the mind in conceiving his long deliberated selection of that theme—his attempting it when his eyes were shut upon the face of nature—his dependence, we might almost say, on supernatural inspiration, and in the calm air of strength with which he opens "Paradise Lost," beginning a mighty performance without the appearance of an effort.⁂ Taking the subject all in all, his powers could nowhere else have enjoyed the same scope. It was only from the height of this great argument that he could look back upon eternity past, and forward upon eternity to come; that he could survey the abyss of infernal darkness, open visions of Paradise, or ascend to heaven and breathe empyreal air. Still the subject had precipitous

[* Comus, 1637—Lycidas, 1638.]

[† 1673.]

[‡ See note B, at the end of the volume.]

[⁂ There is a solemnity of sentiment, as well as majesty of numbers, in the exordium of this noble poem, which in the works of the ancients has no example. . . . . We cannot read this exordium without perceiving that the author possesses more fire than he shows. There is a suppressed force in it, the effect of judgment. His judgment controls his genius, and his genius reminds us (to use his own beautiful similitude) of

> A proud steed rein'd,
> Champing his iron curb.

He addresses himself to the performance of great things, but makes no great exertion in doing it; a sure symptom of uncommon vigour.—Cowper, *Commentary.*]

difficulties. It obliged him to relinquish the warm, multifarious interests of human life. For these indeed he could substitute holier things; but a more insuperable objection to the theme was, that it involved the representation of a war between the Almighty and his created beings. To the vicissitudes of such a warfare it was impossible to make us attach the same fluctuations of hope and fear, the same curiosity, suspense, and sympathy, which we feel amidst the battles of the Iliad, and which make every brave young spirit long to be in the midst of them.

Milton has certainly triumphed over one difficulty of his subject, the paucity and the loneliness of its human agents; for no one in contemplating the garden of Eden would wish to exchange it for a more populous world. His earthly pair could only be represented, during their innocence, as beings of simple enjoyment and negative virtue, with no other passions than the fear of heaven and the love of each other. Yet from these materials what a picture has he drawn of their homage to the Deity, their mutual affection, and the horrors of their alienation! By concentrating all exquisite ideas of external nature in the representation of their abode—by conveying an inspired impression of their spirits and forms, while they first shone under the fresh light of creative heaven—by these powers of description, he links our first parents, in harmonious subordination, to the angelic natures—he supports them in the balance of poetical importance with their divine coadjutors and enemies, and makes them appear at once worthy of the friendship and envy of gods.

In the angelic warfare of the poem, Milton has done whatever human genius could accomplish. But, although Satan speaks of having "put to proof his (Maker's) high supremacy, in dubious battle, on the plains of heaven," the expression, though finely characteristic of his blasphemous pride, does not prevent us from feeling that the battle cannot for a moment be dubious. Whilst the powers of description and language are taxed and exhausted to portray the combat, it is impossible not to feel, with regard to the blessed spirits, a profound and reposing security that they have neither great dangers to fear nor reverses to suffer. At the same time it must be said that, although in the actual contact of the armies the inequality of the strife becomes strongly visible to the imagination, and makes it a contest more of noise than terror; yet, while positive action is suspended, there is a warlike grandeur in the poem, which is nowhere to be paralleled. When Milton's genius dares to invest the Almighty himself with arms, "his bow and thunder," the astonished mind admits the image with a momentary credence.* It is otherwise when we are involved in the circumstantial details of the campaign. We have then leisure to anticipate its only possible issue, and can feel no alarm for any temporary check that may be given to those who fight under the banners of Omnipotence. The warlike part of Paradise Lost was inseparable from its subject. Whether it could have been differently managed, is a problem which our reverence for Milton will scarcely permit us to state. I feel that reverence too strongly to suggest even the possibility that Milton could have improved his poem by having thrown his angelic warfare into more remote perspective; but it seems to me to be most sublime when it is least distinctly brought home to the imagination. What an awful effect has the dim and undefined conception of the conflict, which we gather from the opening of the first book! There the veil of mystery is left undrawn between us and a subject which the powers of description were inadequate to exhibit. The ministers of divine vengeance and pursuit had been recalled—the thunders had ceased

> "To bellow through the vast and boundless deep,"
> *Par. Lost*, Book I. v. 177.

(in that line what an image of sound and space is conveyed!)†—and our terrific conception of the past is deepened by its indistinctness.‡ In optics there are some phenomena which are beautifully deceptive at

[* Book vi. l. 712. The *bow* and *sword* of the Almighty are copied from the Psalms vii. and xlv.]

[† In this line we seem to hear a thunder suited both to the scene and the occasion, incomparably more awful than any ever heard on earth. The thunder of Milton is not hurled from the hand, like Homer's, but discharged like an arrow: as if jealous for the honour of a true God, the poet disdained to arm him like the God of the heathen.—Cowper.]

[‡ Of all the articles of which the dreadful scenery of Milton's hell consists, Scripture furnished him only with a lake of fire and brimstone. Yet, thus slenderly assisted,

a certain distance, but which lose their illusive charm on the slightest approach to them that changes the light and position in which they are viewed. Something like this takes place in the phenomena of fancy. The array of the fallen angels in hell—the unfurling of the standard of Satan—and the march of his troops

> "In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders"—Book i. l. 550;

all this human pomp and circumstance of war—is magic and overwhelming illusion. The imagination is taken by surprise. But the noblest efforts of language are tried with very unequal effect to interest us, in the immediate and close view of the battle itself in the sixth book; and the martial demons, who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity when their artillery is discharged in the daylight of heaven.

If we call diction the garb of thought, Milton, in his style, may be said to wear the costume of sovereignty. The idioms even of foreign languages contributed to adorn it. He was the most learned of poets; yet his learning interferes not with his substantial English purity.* His simplicity is unimpaired by glowing ornament, like the bush in the sacred flame, which burnt, but "was not consumed."

In delineating the blessed spirits, Milton has exhausted all the conceivable variety that could be given to pictures of unshaded sanctity; but it is chiefly in those of the fallen angels that his excellence is conspicuous above every thing ancient or modern. Tasso had, indeed, portrayed an infernal council, and had given the hint to our poet of ascribing the origin of pagan worship to those reprobate spirits. But how poor and squalid in comparison of the Miltonic Pandemonium are the Scyllas, the Cyclopses, and the Chimeras of the Infernal Council of the Jerusalem! Tasso's conclave of fiends is a den of ugly, incongruous monsters.

> O come strane, o come orribil forme!
> Quant è negli occhi lor terror, e morte!
> Stampano alcuni il suol di ferine orme,
> E'n fronte umana han chiome d' angui attorte;
> E lor s'aggira dietro immensa loda,
> Che quasi sferza si ripiega, e snoda.
> Qui mille immonde Arpie vedresti, e mille
> Centauri, e Sfingi, e pallide Gorgoni,
> Molte e molte latrar voraci Scille
> E fischiar Idre, e sibilar Pitoni,
> E vomitar Chimere atre faville
> E Polifemi orrendi, e Gerioni,
> * * * * * *
>
> *La Gerusalemme*, Canto IV.

The powers of Milton's hell are godlike shapes and forms. Their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception, when we turn our dilated eyes from contemplating them. It is not their external attributes alone which expand the imagination, but their souls, which are as colossal as their stature—their "*thoughts that wander through eternity*"—the pride that burns amid the ruins of their divine natures—and their genius, that feels with the ardour and debates with the eloquence of heaven.

The subject of Paradise Lost was the origin of evil—an era in existence—an event more than all others dividing past from future time—an isthmus in the ocean of eternity. The theme was in its nature connected with every thing important in the circumstances of human history; and amid these circumstances, Milton saw that the fables of paganism were too important and poetical to be omitted. As a Christian, he was entitled wholly to neglect them; but as a poet, he chose to treat them, not as dreams of the human mind, but as the delusions of infernal existences. Thus anticipating a beautiful propriety for all classical allusions, thus connecting and reconciling the co-existence of fable and of truth, and thus identifying the fallen angels with the deities of "gay religions, full of pomp and gold," he yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition.

One eminent production of wit, namely, Hudibras, may be said to have sprung out of the Restoration, or at least out of the contempt of fanaticism, which had its triumph in that event; otherwise, the return of royalty

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what a world of wo has he constructed, proved in this single instance, the most creative that ever poet owned.—COWPER.

The slender materials for Comus and Paradise Regained are alike wonderful, and attest the truth of Cowper's remark.]

[* Our most learned poets were classed by Joseph Warton, a very competent judge, in the following order:—1. Milton; 2 Jonson; 3 Gray; 4 Akenside. Milton and Gray were of Cambridge, Ben Johnson was a very short time there, not long enough however to catch much of the learning of the place; but Akenside was of no college—it is believed self-taught.]

contributed as little to improve the taste as the morality of the public. The drama degenerated, owing, as we are generally told, to the influence of French literature, although some infection from the Spanish stage might also be taken into the account. Sir William Davenant, who presided over the first revival of the theatre, was a man of cold and didactic spirit; he created an era in the machinery, costume, and ornaments of the stage, but he was only fitted to be its mechanical benefactor. Dryden, who could do even bad things with a good grace, confirmed the taste for rhyming and ranting tragedy. Two beautiful plays of Otway formed an exception to this degeneracy; but Otway was cut off in the spring-tide of his genius, and his early death was, according to every appearance, a heavy loss to our drama. It has been alleged, indeed, in the present day, that Otway's imagination showed no prognostics of great future achievements; but when I remember Venice Preserved, and The Orphan, as the works of a man of thirty, I can treat this opinion no otherwise than to dismiss it as an idle assertion.*

Βάσχ' ἴθι, οἷλε ὄνειρε.

During the last thirty years of the seventeenth century, Dryden was seldom long absent from the view of the public, and he alternately swayed and humoured its predilections. Whatever may be said of his accommodating and fluctuating theories of criticism, his perseverance in training and disciplining his own faculties is entitled to much admiration. He strengthened his mind by action, and fertilised it by production. In his old age he renewed his youth like the eagle; or rather his genius acquired stronger wings than it had ever spread. He rose and fell, it is true, in the course of his poetical career; but upon the whole, it was a career of improvement to the very last.† Even in the drama, which was not his natural province, his good sense came at last so far in aid of his deficient sensibility, that he gave up his system of rhyming tragedy, and adopted Shakspeare (in theory at least) for his model. In poetry not belonging to the drama, he was at first an admirer of Cowley, then of Davenant; and ultimately he acquired a manner above the peculiarities of either.‡ The Odes and Fables of his latest volume surpass whatever he had formerly written.§ He was satirized and abused as well as extolled by his contemporaries; but his genius was neither to be discouraged by the severity, nor spoiled by the favour of criticism. It flourished alike in the sunshine and the storm, and its fruits improved as they multiplied in profusion. When we view him out of the walk of purely original composition, it is not a paradox, that, though he is one

[* The talents of Otway, in his scenes of passionate affection, rival at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare. More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia, than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. vi. p. 356.]

[† Shakspeare died at fifty-two. The average probability of life is twenty years beyond that age, and the probable endurance of the human faculties in their vigour is not a great deal shorter. Chaucer wrote his best poetry after he was sixty; Dryden, when he was seventy. Cowper was also late in his poetical maturity; and Young never wrote any thing that could be called poetry till he was a sexagenarian. Sophocles wrote his "Œdipus Coloneus" certainly beyond the age of eighty. But the pride of England, it may be said, died in the prime of life.—Campbell, *Shakspeare*, 8vo, 1838, p. lxv.]

[‡ Cowley and Sylvester, he tells us, were the darling writers of his youth; and that Davenant introduced him to the folio of Shakspeare's plays. He lived long enough to dethrone Sylvester, to lessen his esteem for Cowley, and increase his predilection for Shakspeare;—his taste was bettering to the last—but it was long in arriving to maturity. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was nearer forty than thirty before he had distinguished himself—an age at which both Burns and Byron were in their graves.]

[§ I think Dryden's translations from Boccace are the best, at least the most poetical, of his poems. But as a poet, he is no great favourite of mine. I admire his talents and genius highly, but his is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are *essentially* poetical, are a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear. It may seem strange that I do not add to this, great command of language: *that* he certainly has, and of such language too as it is desirable that a poet should possess, or rather that he should not be without. But it is not language that is, in the highest sense of the word, poetical, being neither of the imagination nor of the passions; I mean the amiable, the ennobling, or the intense passions. I do not mean to say that there is nothing of this in Dryden, but as little I think as is possible, considering how much he has written. You will easily understand my meaning, when I refer to his versification of Palamon and Arcite, as contrasted with the language of Chaucer. Dryden had neither a tender heart nor a lofty sense of moral dignity. Whenever his language is poetically impassioned, it is mostly upon unpleasing subjects, such as the follies, vices, and crimes of classes of men or of individuals. That his cannot be the language of imagination must have necessarily followed from this,—that there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works; and in his translation from Virgil, wherever Virgil can be fairly said to have his *eye* upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage. His love is nothing but sensuality and appetite: he had no other notion of the passion.—Wordsworth—*Lockart's Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 287, *sec. ed.*]

of the greatest artists in language, and perhaps the greatest of English translators, he nevertheless attempted one task in which his failure is at least as conspicuous as his success. But that task was the translation of Virgil. And it is not lenity, but absolute justice, that requires us to make a very large and liberal allowance for whatever deficiencies he may show in transfusing into a language less harmonious and flexible than the Latin, the sense of that poet, who in the history of the world, has had no rival in beauty of expression. Dryden renovates Chaucer's thoughts,* and fills up Boccaccio's narrative outline with many improving touches: and though paraphrase suited his free spirit better than translation, yet even in versions of Horace and Juvenal he seizes the classical character of Latin poetry with a boldness and dexterity which are all his own. But it was easier for him to emulate the strength of Juvenal than the serene majesty of Virgil. His translation of Virgil is certainly an inadequate representation of the Roman poet. It is often bold and graceful, and generally idiomatic and easy. But though the spirit of the original is not lost, it is sadly and unequally diffused. Nor is it only in the magic of words, in the exquisite structure and rich economy of expression, that Dryden (as we might expect) falls beneath Virgil, but we too often feel the inequality of his vital sensibility as a poet. Too frequently, when the Roman classic touches the heart, or imbodies to our fancy those noble images to which nothing could be added, and from which nothing can be taken away, we are sensible of the distance between Dryden's talent and Virgil's inspiration. One passage out of many, the representation of Jupiter, in the first book of the Georgics, may show this difference.

GEORGICS, lib. i. l. 328.

Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor———

The father of the Gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests and a night of clouds,
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motion of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod,
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast,
Their pride is humbled and their fear confessed.

Virgil's three lines and a half might challenge the most sublime pencil of Italy to the same subject. His words are no sooner read than, with the rapidity of light, they collect a picture before the mind which stands confessed in all its parts. There is no interval between the objects as they are presented to our perception. At one and the same moment we behold the form, the uplifted arm, and dazzling thunderbolts of Jove, amidst a night of clouds;—the earth trembling, and the wild beasts scudding for shelter—*fugere*—they have vanished while the poet describes them, and we feel that mortal hearts are laid prostrate with fear, throughout the nation. Dryden, in the translation, has done his best, and some of his lines roll on with spirit and dignity, but the whole description is a process rather than a picture—the instantaneous effect, the electric unity of the original, is lost. Jupiter has leisure to deal out his fiery bolts by fits, while the entrails of the earth shake and her mountains nod, and the flying beasts have time to look out very quietly for lodgings in the forest. The weakness of the two last lines, which stand for the weighty words, "*Mortalia corda per gentes humilis stravit pavor,*" need not be pointed out.

I cannot quote this passage without recurring to the recollection, already suggested, that it was Virgil with whom the English translator had to contend. Dryden's admirers might undoubtedly quote many passages much more in his favour; and one passage occurs to me as a striking example of his felicity. In the following lines (with the exception of one) we recognise a great poet, and can scarcely acknowledge that he is translating a greater.†

[* True it is, however, that Chaucer evaporated in his hands—and that he did greater justice to himself than to his original—that his Tales are rather imitations or adaptations than renovations or translations—that he missed his pathos and description. With Boccaccio he succeeded better—prose he turned into poetry—but what was poetry at the first gained from him no additional graces.]

[† He who sits down to Dryden's translation of Virgil, with the original text spread before him, will be at no loss to point out many passages that are faulty, many indifferently understood, many imperfectly translated, some in which dignity is lost, others in which bombast is substituted in its stead. But the unabated vigour and spirit of the version more than overbalance these and all its other deficiencies. A sedulous scholar might often

ÆNEID, lib. xii. l. 331.

Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clipeo intonat* atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos, illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant, gemit ultima pulsu
Thraca pedum, circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Ira, insidiæque, Dei comitatus aguntur——

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freesing flood,
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brasen shield,
Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly,
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky;
Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
Dire faces and deform'd, surround the car,
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

If it were asked how far Dryden can strictly be called an inventive poet, his drama certainly would not furnish many instances of characters strongly designed; though his Spanish Friar is by no means an insipid personage in comedy. The contrivance, in The Hind and Panther, of beasts disputing about religion, if it were his own, would do little honour to his ingenuity. The idea, in Absalom and Achitophel, of couching modern characters under Scripture names, was adopted from one of the Puritan writers; yet there is so much ingenuity evinced in supporting the parallel, and so admirable a gallery of portraits displayed in the work, as to render that circumstance insignificant with regard to its originality.† Nor, though his Fables are borrowed, can we regard him with much less esteem than if he had been their inventor. He is a writer of manly and elastic character. His strong judgment gave force as well as direction to a flexible fancy; and his harmony is generally the echo of solid thoughts.‡ But he was not gifted with intense or lofty sensibility; on the contrary, the grosser any idea is, the happier he seems to expatiate upon it. The transports of the heart, and the deep and varied delineations of the passions, are strangers to his poetry. He could describe character in the abstract, but could not imbody it in the drama, for he entered into character more from clear perception than fervid sympathy. This great high-priest of all the Nine was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human breast. Had the subject of Eloisa fallen into his hands, he would have left but a coarse draught of her passion.§

approach more nearly to the dead letter of Virgil, and give an exact, distinct, sober-minded idea of the meaning and scope of particular passages. Trapp, Pitt, and others have done so. But the essential spirit of poetry is so volatile, that it escapes during such an operation, like the life of the poor criminal, whom the ancient anatomist is said to have dissected alive, in order to ascertain the seat of the soul. The carcass, indeed, is presented to the English reader, but the animating vigour is no more.—Sir Walter Scott, *Life of Dryden.*]

* *Intonat.*—I follow Wakefield's edition of Virgil in preference to others, which have "*increpat.*"

[† The plan of Absalom and Achitophel was not new to the public. A Catholic poet had, in 1679, paraphrased the scriptural story of Naboth's Vineyard, and applied it to the condemnation of Lord Stafford on account of the Popish Plot. This poem is written in the style of a scriptural allusion; the names and situations of personages in the holy text being applied to those contemporaries to whom the author assigned a place in his piece. Neither was the obvious application of the story of Absalom and Achitophel to the persons of Monmouth and Shaftesbury first made by our poet. A prose paraphrase, published in 1680, had already been composed upon this allusion. But the vigour of the satire, the happy adaptation, not only of the incidents, but of the very names, to the individuals characterised, gave Dryden's poem the full effect of novelty.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 208.]

[‡ The distinguishing characteristic of Dryden's genius seems to have been the power of reasoning, and of expressing the result in appropriate language. . . . . The best of Dryden's performances in the more pure and chaste style of tragedy are unquestionably *Don Sebastian* and *All for Love*. Of these, the former is in the poet's very best manner; exhibiting dramatic persons, consisting of such bold and impetuous characters as he delighted to draw, well-contrasted, forcibly marked, and engaged in an interesting succession of events. To many tempers, the scene between Sebastian and Dorax must appear one of the most moving that ever adorned the British stage. . . . . The satirical powers of Dryden were of the highest order. He draws his arrow to the head, and dismisses it straight upon his object of aim. . . . . The occasional poetry of Dryden is marked strongly by masculine character. The epistles vary with the subject; and are light, humorous and satirical, or grave, argumentative, and philosophical, as the case required. . . . . Few of his elegiac effusions seem prompted by sincere sorrow. That to Oldham may be an exception; but even there he rather strives to do honour to the talents of his departed friend, than to pour out lamentations for his loss. . . . . No author, excepting Pope, has done so much to endenizen the eminent poets of antiquity.—Sir Walter Scott, *Life of Dryden.*]

[§ Writing of Pope's *Eloisa*, Lord Byron says, "The licentiousness of the story was *not* Pope's—it was a fact. All that it had of gross he has softened;—all that it had of indelicate he has purified;—all that it had of passionate he has beautified;—all that it had of holy he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell has admirably marked this, in a few words, (I quote from memory,) in drawing the distinction between Pope and Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden was wanting. 'I fear,' says he, 'that had the subject of Eloisa fallen into his (Dryden's) hands, that he would have given us but a *coarse* draught of her passion.'"

This is very generally admitted—"The love of the senses," writes Sir Walter Scott, "he (Dryden) has in many places expressed in as forcible and dignified colouring as the subject could admit; but of a more moral and sentimental passion he seems to have had little idea, since he frequently substitutes in its place the absurd, unnatural, and fictitious refinements of romance. In short,

Dryden died in the last year of the seventeenth century. In the intervening period between his death and the meridian of Pope's reputation, we may be kept in good humour with the archness of Prior and the wit of Swift. Parnell was the most elegant rhymist of Pope's early contemporaries; and Rowe, if he did not bring back the full fire of the drama, at least preserved its vestal spark from being wholly extinguished. There are exclusionists in taste, who think that they cannot speak with sufficient disparagement of the English poets of the first part of the eighteenth century; and they are armed with a noble provocative to English contempt, when they have it to say, that those poets belong to a French school. Indeed, Dryden himself is generally included in that school; though more genuine English is to be found in no man's pages. But in poetry "there are many mansions." I am free to confess, that I can pass from the elder writers, and still find a charm in the correct and equable sweetness of Parnell. Conscious that his diction has not the freedom and volubility of the better strains of the elder time, I cannot but remark his exemption from the quaintness and false metaphor which so often disfigure the style of the preceding age; nor deny my respect to the select choice of his expression, the clearness and keeping of his imagery, and the pensive dignity of his moral feeling.

Pope gave our heroic couplet its strictest melody and tersest expression.

D'un mot mis en sa place il enseigne le pouvoir.

If his contemporaries forgot other poets in admiring him, let him not be robbed of his just fame on pretence that a part of it was superfluous. The public ear was long fatigued with repetitions of his manner; but if we place ourselves in the situation of those to whom his brilliancy, succinctness, and animation were wholly new, we cannot wonder at their being captivated to the fondest admiration. In order to do justice to Pope, we should forget his imitators, if that were possible; but it is easier to remember than to forget by an effort—to acquire associations than to shake them off. Every one may recollect how often the most beautiful air has palled upon his ear and grown insipid from being played or sung by vulgar musicians. It is the same thing with regard to Pope's versification.* That his peculiar rhythm and manner are the very best in the whole range of our poetry need not be asserted. He has a gracefully peculiar manner, though it is not calculated to be an universal one; and where, indeed, shall we find the style of poetry that could be pronounced an exclusive model for every composer? His pauses here have little variety, and his phrases are too much weighed in the balance of antithesis. But let us look to the spirit that points his antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too antithetic and sententious.

Pope's works have been twice given to the world by editors who cannot be taxed with the slightest editorial partiality towards his fame. The last of these is the Rev. Mr. Bowles,† in speaking of whom I beg leave most distinctly to disclaim the slightest intention of undervaluing his acknowledged

his love is always indecorous nakedness, or sheathed in the stiff panoply of chivalry. The most pathetic verses which Dryden has composed are unquestionably contained in his Epistle to Congreve, where he recommends his laurels, in such moving terms, to the care of his surviving friend. The quarrel and reconciliation of Sebastian and Dorax are also full of the noblest emotion. In both cases, however, the interest is excited by means of masculine and exalted passion, not of those which arise from the more delicate sensibilities of our nature."

It is upon this passage that Mr. Lockhart remarks:—"The reader who wishes to see the most remarkable instances of Dryden's deficiency in *the pathetic*, is requested to compare him with Chaucer in the death-bed scene of *Palamon and Arcite*."—*Scott's Misc. Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 409.

"What had been is unknown—what is appears."

"Remember Dryden," Gray writes to Beattie, "and be blind to all his faults."]

[* No two great writers ever wrote blank verse with pauses and cadences the same. Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford had a dramatic blank verse of their own. Milton's manner of verse is his own; so is Thomson's, Akenside's, Cowper's, Southey's, Wordsworth's. With our couplet verse it is the same. Denham and Waller are unlike Dryden. Prior is different again. Pope's strictness and terseness are his own. Who is Goldsmith like, or Falconer, or Rogers, or Campbell himself? Inferior writers imitate—men of genius strike out a path for themselves—their numbers are all their own, like their thoughts.]

[† Mr. Campbell wrote this in 1819; and in 1824 the late Mr. Roscoe gave another edition of Pope, but not the edition that is wanted. Mr. Bowles was one of Joseph Warton's Winchester wonders; and the taste he imbibed there for the romantic school of poetry was strengthened and confirmed by his removal to Trinity College, Oxford, when Tom Warton was master there.]

merit as a poet, however freely and fully I may dissent from his critical estimate of the genius of Pope. Mr. Bowles, in forming this estimate, lays great stress upon the argument, that Pope's images are drawn from art more than from nature. That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them as to forfeit the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—or the simple landscape-painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why then try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art;* and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes "the mast of some great ammiral," and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist.† The "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"‡ are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes first on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples."§ Those who have ever witnessed

* But are his descriptions of works of art more poetical than his descriptions of the great feelings of nature?—Bowles's *Invariable Principles*, p. 15.]

[† ——————His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pines,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand.
Par. Lost, b. i.

It is evident that Satan's spear is not compared to the mast of some great ammiral, though his shield is to the moon as seen through the glass of Gallileo. Milton's original, (Cowley,) whose images from art are of constant occurrence, draws his description of Goliah's spear from Norwegian hills:—

His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree
Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be.

The poetry of the whole passage in Milton is in the images and names from nature, not from art. "It is Fesolé and Valdarno that are poetical," says Mr. Bowles, "not the telescope." There is a spell, let us add, in the very names of Fesolé and Valdarno.

Milton's object in likening the shield of Satan to the moon, as seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist, was to give the clearest possible impression of the thing alluded to. "It is by no means necessary," says Cowper, "that a simile should be more magnificent than the subject; it is enough that it gives us a clearer and more distinct perception of it than we could have had without it. Were it the indispensable duty of a simile to elevate as well as to illustrate, what must be done with many of Homer's? When he compares the Grecian troops, pouring themselves forth from camp and fleet in the plain of Troy, to bees issuing from a hollow rock—or the body of Patroclus in dispute between the two armies to an ox-hide larded and stretched by the currier—we must condemn him utterly, as guilty of degrading his subject when he should exalt it. But the exaltation of his subject was no part of Homer's concern on these occasions; he intended nothing more than the clearest possible impression of it on the minds of his hearers."—*Works, by Southey*, vol. xv. p. 321.

When Johnson, in his life of Gray, laid it down as a rule that an epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art, an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature, he had forgotten Homer, and the custom of all our poets.]

[‡ *Othello*, Act iii. Scene 3.]

[§ *The Tempest* Act iv. Scene 1. One of the finest passages in Shakspeare is where he describes Fortune as a wheelright would:

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,

the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.*

Pope, while he is a great moral writer, though not elaborately picturesque, is by no means deficient as a painter of interesting external objects. No one will say that he peruses Eloisa's Epistle without a solemn impression of the pomp of catholic superstition. In familiar description, nothing can be more distinct and agreeable than his lines on the Man of Ross, when he asks,

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread—
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour and the old who rest.

Nor is he without observations of animal nature in which every epithet is a decisive touch, as,

From the green myriads in the peopled grass,
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell the *headlong* lioness between,
And hound sagacious, on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

His picture of the dying pheasant is in every one's memory,† and possibly the lines of his winter-piece may by this time [1819]

'In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the *spokes* and *felloes* from her *wheel*,
And bowl the round *nave* down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.—*Hamlet*, Act ii. Scene 2.]

[* In the controversy which these *Specimens* gave rise to, Mr. Bowles contended for this—"Whether poetry be more immediately indebted to what is sublime or beautiful in the works of Nature or the works of Art?" and taking Nature to himself, he argued that Mr. Campbell's *ship* had greater obligations to nature than to art for its poetic excellencies. "It was indebted to Nature," he writes, "for the winds that filled the sails; for the sunshine that touched them with light; for the waves on which it so triumphantly rode; for the associated ideas of the distant regions of the earth it was to visit; the tempests it was to encounter; and for being, as it were, endued with existence—*a thing of life*."

"Mr. Bowles asserts," says Lord Byron, "that Campbell's 'Ship of the Line' derives all its poetry not from *art* but from *nature*. 'Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, &c. &c., *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting, and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles.' Very true; take away *the waves, the winds*, and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away *the sun*, and we must read Mr. Bowles' pamphlet by candle-light. But the poetry of the *Ship* does *not* depend on *the waves*, &c.; on the contrary, the *Ship of the Line* confers its own poetry upon the waters and heightens *theirs*. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? They might have seen the poetical calm water at Wapping, or in the London Dock, or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase! Mr. Bowles contends," Lord Byron goes on to say, "that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical because of the 'association with boundless deserts,' and that a 'pyramid of the same dimensions' would not be sublime in Lincoln's Inn Fields: not so poetical certainly; but take away the 'pyramids,' and what is the 'desert?' Take away Stone-henge from Salisbury Plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other unenclosed down.

"There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect," he continues, "than the city of Venice. Does this depend upon the sea or the canal?

The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose.

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the *Bridge of Sighs*, which connects them, that render it poetical? There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for its artificial adjuncts."

But why should Nature and Art be made divisible by these controversialists? in poetry they are not so:—Οὔτε φύσις ἱκανὴ γίνεται τέχνης ἄτερ, οὔτε τὰν τέχνη μὴ φύσιν κεκτημένη. *Without Art Nature can never be perfect, and without Nature Art can claim no being.* In a poet no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked—to a poet nothing can be useless.]

[† Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes—
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Windsor Forest.

This is like Whitbread's *Phœnix*, which Sheridan averred that he had described "like a poulterer; it was green and yellow, and red and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather."—*Byron's Works*, vol. vi. p. 372.

When Pope *epithetizes* the Kennett, the Loddon, the Mole, and the Wey, he is very happy; and he is equally so when he poetizes the fish.]

have crossed the recollection of some of our brave adventurers in the polar enterprise.

So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of frost,
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt at distance, roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years.

I am well aware that neither these nor similar instances will come up to Mr. Bowles's idea of that talent for the picturesque which he deems essential to poetry.* "The true poet," says that writer, "should have an eye attentive to and familiar with every change of season, every variation of light and shade of nature, every rock, every tree, and every leaf in her secret places. He who has not an eye to observe these, and who cannot with a glance distinguish every hue in her variety, must be so far deficient in one of the essential qualities of a poet." Every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety! Assuredly this botanizing perspicacity might be essential to a Dutch flower-painter; but Sophocles displays no such skill, and yet he is a genuine, a great and affecting poet. Even in describing the desert island of Philoctetes, there is no minute observation of nature's hues in secret places. Throughout the Greek tragedians there is nothing to show them more attentive observers of inanimate objects than other men.† Pope's discrimination lay in the lights and shades of human manners, which are at least as interesting as those of rocks and leaves. In moral eloquence he is for ever *densus et instans sibi*. The mind of a poet employed in concentrating such lines as these descriptive of creative power, which

"Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And bids th' eternal wheels to know their rounds,"

might well be excused for not descending to the minutely picturesque. The vindictive personality of his satire is a fault of the

[* It is remarkable that, excepting the Nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period between the publication of Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one, from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of night in one of his tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain "their hold upon public estimation,"—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers.—WORDSWORTH, *Supp. to the Pref.*

Here is the passage in Dryden Mr. Wordsworth alludes to:—

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat:
Even lust and envy sleep; yet love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.
The Indian Emperor.

And here the moonlight scene in Homer, as rendered by Pope and by Cowper:—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
POPE.

As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd.
COWPER.

The scraps of external nature in Lee, Otway, and Garth are no whit better than Dryden's. Swift gave some true touches of artificial nature in his *City Shower*, and *Morning in Town*, but it was left to Thomson and Dyer to recall us to country life.

Mr. Southey has given no bad comment on the passage from Pope we have quoted above:—"Here," says Southey, "are the planets rolling round the moon; here is the pole gilt and glowing with stars; here are trees made yellow, and mountains tipt with silver by the moonlight; and here is the whole sky in a flood of glory; appearances not to be found either in Homer or in nature; finally, these gilt and glowing skies, at the very time when they are thus pouring forth a flood of glory, are represented as a blue vault! The astronomy in these lines would not appear more extraordinary to Dr. Herschell than the imagery to every person who has observed a moonlight scene."—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xii. p. 87.]

[† With Shakspeare it is otherwise: his inanimate nature is unsurpassed for truthfulness and distinct poetical personation. Description in Shakspeare is a shadow received by the ear, and perceived by the eye.]

man, and not of the poet. But his wit is not all his charm. He glows with passion in the Epistle of Eloisa, and displays a lofty feeling, much above that of the satirist and the man of the world, in his Prologue to Cato, and his Epistle to Lord Oxford.* I know not how to designate the possessor of such gifts but by the name of a genuine poet†—

> ——— qualem vix reperit unum
> Millibus in multis hominum consultus Apollo.
>
> AUSONIUS.

Of the poets in succession to Pope I have spoken in their respective biographies.

[* Mr. Campbell might have added his noble conclusion to *The Dunciad*, which is written in the highest vein of poetry, and exhibits a genius that wanted direction, opportunity, or inclination, rather than cultivation or increase of strength.]

[† Mr. Bowles's position is this, that Pope saw rural or field nature through what Dryden expressively calls *the spectacles of books:* that he did not see it for himself, as Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton saw it,—as it was seen by Thomson and Cowper—that his country nature is by reflection, cold, unwarming, and dead-coloured—that he did not make what Addison calls *additions to nature*, as every great poet has done—that Dr. Blacklock's descriptive nature is as good, who was blind from his birth—that *flocks that graze the tender green* in Pope *graze audibly* in true descriptive writers—and that his Paradise had been a succession of alleys, platforms, and quincunxes—a Hagley or a Stowe, not an Eden, as Milton has made it. All this is true enough, but its importance has been overrated. Pope is still a greater poet, though he did not dwell long in the mazes of fancy, but stooped, as he expresses it, to truth, and moralized his song—that he made sense, or wit, or intellectuality hold the place of mere description, and gave us peopled pictures rather than landscapes with people. True it is too that imagination (a nobler kind of fancy) is the first great quality of a poet—that when it is found united to all the lesser qualities required, it forms what Cowley calls *poetry and sanctity*. Mr. Campbell has properly extended the offices of poetry, and written a defence of Pope, which will exist as long as Eloisa's Letter, or any poem of its great writer.

Gray, whose scattered touches of external nature are exquisitely true, has laid it down as a rule that description, the most graceful ornament of poetry as he calls it, should never form the bulk or subject of a poem: Pope, who was not very happy in his strokes from landscape nature—that where it forms the body of a poem, it is as absurd as a feast made up of sauces; while Swift, who knew nothing of trees and streams, and lawns and meads, objected to Thomson's philosophical poem that it was all description and nothing was doing, whereas Milton engaged men in actions of the highest importance.

To try poetry by the sister art,—in painting we see that a mere landscape is of less value than a landscape with figures and a story, that is, where the art of both, in representing nature, is the same. An historical landscape, like the subject of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, where high acts are performed in alliance with inanimate nature, seems to meet the ideas of Pope, of Swift, and of Gray. "Selection," says Fuseli, falsely, "is the invention of a landscape-painter."

To diversify and animate his poems, Thomson had recourse to episodes of human interest. The first *Shipwreck* was devoid of story, it was all description; as Falconer left it, there was an action to heighten and relieve the nature, that made description the secondary object of the poem.

Had not the notes to this Essay already run to a disproportionate length, we had been tempted to extract what Crabbe says in defence of Pope, and that portion of poetry he himself excelled in; to have quoted Lord Byron's exaggerated praises, and Mr. Southey's depreciatory notice of the same writer. We must find room, however, for Mr. Bowles's short character from his *Final Appeal*, observing generally on this subject, that in lowering the rank of the poetry that Pope sustains, too much stress has been laid upon Horace's exclusion of himself from the name of a poet on the score of his Epistles and Satires, which was a becoming modesty too literally understood. When a man lowers himself, there are always some ready to take him at his own valuation.

"As a poet," says Mr. Bowles, "I sought not to *depreciate*, but *discriminate*, and assign to him his proper rank and station in his art among English poets; below Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, in the highest order of imagination or impassioned poetry; but above Dryden, Lucretius, and Horace, in moral and satirical. Inferior to Dryden in lyric sublimity; equal to him in painting characters from real life, (such as are so powerfully delineated in Absalom and Achitophel;) but superior to him in *passion*—for what ever equalled, or ever will approach, in its kind, the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard? In consequence of the exquisite pathos of this epistle, I have assigned Pope a poetical rank far above Ovid. I have placed him above Horace, in consequence of the perfect finish of his satires and moral poems; but in descriptive poetry, such as Windsor Forest, beneath Cowper or Thomson."—*Final Appeal*, 1825, p. 55.]

SPECIMENS

OF

THE BRITISH POETS.

CHAUCER.

[Born, 1328. Died, October 25, 1400.]

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, according to his own account, was born in London, and the year 1328 is generally assigned as the date of his birth. The name is Norman, and, according to Francis Thynne, the antiquary, is one of those, on the roll of Battle Abbey, which came in with William the Conqueror.* It is uncertain at which of the universities he studied. Warton and others, who allege that it was at Oxford, adduce no proof of their assertion; and the signature of Philogenet of Cambridge, which the poet himself assumes in one of his early pieces, as it was fictitious in the name, might be equally so in the place; although it leaves it rather to be conjectured that the latter university had the honour of his education.

The precise time at which he first attracted the notice of his munificent patrons, Edward III. and John of Gaunt, cannot be ascertained; but if his poem, entitled The Dreme, be rightly supposed to be an epithalamium on the nuptials of the latter prince with Blanche, heiress of Lancaster, he must have enjoyed the court patronage in his thirty-first year. The same poem contains an allusion to the poet's own attachment to a lady at court, whom he afterwards married. She was maid of honour to Philippa, queen of Edward III., and a younger sister of Catherine Swinford,† who was first the mistress, and ultimately the wife of John of Gaunt.

By this connection Chaucer acquired the powerful support of the Lancastrian family; and during his life his fortune fluctuated with theirs. Tradition has assigned to him a lodge, near the royal abode of Woodstock, by the park gate, where it is probable that he composed some of his early works; and there are passages in these which strikingly coincide with the scenery of his supposed habitation. There is also reason to presume that he accompanied his warlike monarch to France in the year 1359; and from the record of his evidence in a military court, which has been lately discovered, we find that he gave testimony to a fact which he witnessed in that kingdom in the capacity of a soldier.‡ But the expedition of that year, which ended in the peace of Brétigne, gave little opportunity of seeing military service; and he certainly never resumed the profession of arms.

In the year 1367 he received from Edward III. a pension of twenty marks per annum, a sum which in those times might probably be equivalent to two or three hundred pounds at the present day. In the patent for this annuity he is styled by the king *valettus noster*. The name *valettus* was given to young men of the highest quality before they were knighted, though not as a badge of service. Chaucer, however, at the date of this pension, was not a young man, being then in his thirty-ninth year. He did not acquire the title of *scutifer*, or *esquire*, till five years after, when he was appointed joint envoy to Genoa with Sir James Pronan and Sir John de Mari. It has been conjectured, that after finishing the business of this mission he paid a reverential visit to Petrarch, who was that year at Padua.§

* Vide Thynne's animadversions on Speght's edition of Chaucer, in the Rev. J. H. Todd's Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer, p. 18. Thynne calls in question Speght's supposition of Chaucer being the son of a vintner, which Mr. Godwin, in his life of Chaucer, has adopted. Respecting the arms of the poet, Thynne (who was a herald) farther remarks to Speght, "you set down that some heralds are of opinion that he did not descend from any great house, whiche they gather by his armes: it is a slender conjecture; for as honourable howses and of as great antiquytye have borne as mean armes as Chaucer, and yet Chaucer's armes are not so mean eyther for colour, chardge, or particion, as some will make them." If indeed the fact of Chaucer's residence in the Temple could be proved, instead of resting on mere rumour, it would be tolerable evidence of his high birth and fortune; for only young men of that description were anciently admitted to the inns of court. But unfortunately for the claims of the Inner Temple to the honour of Chaucer's residence, Mr. Thynne declares "it most certaine to be gathered by cyrcumstances of recordes, that the lawyers were not of the Temple till the latter parte of the reygne of Edw. III., at which tyme Chaucer was a grave manne, holden in greate credyt, and employed in embassye."

† Catherine was the widow of Sir John Swinford, and daughter of Payne de Roet, king at arms to the province of Guienne. It appears from other evidence, however, that Chaucer's wife's name was Philippa Pykard. Mr. Tyrwhitt explains the circumstance of the sisters having different names, by supposing that the father and his eldest daughter Catherine might bear the name of De Roet, from some estate in their possession; while the family name Pykard was retained by the younger daughter Philippa, who was Chaucer's wife.

‡ Chaucer was made prisoner at the siege of Retters, in France, in 1359, as appears from his deposition in the famous controversy between Lord Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor upon the right to bear the shield 'azure a bend or,' which had been assumed by Grosvenor, and which after a long suit he was obliged to discontinue. The roll of the depositions is in the Tower, and was printed in 1832, by Sir N. Harris Nicolas (2 vols. folio.) See also, *Quarterly Review*, No. cxl.—C.

§ Mr. Tyrwhitt is upon the whole inclined to doubt of this poetical meeting; and De Sade, who, in his Mémoires pour la Vie de Petrarque, conceived he should be able to prove that it took place, did not live to fulfil his promise. The circumstance which, taken collaterally with the fact of Chaucer's appointment to go to Italy, has been considered as giving the strongest probability to the English poet's having visited Petrarch, is that Chaucer makes one of the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales declare, that he learned his story from the worthy clerk of Padua. The story is that of Patient Grisilde: which, in fact, originally belonged to Boccaccio, and was only translated into Latin by Petrarch. It is not easy to explain, as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks, why Chaucer should have proclaimed his obligation to Petrarch, while he really owed it to Boccaccio. According to Mr. Godwin, it was to have an occasion of boasting of his friendship with the Italian laureat. But why does he not boast of it in his own person? He makes the clerk of Oxford declare that he had his story from the clerk of Padua; but he does not say that he had it himself from that quarter. Mr. Godwin, however, believes

The fact, however, of an interview, so pleasing to the imagination, rests upon no certain evidence; nor are there even satisfactory proofs that he ever went on his Italian embassy.

His genius and connections seem to have kept him in prosperity during the whole of Edward III.'s reign, and during the period of John of Gaunt's influence in the succeeding one. From Edward he had a grant of a pitcher of wine a day, in 1374, and was made comptroller of the small customs of wool and of the small customs of wine in the port of London. In the next year the king granted him the wardship of Sir Simon Staplegate's heir, for which he received £104. The following year he received some forfeited wool, to the value of £71, 4*s.* 6*d.*,—sums probably equal in effective value to twenty times their modern denomination. In the last year of Edward he was appointed joint envoy to France with Sir Guichard Dangle and Sir Richard Stan, or Sturrey, to treat of a marriage between Richard Prince of Wales and the daughter of the French king. His circumstances during this middle part of his life must have been honourable and opulent; and they enabled him, as he tells us in his Testament of Love, to maintain a plentiful hospitality; but the picture of his fortunes was sadly reversed by the decline of John of Gaunt's influence at the court of Richard II., but more immediately by the poet's connection with an obnoxious political party in the city. This faction, whose resistance to an arbitrary court was dignified with the name of a rebellion, was headed by John of Northampton, or Comberton, who in religious tenets was connected with the followers of Wickliffe, and in political interests with the Duke of Lancaster; a connection which accounts for Chaucer having been implicated in the business. His pension, it is true, was renewed under Richard; and an additional allowance of twenty marks per annum was made to him in lieu of his daily pitcher of wine. He was also continued in his office of comptroller, and allowed to execute it by deputy, at a time when there is every reason to believe that he must have been in exile. It is certain, however, that he was compelled to fly from the kingdom on account of his political connections; and retired first to Hainault, then to France, and finally to Zealand. He returned to England, but was arrested and committed to prison. The coincidence of the time of his severest usage with that of the Duke of Glouceste's power, has led to a fair supposition that that usurper was personally a greater enemy to the poet than King Richard himself, whose disposition towards him might have been softened by the good offices of Anne of Bohemia, a princess never mentioned by Chaucer but in terms of the warmest panegyric.

While he was abroad, his circumstances had been impoverished by his liberality to some of his fellow fugitives; and his effects at home had been cruelly embezzled by those intrusted with their management, who endeavoured, as he tells us, to make him perish for absolute want.

In 1388, while yet a prisoner, he was obliged to dispose of his two pensions, which were all the resources now left to him by his persecutors. As the price of his release from imprisonment, he was obliged to make a confession respecting the late conspiracy. It is not known what he revealed; certainly nothing to the prejudice of John of Gaunt, since that prince continued to be his friend.

To his acknowledged partisans, who had betrayed and tried to starve him during his banishment, he owed no fidelity. It is true, that extorted evidence is one of the last ransoms which a noble mind would wish to pay for liberty; but before we blame Chaucer for making any confession, we should consider how fair and easy the lessons of uncapitulating fortitude may appear on the outside of a prison, and yet how hard it may be to read them by the light of a dungeon. As far as dates can be guessed at, in so obscure a transaction, his liberation took place after Richard had shaken off the domineering party of Gloucester, and had begun to act for himself. Chaucer's political errors—and he considered his share in the late conspiracy as errors of judgment, though not of intention—had been committed while Richard was a minor, and the acknowledgment of them might seem less humiliating when made to the monarch himself, than to an usurping faction ruling in his name. He was charged too, by his loyalty, to make certain disclosures important to the peace of the kingdom; and his duty as a subject, independent of personal considerations, might well be put in competition with ties to associates already broken by their treachery.*

While in prison, he began a prose work entitled The Testament of Love, in order to beguile the tedium of a confinement, which made every hour, he says, appear to him a hundred winters; and he seems to have published it to allay the obloquy attendant on his misfortunes, as an explanation of his past conduct. It is an allegory, in imitation of Boethius's Consolations of Philosophy; an universal favourite in the early literature of Europe. Never was an obscure affair conveyed in a more obscure apology; yet amidst the gloom of allegory and lamentation, the vanity of the poet sufficiently breaks out. It is the goddess of Love who visits him in his confinement, and accosts him as her own immortal bard. He descants to her on his own misfortunes, on the politics of London, and on his devotion to the Lady Marguerite, or pearl, whom he found in a

that he shadows forth himself under the character of the lean scholar. This is surely improbable; when the poet in another place describes himself as round and jolly, while the poor Oxford scholar is lank and meagre. If Chaucer really was corpulent, it was indeed giving but a shadow of himself to paint this figure as very lean: but why should he give himself a double existence, and describe both the jolly substance and the meagre shadow?

* "For my trothe and my conscience," he says in his Testament of Love, "bene witnesse to me bothe, that this knowing sothe have I saide for trouthe of my leigiaunce by which I was charged on my kinges behalfe."

mussel shell, and who turns out at last to mean the spiritual comfort of the Church.*

In 1389 the Duke of Lancaster returned from Spain, and he had once more a steady protector. In that year he was appointed clerk of the works at Westminster, and in the following year clerk of those at Windsor, with a salary of £36 per annum. His resignation of those offices, which it does not appear he held for more than twenty months, brings us to the sixty-fourth year of his age, when he retired to the country, most probably to Woodstock, and there composed his immortal Canterbury Tales, amidst the scenes which had inspired his youthful genius.

In 1394 a pension of £20 a year was granted to him, and in the last year of Richard's reign he had a grant of a yearly tun of wine; we may suppose in lieu of the daily pitcher, which had been stopped during his misfortunes.

Tradition assigns to our poet a residence in his old age at Donnington Castle, near Newbury, in Berkshire; to which he must have moved in 1397, if he ever possessed that mansion: but Mr. Grose, who affirms that he purchased Donnington Castle in that year, has neglected to show the documents of such a purchase. One of the most curious particulars in the latter part of his life is the patent of protection granted to Chaucer in the year 1398, which his former inaccurate biographers had placed in the second year of Richard, till Mr. Tyrwhitt corrected the mistaken date. The deed has been generally supposed to refer to the poet's creditors; as it purports, however, to protect him *contra æmulos suos*, the expression has led Mr. Godwin to question its having any relation to his debtors and creditors. It is true that rivals or competitors are not the most obvious designation for the creditors of a great poet; but still, as the law delights in fictions, and as the writ for securing a debtor exhibits at this day such figurative personages as John Doe and Richard Roe, the form of protection might in those times have been equally metaphorical; nor, as a legal metonymy, are the terms rival and competitor by any means inexpressive of that interesting relation which subsists between the dun and the fugitive; a relation which in all ages has excited the warmest emulation, and the promptest ingenuity of the human mind. Within a year and a half from the date of this protection, Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, ascended the throne of England by the title of Henry IV.

It is creditable to the memory of that prince, that, however basely he abandoned so many of his father's friends, he did not suffer the poetical ornament of the age to be depressed by the revolution. Chaucer's annuity and pipe of wine were continued under the new reign, and an additional pension of forty marks a year was conferred upon him. But the poet did not long enjoy this accession to his fortune. He died in London, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1400, and was interred in the south cross aisle of Westminster Abbey. The monument to his memory was erected a century and a half after his decease, by a warm admirer of his genius, Nicholas Brigham, a gentleman of Oxford. It stands at the north end of a recess formed by four obtuse foliated arches, and is a plain altar with three quatrefoils and the same number of shields. Chaucer, in his Treatise of the Astrolabe, mentions his son Lewis, for whom it was composed in 1391, and who was at that time ten years of age. Whether Sir Thomas Chaucer, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry IV. was another and elder son of the poet, as many of his biographers have supposed, is a point which has not been distinctly ascertained.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has successfully vindicated Chaucer from the charge brought against him by Verstegan and Skinner, of having adulterated English by vast importations of French words and phrases. If Chaucer had indeed naturalized a multitude of French words by his authority, he might be regarded as a bold innovator, yet the language would have still been indebted to him for enriching it. But such revolutions in languages are not wrought by individuals; and the style of Chaucer will bear a fair comparison with that of his contemporaries, Gower, Wickliffe, and Mandeville. That the polite English of that period should have been highly impregnated with French is little to be wondered at, considering that English was a new language at court, where French had of late been exclusively used, and must have still been habitual.† English must, indeed, have been known at court when Chaucer began his poetical career, for he would not have addressed his patrons in a language entirely plebeian; but that it had not been long esteemed of sufficient dignity for a courtly muse appears from Gower's continuing to write French verses, till the example of his great contemporary taught him to polish his native tongue.‡

The same intelligent writer, Mr. Tyrwhitt, while he vindicates Chaucer from the imputation

* Mr. Todd has given, in his Illustrations, some poems supposed to be written by Chaucer during his imprisonment; in which, in the same allegorical manner, under the praises of Spring, he appears to implore the assistance of Vere, Earl of Oxford, the principal favourite of Richard II.

† Dryden has accused Chaucer of introducing Gallicisms into the English language; not aware that French was the language of the Court of England not long before Chaucer's time, and that, far from introducing French phrases into the English tongue, the ancient bard was successfully active in introducing the English as a fashionable dialect, instead of the French, which had, before his time, been the only language of polite literature in England.—Sir Walter Scott's *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 426.—C.

‡ Mr. Todd, in his Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer, p. 26, observes, that authors, both historical and poetical, in the century after the decease of these poets, in usually coupling their names, place Gower before Chaucer merely as a tribute to his seniority. But though Gower might be an older man than Chaucer, and possibly earlier known as a writer, yet unless it can be proved that he published English poetry before his Confessio Amantis, of which there appears to be no evidence, Chaucer must still claim precedency as the earlier English poet. The Confessio Amantis was published in the sixteenth year of Richard II.'s reign, at which time Chaucer had written all his poems except the Canterbury Tales.

of leaving English more full of French than he found it, considers it impossible to ascertain, with any degree of certainty, the exact changes which he produced upon the national style, as we have neither a regular series of authors preceding him, nor authentic copies of their works, nor assurance that they were held as standards by their contemporaries. In spite of this difficulty, Mr. Ellis ventures to consider Chaucer as distinguished from his predecessors by his fondness for an Italian inflexion of words, and by his imitating the characteristics of the poetry of that nation.

He has a double claim to rank as the founder of English poetry, from having been the first to make it the vehicle of spirited representations of life and native manners, and from having been the first great architect of our versification, in giving our language the ten syllable, or heroic measure, which though it may sometimes be found among the lines of more ancient versifiers, evidently comes in only by accident. This measure occurs in the earliest poem that is attributed to him,* The Court of Love, a title borrowed from the fantastic institutions of that name, where points of casuistry in the tender passion were debated and decided by persons of both sexes. It is a dream, in which the poet fancies himself taken to the Temple of Love, introduced to a mistress, and sworn to observe the statutes of the amatory god. As the earliest work of Chaucer, it interestingly exhibits the successful effort of his youthful hand in erecting a new and stately fabric of English numbers. As a piece of fancy, it is grotesque and meagre; but the lines often flow with great harmony.

His story of Troilus and Cresseide was the delight of Sir Philip Sydney; and perhaps, excepting the Canterbury Tales, was, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, the most popular poem in the English language. It is a story of vast length and almost desolate simplicity, and abounds in all those glorious anacronisms which were then, and so long after, permitted to romantic poetry: such as making the son of King Priam read the Thebais of Statius, and the gentlemen of Troy converse about the devil, justs and tournaments, bishops, parliaments, and scholastic divinity.

The languor of the story is, however, relieved by many touches of pathetic beauty. The confession of Cresseide in the scene of felicity, when the poet compares her to the "new abashed nightingale, that stinteth first ere she beginneth sing," is a fine passage, deservedly noticed by Warton. The grief of Troilus after the departure of Cresseide is strongly portrayed in Troilus's soliloquy in his bed.

> Where is mine owne ladie, lief, and dere?
> Where is her whitè brest—where is it—where?
> Where been her armès, and her iyen clere,
> That yesterday this timè with me were?
> Now may I wepe alone with many a teare,
> And graspe about I may; but in this place,
> Save a pillòwe, I find nought to embrace.

The sensations of Troilus, on coming to the house of his faithless Cresseide, when, instead of finding her returned, he beholds the barred doors and shut windows, giving tokens of her absence, as well as his precipitate departure from the distracting scene, are equally well described.

> Therwith whan he was ware, and gan behold
> How shet* was every window of the place,
> As frost him thought his hertè gan to cold,
> For which, with changed deedly palè face,
> Withouten worde, he for by gan to pace,
> And, as God would, he gan so fastè ride,
> That no man his continuance espied.
> Then said he thus: O paleis desolate,
> O house of houses, whilom best yhight,
> O paleis empty and disconsolate,
> O thou lantèrne of which queint† is the light,
> O paleis whilom day, that now art night;
> Wel oughtest thou to fall and I to die,
> Sens‡ she is went, that wont was us to gie.§

The two best of Chaucer's allegories, The Flower and the Leaf, and the House of Fame, have been fortunately perpetuated in our language; the former by Dryden, the latter by Pope. The Flower and the Leaf is an exquisite piece of fairy fancy. With a moral that is just sufficient to apologize for a dream, and yet which sits so lightly on the story as not to abridge its most visionary parts, there is, in the whole scenery and objects of the poem, an air of wonder and sweetness; an easy and surprising transition that is truly magical. Pope had not so enchanting a subject in the House of Fame; yet, with deference to Warton, that critic has done Pope injustice in assimilating his imitations of Chaucer to the modern ornaments in Westminster Abbey, which impair the solemn effect of the ancient building. The many absurd and fantastic particulars in Chaucer's House of Fame will not suffer us to compare it, as a structure in poetry, with so noble a pile as Westminster Abbey in architecture. Much of Chaucer's fantastic matter has been judiciously omitted by Pope, who at the same time has clothed the best ideas of the old poem in spirited numbers and expression. Chaucer supposes himself to be snatched up to heaven by a large eagle, who addresses him in the name of St. James and the Virgin Mary, and, in order to quiet the poet's fears of being carried up to Jupiter, like another Ganymede, or turned into a star like Orion, tells him, that Jove wishes him to sing of other subjects than love and "blind Cupido," and has therefore ordered, that Dan Chaucer should be brought to behold the House of Fame. In Pope, the philosophy of fame comes with much more propriety from the poet himself, than from the beak of a talkative eagle.

It was not until his green old age that Chaucer put forth, in the Canterbury Tales, the full variety of his genius, and the pathos and romance, as well as the playfulness of fiction. In the serious part of those tales he is, in general, more deeply indebted to preceding materials than in the comic stories, which he raised upon slight hints to the air and spirit of originals. The design of the

* Written, as some lines in the piece import, at the age of nineteen.

* Shut. † Extinguished. ‡ Since. § To make joyous.

whole work is after Boccaccio's Decamerone; but exceedingly improved. The Italian novelist's ladies and gentlemen who have retired from the city of Florence, on account of the plague, and who agree to pass their time in telling stories, have neither interest nor variety in their individual characters; the time assigned to their congress is arbitrary, and it evidently breaks up because the author's stores are exhausted. Chaucer's design, on the other hand, though it is left unfinished, has definite boundaries, and incidents to keep alive our curiosity, independent of the tales themselves. At the same time, while the action of the poem is an event too simple to divert the attention altogether from the pilgrims' stories, the pilgrimage itself is an occasion sufficiently important to draw together almost all the varieties of existing society, from the knight to the artisan, who, agreeably to the old simple manners, assemble in the same room of the hostelerie. The enumeration of those characters in the Prologue forms a scene, full, without confusion; and the object of their journey gives a fortuitous air to the grouping of individuals who collectively represent the age and state of society in which they live. It may be added, that if any age or state of society be more favourable than another to the uses of the poet, that in which Chaucer lived must have been peculiarly picturesque;—an age in which the differences of rank and profession were so strongly distinguished, and in which the broken masses of society gave out their deepest shadows and strongest colouring by the morning light of civilization. An unobtrusive but sufficient contrast is supported between the characters, as between the demure prioress and the genial wife of Bath, the rude and boisterous miller and the polished knight, &c. &c. Although the object of the journey is religious, it casts no gloom over the meeting; and we know that our Catholic ancestors are justly represented in a state of high good-humour, on the road to such solemnities.

The sociality of the pilgrims is, on the whole, agreeably sustained; but in a journey of thirty persons, it would not have been adhering to probability to have made the harmony quite uninterrupted. Accordingly the bad-humour which breaks out between the lean friar and the cherub-faced sompnour, while it accords with the hostility known to have subsisted between those two professions, gives a diverting zest to the satirical stories which the hypocrite and the libertine level at each other.

Chaucer's forte is description; much of his moral reflection is superfluous; none of his characteristic painting. His men and women are not mere ladies and gentlemen, like those who furnish apologies for Boccaccio's stories. They rise before us minutely traced, profusely varied, and strongly discriminated. Their features and casual manners seem to have an amusing congruity with their moral characters. He notices minute circumstances as if by chance; but every touch has its effect to our conception so distinctly, that we seem to live and travel with his personages throughout the journey.

What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in those tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses, through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquary can discover by the cold light of his researches! Our ancestors are restored to us, not as phantoms from the field of battle, or the scaffold, but in the full enjoyment of their social existence. After four hundred years have closed over the mirthful features which formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive; as if Time had rebuilt his ruins, and were reacting the lost scenes of existence.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Whannè that April with his shourès sote[a]
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,[b]
And bathed every veine in swiche[c] licour,
Of whiche vertùe engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sotè brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppès, and the yongè sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfè cours yronne,[d]
And smalè foulès maken melodie,
That slepen allè night with open eye,
So priketh hem[e] nature in hir[f] corages;[g]
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmares for to seken strangè strondes,
To servè[h] halweys[i] couthe[j] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shirès ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,[k]
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.[l]

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle[m]
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden[n] ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed attè beste.

And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,[o]
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And madè forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this talè pace,

[a] Sweet.—[b] Root.—[c] Such.—[d] Run.—[e] Them.—[f] Their.—[g] Inclination.—[h] To keep.—[i] Holidays.—[j] Known.—[k] Go.—[l] Sick.—[m] Fallen.—[n] Would.—[o] Every one.

Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it seemed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.
A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved Chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,[p]
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,[q]
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord[r] begonne[s]
Aboven alle nations in Pruce,
In Lettowe hadde he reysed[t] and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyès was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretè see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissène
In listès thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilkè worthy knight hadde ben alsò
Sometimè with the Lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris.[u]
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipòn,[v]
Allè besmotred[w] with his habergeon,[x]
For he was late ycome fro his viàge,
And wentè for to don his pilgrimage.
With him ther was his sone a yongè Squier,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockès crull[y] as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his statùre he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver,[z] and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,[a]
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded[b] was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshè flourès, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting[c] alle the day,
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with slevès long and wide.
Well coude he sitte on hors, and fayrè ride.
He coudè songès make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale[d]
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf[e] before his fader at the table.
A Yeman hadde he, and servàntes no mo
At that time, for him luste[f] to ridè so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Well coude he dresse his takel[g] yemanly:
His arwes[h] drouped not with fetheres low.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[i] hadde he, with a broune visàge.
Of wood-craft coude[j] he wel alle the usàge.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracèr,[k]
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggère,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene,
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.
Ther was alsò a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was full simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped[l] Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sangè the service divine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,[m]
After the scole of Stratford attè Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At metè was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from her lippès fall,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire saucè depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thattè no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.[n]
Hire over lippè wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppè was no ferthing sene[o]
Of gresè, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semèly after her mete she raught.[p]
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesànt, and amiable of port,
And peined[q] hire to contrefeten[r] chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manère,
And to ben holden digne[s] of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitoùs,
She woldè wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde,
Of smalè houndès hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerdè[t] smert,[u]
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis;[v] hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehèd.
It was almost a spannè brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.[w]

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[p] War.—[q] Farther.—[r] [s] Been placed at the head of the table.—[t] Travelled.—[u] Praise.—[v] Wore a short cassock.—[w] Smutted.—[x] Coat of mail.—[y] Curled.—[z] Nimble.—[a] Horse skirmishing.—[b] Embroidered.—[c] Playing the flute.

[d] Night-time.—[e] Carved.—[f] It pleased him.—[g] Arrow.—[i] A round-head.—[j] Knew.—[k] Armour for the arm.—[l] Called.—[m] Neatly.—[n] Her pleasure.—[o] Smallest spot.—[p] Rose.—[q] Took pains.—[r] To imitate.—[s] Worthy.—[t] Stick.—[u] Smartly, adv.—[v] Straight.—[w] Of low stature.

Ful fetise[z] was hire clock, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedès, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywritten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestès thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An outrider, that loved venerie;[y]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deintè hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men might his bridel here
Gingèling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keeper of the celle.

The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilkè monk lette oldè thingès pace,
And held after the newè worlde the trace.
He yave[z] not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkèles,[a]
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilkè text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood[b]
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken[c] with his hondès, and laboùre,
As Austin bit?[d] how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure[e] a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his sleves purfiled[f] at the hond
With gris,[g] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe,[h] and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a fornëis of led.
His botès souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelàt.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempnè man.
In all the ordres foure is none that can[i]
So muche of daliance and fayre langàge.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariàge
Of yongè wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contrèe,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfè, more than a curàt,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penànce,
Ther as he wiste to han[j] a good pitànce:
For unto a poure[k] ordre for to give
Is signè that a man is wel yshrive.[l]
For if he gave, he dorstè[m] make avànt,
He wistè that a man was repentànt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sorè smerte.
Therfore in stede of weping and praières,
Men mote give silver to the pourè freres.

His tippet was ay farsed[n] ful of knives,
And pinnès, for to given fayrè wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.[o]
Of yeddinges[p] he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was whitè as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavèrnes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstère,
Better than a lazar or a beggère,
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculté,
To haven[q] with sike lazars acquaintànce.
It is not honest, it may not avànce,
As for to delen with no swiche pouràille,[r]
But all with riche, and sellers of vitàille.

And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n' as no man no wher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggèr in all his hous:
And gave a certain fermè[s] for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe haddè but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *in principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas[t] was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovèdayes,[u] ther could he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,[v]
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterrès in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Hubèrd.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botès clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnèly,

[z] Neat.—[y] Hunting.—[z] Gave.—[a] Mr. Twyrhitt supposes, that this should be righelles, i. e. out of the rules by which the monks were bound.—[b] Mad.—[c] Toil.—[d] Biddeth.—[e] Hard rider.—[f] Wrought on the edge.—[g] A fine kind of fur.—[h] Deep in the head.—[i] Knew.

[j] Have.—[k] Poor.—[l] Shriven.—[m] Durst make a boast.—[n] Stuffed.—[o] A stringed instrument.—[p] Story-telling.—[q] Have.—[r] Poor people.—[s] Farm.—[t] Purchase.—[u] Days appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.—[v] Half-cloak.

Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for any thing[u]
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orèwell.
Wel coud he in eschanges[x] sheldès[y] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wistè no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance[z]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike haddè long ygo.
As lenè was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe,[a] and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,[b]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an officè.
For him was lever[c] han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robès riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet haddè he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendès hente,[d]
On bokès and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soulès praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.[e]
Of studie toke he mostè cure and hede.
Not a word spake he morè than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentènce.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the Lawe warè[f] and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,[g]
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordès were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robès had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.[h]
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termès hadde he cas[i] and domès alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coudè no wight pinche[j] et his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee[k] cote,[l]
Girt with a seint[m] of silk, with barrès[n] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A Frankèlein[o] was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayèsiè.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe[p] a sop ie win.[q]
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicurès owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verailly felicitè parfitè.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian[r] he was in his contrèe.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned[s] man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed[t] in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of allè deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupère.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,[u]
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his saucè were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant[v] in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longè day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace[w] and a gipciere[x] all of silk,
Hen at his girdel, white as morwè[y] milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.[z]
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.[a]

An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe,[b] a Deyer, and a Tapiser,[c]
Were alle yclothed in o livere,[d]
Of a solempne and grete fraternitè.
Ful freshe and newe hir[e] gere ypikid[f] was.
Hir knivès were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.[g]
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,[h]
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.[i]
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich[j] for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wivès wotild it well assent:
And ellès[k] certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madàme,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich[l] ybore.[m]

A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones,[n]
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre[o] marchant, tart and galingale.[p]
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.

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[u] Kept, or guarded. The old subsidy of tonnage and poundage was given to the king 'pour la saufgarde et custodie del mer.' (*Tyrwhitt.*)—[x] Exchanges.—[y] Crowns.—[z] An agreement for borrowing money.—[a] Hollow.—[b] Uppermost cloak of coarse cloth.—[c] He would rather have.—[d] Get.—[e] Study.—[f] Wary.—[g] The paruis, or portico before a church—a place frequented by lawyers. The place of the lawyers' paruis in London is assigned to different places by different antiquaries. (*Tyrwhitt.*)—[h] Suspicion.—[i] Cases and decisions.—[j] No one could find a flaw in his writings.—[k] Coat of mixed stuff.—[l] A girdle.—[m] With small stripes.—[n] A freeholder of considerable estate.—[o] Morning.—[p] Wine.—[q] The saint of hospitality.—[r] Stored with wine.—[s] It snewed, that is, there was great abundance.—[t] Secret.—[u] Fixed ready.—[v] Knife.—[w] Purse.—[x] Morning.—[y] Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, but merely offers it as a conjecture, that the contour was foreman of the hundred court.—[z] Vavasour. Of this term Mr. T. is doubtful of the meaning.—[a] A weaver.—[b] A maker of tapestry.—[c] Livery.—[d] Their gear was spruce.—[e] Every way.—[f] Burgher.—[g] The deis; a part of the hall that was floored and set apart for a place of respect. (*Tyrwhitt.*)—[h] Fit.—[i] Else.—[j] Royally.—[k] Supported.—[l] For the purpose.—[m] The meaning not ascertained.—[n] Sweet cyperus.

He couldè roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewès,[q] and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughtè me,
That on his shinne a mormal[r] haddè he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.
A Shipman was ther, woned[s] fer by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertèmouth.
He rode upon a rouncie,[t] as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las[u] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he haddè draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nicè conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken well his tides,
His stremès and his strandès him besides,
His herberwe,[v] his mone,[w] and his lodemanage,[x]
Ther was none swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.
With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In hourès by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen[y] the ascendent[z]
Of his imàges for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humoùr,
He was a veray prafite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,[a]
Anon he gave to the sikè man his bote.[b]
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him draggès,[c] and his lettuaries,[d]
For eche of hem made other for to winne;
Hir friendship na's not newè to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufùs;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesùrable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but little on the Bible.
In sanguin[e] and in perse[f] he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.[g]
And yet he was but esy of dispence:[h]
He kepte that he wan[i] in the pestilence.
For golde in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.
A good Wif was ther of besidè Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.[j]
Of cloth making she haddè swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allè charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorstè swere, they weyeden[k] a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed,[l] and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.[m]
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme,
She haddè passed many a strangè streme.
At Rome she haddè ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coudè[n] moche of wandering by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel[o] about hire hippès large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe.[p]
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the oldè dance.
A good man there was of religioun,
That was a pourè Persone[q] of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristès gospel trewely woldè preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved[r] often sithes.[s]
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven[t] out of doute,
Unto his pourè parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,[u]
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf.[v]
That first he wrought and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordès caught,
And this figure he added yet thereto,
That if golde rustè, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewèd man to rust:

[q] A dish of rich broth, in which the meat was stamped and the substance strained.—[r] A gangrene.—[s] Lived.—[t] Hack-horse.—[u] Lace.—[v] Place of the Sun.—[w] Moon.—[x] Pilotship.—[y] Make fortunate.—[z] The ascendant.—[a] Root.—[b] Remedy.—[c] Drugs.—[d] Electuaries.—[e] Blood-red colour.—[f] Sky-coloured, or bluish gray.—[g] Thin silk.—[h] Expense.—[i] Gained, got.—[j] Misfortune.—[k] Weighed.—[l] Tied.—[m] Now; adv.—[n] Knew.—[o] A riding petticoat.—[p] Talk.—[q] Parson.—[r] Proved.—[s] Times.—[t] Give.—[u] The nearest and most distant of the parishioners.—[v] Gave.

And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenessè how his shepe shuld live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seeken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and keptè wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his spechè dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairènesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben[u] sharply for the nonès.
A better preest I trowe that nowher[v] non is
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Nè maked him no spiced[w] conscience,
But Cristès lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.
With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother.
That hadde ylaid of dong[x] ful many a fother.[a]
A trewè swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees,[b] and parfite charitee.
God loved he bestè with alle his herte
At allè timès, were it gain as smerte,[c]
And than his neighèbour right as himselve.
He woldè thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristès sake, for every pourè wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithès paied he ful fayre and wel
Bothe of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
There was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour,[d] and a pardoner[e] also,
A manciple,[f] and myself, ther ne'ere no mo.
The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.[g]
He was short shuldered brode, a thikkè gnarre,[h]
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning[i] with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[j] right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowès eres.
His nosè-thirlès[k] blackè were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as widè was as a forneis.
He was a jangler,[l] and a goliardeis,[m]
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb[n] of gold parde,[o]
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggèpipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.
A gentil Manciple[p] was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours[q] mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,[r]
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewèd mannès wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thriès ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To makn him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles,[s] but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe:
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.[t]
The Revè was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his erès round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longè were his leggès, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, there was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding[u] of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordès shepe, his nete,[v] and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in his reves[w] governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:[x]
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace.
Ful ryche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.[y]
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sat upon a right good stot,[z]
That was all pomelee[a] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.

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[u] Snub, reprove.—[x] No where.—[y] Nice, in an affected sense.—[z] Dung.—[a] Load.—[b] Peace.—[c] Pain.—[d] A sompnour, an officer employed to summon delinquents in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor. (*Tyrwhitt.*)—[e] A pardoner, a seller of pardons or indulgences.—[f] A manciple, an officer who has the care of furnishing victuals for an inn of court.—[g] The prize.—[h] A hard knot in a tree.

[i] A running.—[j] Top.—[k] Nostrils.—[l] Prater.—[m] Buffoon.—[n] o He was as honest as other millers, though he had, according to the proverb, like every miller, a thumb of gold.—[p] Vide note [f] above.—[q] Purchasers.—[r] Purchase.—[s] Free from debt.—[t] Made a fool of them all.—[u] Yielding.—[v] Cows.—[w] Steward.—[x] Secret contrivances.—[y] Trade, occupation.—[z] Horse, beast.—[a] Dappled.

Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hindrest of the route.
A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That had a fire-red cherubinnes[b] face,
For sauseflemc[c] he was, with eyen narwe.[d]
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinément that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes[e] white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes.
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewè termès coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot[f] and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He woldè suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felàw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found owhere a good felàwe,
He woldè techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannès soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archdekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girles of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.[g]
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:[h]
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.
With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere[i]
Of Rouncevall,[j] his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.

This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,[k]
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe[l] as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces[m] heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons[n] on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newè get,
Dishevele, saúf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed ubon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful[o] of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.
For in his male[p] he hadde a pilwebere,[q]
Which, as he saide, was Our Ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet[r] of the seyl[s]
Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.[t]
He had a crois of laton[u] ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,[v]
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.[w]
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest[x] he sang an offertorie:[y]
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche, and wel afile[z] his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therefore he sang the merrier and loude.

SIMILE.

And as the newe-abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first whan she beginneth sing,
Whan that she heareth any herdes tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
And after sicker doth her voice outring;
Right so Creseide whan her dred stent
Opened her hart and told him her intent.

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[b] Cherub's face.—[c] Red pimpled face.—[d] Narrow, close.—[e] Spots.

[f] The name harlot was anciently given to men as well as women, and without any bad signification. "When the word harlot," says Gifford, "became (like *knave*) a term of reproach, it was appropriated solely to males: in Jonson's days it was applied indiscriminately to both sexes; though without any determinate import; and it was not till long afterwards that it was restricted to females, and to the sense which it now bears. To derive harlot from Arlotte, the mistress of the Duke of Normandy, is ridiculous." (BEN JONSON, vol. iii. p. 312.) "The word harlott," Jonson told Drummond, "was taken from Arlotte, who was the mother of William the Conqueror; a Rogue from the Latine, Erro, by putting a G to it." (ARCH. SCOT. vol. iv. p. 100.) This supposition of Jonson's has been discovered since Gifford wrote.—C.

[g] Advised.—[h] An alehouse sign.—[i] Vide note (*e*) in preceding page.—[j] Supposed by Stevens to be Runceval Hall, in Oxford.—[k] Sang the bass.—[l] Yellow.—[m] Ounces.—[n] Shreds.—[o] Brimful.—[p] Budget.—[q] Covering of a pillow.—[r] Morsel.—[s] Sail.—[t] Assisted, took.—[u] A mixed metal of the colour of brass.—[v] Tricks.—[w] Dupes.—[x] Best.—[y] Part of the mass.—[z] Polish.

JOHN GOWER.

[Born about 1325. Died about 1409.]

Little is known of Gower's personal history. "The proud tradition in the Marquis of Stafford's family," says Mr. Todd,[a] "has been, and still is, that he was of Stitenham; and who would not consider the dignity of his genealogy augmented, by enrolling among its worthies the moral Gower?"

His effigies in the church of St. Mary Overies is often inaccurately described as having a garland of ivy and roses on the head. It is, in fact, a chaplet of roses, such as, Thynne says, was anciently worn by knights; a circumstance which is favourable to the suspicion that has been suggested, of his having been of the rank of knighthood. If Thynne's assertion, respecting the time of the lawyers first entering the temple be correct, it will be difficult to reconcile it with the tradition of Gower's having been a student there in his youth.

By Chaucer's manner of addressing Gower, the latter appears to have been the elder. He was attached to Thomas of Woodstock, as Chaucer was to John of Gaunt. The two poets appear to have been at one time cordial friends, but ultimately to have quarrelled. Gower tells us himself that he was blind in his old age. From his will it appears that he was living in 1408. His bequests to several churches and hospitals, and his legacy to his wife of 100*l.*, of all his valuable goods, and of the rents arising from his manors of Southwell in the county of Nottingham, and of Multon in the county of Suffolk, undeniably prove that he was rich.

One of his three great works, the Speculum Meditantis, a poem in French, is erroneously described by Mr. Godwin and others as treating of conjugal fidelity. In an account of its contents in a MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge, we are told that its principal subject is the repentance of a sinner. The Vox Clamantis, in Latin, relates to the insurrection of the commons, in the reign of Richard II. The Confessio Amantis, in English, is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and who explains, by apposite stories, and philosophical illustrations all the evil affections of the heart which impede, or counteract the progress and success of the tender passion.

His writings exhibit all the crude erudition and science of his age; a knowledge sufficient to have been the fuel of genius, if Gower had possessed its fire.

THE TALE OF THE COFFERS OR CASKETS, &c.,

IN THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE "CONFESSIO AMANTIS."

In a cronique thus I rede:
Aboute a king, as must nede,
Ther was of knyghtès and squiers
Gret route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoughten that they haue deserved,
Avancèment, and gone withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agon,
And they advanced were anon.
These oldè men upon this thing,
So as they durst, ageyne the king
Among hemself[b] compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudènce:
He shope therefore an evidence
Of hem[c] that pleignen in the cas
To knowe in whose defalte it was:
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wistè what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make,
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich,[d] that no lif thilke throwe.
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih,
When he therto his time sih,[e]
All privèly that none it wiste,
His ownè hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie,[f]
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
The other cofre of straw and mull[g]
With stones meynd[h] he fild also:
Thus be they full bothè two.
So that erliche[i] upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and fairè spred:
And than he let the cofres fette[j]
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of tho,[k]
The whiche agein him grutched so,

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[a] In Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer by the Rev. J. H. Todd.—[b] Themselves.—[c] Them.—[d] Like.—[e] Saw.—[f] Jewels, or precious stones.—[g] Rubbish.—[h] Mingled.—[i] Early.—[j] Fetched.—[k] Those.

Both of his chambre, and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seidè to hem in this wise.
There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And god wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothè shall be proved now:
To stoppè with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
Chese which you list of bothè two;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if he happè therupon
Ye shall be richè men for ever:
Now chese[l] and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth[m] together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;
For but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your ownè chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn,[n]
That no defaltè shal be myn.
They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois.
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside and hem avise,
And at lastè they accorde
(Wherof her[o] talè to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall spekè for him alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,[p]
Ben all avised for to chese.
Tho[q] toke this knyght a yerd[r] on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone[s]
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith[t] the king how thilke same
They chese in reguerdon[u] by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
The king, which wolde his honor save,
Whan he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And toke hem therupon the keie;
But for he woldè it were seie[v]
What good they have as they suppose,
He bad anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones:
Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than in the samè stede,
Anon that other cofre undede,
Where as they sihen gret richesse,
Wel more than they couthen gesse.
Lo! seith the king, now may ye see
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy[w] my self I wol acquite.
And bereth he your ownè wite[x]
Of that[y] fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseche.

OF THE GRATIFICATION WHICH THE LOVER'S PASSION RECEIVES FROM THE SENSE OF HEARING.

IN THE SIXTH BOOK.

RIGHT as mine eyè with his loke
Is to myn herte a lusty cooke
Of lovès foodè delicate;
Right so myn eare in his estate,
Wher as myn èyè may nought serve
Can wel myn hertès thonk[z] deserve;
And feden him, fro day to day,
With such deynties as he may.
For thus it is that, over all
Wher as I come in speciall,
I may heare of my lady price:[a]
I heare one say that she is wise;
Another saith that she is good;
And, some men sain, of worthy blood
That she is come; and is also
So fair that no wher is none so:
And some men praise hir goodly chere.
Thus every thing that I may heare,
Which souneth to my lady goode,
Is to myn eare a lusty foode.
And eke myn eare hath, over this,
A deyntie feste whan so is
That I may heare hirselvè speke;
For than anon my fast I breke
On suchè wordes as she saith,
That ful of trouth and ful of faith
They ben, and of so good disport,
That to myn earè great comfort
They don, as they that ben delices
For all the meates, and all the spices,
That any Lombard couthè make,
Ne be so lusty for to take,
Ne so far forth restauratif,
(I say as for myn ownè lif;)
As ben the wordès of hir mouth.
For as the windès of the South
Ben most of allè debonaire;
So, whan her list to spekè faire,
The vertue of hir goodly speche
Is verily myn hertès leche.
And if it so befalle among,
That she carol upon a song,
Whan I it hear, I am so fedd,
That I am fro miself so ledd
As though I were in Paradis;
For, certes, as to myn avis,
Whan I heare of her voice the steven,
Me thinketh it is a blisse of heven.
And eke in other wise also,

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[l] Choose.—[m] Go.—[n] At last.—[o] Their.—[p] Lose.—[q] Then.—[r] A rod.—[s] Every one.—[t] Sayeth to the king.

[u] As their reward.—[v] Seen.—[w] Therefore.—[x] Blame.—[y] i. e. that which.—[z] Thank.—[a] Praise.

Full oftè time it falleth so,
Myn èarè with a good pitànce
Is fedd of reding of romance
Of Ydoine and of Amadas,
That whilom weren in my cas;
And eke of other many a scorè,
That loveden[b] long ere I was bore.[c]

For whan I of her loves rede,
Myn èarè with the tale I fede,
And with the lust of her histoire
Sometime I draw into memoire,
How sorrow may not ever last;
And so hope cometh in at last.

[b] Loved. [c] Born.

JOHN LYDGATE.

[Born, 1375. Died, 1461.]

Was born at a place of that name in Suffolk, about the year 1375. His translation (taken through the medium of Laurence's version) of Boccaccio's Fall of Princes, was begun while Henry VI. was in France, where that king never was, but when he went to be crowned at Paris, in 1432. Lydgate was then above threescore. He was a monk of the Benedictine order, at St. Edmund's Bury, and in 1423 was elected prior of Hatfield Brodhook, but the following year had license to return to his convent again. His condition, one would imagine, should have supplied him with the necessaries of life, yet he more than once complains to his patron, Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, of his wants; and he shows distinctly in one passage, that he did not dislike a little more wine than his convent allowed him. He was full thirty years of age when Chaucer died, whom he calls his master, and who probably was so in a literal sense. His Fall of Princes is rather a paraphrase than a translation of his original. He disclaims the idea of writing "a stile briefe and compendious." A great story he compares to a great oak, which is not to be attacked with a single stroke, but by "*a long processe.*"

Gray has pointed out beauties in this writer which had eluded the research, or the taste, of former critics. "I pretend not," says Gray, "to set him on a level with Chaucer, but he certainly comes the nearest to him of any contemporary writer I am acquainted with. His choice of expression and the smoothness of his verse far surpass both Gower and Occleve. He wanted not art in raising the more tender emotions of the mind." Of these he gives several examples. The finest of these, perhaps, is the following passage, descriptive of maternal agony and tenderness.

CANACE, CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY HER FATHER ÆOLUS, SENDS TO HER GUILTY BROTHER MACAREUS THE LAST TESTIMONY OF HER UNHAPPY PASSION.

BOOK I. FOLIO 39.

Out of her swoone when she did abbraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distrèsse,
To her brothèr full piteouslie she said,
"Cause of my sorowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the sourse of my gladnèsse,
When both our joyes by wille were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be enclosed.....
This is mine end, I may it not astarte;
O brother mine, there is no more to saye;
Lowly beseeching with mine wholè heart
For to remember specially, I praye,
If it befall my littel sonne to dye,
That thou mayst after some mind on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.

I hold him strictly twene my armès twein,
Thou and Natùre laidè on me this charge;
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine,
And, sith thou art at freedom and at large,
Let kindnesse ourè love not so discharge,
But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.
On thee and me dependeth the trespàce
Touching our guilt and our great offence,
But, welaway! most àngelik of face
Our childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltèlesse
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlèss.

A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complaine alas! for none outràge:
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visàge.
What heart of stèle could do to him damàge,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manère
And looke benigne of his twein èyèn clere.....
Writing her letter, awhapped all in drede,
In her right hand her pen ygan to quake,
And a sharp sword to make her heartè blede,
In her left hand her father hath her take,
And most her sorrowe was for her childes sake.
Upon whose facè in her barme sleepȳnge
Full many a tere she wept in cōmplāynīng.
After all this so as she stoode and quoke,
Her child beholding mid of her peines smart,
Without abode the sharpè sword she tooke
And rove herselfè even to the hearte;
Her childe fell down, which mightè not astert,
Having no help to succour him nor save,
But in her blood theselfe began to bathe.

SCOTTISH POETRY.

THE origin of the Lowland Scottish language has been a fruitful subject of controversy. Like the English, it is of Gothic materials; and, at a certain distance of time from the Norman conquest, is found to contain, as well as its sister dialect of the South, a considerable mixture of French. According to one theory, those Gothic elements of Scotch existed in the Lowlands, anterior to the Anglo-Saxon settlements in England, among the Picts, a Scandinavian race: the subsequent mixture of French words arose from the French connections of Scotland, and the settlement of Normans among her people; and thus, by the Pictish and Saxon dialects meeting, and an infusion of French being afterwards superadded, the Scottish language arose, independent of modern English, though necessarily similar, from the similarity of its materials. According to another theory, the Picts were not Goths, but Cambro-British, a Celtic race, like the Western Scots who subdued and blended with the Picts, under Kenneth Mac Alpine. Of the same Celtic race were also the Britons of Strathclyde, and the ancient people of Galloway. In Galloway, though the Saxons overran that peninsula, they are affirmed to have left but little of their blood, and little of their language. In the ninth century, Galloway was new-peopled by the Irish Cruithne, and at the end of the eleventh century was universally inhabited by a Gaelic people. At this latter period, the common language of all Scotland, with the exception of Lothian, and a corner of Caithness, was the Gaelic; and in the twelfth century commenced the progress of the English language into Scotland Proper:* so that Scotch is only migrated English.

In support of the opposite system, an assertor, better known than trusted, namely Pinkerton, has maintained, that "there is not a shadow of proof that the Gaelic language was ever at all spoken in the Lowlands of Scotland." Yet the author of *Caledonia* has given not mere shadows of proof, but very strong grounds, for concluding that, in the first place, to the north of the Forth and Clyde, with the exception of Scandinavian settlements admitted to have been made in Orkney, Caithness, a strip of Sutherland, and partially in the Hebrides, a Gothic dialect was unknown in ancient Scotland. Amidst the arguments to this effect deduced from the topography of (the supposed Gothic) Pictland, in which, Mr. Chalmers affirms, that not a Saxon name is to be found older than the twelfth century; and amidst the evidences accumulated from the laws, religion, antiquities, and manners of North Britain, one recorded fact appears sufficiently striking. When the assembled clergy of Scotland met Malcolm Caenmore and Queen Margaret, the Saxon princess was unable to understand their language. Her husband, who had learnt English, was obliged to be their interpreter. All the clergy of Pictland, we are told, were at that time Irish; but among a people with a Gaelic king, and a Gaelic clergy, is it conceivable that the Gaelic language should not have been commonly spoken?

With regard to Galloway, or south-western Scotland, the paucity of Saxon names in that peninsula (keeping apart pure or modern English ones) are pronounced, by Mr. G. Chalmers, to show the establishments of the Saxons to have been few and temporary, and their language to have been thinly scattered, in comparison with the Celtic. As we turn to the south-east of Scotland, it is inferred from topography, that the Saxons of Lothian never permanently settled to the westward of the Avon; while the numerous Celtic names which reach as far as the Tweed, evince that the Gaelic language not only prevailed in proper Scotland, but overflowed her boundaries, and, like her arms, made inroads on the Saxon soil.

Mr. Ellis, in discussing this subject, seems to have been startled by the difficulty of supposing the language of England to have superseded the native Gaelic in Scotland, solely in consequence of Saxon migrations to the north, in the reign of Malcolm Caenmore. Malcolm undoubtedly married a Saxon princess, who brought to Scotland her relations and domestics. Many Saxons also fled into Scotland from the violences of the Norman conquest. Malcolm gave them an asylum, and during his incursions into Cumberland and Northumberland, carried off so many young captives, that English persons were to be seen in every house and village of his dominions, in the reign of David I. But, on the death of Malcolm, the Saxon followers, both of Edgar Atheling and Margaret, were driven away by the enmity of the Gaelic people. Those expelled Saxons must have been the gentry, while the captives, since they were seen in a subsequent age, must have been retained, as being servile, or vileyns. The fact of the expulsion of Margaret and Edgar Atheling's followers, is recorded in the Saxon Chronicle. It speaks pretty clearly for the general Gaelicism of the Scotch at that period; and it also prepares us for what is afterwards so fully illustrated by the author of *Caledonia*, viz. that it was the new

* Lothian, now containing the Scottish metropolis, was, after several fluctuations of possession, annexed to the territory of Scotland in 1020; but even in the time of David I. is spoken of as not a part of Scotland. David addresses his "faithful subjects of all Scotland and of Lothian."

dynasty of Scottish kings, after Malcolm Caenmore, that gave a more diffusive course to the peopling of proper Scotland, by Saxon, by Anglo-Norman, and by Flemish colonists. In the successive charters of Edgar, Alexander, and David I. we scarcely see any other witnesses than Saxons, who enjoyed under those monarchs all power, and acquired vast possessions in every district of Scotland, settling with their followers in entire hamlets.

If this English origin of Scotch be correct, it sufficiently accounts for the Scottish poets, in the fifteenth century, speaking of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as their masters and models of style, and extolling them as the improvers of a language to which they prefix the word "our," as if it belonged in common to Scots and English, and even sometimes denominating their own language English.

Yet, in whatever light we are to regard Lowland Scotch, whether merely as northern English, or as having a mingled Gothic origin from the Pictish and Anglo-Saxon, its claims to poetical antiquity are respectable. The extreme antiquity of the elegy on Alexander III. on which Mr. Ellis rests so much importance, is indeed disputed; but Sir Tristrem exhibits an original romance, composed on the north of the Tweed, at a time when there is no proof that southern English contained any work of that species of fiction, that was not translated from the French. In the fourteenth century, Barbour celebrated the greatest royal hero of his country, (Bruce), in a versified romance that is not uninteresting. The next age is prolific in the names of distinguished Scottish "*Makers.*" Henry the Minstrel, said to have been blind from his birth, rehearsed the exploits of Wallace in strains of fierce though vulgar fire. James I. of Scotland; Henrysone, the author of Robene and Makyne, the first known pastoral, and one of the best, in a dialect rich with the favours of the pastoral muse; Douglas, the translator of Virgil; Dunbar, Mersar, and others, gave a poetical lustre to Scotland, in the fifteenth century, and fill up a space in the annals of British poetry, after the date of Chaucer and Lydgate, that is otherwise nearly barren. James I. had an elegant and tender vein, and the ludicrous pieces ascribed to him possess considerable comic humour. Douglas's descriptions of natural scenery are extolled by T. Warton, who has given ample and interpreted specimens of them, in his History of English Poetry. He was certainly a fond painter of nature: but his imagery is redundant and tediously profuse. His chief original work is the elaborate and quaint allegory of King Hart.* It is full of alliteration, a trick which the Scottish poets might have learnt to avoid from the "rose of rhetours" (as they call him) Chaucer; but in which they rival the anapæstics of Langland.

Dunbar is a poet of a higher order. His tale of the Friars of Berwick is quite in the spirit of Chaucer. His Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins through Hell, though it would be absurd to compare it with the beauty and refinement of the celebrated Ode on the Passions, has yet an animated picturesqueness not unlike that of Collins. The effect of both pieces shows how much more potent allegorical figures become by being made to fleet suddenly before the imagination, than by being detained in its view by prolonged description. Dunbar conjures up the personified Sins, as Collins does the Passions, to rise, to strike, and disappear. They "come like shadows, so depart."

In the works of those northern makers of the fifteenth century,† there is a gay spirit, and an indication of jovial manners, which forms a contrast to the covenanting national character of subsequent times. The frequent coarseness of this poetical gayety, it would indeed be more easy than agreeable to prove by quotations; and if we could forget how very gross the humour of Chaucer sometimes is, we might, on a general comparison of the Scotch with the English poets, extol the comparative delicacy of English taste; for Skelton himself, though more burlesque than Sir David Lyndsay in style, is less outrageously indecorous in matter. At a period when James IV. was breaking lances in the lists of chivalry, and when the court and court poets of Scotland might be supposed to have possessed ideas of decency, if not of refinement, Dunbar at that period addresses the queen, on the occasion of having danced in her majesty's chamber, with jokes which a beggar wench of the present day would probably consider as an offence to her delicacy.

Sir David Lyndsay was a courtier, a foreign ambassador, and the intimate companion of a prince; for he attended James V. from the first to the last day of that monarch's life. From his rank in society, we might suppose, that he had purposely laid aside the style of a gentleman, and clothed the satirical moralties, which he levelled against popery, in language suited to the taste of the vulgar; if it were easy to conceive the taste of the vulgar to have been, at that period, grosser than that of their superiors. Yet while Lyndsay's satire, in tearing up the depravities of a corrupted church, seems to be polluted with the scandal on which it preys, it is impossible to peruse his writings without confessing the importance of his character to the country in which he lived, and to the cause which he was born to serve. In his tale of Squyre Meldrum we lose sight of the reformer. It is a little romance, very amusing as a draught of Scottish chivalrous manners, apparently drawn from the life, and blending a sportive and familiar with an heroic and amatory interest. Nor is its broad, careless diction, perhaps, an unfavourable relief to the romantic spirit of the adventures which it portrays.

* In which the human heart is personified as a Sovereign in his castle, guarded by the five Senses, made captive by Dame Pleasaunce, a neighbouring potentate, but finally brought back from thraldom by Age and Experience.

† The writings of some of those Scottish poets belong to the sixteenth century: but from the date of their births they are placed under the fifteenth.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

[Born, 1394. Died, Feb. 1436-7.]

James I. of Scotland was born in the year 1394, and became heir-apparent to the Scottish crown by the death of his brother, Prince David. Taken prisoner at sea by the English, at ten years of age, he received some compensation for his cruel detention by an excellent education. It appears that he accompanied Henry V. into France, and there distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. On his return to his native country he endeavoured, during too short a reign, to strengthen the rights of the crown and people against a tyrannical aristocracy. He was the first who convoked commissioners from the shires, in place of the numerous lesser barons, and he endeavoured to create a house of commons in Scotland, by separating the representatives of the people from the peers; but his nobility foresaw the effects of his scheme, and too successfully resisted it. After clearing the lowlands of Scotland from feudal oppression, he visited the highlands, and crushed several refractory chieftains. Some instances of his justice are recorded, which rather resemble the cruelty of the times in which he lived, than his own personal character; but in such times justice herself wears a horrible aspect. One Macdonald, a petty chieftain of the north, displeased with a widow on his estate for threatening to appeal to the king, had ordered her feet to be shod with iron plates nailed to the soles; and then insultingly told her that she was thus armed against the rough roads. The widow, however, found means to send her story to James, who seized the savage, with twelve of his associates, whom he shod with iron, in a similar manner, and having exposed them for several days in Edinburgh, gave them over to the executioner.

While a prisoner in Windsor Castle, James had seen and admired the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. Few royal attachments have been so romantic and so happy. His poem entitled the Quair,* in which he pathetically laments his captivity, was devoted to the celebration of this lady; whom he obtained at last in marriage, together with his liberty, as Henry conceived that his union with the granddaughter of the Duke of Lancaster might bind the Scottish monarch to the interests of England.

James perished by assassination, in the forty-second year of his age, leaving behind him the example of a patriot king, and of a man of genius universally accomplished.

THE KING THUS DESCRIBES THE APPEARANCE OF HIS MISTRESS, WHEN HE FIRST SAW HER FROM A WINDOW OF HIS PRISON AT WINDSOR.

FROM CANTO II. OF THE QUAIR.†

X.

The longè dayès and the nightès eke,
I would bewail my fortune in this wise,
For which, again[a] distress comfort to seek,
My custom was, on mornès, for to rise
Early as day: O happy exercise!
By thee came I to joy out of tormènt;
But now to purpose of my first intent.

XI.

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe begone;
And to the window gan I walk in hye,[b]
To see the world and folk that went forby;
As for the time (though I of mirthis food
Might have no more) to look it did me good.

XII.

Now was there made fast by the touris wall
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane herbere[c] green; with wandis long and small
Railed about and so with treeis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was none [a] walking there forby
That might within scarce any wight espy. . . .

XIV.

And on the smallè greenè twistis sat
The little sweetè nightingale, and sung,
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrate
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,[d]
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song; and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text.

XV.

Worshippe, O ye that lovers bene, this May!
For of your bliss the calends are begun;
And sing with us, "Away! winter away!
Come summer come, the sweet season and sun;
Awake for shame that have your heavens won;
And amorously lift up your headès all
Thank love that list you to his mercy call." . . .

XXI.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Ful secretly new comyn to her pleyne,[e]
The fairest and the frest youngè flower
That ever I saw (methought) before that hour:
For which sudden abate[f] anon asterte[g]
The blood of all my body to my heart. . . .

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* Quair is the old Scotch word for a book.

† In George Chalmers' reprint of the Quair (8vo, 1824), there is no division into cantos.—C.

[a] Against.—[b] Haste.—[c] Herbary, or garden of simples.—[d] Promiscuously.—[e] Sport. In Chalmers it is:—new cumyn her to pleyne, which he explains "coming forth to petition." (C.)—[f] An unexpected accident. Chalmers says "depression of mind." (C.)—[g] Started back.

XXVII.

Of her array the form gif[h] I shall write,
Toward her golden hair, and rich attire,
In fret wise couched with pearlis white,
And greatè balas[i] lemyng[k] as the fire;
With many an emeraut and faire sapphire,
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumys parted red, and white, and blue. . . .

XXIX.

About her neck, white as the fyre amaille,[l]
A goodly chain of small orfevyrie,[m]
Whereby there hang a ruby without fail
Like to ane heart yshapen verily,
That as a spark of lowe[n] so wantonly
Seemèd burnyng upon her whitè throat;
Now gif there was good perdè God it wrote.

[h] If.—[i] Rubies.—[k] Burning.—[l] Mr. Ellis conjectures that this is an error for *fair enail*, i. e. enamel.

XXX.

And for to walk that freshè Maye's morrow,
An hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen toforrow,[o]
As I suppose, and girt she was a lyte[p]
Thus halfling[q] loose for haste; to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihead,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

XXXI.

In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature:
(God better wote than my pen can report)
Wisdom, largess estate and cunning sure, . . .
In word, in deed, in shape and countenance,
That nature might no more her childe avance.

[m] Goldsmith's work.—[n] Fire.—[o] Heretofore.—[p] A little.—[q] Half.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

[Born, 1425. Died, 1495.]

NOTHING is known of the life of Henrysone, but that he was a schoolmaster at Dunfermline. Lord Hailes supposes his office to have been preceptor of youth in the Benedictine convent of that place. Besides a continuation of Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, he wrote a number of fables, of which MS. copies are preserved in the Scotch Advocates' Library.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

A BALLAD.

I.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,[r]
Keipand a flock of fie:[s]
Mirry Makyne said him till,[t]
Robene thou rew on me:[u]
I haif thè luvit, lowd and still[v]
This yieris two or thrè;[w]
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,[x]
Doubtless bot dreid I die.[y]

II.

He. Robene answerit, be the rude,[z]
Nathing of lufe I knaw;[a]
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,[b]
Lo quhair they raik on raw.[c]
Quhat has marrit thè in thy mude,[d]
Makyne to me thow schaw?[e]
Or what is luve, or to be lu'ed,[f]
Fain wald I leir that law.[g]

III.

She. At luvis leir gif thow will leir,[h]
Take thair an A, B, C,[i]
Be kind, courtas, and fair of feir,[j]
Wyse, hardy, and frè.[k]
Sè that no danger do thè deir,[l]
Quhat dule in dern thow drie,[m]
Preiss thè with pane at all poweir,[n]
Be patient, and previe.[o]

IV.

He. Robene answerit her agane,[p]
I wait not quhat is luve,[q]
But I half marvell, in certaine,[r]
Quhat makis thè this wanrufe.[s]
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,[t]
My scheip gois haill aboif,[u]
An we wald play us in this plane[v]
They wald us baith reproif.[w]

V.

She. Robene take tent unto my tale,[x]
And wirk all as I reid,[y]
And thow sall haif my hart all haile[z]
Eik and my maidenheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill,[a]
And for murning remeid,[b]
I dern with thè, but gif I daill,[c]
Doubtless I am bot dead.[d]

I. [r] Robene sat on a good green hill.—[s] Keeping a flock of cattle.—[t] Merry Makyne said to him.—[u] Robene, take pity on me.—[v] I have loved thee openly and secretly.—[w] These years two or three.—[x] My sorrow, in secret, unless thou share.—[y] Undoubtedly I shall die.

II. [z] Robene answered, by the rood.—[a] Nothing of love I know.—[b] But keep my sheep under yon wood.—[c] Lo where they range in a row.—[d] What has marred thee in thy mood.—[e] Makyne, show thou to me.—[f] Or what is love or to be loved.—[g] Fain would I learn that law (of love).

III. [h] At the lore of love if thou wilt learn.—[i] Take there an A. B. C.—[j] Be kind, courteous, and fair of aspect or feature.—[k] Wise, hardy, and free.—[l] See that no danger daunt thee.—[m] Whatever sorrow in secret thou sufferest.—[n] Exert thyself with pains to thy utmost power.—[o] Be patient and privy.

IV. [p] Robene answered her again.—[q] I wot not what is love.—[r] But I (have) wonder, certainly.—[s] What makes thee thus melancholy.—[t] The weather is fair, and I am glad.—[u] My sheep go healthful above (or in the uplands).—[v] If we should play in this plain.—[w] They would reprove us both.

V. [x] Robene, take heed unto my tale.—[y] And do all as I advise.—[z] And thou shalt have my heart entirely.—

VI.

He. Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,[a]
And ye will meit me heir;[f]
Peradventure my scheip may gang besyde,[g]
Quhill we half liggit full neir,[h]
Both maugre haif I, an I byde,
Fra they begin to steir,
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,
Makyne then mak gud cheir.

VII.

She. Robene thou reivis me roif* and rest,[i]
I luve but thè alone,[j]
He. Makyne adew! the sone gois west,[k]
The day is neirhand gone.[l]
She. Robene, in dule I am so drest,[m]
That luve will be my bone.[n]
He. Ga luve, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,[o]
For leman I lue none.[p]

VIII.

She. Robene, I stand in sic a style,[q]
I sicht, and that full sair.[r]
He. Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhile,[s]
At hame God gif I wair.[t]
She. My hinny Robene, talk ane quhyle:[u]
Gif thou wilt do na mair.[v]
He. Makyne, sum other man begyle;[w]
or hamewart I will fair.[x]

IX.

Robene on his wayis went,[y]
As licht as leif of trè:[z]
Makyne murnit in her intent,[a]
And trow'd him nevir to sè,[b]
Robene brayd attour the bent,[c]
Than Makyne cryit on hie,[d]
Now ma thow sing, for I am schent,[e]
Quhat alis lufe with me.[f]

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,[g]
Full werry after couth weip,[h]
Than Robene in a full fair daill,†
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail,[i]
Ourthrow his hairt cowd creip,[j]
He followit hir fast thair till assaill,[k]
And till hir tuke gude keep.[l]

XI.

He. Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,[m]
A word for any thing;[n]
For all my luve it shall be thine,[o]
Withouttin departing.[p]
All thy hairt for till have myne,[q]
Is all my cuvating,[r]
My scheip, to morne, quhyle houris nyne[s]
Will need of no kepin'g.[t]

XII.

For of my pane thow made it play,[u]
And all in vain I spend,‡
As thow hes done, sa sall I say,[v]
Murne on, I think to mend.[w]

XV.

He. Makyne the howp of all my heill,[x]
My hairt on thè is sett;[y]
And evir mair to thè be leill,[z]
Quhile I may leif, but lett.[a]
Never to faill, as utheris faill,[b]
Quhat grace that evir I get.[c]
She. Robene, with thè I will not deill,[d]
Adew! for thus we mett.[e]

XVI.

Makyne went hame blythe aneuche,[f]
Attoure the holtis hair;[g]
Robene murnit, and Makyne leuch,[h]
Scho sang, he sichit sair.[i]
And so left him baith wo and wreuch,[j]
In dolour and in cair,[k]
Kepand his hird under a heuch,[l]
Amang the holtis hair.[m]

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[a] Since God sends good for evil.—[b] And for mourning consolation.—[c] I am now in secret with thee, but if I separate.—[d] Doubtless I shall die (broken-hearted).

VI. [e] Makyne, to-morrow this very time.—[f] If ye will meet here.—[g] Perhaps my sheep may go aside.—[h] Until we have lain near.

VII. [i] Robene, thou robbest my quiet and rest.—[j] I but thee alone.—[k] Makyne, adieu, the sun goes west.—[l] The day is nearly gone.—[m] Robene, in sorrow I am so beset.—[n] That love will be my bane.—[o] Go love, Makyne, where thou wilt.—[p] For sweetheart I love none.

VIII. [q] Robene, I am in such a state.—[r] I sigh, and that full sore.—[s] Makyne, I have been here some time.—[t] At home God grant I were.—[u] My sweet Robene, talk a while.—[v] If thou wilt do no more.—[w] Makyne, some other man beguile.—[x] For homeward I will fare.

IX. [y] Robene on his way went.—[z] As light as leaf of tree.—[a] Makyne mourned in her thoughts.—[b] And thought him never to see.—[c] Robene went over the hill.—[d] Then Makyne cried on high.—[e] Now you may sing, I am destroyed.—[f] What ails, love, with me?

X. [g] Makyne went home without fail.—[h] Full‖ after she would weep.—[i] By that (time) some of Makyne's sorrow.—[j] Crept through his heart.—[k] He followed fast to lay hold of her.—[l] And held good watch of her.

XI. [m] Abide, abide, thou fair Makyne.—[n] A word for any thing's (sake).—[o] For all my love shall be thine.—[p] Without departing.—[q] To have thy heart all mine.—[r] Is all that I covet.—[s] My sheep to-morrow, till nine.—[t] Will need no keeping.

XII. [u] For you made game of my pain.—[v] I shall say like you.—[w] Mourn on, I think to do better (than be in love).

XV. [x] Makyne, the hope of all my health.—[y] My heart is on thee set.—[z] And (I) shall ever more be true to thee.—[a] While I may live, without ceasing.—[b] Never to fail as others fail.—[c] Whatever favour I obtain.—[d] Robene, with thee I will not deal.—[e] Adieu! for thus we met.

XVI. [f] Makyne went home blythe enough.—[g] Over the hoary woodlands‖—[h] Robene mourn'd, and Makyne laughed.—[i] She sang, he sighed sore.—[j] And so left him woful and overcome.—[k] In dolour and care.—[l] Keeping his herd under a cliff.—[m] Among the hoary hillocks.¶

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* Pinkerton absurdly makes this word *roiss*; it is *roif* in the Bannatyne MS.

† The line "Than Robene in a full fair daill," may either mean that he assembled his sheep in a fair full number, or in a fair piece of low ground; the former is the more probable meaning.

‡ *Spend*, if it be not a corruption of the text, is apparently the imperfect of a verb; but I cannot find in any glossary, or even in Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, the verb to which it may be traced so as to make sense. I suppose the meaning is "there was a time when I vainly made love to thee."

‖ The word *werry* I am unable to explain.

¶ *Vide* Jamieson's Dictionary, *voc.* HAIR. The words *holtis hair* have been differently explained.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

[Born 1460? Died 1530?]

THE little that is known of Dunbar has been gleaned from the complaints in his own poetry, and from the abuse of his contemporary Kennedy, which is chiefly directed against his poverty. From the colophon of one of his poems, dated at Oxford, it has been suggested, as a conjecture, that he studied at that university.* By his own account, he travelled through France and England as a novice of the Franciscan order; and, in that capacity, confesses that he was guilty of sins, probably professional frauds, from the stain of which the holy water could not cleanse him. On his return to Scotland he commemorated the nuptials of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, in his poem of the Thistle and Rose; but we find that James turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances for a benefice, and that the queen exerted her influence in his behalf ineffectually.† Yet, from the verses on his dancing in the queen's chamber, it appears that he was received at court on familiar terms.

THE DAUNCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS THROUGH HELL.

I.

Of Februar the fiftene nycht,[a]
Full lang befoir the dayis licht,[b]
I lay intill[c] a trance;
And then I saw baith[d] Hevin and Hell;
Methocht amang the fiendis[e] fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane Dance,[f]
Of shrewis that were never shrevin,[g]
Against the feast of Fasternis evin,[h]
To mak their observance:[i]
He bad gallands ga graith a gyis,[j]
And cast up gamountis in the skies,[k]
As varlotis dois in France. . . .

II.

Heillie harlottis on hawtane wyis,[l]
Come in with mony sindrie gyis,[m]
Bot yet leuch never Mahoun,[n]
Quhill priestis come in with bair schevin nekks,[o]
Then all the feynds lewche and made gekks,[p]
Black-Belly and Bawsy-Broun.[q] . . .

III.

Let's see, quoth he, now quha begins:[r]
With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Sins,[s]
Begowth to leip at anis.[t]
And first of all in dance was Pryd,
With hair wyld bak, and bonet on side,[u]
Like to mak vaistie wainis;[v]
And round about him, as a quheill,[w]
Hang all in rumpilis to the heill,[x]
His kethat for the nanis.[y]
Mony proud trompour with him trippit,[z]
Throw skaldan fyre ay as they skippit,[a]
They girnd with hyddous granis.[b]

IV.

Then Ire cam in with sturt and strife,[c]
His hand was ay upon his knyfe,
He brandeist lyk a beir;
Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,[d]
After him passit into pairis,[e]
All bodin in feir of weir.[f]
In jakkis scryppis and bonnettis of steil,[g]
Thair legges were chenyiet to the heill,[h]
Frawart was thair affeir,[i]
Sum upon uder with brands beft,[j]
Some jaggit uthers to the heft[k]
With knyves that scherp coud scheir.[l]

V.

Next in the dance followit Invy,[m]
Fild full of feid and fellony,[n]
Hid malice and dispyte,

I. [a] The fifteenth night.—[b] Before the day-light.—[c] I lay in a trance.—[d] And then I saw both heaven and hell.—[e] Methought among the fell fiends.—[f] The devil made proclaim a dance.—[g] Of sinners that were never shriven.—[h] The evening preceding Lent. [i] To make their observance.—[j] He bade (his) gallants to prepare a masque.—[k] And cast up dances in the skies.

II. [l] Holy harlots in haughty guise.—[m] Came in with many sundry masks.—[n] But yet Satan never laughed.—[o] While priests came with their bare shaven necks.—[p] Then all the fiends laughed and made signs of derision.—[q] Names of spirits.

III. [r] Let's see, quoth he, now who begins.—[s] With that the foul seven deadly sins.—[t] Began to leap at once.—[u] With hair combed back (and) bonnet to one side.—[v] Likely to make wasteful wants.—[w] Like a wheel.—[x] Hung all the rumples to the heel.—[y] His cassock for the nonce.—[z] Many a proud impostor with him tripped.—[a] Through scalding fire as they skipt.—[b] They grinned with hideous groans.

IV. [c] Then Ire came with trouble and strife.—[d] Boasters, braggarts, and bullies.—[e] After him passed in pairs.—[f] All arrayed in feature of war.—[g] In coats of armour and bonnets of steel.—[h] Their legs were chained to the heel. (*Probably it means covered with iron net-work*).—[i] Froward was their aspect.—[j] Some struck upon others with brands.—[k] Some stuck others to the hilt.—[l] With knives that sharply could mangle.

V. [m] Followed Envy.—[n] Filled full of quarrel and felony.

* Dunbar in 1477 was entered among the Determinantes, or Bachelors of Arts, at Salvator's College, St. Andrew's, and in 1479 he took his degree there of Master of Arts. (See Laing's Dunbar, vol. i. p. 9. That he studied at Oxford at any time is highly improbable.—C.

† In 1500 he received a yearly pension of ten pounds from king James, "to be pait to him for al the dais of his life, or quhil he be promovit be our Souerane Lord to a benefice of xl li. or aboue." The pension was raised to xx li. in 1507, and to lxxx li. in 1510, the latter to be paid till such time as he should receive a benefice of one hundred pounds or upwards.—C.

For privy hatrent that tratour trymlit;[o]
Him followit mony freik dissymlit,[p]
With fenyiet wordis quhyte.[q]
And flattereris into menis faces,[r]
And backbyteris in secreit placis[s]
To ley that had delyte,[t]
And rownaris of false lesingis;[u]
Allace, that courtis of noble kingis[v]
Of thame can nevir be quyte.[w]

VI.

Next him in Dance cam Cuvatyce,[x]
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,[y]
That nevir cowd be content,
Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,[z]
Hùd-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,[a]
All with that warlo went.[b]
Out of thair throttis they shot on udder[c]
Het moltin gold, methocht, a fudder,[d]
As fyre flaucht maist fervènt;[e]
Ay as they tumit thame of schot,[f]
Feynds fild them new up to the throtl
With gold of allkin prent.[g]

VII.

Syne Sweirness at the second bidding[h]
Com lyk a sow out of a midding,[i]
Full slepy wes his grunyie.[j]
Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddroun,[k]
Mony slute daw and slepy duddroun,[l]
Him servit ay with sounyie.[m]
He drew thame furth intill a chenyie,[n]
And Belial with a brydill rennyie.[o]
Ever lascht thame on the lunyie.[p]
In Dance they war so slaw of feit,[q]
They gaif them in the fyre a heit,[r]
And maid theme quicker of counyie.[s]

VIII.

Than Lichery, that lathly corss,[t]
Came berand lyk a bagit horse,[u]
And Idleness did him leid;[v]
Thair wes with him ane ugly sort[w]
And mony stinkand fowll tramòrt
That had in sin bene deid.[x]
Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,[y]
They wer full strange of countenance,
Lyk tortchis byrnand reid.[z] . . . .

IX.

Than the fowll monstir Glutteny,
Of wame unsasiable and gredy,[a]
To Dance he did him dress;[b]
Him followit mony fowll drunckhàrt[c]
With can and collep, cop and quart,[d]
In surfeit and excess.
Full mony a waistless wally drag,[e]
With waimis unwieldable did furth drag,[f]
In creisch that did incress;[g]
Drynk, ay they cryit, with mony a gaip,
The Feynds gaif thame het leid to laip,[h]
Their levcray wes na less.[i] . . . .

X.

Na menstrals playit to thame but dowt,[j]
For glémen thair wer haldin out,[k]
By day and eke by nicht,[l]
Except a menstrall that slew a man;[m]
Swa till his heretage he wan[n]
And enterit be brief of richt.[o] . . . .

XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane,[p]
Syn ran a Feynd to fetch Mac Fadyane,[q]
Far northwart in a nuke,[r]
Be he the Correnoch had done schout,[s]
Ersche-men so gadderit him about[t]
In hell grit rume they tuke:
Thae termegantis, with tag and tatter,
Full lowd in Ersche begowd to clatter,
And rowp like revin and ruke.[u]
The devil sa devit was with thair yell,[v]
That in the depest pot of hell
He smùrit thame with smuke.[w]

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[o] For privy hatred that traitor trembled.—[p] Him followed many a dissembling renegado.—[q] With feigned words fair, or white.—[r] And flatterers to men's faces.—[s] And backbiters in secret places.—[t] To lie that had delight.—[u] And spreaders of false lies.—[v] Alas that courts of noble kings.—[w] Of them can never be rid.

VI. [x] Covetousness.—[y] Root of all evil and ground of vice.—[z] Caitiffs, wretches, and usurers.—[a] Misers, hoarders, and gatherers.—[b] All with that *barlock* or male fiend went.—[c] Out of their throats they shot on (each) other.—[d] Hot molten gold, methought, a vast quantity.—[e] Like fire flakes most fervid.—[f] Aye as they emptied themselves of shot.—[g] With gold of all kind of coin.

VII. [h] Then Sloth at a second bidding.—[i] Came like a sow from a dunghill.—[j] Full sleepy was his grunt.—[k] Many a lasy glutton.—[l] Many a drowsy sleepy sluggard.—[m] Him served with care.—[n] He drew them forth in a chain.—[o] And Belial with a bridle-rein.—[p] Ever lashed them on the back.—[q] In dance they were so slow of feet.—[r] They gave them in the fire a heat.—[s] And made them quicker of apprehension.

VIII. [t] Then Lechery, that loathsome body.—[u] Rearing like a stallion.—[v] And Idleness did him lead.—[w] There was with him an ugly sort.—[x] That had been dead in sin.—[y] When they were entered in the dance.—[z] Like torches burning red.

IX. [a] Of womb insatiable and greedy.—[b] To dance then addressed himself.—[c] Him followed many a foul drunkard.—[d] Different names of drinking vessels.—[e] Full many a waistless sot.—[f] With bellies unwieldable did drag forth.—[g] In grease that did increase.—[h] The fiends gave them hot lead to lap.—[i] Their love of drinking was not the less.

X. [j] No minstrels without doubt.—[k] For gleemen there were kept out.—[l] By day and by night.—[m] Except a minstrel that slew a man.—[n] So till he won his inheritance.—[o] And entered by letter of right.

XI. [p] Then cried Satan for a highland pageant.—[q] The name of some highland laird. "I suppose," says Lord Hailes, "this name was chosen by the poet as one of the harshest that occurred to him."—[r] Far northward in a nook.—[s] By the time that he had raised the Correnoch or cry of help.—[t] Highlanders so gathered about him.—[u] And croaked like ravens and rooks.—[v] The devil was so deafened with their yell.—[w] He smothered them with smoke.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

[Born, 1490? Died, 1557.]

DAVID LYNDSAY, according to the conjecture of his latest editor,* was born in 1490. He was educated at St. Andrews, and leaving that university, probably about the age of nineteen, became the page and companion of James V. during the prince's childhood: not his tutor, as has been sometimes inaccurately stated. When the young king burst from the faction which had oppressed himself and his people, Lyndsay published his Dream, a poem on the miseries which Scotland had suffered during the minority. In 1530, the king appointed him Lyon King-at-Arms, and a grant of knighthood, as usual, accompanied the office. In that capacity he went several times abroad, and was one of those who were sent to demand a princess of the Imperial line for the Scottish sovereign. James having, however, changed his mind to a connection with France, and having at length fixed his choice on the Princess Magdalene, Lyndsay was sent to attend upon her to Scotland; but her death happening six weeks after her arrival, occasioned another poem from our author, entitled the "Deploracion." On the arrival of Mary of Guise, to supply her place, he superintended the ceremony of her triumphant entry into Edinburgh; and, blending the fancy of a poet with the godliness of a reformer, he so constructed the pageant, that a lady like an angel, who came out of an artificial cloud, exhorted her majesty to serve God, obey her husband, and keep her body pure, according to God's commandments.

On the 14th of December, 1542, Lyndsay witnessed the decease of James V., at his palace of Falkland, after a connection between them which had subsisted since the earliest days of the prince. If the death of James (as some of his biographers have asserted) occasioned our poet's banishment from court, it is certain that his retirement was not of long continuance; since he was sent, in 1543, by the Regent of Scotland, as Lyon King, to the Emperor of Germany. Before this period the principles of the Reformed religion had begun to take a general root in the minds of his countrymen; and Lyndsay, who had already written a drama in the style of the old moralities, with a view to ridicule the corruptions of the popish clergy, returned from the Continent to devote his pen and his personal influence to the cause of the new faith. In the parliaments which met at Edinburgh and Linlithgow, in 1544–45 and 46, he represented the county of Cupar in Fife; and in 1547, he is recorded among the champions of the Reformation, who counselled the ordination of John Knox.

The death of Cardinal Beaton drew from him a poem on the subject, entitled, a Tragedy, (the term tragedy was not then confined to the drama,) in which he has been charged with drawing together all the worst things that could be said of the murdered prelate. It is incumbent, however, on those who blame him for so doing, to prove that those worst things were not atrocious. Beaton's principal failing was a disposition to burn with fire those who opposed his ambition, or who differed from his creed; and if Lyndsay was malignant in exposing one tyrant, what a libeller must Tacitus be accounted!

His last embassy was to Denmark, in order to negotiate for a free trade with Scotland, and to solicit ships to protect the Scottish coasts against the English. It was not till after returning from this business that he published Squyre Meldrum, the last, and the liveliest of his works.

DESCRIPTION OF SQUYRE MELDRUM.

HE was bot[a] twintie yeiris[b] of age,
Quehen[c] he began his vassalage:
Proportionat weill, of mid stature:
Feirie[d] and wicht[e] and micht endure
Ovirset[f] with travell both nicht and day,
Richt hardie baith in ernist and play:
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And studet[g] weill ay in his ladies grace:
For he was wondir amiabill,
And in all deides honourabill;
And ay his honour did advance,
In Ingland first and syne[h] in France;
And thare his manheid did assail
Under the kingis great admirall,
Quhen the greit navy of Scotland
Passit to the sea againis Ingland.

HIS GALLANTRY TO AN IRISH DAMSEL.

And as they passit be Ireland coist[i]
The admirall gart land his oist;[j]
And set Craigfergus into fyre,
And saifit nouther barne nor byre:[k]
It was greit pitie for to heir,[l]
Of the pepill[m] the bail-full cheir;

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* Mr. G. Chalmers.

a But.—b Years.—c When.—d Courageous.—e Active.—f Could endure excessive fatigue.—g Stood.—h Then.—i Coast.—j Host, army.—k Cowhouse.—l Hear.—m People.

And how the landfolk were spuilyeit,[n]
Fair women under fute were fuilyeit.[o]
But this young Squyer bauld and wicht
Savit all women quhair[p] he micht;
All priestis and freyeris he did save;
Till at the last he did persave[q]
Behind ane gardin amiabill,[r]
Ane woman's voce[s] richt lamentabill;
And on that voce he followit fast,
Till he did see her at the last,
Spuilyeit,[t] nakit[u] as scho[v] was born;
Twa men of weir[w] were hir beforne,[x]
Quhilk[y] were richt cruel men and kene,
Partand[z] the spuilyie thame between.
Ane fairer woman nor sho wes[a]
He had not sene in onie[b] place.
Befoir[c] him on her kneis scho fell,
Sayand, "for him that heryeit[d] hell,
Help me sweit sir, I am ane maid;"
Than softlie to the men he said,
I pray yow give againe hir sark,[e]
And tak to yow all uther wark.
Hir kirtill was of scarlot reid,[f]
Of gold ane garland of hir heid,
Decorit[g] with enamelyne:
Belt and brochis of silver fyne.
Of yellow taftais[h] wes hir sark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark,
Richt craftilie with gold and silk.
Than, said the ladie, quhyte[i] as milk,
Except my sark nothing I crave,
Let thame go hence with all the lave.
Quod they to hir be Sanct Fillane
Of this ye get nathing agane.
Than, said the squyer courteslie,
Gude friendis I pray you hartfullie,
Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
Restoir[j] to hir agane hir geir;
Or be greit God that all has wrocht,[k]
That spuilyie sall be full dere bocht.[l]
Quod[m] they to him we thé defy,
And drew their swordis hastily,
And straik at him with sa greit ire,
That from his harness flew the fyre:
With duntis[n] sa derfly[o] on him dang,[p]
That he was never in sic ane thrang:[q]
Bot he him manfullie defendit,
Ane with ane bolt on thame he bendit. . . . .
And when he saw thay wer baith slane.
He to that ladie past agane:
Quhare scho stude nakit on the bent,[r]
And said, tak your abuzlement.[s]
And scho him thankit full humillie,
And put hir claithis on speedilie.
Than kissit he that ladie fair,
And tuik[t] his leif of hir but mair.[u]
Be that the taburne and trumpet blew,
And every man to shipburd drew. . . . .

[n] Spoilt.—[o] Abused.—[p] Where.—[q] Perceive.—[r] Beautiful.—[s] Voice.—[t] Spoiled.—[u] Naked.—[v] She.—[w] War.—[x] Before.—[y] Who.—[z] Parting.—[a] Than she was.—[b] Any.—[c] Before.—[d] Means for him, viz. Christ, who conquered or plundered hell.—[e] Shift.—[f] Red.—[g] Adorned.—[h] Mr. Chalmers omits explaining this word in his glossary to Lyndsay. [The meaning is plain enough: her sark or shirt was of yellow taffeta.—C.]—[i] White.—[j] Restore.—[k] Wrought.—[l] Bought.—[m] Quoth.—[n] Strokes.

MELDRUM'S DUEL WITH THE ENGLISH CHAMPION TALBART . . . . . .

Then clariouns and trumpets blew,
And weiriours[v] many hither drew;
On eviry side come[w] mony man
To behald wha the battel wan.
The field was in the meadow green,
Quhare everie man micht weil be seen;
The heraldis put tham sa in order
That na man past within the border,
Nor preissit[x] to com within the green,
Bot heraldis and the campiouns keen;
The order and the circumstance
Wer lang to put in remembrance.
Quhen thir twa nobill men of weir
Wer weill accouterit in their geir,
And in thair handis strong burdounis,[y]
Than trumpettis blew and clariounis,
And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
Now let thame go—God shaw[z] the richt. . . . .
Than trumpettis blew triumphantly,
And thay twa campiouns eagerlie,
They spurrit their hors with speir on breist,
Pertly to prief[a] their pith they preist.[b]
That round rink-room[c] was at utterance,
Bot Talbart's hors with ane mischance
He outterit,[d] and to run was laith;[e]
Quharof Talbart was wonder wraith.[f]
The Squyer furth his rink[g] he ran,
Commendit weill with every man,
And him discharget of his speir
Honestile, like ane man of weir. . . . .
The trenchour[h] of the Squyreis speir
Stak still into Sir Talbart's geir;
Than everie man into that steid[i]
Did all beleve that he was dede.
The Squyer lap richt haistillie
From his coursour[j] deliverlie,
And to Sir Talbart made support,
And humillie[k] did him comfort.
When Talbart saw into his schield
Ane otter in ane silver field,
This race, said he, I sair may rew.
For I see weill my dreame was true;
Methocht yon otter gart[l] me bleid,
And buir[m] me backwart from my sted;
But heir I vow to God soverane,
That I sall never just[n] agane.
And sweitlie to the Squiyre said,
Thou knawis[o] the cunning[p] that we made,
Quhilk[q] of us twa suld tyne[r] the field,
He suld baith hors and armour yield
Till him[s] that wan, quhairfore I will
My hors and harness geve thé till.
Then said the Squyer, courteouslie,
Brother, I thank you hartfullie;
Of you, forsooth, nothing I crave,
For I have gotten that I would have.

[o] Strongly.—[p] Drove.—[q] Throng, trouble.—[r] Grass, or field.—[s] Dress, clothing.—[t] Took his leave.—[u] Without more ado.—[v] Warriors.—[w] Came.—[x] Pressed.—[y] Spears.—[z] Show.—[a] Prove.—[b] Tried.—[c] Course-room.—[d] Swerved from the course.—[e] Loth.—[f] Wroth.—[g] Course.—[h] Head of the spear.—[i] In that situation.—[j] Courser.—[k] Humbly.—[l] Made.—[m] Bore.—[n] Joust.—[o] Thou knowest.—[p] Agreement or understanding.—[q] Which.—[r] Lose.—[s] To him.

SQUYER MELDRUM, AFTER MANY FOREIGN EXPLOITS, COMES HOME AND HAS THE FOLLOWING LOVE-ADVENTURE.

Out throw the land then sprang the fame,
That Squyer Meldrum was come hame.
Quhen they heard tell how he debaitit,[t]
With every man he was sa treitet,[u]
That quhen he travellit throw the land,
They bankettit[v] him fra hand to hand
With greit solace, till, at the last,
Out throw Stratherne the Squyer past.
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane castell he gat ane sicht,
Beside ane montane in ane vale,
And then eftir his greit travaill[w]
He purposit him to repoise[x]
Quhare ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant pleasand place
Ane lustie lady[y] was maistrés,
Quhais[z] lord was dead schort time befoir,
Quhairthrow her dolour wes the moir;
Bot yit scho tuik some comforting,
To heir the plesant dulce talking
Of this young Squiyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in France.
This Squyer and the ladie gent[a]
Did wesche, and then to supper went:
During that nicht there was nocht ellis[b]
But for to heir of his novellis.[c]
Enéas, quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not Quene Dido greiter joy: . . . .
The wonderis that he did rehers,
Were langsum for to put in vers,
Of quhilk this lady did rejois:
They drank and syne[d] went to repois,
He found his chalmer[e] well arrayit
With dornik[f] work on bord displayit:
Of venison he had his waill,[g]
Gude aquavitae, wyne, and aill,
With nobill confeittis, bran, and geill[h]
And swa the Squyer fuir[i] richt weill.
Sa to heir mair of his narration,
The ladie cam to his collation,
Sayand he was richt welcum hame,
Grand-mercie, then, quod he, Madame!
They past the time with ches and tabill,
For he to everie game was abill.
Than unto bed drew everie wicht;
To chalmer went this ladie bricht;
The quilk this Squyer did convoy,
Syne till his bed he went with joy.
That nicht he sleepit[j] never ane wink,
But still did on the ladie think.
Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
Did piers him sa throwout the hart,
Sa all that nicht he did but murnit—
Sum tyme sat up, and sum tyme turnit—
Sichand,[k] with mony gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane,
Sayand,[l] fair ladie, what may this mene,
I was ane free man lait[m] yestreen,
And now ane cative bound and thrall,
For ane that I think flowr of all.
I pray to God sen scho knew my mynd,
How for hir saik I am sa pynd:
Wald God I had been yit in France,
Or I had hapnit sic mischance;
To be subject or serviture
Till ane quhilk takes of me na cure.
This ladie ludgit[n] nearhand by,
And hard the Squyer prively,
With dreidful hart makand his mane,
With monie careful gant and grane;[o]
Hir hart fulfillit with pitie,
Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie,
And said, howbeit I suld be slane,
He sall have lufe for lufe agayne:
Wald God I micht, with my honour,
Have him to be my paramour.
This was the merrie tyme of May,
Quhen this fair ladie, freshe and gay,
Start up to take the hailsum[p] air,
With pantouns[q] on her feit ane pair,
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phoebus' uprysing:
Kirtill alone, withouten clok,
And saw the Squyers door unlok.
She slippit in or evir he wist,
And feynitlie[r] past till ane kist,
And with hir keys oppenit the lokkis,
And made[s] hir to take furth ane boxe,
Bot that was not hir errand thare:
With that this lustie young Squyar
Saw this ladie so pleasantile
Com to his chalmer quyetlie,
In kirtill of fyne damais brown,
Hir golden tresses hingand[t] doun;
Hir pappis were hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behold was greit deleit;
Lyke the quhyte lillie was her lyre;[u]
Hir hair wes like the reid gold weir;
Hèr schankis quhyte, withouten hois,[v]
Quhareat the Squyar did rejois,
And said, then, now vailye quod vailye,[w]
Upon the ladie thow mak ane sailye.
Hir courtlyke kirtill was unlaist,
And sone into his armis hir braist. . . . .

[t] Fought.—[u] Entertained.—[v] Feasted.—[w] Toil.—[x] Repose.—[y] Handsome, pleasant.—[z] Whose.—[a] Neat, pretty.—[b] Else.—[c] News.—[d] Then.—[e] Chamber.—[f] Napery.—[g] Choice.—[h] Jelly.—[i] Fared.—[j] Slept.

[k] Sighing.—[l] Saying.—[m] Late.—[n] Lodged.—[o] Groan.—[p] Wholesome.—[q] Slippers.—[r] Feigningly.—[s] Pretended.—[t] Hanging.—[u] Throat.—[v] Hose, stockings.—[w] Happen what may.

SIR THOMAS WYAT,

[Born, 1503. Died, Oct. 1542.]

CALLED the Elder, to distinguish him from his son, who suffered in the reign of Queen Mary, was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, in 1503, and was educated at Cambridge. He married early in life, and was still earlier distinguished at the court of Henry VIII. with whom his interest and favour were so great as to be proverbial. His person was majestic and beautiful, his visage (according to Surrey's interesting description) was "stern and mild:" he sung and played the lute with remarkable sweetness, spoke foreign languages with grace and fluency, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit. At the death of Wolsey he could not be more than nineteen; yet he is said to have contributed to that minister's downfall by a humorous story, and to have promoted the reformation by a seasonable jest. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn he officiated for his father as ewerer, and possibly witnessed the ceremony not with the most festive emotions, as there is reason to suspect that he was secretly attached to the royal bride. When the tragic end of that princess was approaching, one of the calumnies circulated against her was that Sir Thomas Wyat had confessed having had an illicit intimacy with her. The scandal was certainly false; but that it arose from a tender partiality really believed to exist between them seems to be no overstrained conjecture. His poetical mistress's name is Anna: and in one of his sonnets he complains of being obliged to desist from the pursuit of a beloved object, on account of its being the king's. The perusal of his poetry was one of the unfortunate queen's last consolations in prison. A tradition of Wyat's attachment to her was long preserved in his family. She retained his sister to the last about her person; and as she was about to lay her head on the block, gave her weeping attendant a small prayer-book, as a token of remembrance, with a smile of which the sweetness was not effaced by the horrors of approaching death. Wyat's favour at court, however, continued undiminished; and notwithstanding a quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk, which occasioned his being committed to the Tower, he was, immediately on his liberation, appointed to a command under the Duke of Norfolk, in the army that was to act against the rebels. He was also knighted, and, in the following year, made high-sheriff of Kent.

When the Emperor Charles the Fifth, after the death of Anne Boleyn, apparently forgetting the disgrace of his aunt in the sacrifice of her successor, showed a more conciliatory disposition towards England, Wyat was, in 1537, selected to go as ambassador to the Spanish court. His situation there was rendered exceedingly difficult, by the mutual insincerity of the negotiating powers, and by his religion, which exposed him to prejudice, and even at one time to danger from the Inquisition. He had to invest Henry's bullying remonstrances with the graces of moderate diplomacy, and to keep terms with a bigoted court while he questioned the Pope's supremacy. In spite of those obstacles, the dignity and discernment of Wyat gave him such weight in negotiation, that he succeeded in expelling from Spain his master's most dreaded enemy, Cardinal Pole, who was so ill received at Madrid that the haughty legate quitted it with indignation. The records of his different embassies exhibit not only personal activity in following the Emperor Charles to his most important interviews with Francis, but sagacity in foreseeing consequences, and in giving advice to his own sovereign. Neither the dark policy, nor the immovable countenance of Charles, eluded his penetration. When the Emperor, on the death of Lady Jane Seymour, offered the King of England the Duchess of Milan in marriage, Henry's avidity caught at the offer of her duchy, and Heynes and Bonner were sent out to Spain as special commissioners on the business; but it fell off, as Wyat had predicted, from the Spanish monarch's insincerity.

Bonner, who had done no good to the English mission, and who had felt himself lowered at the Spanish court by the superior ascendancy of Wyat, on his return home sought to indemnify himself for the mortification, by calumniating his late colleague. In order to answer those calumnies, Wyat was obliged to obtain his recall from Spain; and Bonner's charges, on being investigated, fell to the ground. But the Emperor's journey through France having raised another crisis of expectation, Wyat was sent out once more to watch the motions of Charles, and to fathom his designs. At Blois he had an interview with Francis, and another with the Emperor, whose friendship for the king of France he pronounced, from all that he observed, to be insincere. "He is constrained (said the English ambassador) to come to a show of friendship, meaning to make him a mockery when he has done." When events are made familiar to us by history, we are perhaps disposed to undervalue the wisdom that foretold them; but this much is clear, that if Charles's rival had been as wise as Sir Thomas Wyat, the Emperor would not have made a mockery of Francis. Wyat's advice to his own sovereign at this period was to support the Duke of Cleves, and to ingratiate himself with the German protestant princes. His zeal was praised: but the advice, though sanctioned by Cromwell, was not followed by Henry. Warned probably, at last, of the approaching downfall of Cromwell, he obtained his final recall from Spain. On his return, Bonner had sufficient interest to

get him committed to the Tower, where he was harshly treated and unfairly tried, but was nevertheless most honourably acquitted; and Henry, satisfied of his innocence, made him considerable donations of land. Leland informs us, that about this time he had the command of a ship of war. The sea service was not then, as it is now, a distinct profession.

Much of his time, however, after his return to England, must be supposed, from his writings, to have been spent at his paternal seat of Allington, in study and rural amusements. From that pleasant retreat he was summoned, in the autumn of 1542, by order of the king, to meet the Spanish ambassador, who had landed at Falmouth, and to conduct him from thence to London. In his zeal to perform this duty he accidentally overheated himself with riding, and was seized, at Sherborne with a malignant fever, which carried him off, after a few days' illness, in his thirty-ninth year.

ODE.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough Love's shot,
By whom, unkind! thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest payne.
Think not alone under the sun,
Unquit the cause thy lovers plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun;
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

FROM HIS SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

FROM THE SAME.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

Tagus, farewell! that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried;
For I, with spur and sail, go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun that showeth her wealthy pride;
And to the town which Brutus sought by dreams,
Like bended moon, doth lend her lusty side.
My king, my country, I seek for whom I live,
Of mighty Jove the winds for this me give.

FROM HIS ODES.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus!
That hath loved thee so long?
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart,
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee;
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

Deem as ye list upon good cause,
I may or think of this or that;
But what or why myself best knows,
Whereby I think and fear not.
But thereunto I may well think
The doubtful sentence of this clause;
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

For if I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it grieved me not;
Unto my thought it were as thô
I hearkened though I hear not.
At that I see I cannot wink,
Nor from my thought so let it go:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

Lo! how my thought might make me free,
Of that perchance it needs not:
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;
I shrink at that I bear not.
But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof may better be:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

If it be not, show no cause why
I should so think, then care I not;
For I shall so myself apply
To be that I appear not.
That is, as one that shall not shrink
To be your own until I die;
And if that be not as I think,
Likewise to think it is not.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not!—Oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this!

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

[Born, 1516. Died, 1547.]

Walpole, Ellis, and Warton, gravely inform us that Lord Surrey contributed to the victory of Flodden, a victory which was gained before Lord Surrey was born. The mistakes of such writers may teach charity to criticism. Dr. Nott, who has cleared away much fable and anachronism from the noble poet's biography, supposes that he was born in or about the year 1516, and that he was educated at Cambridge, of which university he was afterwards elected high steward. At the early age of sixteen he was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter to John Earl of Oxford. The Duke of Richmond was afterwards affianced to Surrey's sister. It was customary, in those times, to delay, frequently for years, the consummations of such juvenile matches; and the writer of Lord Surrey's life, already mentioned, gives reasons for supposing that the poet's residence at Windsor, and his intimate friendship with Richmond, so tenderly recorded in his verses, took place, not in their absolute childhood, as has been generally imagined, but immediately after their being contracted to their respective brides. If this was the case, the poet's allusion to

> The secret groves which oft we made resound
> Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise.

may be charitably understood as only recording the aspirations of their conjugal impatience.

Surrey's marriage was consummated in 1535. In the subsequent year he sat with his father, as Earl Marshal, on the trial of his kinswoman Anne Boleyn. Of the impression which that event made upon his mind, there is no trace to be found either in his poetry, or in tradition. His grief for the amiable Richmond, whom he lost soon after, is more satisfactorily testified. It is about this period that the fiction of Nash, unfaithfully misapplied as reality by Anthony Wood,* and from him copied, by mistake, by Walpole and Warton, sends the poet on his romantic tour to Italy, as the knight-errant of the fair Geraldine. There is no proof, however, that Surrey was ever in

* Nash's History of Jack Wilton.

Italy. At the period of his imagined errantry, his repeated appearance at the court of England can be ascertained; and Geraldine, if she was a daughter of the Earl of Kildare, was then only a child of seven years old.*

That Surrey entertained romantic sentiments for the fair Geraldine, seems, however, to admit of little doubt; and that too at a period of her youth which makes his homage rather surprising. The fashion of the age sanctioned such courtships, under the liberal interpretation of their being platonic. Both Sir P. Sydney and the Chevalier Bayard avowed attachments of this exalted nature to married ladies, whose reputations were never sullied, even when the mistress wept openly at parting from her admirer. Of the nature of Surrey's attachment we may conjecture what we please, but can have no certain test even in his verses, which might convey either much more or much less than he felt; and how shall we search in the graves of men for the shades and limits of passions that elude our living observation?

Towards the close of 1540, Surrey embarked in public business. A rupture with France being anticipated, he was sent over to that kingdom, with Lord Russell and the Earl of Southampton, to see that every thing was in a proper state of defence within the English pale. He had previously been knighted; and had jousted in honour of Anne of Cleves, upon her marriage with Henry. The commission did not detain him long in France. He returned to England before Christmas, having acquitted himself entirely to the king's satisfaction. In the next year, 1541, we may suppose him to have been occupied in his literary pursuits—perhaps in his translation of Virgil. England was then at peace both at home and abroad, and in no other subsequent year of Surrey's life could his active service have allowed him leisure. In 1542 he received the order of the Garter, and followed his father in the expedition of that year into Scotland, where he acquired his first military experience. Amidst these early distinctions it is somewhat mortifying to find him, about this period, twice committed to the Fleet prison; on one occasion on account of a private quarrel, on another for eating meat on Lent, and for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his crossbow. This was a strange misdemeanour indeed, for a hero and a man of letters. His apology, perhaps as curious as the fact itself, turns the action only into quixotic absurdity. His motive, he said, was religious. He saw the citizens sunk in papal corruption of manners, and he wished to break in upon their guilty secrecy by a sudden chastisement, that should remind them of Divine retribution!

The war with France called him into more honourable activity. In the first campaign he joined the army under Sir John Wallop, at the siege of Landrecy; and in the second and larger expedition he went as marshal of the army of which his father commanded the vanguard. The siege of Montreuil was allotted to the Duke of Norfolk and his gallant son; but their operations were impeded by the want of money, ammunition, and artillery, supplies most probably detained from reaching them by the influence of the Earl of Hertford, who had long regarded both Surrey and his father with a jealous eye. In these disastrous circumstances Surrey seconded the duke's efforts with zeal and ability. On one expedition he was out two days and two nights, spread destruction among the resources of the enemy, and returned to the camp with a load of supplies, and without the loss of a single man. In a bold attempt to storm the town he succeeded so far as to make a lodgment in one of the gates; but was dangerously wounded, and owed his life to the devoted bravery of his attendant Clere, who received a hurt in rescuing him, of which he died a month after. On the report of the Dauphin of France's approach with 60,000 men, the English made an able retreat, of which Surrey conducted the movements as marshal of the camp.

He returned with his father to England, but must have made only a short stay at home, as we find him soon after fighting a spirited action in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, in which he chased back the French as far as Montreuil. The following year he commanded the vanguard of the army of Boulogne, and finally solicited and obtained the government of that place. It was then nearly defenceless; the breaches unrepaired, the fortifications in decay, and the enemy, with superior numbers, established so near as to be able to command the harbour, and to fire upon the lower town. Under such disadvantages, Surrey entered on his command, and drew up and sent home a plan of alterations in the works, which was approved of by the king, and ordered to be acted upon. Nor were his efforts merely defensive. On one occasion he led his men into the enemy's country as far as Samerau-Bois, which he destroyed, and returned in safety with considerable booty. Afterwards, hearing that the French intended to revictual their camp at Outreau, he compelled them to abandon their object, pursued them as far as Hardilot, and was only prevented from gaining a complete victory through the want of cavalry. But his plan for the defence of Boulogne, which, by his own extant memorial, is said to evince great military skill, was marred by the issue of one unfortunate sally. In order to prevent the French from revictualling a fortress that menaced the safety of Boulogne, he found it necessary, with his slender forces, to risk another attack at St. Etienne. His cavalry first charged and routed those of the

* If concurring proofs did not so strongly point out his poetical mistress Geraldine to be the daughter of the Earl of Kildare, we might well suspect, from the date of Surrey's attachment, that the object of his praises must have been some other person. Geraldine, when he declared his devotion to her, was only thirteen years of age. She was taken in her childhood under the protection of the court, and attended the Princess Mary. At the age of fifteen she married Sir Anthony Wood, a man of sixty, and after his death accepted the Earl of Lincoln. From Surrey's verses we find that she slighted his addresses, after having for some time encouraged them: and from his conduct it appears that he hurried into war and public business in order to forget her indifference.

French: the foot, which he commanded in person, next advanced, and the first line, consisting chiefly of gentlemen armed with corselets, behaved gallantly, but the second line, in coming to the push of the pike, were seized with a sudden panic, and fled back to Boulogne, in spite of all the efforts of their commander to rally them. Within a few months after this affair he was recalled to England, and Hertford went out to France as the king's lieutenant-general.

It does not appear, however, that the loss of this action was the pretext for his recall, or the direct cause of the king's vengeance, by which he was subsequently destined to fall. If the faction of Hertford, that was intriguing against him at home, ever succeeded in fretting the king's humour against him, by turning his misfortune into a topic of blame, Henry's irritation must have passed away, as we find Surrey recalled, with promises of being replaced in his command (a promise, however, which was basely falsified), and again appearing at court in an honourable station. But the event of his recall (though it does not seem to have been marked by tokens of royal displeasure) certainly contributed indirectly to his ruin, by goading his proud temper to farther hostilities with Hertford. Surrey, on his return to England, spoke of his enemy with indignation and menaces, and imprudently expressed his hopes of being revenged in a succeeding reign. His words were reported, probably with exaggeration, to the king, and occasioned his being sent, for some time, as a prisoner to Windsor. He was liberated, however, from thence, and again made his appearance at court, unsuspicious of his impending ruin.

It is difficult to trace any personal motives that could impel Henry to wish for his destruction. He could not be jealous of his intentions to marry the Princess Mary—that fable is disproved by the discovery of Surrey's widow having survived him. Nor is it likely that the king dreaded him as an enemy to the Reformation, as there is every reason to believe that he was a Protestant. The natural cruelty of Henry seems to have been but an instrument in the designing hands of Hertford, whose ambition, fear, and jealousy, prompted him to seek the destruction of Norfolk and his son. His measures were unhappily aided by the vindictive resentment of the Duchess of Norfolk against her husband, from whom she had been long separated, and by the still more unaccountable and unnatural hatred of the Duchess of Richmond against her own brother. Surrey was arrested on the 12th of December, 1546, and committed to the Tower. The depositions of witnesses against him, whose collective testimony did not substantiate even a legal offence, were transmitted to the king's judges at Norwich, and a verdict was returned, in consequence of which he was indicted for high treason. We are not told the full particulars of his defence, but are only generally informed that it was acute and spirited. With respect to the main accusation, of his bearing the arms of the Confessor, he proved that he had the authority of the heralds in so doing, and that he had worn them himself in the king's presence, as his ancestors had worn them in the presence of former kings. Notwithstanding his manifest innocence, the jury was base enough to find him guilty. The chancellor pronounced sentence of death upon him; and in the flower of his age, in his thirty-first year, this noble soldier and accomplished poet was beheaded on Tower-hill.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play,[a] where desported[b] for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins avail'd,[c] and swift ybreathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harbour'd us each night:
Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:

[a] Tennis-court. [b] Stript. [c] Shortened.

O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere?[d]
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose;
To other lief:[e] but unto me most dear.
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
And with remembrance of the [illegible]

The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;[h]
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.[i]
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER RE- [illegible]

[illegible]

LORD VAUX.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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RICHARD EDWARDS

[Born, 1523. Died, 1566.]

Was a principal contributor to the Paradise of Dainty Devices, and one of our earliest dramatic authors. He wrote two comedies, one entitled Damon and Pythias, the other Palamon and Arcite, both of which were acted before Queen Elizabeth. Besides his regular dramas, he appears to have contrived masques, and to have written verses for pageants; and is described as having been the first fiddle, the most fashionable sonneteer, and the most facetious mimic of the court. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign he was one of the gentlemen of her chapel, and master of the children there, having the character of an excellent musician. His pleasing little poem, the *Amantium Iræ*, has been so often reprinted, that, for the sake of variety, I have selected another specimen of his simplicity.

HE REQUESTETH SOME FRIENDLY COMFORT, AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY.

The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet
the haughty sky;
The craggy rock, that to the sea free passage doth
deny;
The aged oak, that doth resist the force of blus-
tring blast;
The pleasant herb, that everywhere a pleasant
smell doth cast;
The lion's force, whose courage stout declares a
prince-like might;
The eagle, that for worthiness is born of kings in
fight. . . . .
Then these, I say, and thousands more, by tract
of time decay,
And, like to time, do quite consume, and fade
from form to clay;
But my true heart and service vow'd shall last
time out of mind,
And still remain as thine by doom, as Cupid hath
assigned;
My faith, lo here! I vow to thee, my troth thou
know'st too well;
My goods, my friends, my life, is thine; what
need I more to tell?
I am not mine, but thine; I vow thy hests I will
obey,
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing if
I may;
And sith I have no flying wings, to serve thee as
I wish,
Ne fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the
gliding fish;
Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send
again to me,
And strain thy azure veins to write, that I may
greeting see.
And thus farewell! more dear to me than chiefest
friend I have,
Whose love in heart I mind to shrine, till Death
his fee do crave.

WILLIAM HUNNIS

Was a gentleman of Edward the Sixth's Chapel, and afterwards master of the boys of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel. He translated the Psalms, and was author of a "Hive of Honey," a "Handful of Honeysuckle," and other godly works. He died in 1568. Hunnis was also a writer of Interludes.—See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 235.

THE LOVE THAT IS REQUITED WITH DISDAIN.

In search of things that secret are my mated
muse began,
What it might be molested most the head and
mind of man;
The bending brow of prince's face, to wrath that
doth attend,
Or want of parents, wife, or child, or loss of faith-
ful friend;
The roaring of the cannon shot, that makes the
piece to shake,
Or terror, such as mighty Jove from heaven above
can make:
All these, in fine, may not compare, experience so
doth prove,
Unto the torments, sharp and strange, of such as
be in love.
Love looks aloft, and laughs to scorn all such as
griefs annoy,
The more extreme their passions be, the greater
is his joy;
Thus Love, as victor of the field, triumphs above
the rest,
And joys to see his subjects lie with living death
in breast;
But dire Disdain lets drive a shaft, and galls this
bragging fool,
He plucks his plumes, unbends his bow, and sets
him new to school;
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conqueror
over all,
Now yields himself unto Disdain, his vassal and
his thrall.

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

BARON BUCKHURST, AND EARL OF DORSET,

[Born, 1536. Died, April 19, 1608.]

Was the son of Sir Richard Sackville, and was born at Withyam, in Sussex, in 1536. He was educated at both universities, and enjoyed an early reputation in Latin as well as in English poetry. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of Gorboduc, which was played by the young students, as a part of a Christmas entertainment, and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. In a subsequent edition of this piece it was entitled the tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex. He is said to have been assisted in the composition of it by Thomas Norton; but to what extent does not appear. T. Warton disputes the fact of his being at all indebted to Norton. The merit of the piece does not render the question of much importance. This tragedy and his contribution of the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the "Mirror for Magistrates,"* compose the poetical history of Sackville's life. The rest of it was political. He had been elected to parliament at the age of thirty. Six years afterwards, in the same year that his Induction and Legend of Buckingham were published, he went abroad on his travels, and was, for some reason that is not mentioned, confined, for a time, as a prisoner at Rome; but he returned home, on the death of his father, in 1566, and was soon after promoted to the title of Baron Buckhurst. Having entered at first with rather too much prodigality on the enjoyment of his patrimony, he is said to have been reclaimed by the indignity of being kept in waiting by an alderman, from whom he was borrowing money, and to have made a resolution of economy, from which he never departed. The queen employed him, in the fourteenth year of her reign, in an embassy to Charles IX. of France. In 1587 he went as ambassador to the United Provinces, upon their complaint against the Earl of Leicester; but, though he performed his trust with integrity, the favourite had sufficient influence to get him recalled; and on his return, he was ordered to confinement in his own house, for nine or ten months. On Leicester's death, however, he was immediately reinstated in royal favour, and was made knight of the garter, and chancellor of Oxford. On the death of Burleigh he became lord high-treasurer of England. At Queen Elizabeth's demise he was one of the privy councillors on whom the administration of the kingdom devolved, and he concurred in proclaiming King James. The new sovereign confirmed him in the office of high-treasurer by a patent for life, and on all occasions consulted him with confidence. In March, 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly [1608] at the council table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain. Few ministers, as Lord Oxford remarks, have left behind them so unblemished a character. His family considered his memory so invulnerable, that when some partial aspersions were thrown upon it, after his death, they disdained to answer them. He carried taste and elegance even into his formal political functions, and for his eloquence was styled the bell of the Star Chamber. As a poet, his attempt to unite allegory with heroic narrative, and his giving our language its earliest regular tragedy, evince the views and enterprise of no ordinary mind; but, though the induction to the Mirror for Magistrates displays some potent sketches, it bears the complexion of a saturnine genius, and resembles a bold and gloomy landscape on which the sun never shines. As to Gorboduc, it is a piece of monotonous recitals, and cold and heavy accumulation of incidents. As an imitation of classical tragedy it is peculiarly unfortunate, in being without even the unities of place and time, to circumscribe its dulness.

FROM SACKVILLE'S INDUCTION TO THE COMPLAINT OF HENRY, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue; [Queen
And soote[a] fresh flowers, therewith the Summer's
Had clad the earth, now Boreas blasts down blew;
And small fowls, flocking, in their song did rue
The Winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewail'd the Summer past.

* The "Mirror for Magistrates" was intended to celebrate the chief unfortunate personages in English history, in a series of poetical legends spoken by the characters themselves, with epilogues interspersed to connect the stories, in imitation of Boccaccio's Fall of Princes, which had been translated by Lydgate. The historian of English poetry ascribes the plan of this work to Sackville, and seems to have supposed that his Induction and legend of Henry Duke of Buckingham appeared in the first edition: but Sir E. Brydges has shown that it was not until the second edition of the Mirror for Magistrates that Sackville's contribution was published, viz. in 1563. Baldwin and Ferrers were the authors of the first edition, in 1559. Higgins, Phayer, Churchyard, and a crowd of inferior versifiers, contributed successive legends, not confining themselves to English history, but treating the reader with the lamentations of Geta and Caracalla, Brennus, &c. &c. till the improvement of the drama superseded those dreary monologues, by giving heroic history a more engaging air.

[a] Sweet.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

When lo, the Night with misty mantles spread,
Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to wile him not to rise,
While she herself approach'd in speedy wise:
And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast,
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest. . . .

And pale Cynthea, with her borrow'd light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noon steed six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the Heaven's face,
With twinkling light shone on the Earth apace,
That while they brought about the Nightes chair,
The dark had dimm'd the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the Summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn;
The sturdy trees so shatter'd with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourish'd so beforne;
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To die the death, for nought long time may last;
The Summer's beauty yields to Winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the Heaven's leams,
With Nighte's stars thick powder'd everywhere,
Which erst so glisten'd with the golden streams,
That cheerful Phoebus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near;
The sudden sight reduced to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The fleckering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of Peers as in this realm had be,[b]
That oft I wish'd some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And strait forth-stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the Night draw on so fast,
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom Woe had all forewaste,
Forth from her eyen the chrystal tears out brast,
And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forewither'd and forespent,
As is the stalk that Summer's drought oppress'd;
Her wealked face with woeful tears besprent,
Her colour pale, and as it seem'd her best;
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented was her cheek with fall of tears. . . . .

SORROW THEN ADDRESSES THE POET.

For forth she paced in her fearful tale:
"Come, come," quoth she, "and see what I shall show;
Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow:
Come thou, and see them rewing all in row,
They were but shades that erst in mind thou roll'd,
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold."

And with these words, as I upraised stood,
And 'gan to follow her that strait forth paced,
Ere I was ware, into a desart wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, and through the thick so traced,
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight. . . .

ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DESCRIBED IN HELL.

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent[c]
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, *and yet she could not die.*

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there;
Benumm'd of speech, and with a ghastly look,
Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear;
His cap upborn with staring of his hair,
Stoyn'd[d] and amazed at his shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,[e]
Rewing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight

His face was lean and some-deal pined away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say;
For on his carcass raiment had he none,

Sackville's contribution to "The Mirror for Magistrates," is the only part of it that is tolerable. It is observable that his plan differs materially from that of the other contributors. He lays the scene, like Dante, in Hell, and makes his characters relate their history at the gates of Elysium, under the guidance of Sorrow; while the authors of the other legends are generally contented with simply dreaming of the unfortunate personages, and, by going to sleep, offer a powerful inducement to follow their example.

[b] Been.—[c] Stopped.—[d] Astonished.—[e] Fetched.

Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree;
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare.
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare
Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state, when he had well beheld
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,[f]
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held,
And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,[g]
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner had begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun;
And let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown: but as a living death,
So dead, alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he;
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide,[h] and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had entwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken and bleareyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd,[i] and he with eld forlore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door;
Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

[f] Companions. [g] Briars. [h] Happen. [i] Bare.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

[Born, 1536. Died, 1577.]

Was born in 1536,* of an ancient family in Essex, was bred at Cambridge, and entered at Gray's-Inn; but being disinherited by his father for extravagance, he repaired to Holland, and obtained a commission under the Prince of Orange. A quarrel with his colonel retarded his promotion in that service; and a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost him his life. A lady at the Hague (the town being then in the enemy's possession) sent him a letter, which was intercepted in the camp, and a report against his loyalty was made by those who had seized it. Gascoigne immediately laid the affair before the Prince, who saw through the design of his accusers, and gave him a passport for visiting his female friend. At the siege of Middleburgh he displayed so much bravery, that the Prince rewarded him with 300 gilders above his pay; but he was soon after made prisoner by the Spaniards, and having spent four months in captivity, returned to England, and resided generally at Walthamstow. In 1575 he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in one of her stately progresses, and wrote for her amusement a mask, entitled the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle. He is generally said to have died at Stamford, in 1578; but the registers of that place have been searched in vain for his name, by the writer of an article in the Censura Literaria,† who has corrected some mistakes in former accounts of him. It is not probable, however, that he lived long after 1576, as, from a manuscript in the British Museum, it appears that, in that year, he complains of his infirmities, and nothing afterwards came from his pen.

Gascoigne was one of the earliest contributors to our drama. He wrote The Supposes, a comedy, translated from Ariosto, and Jocasta, a tragedy from Euripides, with some other pieces.‡

DE PROFUNDIS.

From depth of dole, wherein my soul doth dwell,
From heavy heart, which harbours in my breast,
From troubled sprite, which seldom taketh rest,
From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,

* Mr. Ellis conjectures that he was born much earlier.

† Cens. Lit. vol. i. p. 100. Gascoigne died at Stamford on the 7th of October, 1577.—See Collier's *Annals*, vol. i. p. 192.

[‡ One of his principal works is The Fruits of War: it was suggested by his personal adventures and observations. His verse is smooth, flowing, and unaffected. One of his best pieces is De Profundis, which I have added to Mr. Campbell's selections.—G.]

O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell:
My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord, alone
To thee I call, to thee I make my moan.
And thou, good God, vouchsafe in grace to take
This woful plaint
Wherein I faint;
Oh! hear me, then, for thy great mercy's sake.

Oh! bend thine ears attentively to hear,
Oh! turn thine eyes, behold me how I wail!
Oh! hearken, Lord, give ear for mine avail,
Oh! mark in mind the burdens that I bear;
See how I sink in sorrows everywhere.
Behold and see what dolors I endure,
Give ear and mark what plaints I put in ure;[a]
Bend willing ears; and pity therewithal
My willing voice,
Which hath no choice
But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou, good Lord, shouldst take thy rod in hand,
If thou regard what sins are daily done,
If thou take hold where we our works begun,
If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
And be extreme to see our 'scuses[b] scanned;
If thou take note of every thing amiss,
And write in roll how frail our nature is,
O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power!
What mortal wight
May thus have light
To feel thy power, if thou have list to lower?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store,
Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearkenest first, before we come to call,
Thine ears are set wide open evermore,
Before we knock thou comest to the door;
Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry
Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.
Thy mighty name be praised then alway,
Let faith and fear
True witness bear,
How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore
For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still,
Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill,
For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore,
My soul for thee attendeth evermore.
My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste,
My soul desires with thee for to be placed.
And to thy words, which can no man deceive,
Mine only trust,
My love and lust,
In confidence continually shall cleave,

Before the break or dawning of the day,
Before the light be seen in lofty skies,
Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,
Before the watch, (before the watch, I say,)
Before the ward that waits therefore alway,
My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my sprite,
My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,
Unto the Lord, that sits in heaven on high,
With hasty wing
From me doth fling,
And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

O Israel! O household of the Lord!
O Abraham's sons! O brood of blessed seed!
O chosen sheep, that love the Lord indeed!
O hungry hearts! feed still upon his word,
And put your trust in Him with one accord.
For He hath mercy evermore at hand,
His fountains flow, his springs do never stand;
And plenteously He loveth to redeem
Such sinners all
As on Him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly, drooping state,
He will bring home the sheep that go astray,
He will help them that hope in Him alway,
He will appease our discord and debate,
He will soon save, though we repent us late.
He will be ours, if we continue his,
He will bring bale[c] to joy and perfect bliss;
He will redeem the flock of his elect
From all that is
Or was amiss
Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

[a] Use. [b] Excuses.

ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
George, quoth the Judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jealous the gaoler bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

[c] Misery.

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you show yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yea, madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties:
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

THE VANITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

They course the glass, and let it take no rest;
They pass and spy, who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
They jealous are of every sight they see;
They strive to seem, but never care to be. . . .

What grudge and grief our joys may then suppress,
To see our hairs, which yellow were as gold,
Now gray as glass; to feel and find them less;
To scrape the bald skull which was wont to hold
Our lovely locks with curling sticks controul'd;
To look in glass, and spy Sir Wrinkle's chair
Set fast on fronts which erst were sleek and fair. . . .

VANITY OF YOUTH.

Of lusty youth then lustily to treat,
It is the very May-moon of delight;
When boldest bloods are full of wilful heat,
And joy to think how long they have to fight
In fancy's field, before their life take flight;
Since he which latest did the game begin,
Doth longest hope to linger still therein. . . .

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The heavens on high perpetually do move;
By minutes meal the hour doth steal away,
By hours the days, by days the months remove,
And then by months the years as fast decay;
Yea, Virgil's verse and Tully's truth do say,
That Time flieth, and never claps her wings;
But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

FROM GASCOIGNE'S GRIEF OF JOY,

An unpublished Poem in the British Museum.

There is a grief in every kind of joy,
That is my theme, and that I mean to prove;
And who were he which would not drink annoy,
To taste thereby the lightest dram of love? . . . .

JOHN HARRINGTON.

[Born, 1534. Died, 1582.]

John Harrington, the father of the translator of Ariosto, was imprisoned by Queen Mary for his suspected attachment to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was afterwards rewarded with a grant of lands. Nothing that the younger Harrington has written seems to be worth preserving; but the few specimens of his father's poetry which are found in the Nugæ Antiquæ may excite a regret that he did not write more. His love verses have an elegance and terseness, more modern, by an hundred years, than those of his contemporaries.

VERSES ON A MOST STONY-HEARTED MAIDEN WHO DID SORELY BEGUILE THE NOBLE KNIGHT, MY TRUE FRIEND.

J. H. MSS. 1564.—From the Nugæ Antiquæ.

I.

Why didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart,

II.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can gloze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit.

III.

But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;

Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youth shall sue such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

SONNET MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAM,

WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT HER FAIR, AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOW, IN GOODLY ATTIRE, AND TALKED TO DIVERS IN THE COURT-YARD.

WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say "'tis Cupid's fire;"
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind, bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
O Venus, take thy gifts again;
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

From the Nugæ Antiquæ, where the original Manuscript is said to be dated 1564.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

[Born, 1554. Died, 1586.]

WITHOUT enduring Lord Orford's cold-blooded depreciation of this hero, it must be owned that his writings fall short of his traditional glory; nor were his actions of the very highest importance to his country. Still there is no necessity for supposing the impression which he made upon his contemporaries to have been either illusive or exaggerated. Traits of character will distinguish great men, independently of their pens or their swords. The contemporaries of Sydney knew the man: and foreigners, no less than his own countrymen, seem to have felt, from his personal influence and conversation, an homage for him, that could only be paid to a commanding intellect guiding the principles of a noble heart. The variety of his ambition, perhaps, unfavourably divided the force of his genius; feeling that he could take different paths to reputation, he did not confine himself to one, but was successively occupied in the punctilious duties of a courtier, the studies and pursuits of a scholar and traveller, and in the life of a soldier, of which the chivalrous accomplishments could not be learnt without diligence and fatigue. All his excellence in those pursuits, and all the celebrity that would have placed him among the competitors for a crown, was gained in a life of thirty-two years. His sagacity and independence are recorded in the advice which he gave to his own sovereign. In the quarrel with Lord Oxford,* he opposed the rights of an English commoner to the prejudices of aristocracy and of royalty itself. At home he was the patron of literature. All England wore mourning for his death. Perhaps the well-known anecdote of his generosity to the dying soldier speaks more powerfully to the heart than the whole volumes of elegies, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that were published at his death by the universities.

Mr. Ellis has exhausted the best specimens of his poetry. I have only offered a few short ones.

SONNETS.

COME sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease[a]
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

[a] Press, or crowd.

IN martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise, e'en fill'd my veins with pride;
When Cupid having me his slave descried
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
"What now, Sir Fool!" said he, "I would no less;
Look here, I say."—I look'd, and Stella spied,
Who hard by made a window send forth light;
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes;
One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight;
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
My foe came on and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

* Vide the biographical notice of *Lord Oxford*.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear,
I saw myself, with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine;
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair
They did themselves, oh sweetest prison! twine;
And fain those Eol's youth there would their stay
Have made, but forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display:
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd:—from window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, O fair disgrace,
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace;
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

ROBERT GREENE

[Born, 1560. Died, 1592.]

Was born at Norwich about 1560, was educated at Cambridge, travelled in Spain and Italy, and on his return held, for about a year, the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex. The rest of his life seems to have been spent in London, with no other support than his pen, and in the society of men of more wit than worldly prudence. He is said to have died about 1592,* from a surfeit occasioned by pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. Greene has acknowledged, with great contrition, some of the follies of his life; but the charge of profligacy which has been so mercilessly laid on his memory must be taken with great abatement, as it was chiefly dictated by his bitterest enemy, Gabriel Harvey, who is said to have trampled on his dead body when laid in the grave. The story, it may be hoped, for the credit of human nature, is untrue; but it shows to what a pitch the malignity of Harvey was supposed to be capable of being excited. Greene is accused of having deserted an amiable wife; but his traducers rather inconsistently reproach him also with the necessity of writing for her maintenance.

A list of his writings, amounting to forty-five separate productions, is given in the Censura Literaria, including five plays, several amatory romances, and other pamphlets, of quaint titles and rambling contents. The writer of that article has vindicated the personal memory of Greene with proper feeling, but he seems to overrate the importance that could have ever been attached to him as a writer. In proof of the once great popularity of Greene's writings, a passage is quoted from Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, where it is said that Saviolina uses as choice figures as any in the Arcadia, and Carlo subjoins, "or in Greene's works, whence she may steal with more security." This allusion to the facility of stealing without detection from an author surely argues the reverse of his being popular and well known.† Greene's style is in truth most whimsical and grotesque. He lived before there was a good model of familiar prose; and his wit, like a stream that is too weak to force a channel for itself, is lost in rhapsody and diffuseness.

DORASTUS ON FAWNIA.

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were Heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under the wide Heavens, but yet not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower;‡
Yet, were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be compared to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.
And when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun.

JEALOUSY.

FROM TULLY'S LOVE.

When gods had framed the sweets of woman's face,
And lockt men's looks within her golden hair,
That Phœbus blush'd to see her matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall!
Gloomy was Heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He would be coy, and would not love at all;
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,
Than love united to a jealous thought.

[* Reduced to utter beggary and abandoned by the friends of his festive hours, Greene died in London, on Sept. 3, 1592. See his Dramatic Works, by Dyce, London, 1831.—G.]

[† See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 71.—C.]

[‡ Qy. *power* or *stowre*. Dyce, vol. ii. p. 242.]

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[Born, 1563. Died, May 1593.]

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, the son of a shoemaker, at Canterbury, was born in February, 1563–4,] took a bachelor's degree at Cambridge, [in 1683,] and came to London, where he was a contemporary player and dramatic writer with Shakspeare. Had he lived longer to profit by the example of Shakspeare, it is not straining conjecture to suppose, that the strong misguided energy of Marlowe would have been kindled and refined to excellence by the rivalship; but his death, at the age of thirty, is alike to be lamented for its disgracefulness and prematurity, his own sword being forced upon him, in a quarrel at a brothel.* Six tragedies, however, and his numerous translations from the classics, evince that if his life was profligate, it was not idle. The bishops ordered his translations of Ovid's Love Elegies to be burnt in public for their licentiousness. If all the licentious poems of that period had been included in the martyrdom, Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis would have hardly escaped the flames.

In Marlowe's tragedy of "Lust's Dominion" there is a scene of singular coincidence with an event that was two hundred years after exhibited in the same country, namely Spain. A Spanish queen, instigated by an usurper, falsely proclaims her own son to be a bastard.

> Prince Philip is a bastard born;
> O give me leave to blush at mine own shame:
> But I for love to you—love to fair Spain,
> Chuse rather to rip up a queen's disgrace,
> Than, by concealing it, to set the crown
> Upon a bastard's head.—*Lust's Dom.* Sc. iv. Act 3.

Compare this avowal with the confession which Bonaparte either obtained, or pretended to have obtained, from the mother of Ferdinand VII., in 1808, and one might almost imagine that he had consulted Marlowe's tragedy.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies:
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For they delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

[* Marlowe closed his life of gross impiety and careless debauchery, at Deptford, where, in the register of the church of St. Nicholas, may still be read the entry, "Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593." See for the circumstances of his death, and a very interesting biographical and critical notice of Marlowe and his works, Mr. Dyce's edition, 3 vols. 8vo, London, Pickering, 1850.—G.]

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

[Born, 1560. Died, 1595.]

Is said to have been descended from an ancient and respectable family in Norfolk, and being sent abroad for his education, became a jesuit at Rome. He was appointed prefect of studies there in 1585, and, not long after, was sent as a missionary into England. His chief residence was with Anne, Countess of Arundel, who died in the Tower of London. Southwell was apprehended in July, 1592, and carried before Queen Elizabeth's agents, who endeavoured to extort from him some disclosure of secret conspiracies against the government; but he was cautious at his examination, and declined answering a number of ensnaring questions. Upon which, being sent to prison, he remained near three years in strict confinement, was repeatedly put to the rack, and, as he himself affirmed, underwent very severe tortures no less than ten times. He owned that he was a priest and a jesuit, that he came into England to preach the Catholic religion, and was prepared to lay down his life in the cause. On the 20th of February, 1595, he was brought to his trial at the King's Bench, was condemned to die, and was executed the next day, at Tyburn. His writings, of which a numerous list is given in the sixty-seventh volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, together with the preceding sketch of his life, were probably at one time popular among the Catholics.

In a small collection of his pieces there are two specimens of his prose compositions, entitled "Mary Magdalene's Tears," and the "Triumph over Death," which contain some eloquent sentences. Nor is it possible to read the volume without lamenting that its author should have been either the instrument of bigotry, or the object of persecution.

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little hope
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core. . . . .

May never was the month of love;
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind;
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words inthralled souls
She chains in servile bands!
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap, immortal harms:
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

LOOK HOME.

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye:
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all miracles summed lie;
Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill
Of finest works; wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equal power of will.
Devise of man working hath no end;
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might:
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And, to discern this bliss, a native light,
To frame God's image as his worth required;
His might, his skill, his word and will conspired.

All that he had, his image should present;
All that it should present, he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent;
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

THOMAS WATSON

[Born, 1560. Died about 1592.]

Was a native of London, and studied the common law, but from the variety of his productions (Vide Theatrum Poetarum, p. 213) would seem to have devoted himself to lighter studies. Mr. Steevens has certainly overrated his sonnets in preferring them to Shakspeare's.*

THE NYMPHS TO THEIR MAY QUEEN.

From England's Helicon.

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday:
For though this clime was blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before.
O beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now the air is sweeter than sweet balm,
And satyrs dance about the palm;
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight:
O beauteous queen!

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody:
And every thing that nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.

SONNET.

Actæon lost, in middle of his sport,
Both shape and life for looking but awry:
Diana was afraid he would report
What secrets he had seen in passing by.
To tell the truth, the self-same hurt have I,
By viewing her for whom I daily die;
I leese my wonted shape, in that my mind
Doth suffer wreck upon the stony rock
Of her disdain, who, contrary to kind,
Does bear a breast more hard than any stock;
And former form of limbs is changed quite
By cares in love, and want of due delight.
I leave my life, in that each secret thought
Which I conceive through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say that life availeth nought,
Where service cannot have a due reward.
I dare not name the nymph that works my smart,
Though love hath graven her name within my heart.

* The word *Sonnet*, in its laxest sense, means a small copy of verses; in its true and accepted sense, a poem of fourteen lines, written in heroic verse, with alternate and couplet rhymes. Watson's sonnets are all of eighteen lines.

EDMUND SPENSER,

[Born, 1553. Died, 1598-9.]

DESCENDED from the ancient and honourable family of Spenser, was born in London, in East Smithfield, by the Tower, probably about the year 1553. He studied at the university of Cambridge, where it appears, from his correspondence, that he formed an intimate friendship with the learned, but pedantic, Gabriel Harvey.* Spenser, with Sir P. Sydney, was, for a time, a convert to Harvey's Utopian scheme for changing the measures of English poetry into those of the Greeks and Romans.

Spenser even wrote trimeter iambics† sufficiently bad to countenance the English hexameters of his friend; but the Muse would not suffer such a votary to be lost in the pursuit after chimeras, and recalled him to her natural strains. From Cambridge Spenser went to reside with some relations in the north of England, and, in this retirement, conceived a passion for a mistress, whom he has celebrated under the name of Rosalind. It appears, however, that she trifled with his affection, and preferred a rival.

Harvey, or Hobinol (by so uncouth a name did the shepherd of hexameter memory, the learned Harvey, deign to be called in Spenser's eclogues), with better judgment than he had shown in poetical matters, advised Spenser to leave his rustic obscurity, and introduced him to Sir Philip Sydney, who recommended him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. The poet was invited to the family seat of Sydney at Penshurst, in Kent, where he is supposed to have assisted the Platonic studies of his gallant and congenial friend. To him he dedicated his "Shepheard's Calendar." Sydney did not bestow unqualified praise on those eclogues; he allowed that they contained much poetry, but condemned the antique rusticity of the language. It was of these eclogues, and not of the Fairy Queen (as has been frequently misstated), that Ben Jonson said, that the author in affecting the ancients had written no language at all.‡ They gained, however, so many admirers, as to pass through five editions in Spenser's lifetime; and though Dove, a contemporary scholar, who translated them into Latin, speaks of the author being unknown, yet when Abraham Fraunce, in 1583, published his "Lawyer's Logicke," he illustrated his rules by quotations from the Shepheard's Calendar.

Pope, Dryden and Warton have extolled those eclogues, and Sir William Jones has placed Spenser and Gay as the only genuine descendants of Theocritus and Virgil in pastoral poetry. This decision may be questioned. Favourable as the circumstances of England have been to the development of her genius in all the higher walks of poetry, they have not been propitious to the humbler pastoral muse. Her trades and manufactures, the very blessings of her wealth and industry, threw the indolent shepherd's life to a distance from her cities and capital, where poets, with all their love of the country, are generally found; and impressed on the face of the country, and on its rustic manners, a gladsome, but not romantic appearance.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the scenery, rural economy of the country, and the songs of the peasantry, sung, "at the watching of the fold," presented Ramsay with a much nearer image of pastoral life, and he accordingly painted it with the fresh feeling and enjoyment of nature. Had Sir William Jones understood the dialect of that poet, I am convinced that he would not have awarded the pastoral crown to any other author. Ramsay's shepherds are distinct, intelligible beings, neither vulgar, like the caricatures of Gay, nor fantastic, like those of Fletcher. They afford such a view of national peasantry as we should wish to acquire by travelling among them; and form a draft entirely devoted to rural manners, which for truth, and beauty, and extent, has no parallel in the richer language of England. Shakspeare's pastoral scenes are only subsidiary to the main interest of the plays where they are introduced. Milton's are rather pageants of fancy than pictures of real life. The shepherds of Spenser's Calendar are parsons in disguise, who converse about heathen divinities and points of Christian theology. Palinode defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy, and Piers extols the purity of Archbishop Grindal; concluding with the story of a fox, who came to the house of a goat, in the character of a pedlar, and obtained admittance by pretending to be a sheep. This may be burlesquing Æsop, but certainly is not imitating Theocritus. There are fine thoughts and images in the Calendar, but, on the whole, the obscurity of those pastorals is rather their covering than their principal defect.

In 1580, Arthur Lord Grey, of Wilton, went as lord-lieutenant to Ireland, and Spenser accompanied him as his secretary; we may suppose by the recommendation of the Earl of Leicester. Lord Grey was recalled from his Irish govern-

* For an account of Harvey, the reader may consult Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. i. Fasti col. 128.

† A short example of Spenser's Iambicum Trimetrum will suffice, from a copy of verses in one of his own letters to Harvey.

Unhappy verse! the witness of my unhappy state,
Make thyself fluttering wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my love, wheresoever she be
Whether lying restless in heavy bed, or else
Sitting so cheerless at the cheerful board, or else
Playing alone, careless on her heavenly virginals.

[‡ Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, vol. ix. p. 215.—C.]

ment in 1582, and Spenser returned with him to England, where, by the interest of Grey, Leicester, and Sydney, he obtained a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond. This was the last act of kindness which Sydney had a share in conferring on him: he died in the same year, furnishing an almost solitary instance of virtue passing through life uncalumniated.

Whether Sydney was meant or not, under the character of Prince Arthur in the Fairy Queen, we cannot conceive the poet, in describing heroic excellence, to have had the image of Sir Philip Sydney long absent from his mind.

By the terms of the royal grant, Spenser was obliged to return to Ireland, in order to cultivate the lands assigned to him. His residence at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the Earls of Desmond, is described by one* who had seen its ruins, as situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, which was terminated to the east by the Waterford mountains, on the north by the Ballyhowra hills, and by the Nagle and Kerry mountains on the south and east. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most romantic and pleasant situation. The river Mulla, which Spenser has so often celebrated, ran through his grounds. In this retreat he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, at that time a captain in the queen's army. His visit occasioned the first resolution of Spenser to prepare the first books of the Fairy Queen for immediate publication. Spenser has commemorated this interview, and the inspiring influence of Raleigh's praise, under the figurative description of two shepherds tuning their pipes, beneath the alders of the *Mulla*;—a fiction with which the mind, perhaps, will be much less satisfied, than by recalling the scene as it really existed. When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh, in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia, and the genius of the author of the Fairy Queen, have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The fancy might even be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the Genius of their country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on the maritime hero, who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired. Raleigh, whom the poet accompanied to England, introduced him to Queen Elizabeth. Her majesty, in 1590–1, conferred on him a pension of 50*l.* a year. In the patent for his pension he is not styled the laureat, but his contemporaries have frequently addressed him by that title. Mr. Malone's discovery of the patent for this pension refutes the idle story of Burleigh's preventing the royal bounty being bestowed upon the poet, by asking if so much money was to be given for a song; as well as that of Spenser's procuring it at last by the doggrel verses,

> I was promised, on a time,
> To have reason for my rhyme, &c.

Yet there are passages in the Fairy Queen which unequivocally refer to Burleigh with severity. The coldness of that statesman to Spenser most probably arose from the poet's attachment to Lord Leicester and Lord Essex, who were each successively at the head of a party—opposed to the Lord Chancellor. After the publication of the Fairy Queen, he returned to Ireland, and, during his absence, the fame which he had acquired by that poem (of which the first edition, however, contained only the first three books) induced his publisher to compile and reprint his smaller pieces.† He appears to have again visited London about the end of 1591, as his next publication, the Elegy on Douglas Howard, daughter of Henry Lord Howard, is dated January 1591–2. From this period there is a long interval in the history of Spenser, which was probably passed in Ireland, but of which we have no account. He married, it is conjectured, in the year 1594, when he was past forty; and it appears from his Epithalamium, that the nuptials were celebrated at Cork. In 1596, the second part of the Fairy Queen appeared, accompanied by a new edition of the first. Of the remaining six books, which would have completed the poet's design, only fragments have been brought to light; and there is little reason to presume that they were regularly furnished. Yet Mr. Todd has proved that the contemporaries of Spenser believed much of his valuable poetry to have been lost, in the destruction of his house in Ireland.

In the same year, 1596, he presented to the queen his "View of the State of Ireland," which remained in manuscript, till it was published by Sir James Ware, in 1633. Curiosity turns naturally to the prose work of so old and eminent a poet, which exhibits him in the three-fold character of a writer delineating an interesting country from his own observation, of a scholar tracing back its remotest history, and of a politician investigating the causes of its calamities. The antiquities of Ireland have been since more successfully explored; though on that subject Spenser is still a respectable authority. The great value of the book is the authentic and curious picture of national manners and circumstances which it exhibits; and its style is as nervous as the matter is copious and amusing. A remarkable proposal, in his plan for the management of Ireland, is the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon system of Borsholders. His political views are strongly coercive, and consist of little more than station-

* Smith's History of Cork, quoted by Todd.

† Viz. 1. The Ruins of Time.—2. The Tears of the Muses.—3. Virgil's Gnat.—4. Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale.—5. The Ruins of Rome, by Bellay.—6. Muiopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterfly.—7. Visions of the World's Vanitie.—8. Bellay's Visions.—9. Petrarch's Visions.

ing proper garrisons, and abolishing ancient customs: and we find him declaiming bitterly against the Irish minstrels, and seriously dwelling on the loose mantles, and glibs, or long hair, of the vagrant poor, as important causes of moral depravity. But we ought not try the plans of Spenser by modern circumstances, nor his temper by the liberality of more enlightened times. It was a great point to commence earnest discussion on such a subject. From a note in one of the oldest copies of this treatise, it appears that Spenser was at that time clerk to the council of the province of Ulster. In 1597, our poet returned to Ireland, and in the following year was destined to an honourable situation, being recommended by her majesty to be chosen sheriff for Cork. But in the subsequent month of that year, Tyrone's rebellion broke out, and occasioned his immediate flight, with his family, from Kilcolman. In the confusion attending this calamitous departure, one of his children was left behind, and perished in the conflagration of his house, when it was destroyed by the Irish insurgents. Spenser returned to England with a heart broken by distress, and died at London on the 16th of January, 1598–9. He was buried, according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number), followed his hearse and threw tributary verses into his grave.

Mr. Todd, the learned editor of his works, has proved it to be highly improbable that he could have died, as has been sometimes said, in absolute want. For he had still his pension and many friends, among whom Essex provided nobly for his funeral. Yet that he died broken-hearted and comparatively poor, is but too much to be feared, from the testimony of his contemporaries, Camden and Jonson. A reverse of fortune might crush his spirit without his being reduced to absolute indigence, especially with the horrible recollection of the manner in which his child had perished.

FAIRY QUEEN, BOOK I., CANTO III.

UNA FOLLOWED BY THE LION.

Forsaken Truth long seeks her love,
And makes the Lion mild;
Mars blind Devotion's mart, and falls
In hand of lecher wild.

NOUGHT is there under Heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast feälty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is impassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handelling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair,
And her due love's derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
To seek her knight, who, subtily betray'd
Through that late vision, which the enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she, of nought afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly blood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles, and misfortunes hard.
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

BOOK I., CANTO V.

THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT HAVING KILLED THE SARACEN SANSFOY, DUESSA THE WITCH MAKES A JOURNEY TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS TO RECOVER THE BODY OF HER INFIDEL CHAMPION.

So wept Duessa until eventide,
That shining lamps in love's high house were light;
Then forth she rose, no longer would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight,
In slumb'ring swoon'd, nigh void of vital sp'rit,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day;
Whom, when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wail his woeful case she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of Heaven makes speedy way.

Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forthcoming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hue.
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And coal-black steeds, yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.[a]

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense and native strength,
Cover'd with charmed cloud, from view of day
And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congeal'd,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handled softy till they can be heal'd:
So lay him in her chari't, close in Night conceal'd.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grisly look them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

By that same way the direful dames do drive
Their mournful chariot, fill'd with rusty blood,
And down to Pluto's house are come bilive;[b]
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts, with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side [ride.
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst

[a] Mad. [b] Quickly.

BOOK II., CANTO VI.

A HARDER lesson to learn continence
In joyous pleasure than in grievous pain;
For sweetness doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that uneathes it can refrain
From that which feeble nature covets fain;
But grief and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restrain:
Yet Virtue vaunts in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shows goodly masteries.

When bold Cymochles travelling to find,
With cruel purpose bent to wreak on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Waiting to pass, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly;

And therein sate a lady fresh and fair,
Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Sometimes she sung as loud as lark in air,
Sometimes she laugh'd, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment;
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand ways invent
To feel her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

Which when far off, Cymochles heard and saw,
He loudly call'd to such as were aboard
The little bark, unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep ford:
The merry mariner unto his word
Soon heark'ned, and her painted boat straightway
Turn'd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in received; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoons her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift than swallow sheers the liquid sky,
Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damsel found
New mirth her passenger to entertain;
For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to feign,
Of which a store-house did with her remain,
Yet seemed nothing well they her became;
For all her words she drown'd with laughter vain,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vain toys she would devise
As her fantastic wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy garlands, or fresh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight:

Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water work and play
About her little frigate, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruel fight,
But to weak wench did yield his martial might:
So easy was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensual delight;
So easy is t' appease the stormy wind
Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
'Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what the usage meant,
Which in her cot she daily practised?
"Vain man!" said she, "that wouldst be reckoned
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of Phœdria (for so my name is read)
Of Phœdria, thine own fellow-servant:
For thou to serve Acrasia thyself dost vaunt.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wand'ring ship I row,
That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,
Ne care ne fear I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn:
Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud-thund'ring Jove,
Can change my cheer, or make me ever mourn;
My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourne."

Whiles thus she talk'd, and whiles thus she toy'd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and void,
That floated in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay pair issuing on the shore
Disburthen'd her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them fair before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,
Nor arboret with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and her sweet smells throw all around.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did contain a lovely dit.
Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed fit
For to allure frail mind to careless ease,
Careless the man soon woxe, and his weak wit
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased, did his wrathful purpose fair appease.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fill'd with pleasures vain,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him down upon a grassy plain,
And her sweet self, without dread or disdain,
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustain,
Where soon he slumber'd, fearing not be harm'd;
The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly charm'd:

"Behold, O man! that toilsome pains dost take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap: how no man knows
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows;
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

"The lily, lady of the flow'ring field,
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome weary stour;
Lo, lo! how brave she decks her bounteous bower,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamoure;
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

"Why then dost thou, O Man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of Nature sovereign,
Wilfully make thyself a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous hours in needless pain,
Seeking for danger and adventure vain?
What boots it all to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rue that, swimming in the main,
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitless toil and present pleasures choose."

By this she had him lulled fast asleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steep,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him left, and did herself betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slothful wave of that great grisly lake;
Soon she that island far behind her left,
And now is come to that same place where first she weft.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strand
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; she soon to hand
Her ferry brought, where him she biding found
With his sad guide: himself she took aboard,
But the black palmer suffer'd still to stand,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perilous ford.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being enter'd might not back retire;
For the flit bark obeying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire

Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billows, thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their seat could force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her merry fit she freshly 'gan to rear,
And did of joy and jolity devise,
Herself to cherish, and her guest to cheer.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest mirth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and jeer,
And pass the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despised, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant isle,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight:
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himself amiss, and angry said,
"Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not done me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obey'd:
Me little needed from my right way to have stray'd."

"Fair Sir!" quoth she, "be not displeased at all;
Who fares on sea may not command his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray,
The wind unstable, and doth never stay:
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port, than be in seas distrest."
Therewith she laugh'd, and did her earnest end in jest.

But he, half discontent, mote natheless
Himself appease, and issued forth on shore;
The joys whereof, and happy fruitfulness,
Such as he saw, she 'gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told the garden's pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass (as she could well enough)
Their native music by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant heart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprise,
And drown in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of arms, or view of martial guise
Might not revive desire of knightly exercise.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his heart;
Yet would not seem so rude and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle lady did to him impart;
But fairly tempering, fond desire subdued,
And ever her desired to depart;
She list not hear, but her disports pursued,
And ever bade him stay till time the tide renew'd.

And now by this Cymochles' hour was spent
That he awoke out of his idle dream;
And shaking off his drowsy drериment,
'Gan him advise how ill did him beseem
In slothful sleep his moulten heart to steme,
And quench the brand of his conceived ire;
Tho' up he started, stirr'd with shame extreme,
Ne stayed for his damsel to enquire,
But marched to the strand, there passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon met,
Accompanied with Phœdria the fair;
Eftsoons he 'gan to rage and inly fret,
Crying, "Let be that lady debonair,
Thou recreant knight, and soon thyself prepare
To battle, if thou mean her love to gain.
Lo, lo, already how the fowls in air
Do flock, awaiting shortly to obtain
Thy carcass for their prey, the guerdon of thy pain."

And therewithal he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assail'd;
Who soon prepared, to field his sword forth drew,
And him with equal value countervail'd;
Their mighty strokes their haberieons dismail'd,
And naked made each other's manly spalles;
The mortal steel dispiteously entail'd
Deep in their flesh, quite through the iron walls,
That a large purple stream adown their giambeux falls.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His proud presumed force encreased more,
Disdaining to be held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might,
As those unknightly railings which he spoke,
With wrathful fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powers, redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high at once their hands enhaunst,
And both at once their huge blows down did sway:
Cymochles' sword on Guyon's shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter shear'd away:
But Guyon's angry blade so fierce did play
On th' other's helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head into the bone,
Wherewith astonish'd still he stood as senseless stone.

Still as he stood, fair Phœdria (that beheld
That deadly danger) soon atweene them ran,
And at their feet herself most humbly fell'd,
Crying with piteous voice and count'nance wan,
"Ah! well away! most noble lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure so piteous sight
To shed your lives on ground? woe worth the man
That first did teach the cursed steel to bite
In his own flesh, and make way to the living spright!

"If ever love of lady did empierce
Your iron breasts, or pity could find place,
Withhold your bloody hands from battle fierce;
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly strife a space;"
They stay'd awhile, and forth she 'gan proceed:
"Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this heinous deed,
And cause of death between two doughty knights do breed.

"But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of battle, nor these arms
Are meet, the which do men in bale to starve,
And doleful sorrow heap with deadly harms:
Such cruel game my scarmoges disarms.
Another war and other weapons I
Do love, where love does give his sweet alarms
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

"Debateful strife and cruel enmity
The famous name of knighthood foully shend;
But lovely peace and gentle amity,
And in amours the passing hours to spend,
The mighty martial hands do most commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Than of their arms: Mars is Cupido's friend,
And is for Venus' loves renowned more
Than all his wars and spoils the which he did of yore."

Therewith she sweetly smiled. They, though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speech their rages 'gan relent,
And calm the sea of their tempestuous spite:
Such power have pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle heart.
Now after all was ceased, the Faery Knight
Besought that damsel suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no less glad than he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vain delight she saw he light did pass,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemn sad, or still disdainful coy,
Delighting all in arms and cruel war,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terror and unquiet jar,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him far.

Tho' him she brought abroad, and her swift boat
Forthwith directed to that further strand,
That which on the dull waves did lightly float,
And soon arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon sallied forth to land,
And to that damsel thanks gave for reward:
Upon that shore he espied Atin stand,
There by his master left, when late he fared
In Phœdria's fleet bark, over that perlous shard....

SIR GUYON, GUIDED BY THE PALMER TEMPERANCE, PASSES THE DANGERS OF THE BOWER OF BLISS.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rock the waves breaking aloft,
A solemn mean unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whistled
His treble, a strange kind of harmony,
Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
That he the boatman bade row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly 'gan descry
The land to which their course they levelled;
When suddenly a gross fog overspread
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heaven's cheerful face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seem'd one confused mass.

Thereat they greatly was dismay'd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkness wide,
But fear'd to wander in that wasteful mist,
For tumbling into mischief unespied:
Worse is the danger hidden than descried.
Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmful fowls about them fluttering cried,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smite,
And sore annoy'd, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhor and hate;
The ill-faced owl, death's dreadful messenger;
The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful drear;
The leather-winged bat, day's enemy;
The rueful strich, still waiting on the bier;
The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth die,
The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny;

All those, and all that else does horror breed,
About them flew, and fill'd their sails with fear:
Yet stay'd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stiffly steer;
Till that at last the weather gan to clear,
And the fair land itself did plainly show.
Said then the palmer, "Lo where does appear
The sacred soil where all our perils grow,
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you throw."

He hearken'd, and his arms about him took,
The whiles the nimble boat so well her sped,
That with her crooked keel the land she struck;
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage palmer that him governed;
But the other by his boat behind did stay.
They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst danger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously.
As if that Hunger's point, or Venus' sting,
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they fear'd, but past on hardily,
Until they came in view of those wild beasts,
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
Ran towards to devour those unexpected guests.

But soon as they approach'd with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staff upheld,
His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat;
Eftsoons their stubborn courages were quell'd,
And high-advanced crests down meekly fell'd:
Instead of fraying they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wond'rous power did in that staff appear,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear.

Of that same wood it framed was cunningly
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wont the Stygian realms invade
Through ghastly horror and eternal shade;
Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,
And rule the furies when they most do rage:
Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That Nature's work by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was, enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin;
Nought fear'd they force that fortilage to win,
But Wisdom's power, and Temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced been:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit,
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the Golden Fleece,
His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
The wondered Argo, which, in venturous peace,
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves, were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermell, like the boy's blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkled,
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creusa wed.

All this, and more, might in that goodly gate
Be read, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came; but in the porch there sat
A comely personage, of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That travellers to him seemed to entice;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Nor fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call;
Not that celestial power to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,
Who wond'rous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantoms, doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ills bids us beware,
That is ourself, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be:

Therefore a god him sage antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all;
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guileful semblance, which he makes us see.
He of this garden had the governale,
And Pleasure's porter was devised to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

With divers flowers he daintily was deck'd
And strewed round about, and by his side
A mighty mazer bowl of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrificed,
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified;
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by:
But he his idle courtesy defied,
And overthrew his bowl disdainfully,
And broke his staff, with which he charged semblants sly.

Thus being enter'd, they behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strewed with pleasances; whose fair grassy ground,
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bow'r she comes in th' early morn.

There with the heavens, always jovial,
Look'd on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air, with season moderate,
Gently attemper'd, and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that bore
A giant babe, herself for grief did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair
Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses fair;
Or Eden self, if aught with Eden mote compare.

Much wonder'd Guyon at the fair aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffer'd no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and look'd still forward right,
Bridling his will, and mastering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Arch'd over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair emeraudes not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnish'd gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughs, with so rich load oppress'd,
Did bow adown as overburthened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fair weeds, but foul disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhead:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fullness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruzed with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach
That so fair wine-press made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she used to give to drink to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offer'd it to taste:
Who, taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the land:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstand,
But suffered him to pass, all were she lothe,
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goeth.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high;
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space;
That trembling groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine,)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify,
So differing both in wills agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on the earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see:
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd, with lively jollity,
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trayle of ivy in his native hue;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves, dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers, they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper, shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon happen'd by the same to wend,
Two naked damsels he therein espied,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne cared to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them eyed. . . .

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea doth rear;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly born
Of th' ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped down apace;
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him near,
And somewhat 'gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborn breast 'gan secret pleasaunce to embrace. . . .

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebuked those wand'ring eyes of his,
And, counsell'd well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bower of Bliss,
Of her fond favourites so named amiss;
When thus the palmer: "Now, Sir, well avise,
For here the end of all our travel is;
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To rede what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

GLAUCE AND BRITOMART EXPLORING THE CAVE OF MERLIN.

Full many ways within her troubled mind
Old Glauce cast to cure this lady's grief;
Full many ways she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counsel, that is chief
And choicest med'cine for sick heart's relief;
Forthy great care she took, and greater fear,
Least that it should her turn to foul reprief,
And sore reproach, whenso her father dear [hear.
Should of his dearest daughter's hard misfortune

At last she her advised, that he which made
That mirror wherein the sick damosel
So strangely viewed her strange lover's shade,
To weet the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought;
For though beyond the Afric Ismael,
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
And base attire, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Cayr-Merdin call'd, they took their way;
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day;
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenso he counsell'd, with his sprites encompass'd round.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares devour.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprites, with long-enduring pains,
Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains;
And oftentimes great groans and grievous stounds,
When too huge toil and labour them constrains,
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds,
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

The cause, some say, is this: a little while
Before that Merlin died, he did intend
A brazen wall in compass to compile
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprites to bring to perfect end;
During which work the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he loved, for him in haste did send,
Who thereby forced his workmen to forsake,
Them bound till his return their labour not to slake.

In the mean time, through that false lady's train,
He was surprised and buried under bier,
Ne ever to his work return'd again;
Nathless those fiends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandement they fear,
But there do toil and travail day and night,
Until that brazen wall they up do rear;
For Merlin had in magic more insight
Than ever him before or after living wight.

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry,
And darksome night he eke could turn to day;
Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,
Whenso him list his enemies to fray;
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The fiends do quake when any him to them does name.

And sooth men say, that he was not the son
Of mortal sire, and other living wight,
But wond'rously begotten and begone
By false illusion of a guileful sprite
On a fair lady nun, that whilom hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And cousin unto king Ambrosius,
Whence he enduëd was with skill so marvellous.

They here arriving, stay'd awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent 'gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend,
Until the hardy maid (with love to friend)
First entering, the dreadful mage there found
Deep busied 'bout work of wond'rous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn fiends he to his service bound. . . . .

BELPHOEBE FINDS TIMIAS WOUNDED AND CONVEYS HIM TO HER DWELLING.

BOOK III. CANTO V.

She on a day, as she pursued the chace
Of some wild beast, which, with her arrows keen,
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seen
To have besprinkled all the grassy green;
By the great pursue which she there perceived,
Well hoped she the beast engored had been,
And made more haste the life to have bereaved;
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceived.

Shortly she came whereas that woeful squire,
With blood deformed, lay in deadly swound;
In whose fair eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The crystal humour stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves, fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood, in bunches rudely ran,
And his sweet lips, on which, before that stound,
The bud of youth to blossom fair began
Spoil'd of their rosy red, were waxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eye more heavy sight,
That could have made a rock of stone to rue
Or rive in twain; which when that lady bright
Besides all hope, with melting eyes did view,
All suddenly abash'd, she changed hue,
And with stern horror backward 'gan to start;
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart;
The point of pity pierced through her tender heart.

Meekly she bowed down, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did remain,
And feeling by his pulse's beating rife
That the weak soul her seat did yet retain,
She cast to comfort him with busy pain.
His double-folded neck she rear'd upright,
And rubb'd his temples and each trembling vein;
His mailed haberjon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste she went,
To seek for herbs that mote him remedy,
For she of herbs had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymph which from her infancy
Her nursed had in true nobility;
There, whether it divine tobacco were,
Or panacea, or polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood near.

The sovereign weed, betwixt two marbles plain,
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise,
And then atween her lily handes twain
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
And round about (as she could well it use)
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steep,
T' abate all spasm, and soak the swelling bruise;
And after having search'd the intuse deep,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keep.

By this he had sweet life recur'd again.
And groaning inly deep, at last his eyes,
His watery eyes, drizzling like dewy rain,
He up 'gan lift toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopeless remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and turning him aside,
The goodly maid, full of divinities,
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spied,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

"Mercy, dear Lord!" said he, "what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me, sinful wight,
To send thine angel from her bower of bliss
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angel, or goddess, do I call thee right?
What service may I do unto thee meet,
That hast from darkness me return'd to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweet
Hast drest my sinful wounds? I kiss thy blessed feet."

Thereat she blushing said, "Ah! gentle Squire,
Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid
And daughter of a woody nymph, desire
No service but thy safety and aid,
Which if thou gain, I shall be well apaid.
We mortal wights, whose lives and fortunes be
To common accidents still open laid,
Are bound with common bond of fráilty,
To succour wretched wights whom we captived see."

By this her damsels, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arrived,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been deprived
Of life whom late their lady's arrow rived;
Forthy the bloody tract they follow'd fast,
And every one to run the swiftest strived;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

Where, when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defouled, and their lady dress his wound,
They wonder'd much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly case their lady found,
And rescuéd out of the heavy stound:
Eftsoons his warlike courser, which was stray'd
Far in the woods, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damsels search; which being stay'd,
They did him set thereon, and forthwith them convey'd.

Into that forest far they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods which did the valley shade
And like a stately theatre it made.
Spreading itself into a spacious plain;
And in the midst a little river play'd
Amongst the pumice stones, which seem'd to plain
With gentle murmur, that his course they did restrain.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves[b] teen,
As it an earthly paradise had been;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Thither they brought that wounded squire, and laid
In easy couch his feeble limbs to rest:
He rested him a while, and then the maid
His ready wound with better salves new drest;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best

[b] Sorrow.

His grievous hurt to guarish[c] that she might,
That shortly he his dolour had redrest,
And his foul sore reduced to fair plight;
It she reduced, but himself destroyed quite.

O foolish physic, and unfruitful pain,
That heals up one, and makes another wound;
She his hurt thigh to him recured again,
But hurt his heart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gracious countenance:
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endéless durance
Of sorrow and despair without allegiance? . . . .

Thus warred he long time against his will,
Till that through weakness he was forced at last
To yield himself unto the mighty ill,
Which as a victor proud 'gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrails waste,
That neither blood in face, nor life in heart,
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast,
As piercing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and càlcineth by art.

Which seeing, fair Belphœbe 'gan to fear
Least that his wound were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked steel empoison'd were;
Little she ween'd that love he close conceal'd;
Yet still he wasted as the snow congeal'd,
When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his heart to her reveal'd,
But rather chose to die for sorrow great,
Than with dishonourable terms her to entreat. . .

[c] Heal.

FROM SPENSER'S SONNETS.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasuns to delight,
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

POETRY OF UNCERTAIN AUTHORS

OF

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

FROM DAVISON'S "POETICAL RHAPSODY."

THIS bold and spirited poem has been ascribed to several authors, but to none on satisfactory authority. It can be traced to MS. of a date as early as 1593, when Francis Davison, who published it in his Poetical Rhapsody, was too young to be supposed, with much probability, to have written it; and as Davison's work was a compilation, his claims to it must be very doubtful. Sir Egerton Brydges has published it among Sir Walter Raleigh's poems, but without a tittle of evidence to show that it was the production of that great man. Mr. Ellis gives it to Joshua Sylvester, evidently by mistake. Whoever looks at the folio vol. of Sylvester's poems, will see that Joshua uses the beautiful original merely as a text, and has the conscience to print his own stuff in a way that shows it to be interpolated. Among those additions there occur some such execrable stanzas as the following:

Say, soldiers are the sink
Of sin to all the realm,
Giv'n all to whore and drink,
To quarrel and blaspheme.

Tell townsmen, that because that
They prank their brides so proud,
Too many times it draws that
Which makes them beetle-brow'd.

Ohe jam satis!

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good and doth no good;
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved, unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

CANZONET.

FROM DAVISON'S RHAPSODY. EDIT. 1608.

THE golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall;
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer tide,
Hast given me light and power to see
With perfect skill my sight to guide;
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of Beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill,
I gazed on many a lovely face,
Yet fond I none to bend my will;
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have clear'd my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind,
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find;
And yet those dames that shine so bright
Are but the shadows of thy light.

FROM THE PHŒNIX' NEST. EDIT. 1593.

O NIGHT, O jealous night, repugnant to my pleasure,
O night so long desired, yet cross to my content,
There's none but only thou can guide me to my treasure,
Yet none but only thou that hindereth my intent.

Sweet night, withhold thy beams, withhold them till to-morrow,
Whose joy, in lack so long, a hell of torment breeds,
Sweet night, sweet gentle night, do not prolong my sorrow,
Desire is guide to me, and love no loadstar needs.

Let sailors gaze on stars and moon so freshly shining,
Let them that miss the way be guided by the light,
I know my lady's bower, there needs no more divining,
Affection sees in dark, and love hath eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia, couch awhile; hold in thy thorns for shining,
And glad not low'ring night with thy too glorious rays;
But be she dim and dark, tempestuous and repining,
That in her spite my sport may work thy endless praise.

And when my will is done, then Cynthia shine, good lady,
All other nights and days in honour of that night,
That happy, heavenly night, that night so dark and shady,
Wherein my love had eyes that lighted my delight.

FROM THE SAME.

The gentle season of the year
Hath made my blooming branch appear,
And beautified the land with flowers;
The air doth savour with delight,
The heavens do smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eyes augment their showers.

The meads are mantled all with green,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treen,
The birds with feathers new do sing;
But I, poor soul, whom wrong doth rack,
Attire myself in mourning black,
Whose leaf doth fall amidst his spring.

And as you see the scarlet rose
In his sweet prime his buds disclose,
Whose hue is with the sun revived;
So, in the April of mine age,
My lively colours do assuage,
Because my sunshine is deprived.

My heart, that wonted was of yore,
Light as the winds, abroad to soar
Amongst the buds, when beauty springs,
Now only hovers over you,
As doth the bird that's taken new,
And mourns when all her neighbours sings.

When every man is bent to sport,
Then, pensive, I alone resort
Into some solitary walk,
As doth the doleful turtle-dove,
Who, having lost her faithful love,
Sits mourning on some wither'd stalk.

There to myself I do recount
How far my woes my joys surmount,
How love requiteth me with hate,
How all my pleasures end in pain,
How hate doth say my hope is vain,
How fortune frowns upon my state.

And in this mood, charged with despair,
With vapour'd sighs I dim the air,
And to the Gods make this request,
That by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
And bring my soul to better rest.

SONGS.

FROM WILBYE'S MADRIGALS. EDIT. 1598.

Lady, your words do spite me,
Yet your sweet lips so soft kiss and delight me;
Your deeds my heart surcharged with overjoying,
Your taunts my life destroying;
Since both have force to kill me,
Let kisses sweet, sweet kill me!
Knights fight with swords and lances,
Fight you with smiling glances,
So, like swans of Meander,
My ghost from hence shall wander,
Singing and dying, singing and dying.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.

Change me, O heaven! into the ruby stone
That on my love's fair locks doth hang in gold,
Yet leave me speech to her to make my moan,
And give me eyes her beauty to behold:
Or if you will not make my flesh a stone,
Make her hard heart seem flesh, that now is none.

I sang sometimes my thoughts and fancy's pleasure,
Where then I list, or time served best,
While Daphne did invite me
To supper once, and drank to me to spite me;
I smiled, yet still did doubt her,
And drank where she had drank before, to flout her.
But O, while I did eye her,
My eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fire.

O light is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When she revisits Cyprus' hallowed bowers,
Two feeble doves, harness'd in silken twining,
Can draw her chariot 'mid the Paphian flowers:
Lightness in love how ill she fitteth,
So heavy on my heart she sitteth.

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face;
Not for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
And thus we love shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still,
Yet know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still,
To dote upon me ever.

FROM BIRD'S COLLECTION OF SONGS, &c.

Your shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot choose but like them well;
But when for them they say they'll die,
Believe them not, they do but lie.

Ambitious love hath forced me to aspire
To beauties rare, which do adorn thy face;
Thy modest life yet bridles my desire,
Whose law severe doth promise me no grace.

But what! may love live under any law!
No, no. his power exceedeth man's conceit,
Of which the gods themselves do stand in awe,
For on his frown a thousand torments wait.

Proceed, then, in this desperate enterprise
With good advice, and follow love, thy guide,
That leads thee to thy wished paradise:
Thy climbing thoughts this comfort take withal,
That if it be thy foul disgrace to slide,
Thy brave attempt shall yet excuse thy fall.

Amid the seas a gallant ship set out,
Wherein nor men nor yet 'munition lacks,
In greatest winds that spareth not a clout,
But cuts the waves in spite of weather's wrack,
Would force a swain that comes of coward kind,
To change himself, and be of noble mind.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,
Whose neighs and plays are princely to behold;
Whose courage stout, whose eyes are fiery red,
Whose joints well knit, whose harness all of gold,
Doth well deserve to be no meaner thing
Than Persian knight, whose horse made him a king.

By that bedside where sits a gallant dame,
Who casteth off her brave and rich attire,
Whose petticoat sets forth as fair a frame
As mortal men or gods can well desire;
Who sits and sees her petticoat unlaced,
I say no more—the rest are all disgraced.

SONGS FROM WEELKES'S MADRIGALS.
EDIT. 1604.

Like two proud armies marching in the field,
Joining a thund'ring fight, each scorns to yield,
So in my heart your beauty and my reason,
To th' other says, it's treason, treason, treason:
But your fair beauty shineth as the sun,
And dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

Hold out my heart, with joy's delights accloy'd;
Hold out my heart and show it,
That all the world may know it,
What sweet content thou lately hast enjoy'd.
She that "Come, dear!" would say,
Then laugh, and smile, and run away;
And if I stay'd her would cry nay,
Fy for shame, fy.
My true love not regarding,
Hath giv'n me at length his full rewarding,
So that unless I tell
The joys that overfill me,
My joys, kept in full well,
I know will kill me.

Give me my heart and I will go,
Or else forsake your wonted no,
No, no, no—No, no, no.
But since my dear doth doubt me,
With no, no, no, I mean to flout thee;
No, no, no.
Now there is hope we shall agree,
Since double no imparteth yea;
If that be so, my dearest,
With no, no, no, my heart thou cheerest.

Cold winter ice is fled and gone,
And summer brags on every tree;
The red-breast peeps among the throng
Of wood-brown birds that wanton be:
Each one forgets what they have been,
And so doth Phyllis, summer's queen.

Say, dear, will you not have me?
Then take the kiss you gave me;
You elsewhere would, perhaps, bestow it,
And I would be as loth to owe it;
Or if you will not take the thing once given,
Let me kiss you, and then we shall be even.

FROM BATESON'S MADRIGALS.
EDIT. 1606.

Love would discharge the duty of his heart
In beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny
Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to his desert;
Which high conceit, since nothing can supply,
Love here constrain'd through conquest to confess,
Bids silence sigh what tongue cannot express.

Whither so fast? Ah, see the kindly flowers
Perfume the air, and all to make thee stay;
The climbing woodbind, clipping all these bowers,
Clips thee likewise, for fear thou pass away:
Fortune, our friend, our foe, will not gainsay:
Stay but a while, Phœbe no tell-tale is,
She het Endymion—I'll my Phœbe kiss.

Yet stay, alway be chained to my heart
With links of love, that we do never part;
Then I'll not call thee serpent, tiger, cruel,
But my sweet Gemma, and my dearest jewel.

TO HIS LOVE.
FROM ENGLAND'S HELICON.

Come away, come, sweet love!
The golden morning breaks,
All the earth, all the air,
Of love and pleasure speaks;

Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss:
Eyes were made for beauty's grace;
Viewing, ruing, love's long pain,
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come, sweet love!
The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fiery arrows casts,
Making all the shadows fly,
Playing, staying, in the grove,
To entertain the stealth of love;
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying, in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come, come, sweet love!
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise
Like to the naked morn.
Lilies on the river's side,
And fair Cyprian flow'rs newly blown,
Ask no beauties but their own.
Ornament is nurse of pride —— . . . .

JOHN LYLY

[Born, 1554. Died, 1600.]

Was born in the Weald of Kent. Wood places his birth in 1553. Oldys makes it appear probable that he was born much earlier.* He studied at both the universities, and for many years attended the court of Elizabeth in expectation of being made Master of the Revels. In this object he was disappointed, and was obliged, in his old age, to solicit the Queen for some trifling grant to support him,† which it is uncertain whether he ever obtained. Very little indeed is known of him, though Blount, his editor, tells us that "he sate at Apollo's table, and that the god gave him a wreath of his own bays without snatching." Whether Apollo was ever so complaisant or not, it is certain that Lyly's work of "*Euphues and his England*," preceded by another called "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," &c., promoted a fantastic style of false wit, bombastic metaphor, and pedantic allusion, which it was fashionable to speak at court under the name of Euphuism, and which the ladies thought it indispensable to acquire. Lyly, in his Euphues, probably did not create the new style, but only collected and methodized the floating affectations of phraseology. Drayton ascribes the overthrow of Euphuism to Sir P. Sydney, who, he says,

—— did first reduce
Our tongues from Lylie's writing then in use,
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Plying with words and idle similies,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of every thing that they do hear and see.

Sydney died in 1586, and Euphues had appeared but six years earlier. We may well suppose Sydney to have been hostile to such absurdity, and his writings probably promoted a better taste; but we hear of Euphuism being in vogue many years after his death; and it seems to have expired, like all other fashions, by growing vulgar. Lyly wrote nine plays, in some of which there is considerable wit and humour, rescued from the jargon of his favourite system.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip—the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how,
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise;
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

SONG.

FROM ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale—
Jug, jug, jug, jug—tereu—she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark! hark! but what a pretty note,
Poor Robin red-breast tunes his throat;
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo—to welcome in the spring.

FROM MOTHER BOMBIE.

O Cupid, monarch over kings,
Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?
Is it to show how swift thou art,
When thou wound'st a tender heart?
Thy wings being clipt and feet held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus' wanton school,
Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool—
Fools in Love's college
Have far more knowledge
To read a woman over,
Than a neat-prating lover;
Nay, 'tis confest
That fools please women best.

[* Lyly was born in Kent in 1554, and was matriculated at Oxford in 1571, when it was recorded in the entry that he was seventeen years old.—Collier's *Annals*, vol. iii. p. 174.—C.]

† If he was an old man in the reign of Elizabeth, Oldys's conjecture as to the date of his birth seems to be verified,—as we scarcely call a man old at fifty.

ALEXANDER HUME

[Born, 1560? Died, 1609?]

Was the second son of Patrick, fifth Baron of Polwarth, from whom the family of Marchmont are descended. He was born probably about the middle, and died about the end, of the sixteenth century. During four years of the earlier part of his life, he resided in France, after which he returned home and studied law, but abandoned the bar to try his fortune at court. There he is said to have been disgusted with the preference shown to a poetical rival, Montgomery, with whom he exchanged *flytings*, (or invectives,) in verse, and who boasts of having "driven Polwart from the chimney nook." He then went into the church, and was appointed rector or minister of Logie; the names of ecclesiastical offices in Scotland then floating between presbytery and prelacy. In the clerical profession he continued till his death. Hume lived at a period when the spirit of Calvinism in Scotland was at its gloomiest pitch, and when a reformation, fostered by the poetry of Lyndsay, and by the learning of Buchanan, had begun to grow hostile to elegant literature. Though the drama, rude as it was, had been no mean engine in the hands of Lyndsay against popery, yet the Scottish reformers of this latter period even anticipated the zeal of the English puritans against dramatic and romantic poetry, which they regarded as emanations from hell. Hume had imbided so far the spirit of his times as to publish an exhortation to the youth of Scotland to forego the admiration of all classical heroes, and to read no other books on the subject of love than the Song of Solomon. But Calvinism* itself could not entirely eradicate the beauty of Hume's fancy, and left him still the high fountain of Hebrew poetry to refresh it. In the following specimen of his poetry, describing the successive appearances of nature during a summer's day, there is a train of images that seem peculiarly pleasing and unborrowed—the pictures of a poetical mind, humble but genuine in its cast.

THANKS FOR A SUMMER'S DAY.

O perfect light which shaid[a] away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor[b] at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by.
Syne[c] in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Whilk[d] soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing, and the snipe,
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

But every bold nocturnal beast
No longer may abide,
They hie away both maist and least,[e]
Themselves in house to hide. . . . .

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abread.[f]

For joy the birds with boulden[g] throats,
Against his visage sheen,[h]
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

Upbraids[i] the careful husbandman,
His corn and vines to see,
And every timeous[j] artisan
In booths works busily.

The pastor quits the slothful sleep,
And passes forth with speed,
His little camow-nosed[k] sheep,
And rowting kye[l] to feed.

The passenger, from perils sure,
Goes gladly forth the way,
Brief, every living créature
Takes comfort of the day. . . .

The misty reek,[m] the clouds of rain
From tops of mountain skails,[n]
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours take the vales.

Bagaired[o] is the sapphire pend[p]
With sprainges[q] of scarlet hue;
And preciously from end to end,
Damasked white and blue.

* This once gloomy influence of Calvinism on the literary character of the Scottish churchmen, forms a contrast with more recent times, that needs scarcely to be suggested to those acquainted with Scotland. In extending the classical fame, no less than in establishing the moral reputation of their country, the Scottish clergy have exerted a primary influence; and whatever Presbyterian eloquence might once be, the voice of enlightened principles and universal charity is nowhere to be heard more distinctly than at the present hour from their pulpits.

[a] For shaded.—[b] Scottice for *than*.—[c] Then.—[d] Which.—[e] Largest and smallest.—[f] Abroad.—[g] Emboldened.—[h] Shining.—[i] Uprises.—[j] Early.—[k] Flat-nosed.—[l] Lowing kine.—[m] Fog.—[n] Pours off.—[o] Drest out.—[p] Arch.—[q] Streaks.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,
In clearness does surpass
The crystal and the silver, pure
As clearest polish'd glass,

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That no where shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.[r]

The rivers fresh, the callour[s] streams,
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,[t]
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din. . . . .

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves, that woltering[u] wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales, and forest fair,
Again repeats them all.

The clogged busy humming bees,
That never think to drown,[v]
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collect their liquor brown.

The sun most like a speedy post
With ardent course ascends;
The beauty of our heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends . . . .

The breathless flocks draw to the shade
And freshure[w] of their fauld;
The startling nolt,[x] as they were mad,
Run to the rivers cald.

The herds beneath some leafy trees,
Amidst the flow'rs they lie;
The stable ships upon the seas
Tend up their sails to dry.

The hart, the hind, the fallow deer,
Are tapish'd[y] at their rest;
The fowls and birds that made thee beare,[z]
Prepare their pretty nest.

The rayons dure[a] descending down,
All kindle in a gleid;[b]
In city, nor in burrough town,
May name set forth their head.

Back from the blue pavemented whun,[c]
And from ilk plaster wall,
The hot reflexing of the sun
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timely rose,
All weary, faint, and weak,
For heat down to their houses goes,[d]
Noon-meite and sleep to take.

The callour[e] wine in cave is sought,
Men's brothing[f] breasts to cool;
The water cold and clear is brought,
And sallads steeped in ule.[g]

With gilded eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,[h]
And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue,
The winds can fast collect,
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is gone—gone is midday,
The heat does slake at last,
The sun descends down west away,
For three o'clock is past. . . . .

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength,
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down,
The reek[i] throws up right in the air,
From every tower and town. . . . .

The mavis and the philomeen,[j]
The sterling whistles loud,
The cushats[k] on the branches green,
Full quietly they crood.[l]

The glomin[m] comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauty try,
Are nothing like the colour red
And beauty of the sky. . . . .

What pleasure then to walk and see,
Endlang[n] a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives[o] and creels,[p]
Uphailed into scouts:[q]
The bells and circles on the weills,[r]
Through leaping of the trouts.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild[s]
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating sheep, fra they be fill'd,
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven,
Quhilk[t] sent this summer day.

---

[r] Stir.—[s] Cool.—[t] Run.—[u] Tumbling.—[v] To drone, or to be idle.—[w] Freshness.—[x] Oxen.—[y] Carpeted.—[z] Beare, I suppose, means music.—To beare in old Scotch, is *to recite*. Wynton, in his Chronicle, says, "As I have heard men beare on hand."—[a] Hard or keen rays.—[b] Fire.—[c] Whinstone.—[d] In old Scottish poetry little attention is paid to giving plural nouns a plural verb.

[e] Cool.—[f] Burning.—[g] Oil.—[h] Beats.—[i] Smoke.—[j] Thrush and nightingale.—[k] Wood-pigeons.—[l] A very expressive word for the note of the cushat, or wood-pigeon.—[m] Evening.—[n] Along.—[o] Places for confining fish, generally placed in the dam of a river.—[p] Baskets.—[q] Small boats or yawls.—[r] Wells.—[s] Throng.—[t] Who.

THOMAS NASH.

[Born, 1560? Died about 1600-4.]

THOMAS NASH was born at Lowestoft in Suffolk, was bred at Cambridge, and closed a calamitous life of authorship at the age, it is said, of forty-two. Dr. Beloe* has given a list of his works, and Mr. D'Israéli† an account of his shifts and miseries. Adversity seems to have whetted his genius, as his most tolerable verses are those which describe his own despair; and in the midst of his woes, he exposed to just derision the profound fooleries of the astrologer Harvey, who, in the year 1582, had thrown the whole kingdom into consternation by his predictions of the probable effects of the junction of Jupiter and Saturn. Drayton, in his Epistle of Poets and Poesy, says of him—

> Sharply satyric was he, and that way
> He went, since that his being to this day,
> Few have attempted, and I surely think,
> These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
> Shall blast and scorch so as his could.

From the allusion which he makes in the following quotation to Sir P. Sydney's compassion, before the introduction of the following lines, it may be conjectured that he had experienced the bounty of that noble character.

DESPAIR OF A POOR SCHOLAR.

FROM PIERCE PENNILESS.

WHY is't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease:
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Deceitful arts! that nourish discontent:
Ill thrive the folly that bewitch'd me so!
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent,
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise breach;
Ah friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

Without redress complains my careless verse,
And Midas' ears relent not at my moan;
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,
'Mongst them that will be moved when I shall groan.
England, adieu! the soil that brought me forth,
Adieu! unkind, where skill is nothing worth.

* Anecdotes of Scarce Books. † Calamities of Authors.

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

[Born, 1534. Died, 1604.]

THIS nobleman sat as Great Chamberlain of England upon the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. In the year of the Armada, he distinguished his public spirit by fitting out some ships at his private cost. He had travelled in Italy in his youth, and is said to have returned the most accomplished coxcomb of his age. The story of his quarrel with Sir Philip Sydney, as it is related by Collins, gives us a most unfavourable idea of his manners and temper, and shows to what a height the claims of aristocratical privilege were at that time carried.‡ Some still more discreditable traits of his character are to be found in the history of his life.§

FANCY AND DESIRE.

FROM THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES.

WHEN wert thou born, Desire? In pride and pomp of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot? By fond conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse? Fresh Youth, in sugar'd joy.
What was thy meat and daily food? Sad sighs with great annoy.

‡ The Earl of Oxford being one day in the tennis-court with Sir Philip Sydney, on some offence which he had taken, ordered him to leave the room, and, on his refusal, gave him the epithet of a puppy. Sir Philip retorted the lie on his lordship, and left the place, expecting to be followed by the peer. But Lord Oxford neither followed him nor noticed his quarrel, till her majesty's council had time to command the peace. The queen interfered, reminding Sir Philip of the difference between "earls and gentlemen," and of the respect which inferiors owed their superiors. Sydney, boldly but respectfully, stated to her majesty, that rank among freemen could claim no other homage than precedency, and did not obey her commands to make submission to Oxford. For a fuller statement of this anecdote, vide the quotation from Collins, in the British Bibliographer, vol. i. p. 83.

§ By Mr. Park, in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

What hadst thou then to drink? Unsavoury lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rock'd in? In hope devoid of fears.
What lull'd thee, then, asleep? Sweet sleep, which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place? In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most? To gaze on beauty still.
What dost thou think to be thy foe? Disdain of my good-will.
Doth company displease? Yes, surely, many one.
Where doth Desire delight to live? He loves to live alone.

Doth either Time or Age bring him into decay?
No, no, Desire both lives and dies a thousand times a day.
Then, fond Desire, farewell! thou art no mate for me:
I should, methinks, be loth to dwell with such a one as thee.

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

IN A MS. OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make me bond,
By service long, to purchase their good-will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, where'er they list?

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say, when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

THOMAS STORER.

[Died, 1604.]

The date of this writer's birth can only be generally conjectured from his having been elected a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1587. The slight notice of him by Wood only mentions that he was the son of John Storer, a Londoner, and that he died in the metropolis. Besides the History of Cardinal Wolsey in three parts, viz. his aspiring, his triumph, and death, he wrote several pastoral pieces in England's Helicon.

FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Perchance the tenor of my mourning verse
May lead some pilgrim to my tombless grave,
Where neither marble monument, nor hearse,
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honours now the meanest persons have;
But well is me, where'er my ashes lie,
If one tear drop from some religious eye.

WOLSEY'S AMBITION.

Yet, as through Tagus' fair transparent streams,
The wand'ring merchant sees the wealthy gold,
Or like in Cynthia's half-obscured beams,
Through misty clouds and vapours manifold;
So through a mirror of my hoped-for gain,
I saw the treasure which I should obtain.

WOLSEY'S VISION.

From that rich valley where the angels laid him,
His unknown sepulchre in Moab's land,
Moses, that Israel led, and they obey'd him,
In glorious view before my face did stand,
Bearing the folded tables in his hand,
Wherein the doom of life, and death's despair
By God's own finger was engraven there.

Then passing forth a joyful troop ensued
Of worthy judges and triumphant kings. . . .

After several personages of sacred history, some allegorical ones condescend to visit the sleeping Cardinal, among whom Theology naturally has a place, and is thus described:—

In chariot framed of celestial mould,
And simple pureness of the purest sky,
A more than heavenly nymph I did behold,
Who glancing on me with her gracious eye,
So gave me leave her beauty to espy;
For sure no sense such sight can comprehend,
Except her beams their fair reflection lend.

Her beauty with Eternity began,
And only unto God was ever seen,
When Eden was possess'd with sinful man,
She came to him and gladly would have been
The long succeeding world's eternal Queen;
But they refused her, O heinous deed!
And from that garden banish'd was their seed.

Since when, at sundry times in sundry ways,
Atheism and blended Ignorance conspire,
How to obscure those holy burning rays,
And quench that zeal of heart-inflaming fire
That makes our souls to heavenly things aspire;
But all in vain, for, maugre all their might,
She never lost one sparkle of her light.

JOSEPH HALL.

[Born, 1574. Died, 1656.]

BISHOP HALL, who for his ethical eloquence has been sometimes denominated the Christian Seneca, was also the first who gave our language an example of epistolary composition in prose. He wrote besides a satirical fiction, entitled *Mundus alter et idem*, in which, under pretence of describing the *Terra Australis Incognita*, he reversed the plan of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, and characterized the vices of existing nations. Of our satirical poetry, taking satire in its moral and dignified sense, he claims, and may be allowed, to be the founder: for the ribaldry of Skelton, and the crude essays of the graver Wyat, hardly entitle them to that appellation.* Though he lived till beyond the middle of the seventeenth century, his satires were written before, and his *Mundus alter et idem* about, the year 1600: so that his antiquity, no less than his strength, gives him an important place in the formation of our literature.†

In his Satires, which were published at the age of twenty-three, he discovered not only the early vigour of his own genius, but the powers and pliability of his native tongue. Unfortunately, perhaps unconsciously, he caught, from studying Juvenal and Persius as his models, an elliptical manner and an antique allusion, which cast obscurity over his otherwise spirited and amusing traits of English manners; though the satirist himself was so far from anticipating this objection, that he formally apologizes for "*too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar.*" But in many instances he redeems the antiquity of his allusions by their ingenious adaptation to modern manners; and this is but a small part of his praise; for in the point and volubility, and vigour of Hall's numbers, we might frequently imagine ourselves perusing Dryden.‡ This may be exemplified in the harmony and picturesqueness of the following description of a magnificent rural mansion, which the traveller approaches in the hopes of reaching the seat of ancient hospitality, but finds it deserted by its selfish owner.

Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,
With double echoes, doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see.
All dumb and silent like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite;
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed. . . .

Look to the towered chimneys, which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open air,
Betokening life and liberal welfare,
Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest
And fills the tunnel with her circled nest.

His satires are neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamations on vice, but give us the form and pressure of the times exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners. The age was undoubtedly fertile in eccentricity. His picture of its literature may at first view appear to be overcharged with severity, accustomed as we are to associate a general idea of excellence with the period of Elizabeth; but when Hall wrote there was not a great poet firmly established in the language except Spenser, and on him he has bestowed ample applause. With regard to Shakspeare, the reader will observe a passage in the first satire, where the poet speaks of resigning the honours of heroic and tragic poetry to more inspired geniuses; and it is possible that the great dramatist may be here alluded to, as well as Spenser. But the allusion is indistinct, and not necessarily applicable to the bard of Avon. Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, Richard II. and III. have been traced in print to no earlier date than the year 1597, in which Hall's first series of satires appeared; and we have no sufficient proof of his previous fame as a dramatist having been so great as to leave Hall without excuse for omitting to pay him homage. But the sunrise of the drama with Shakspeare was not without abundance of attendant mists in the contemporary fustian of inferior playmakers, who are severely ridiculed by our satirist. In addition to this, our poetry was still haunted by the whining ghosts of the Mirror for Magistrates, while obscenity walked in barbarous nakedness, and the very genius of the language was threatened by revolutionary prosodists.

From the literature of the age Hall proceeds to its manners and prejudices, and among the latter derides the prevalent confidence in alchymy and astrology. To us this ridicule appears an ordinary effort of reason; but it was in him a common sense above the level of the times. If any proof were required to illustrate the slow departure of prejudices, it would be found in the fact of an

[* Donne appears to have been the first in order of composition—though Hall and Marston made their appearance in print before him.—C.]

† His name is therefore placed in these Specimens with a variation from the general order, not according to the date of his death, but about the time of his appearance as a poet.

‡ The satire which I think contains the most vigorous and musical couplets of this old poet, is the first of Book 3d, beginning.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old.

I preferred, however, the insertion of others as examples of his poetry, as they are more descriptive of English manners than the fanciful praises of the golden age which that satire contains. It is flowing and fanciful, but conveys only the insipid moral of men decaying by the progress of civilization: a doctrine not unlike that which Gulliver found in the book of the old woman of Brobdignag, whose author lamented the tiny size of the modern Brobdignagdians compared with that of their ancestors.

astrologer being patronised, half a century afterwards, by the government of England.*

During his youth and education he had to struggle with poverty; and in his old age he was one of those sufferers in the cause of episcopacy whose virtues shed a lustre on its fall. He was born in the parish of Ashby de la Zouche, in Leicestershire, studied and took orders at Cambridge, and was for some time master of the school of Tiverton, in Devonshire. An accidental opportunity which he had of preaching before Prince Henry seems to have given the first impulse to his preferment, till by gradual promotion he rose to be bishop of Exeter, having previously accompanied King James, as one of his chaplains to Scotland, and attended the Synod of Dort at a convocation of the protestant divines. As bishop of Exeter he was so mild in his conduct towards the puritans, that he, who was one of the last broken pillars of the church, was nearly persecuted for favouring them. Had such conduct been, at this critical period, pursued by the high churchmen in general, the history of a bloody age might have been changed into that of peace; but the violence of Laud prevailed over the milder counsels of a Hall, an Usher, and a Corbet. When the dangers of the church grew more instant, Hall became its champion, and was met in the field of controversy by Milton, whose respect for the bishop's learning is ill concealed under the attempt to cover it with derision.

By the little power that was still left to the sovereign in 1641, Hall was created bishop of Norwich; but having joined, almost immediately after, in the protest of the twelve prelates against the validity of laws that should be passed in their compelled absence, he was committed to the Tower, and, in the sequel, marked out for sequestration. After suffering extreme hardships, he was allowed to retire, on a small pittance, to Higham, near Norwich, where he continued, in comparative obscurity, but with indefatigable zeal and intrepidity, to exercise the duties of a pastor, till he closed his days at the venerable age of eighty-two.

SATIRE I. BOOK I.

Nor ladies' wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhymes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungry scene
For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful muse abide
With tragic shoes her ancles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tail
To some great patron, for my best avail.
Such hunger starven trencher poetry,
Or let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstrelsy:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively lays,
As might the Graces move my mirth to praise.†
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them bequeath: whose statues wand'ring twine
Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the muse's midwifery,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late bridal day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left forlore.

SATIRE III.‡ BOOK I.

With some pot fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours seemed all beforn,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams.
So doth the base, and the sore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought;
Or some upreared, high-aspiring swain,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlain:
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven height,
When he conceives upon his feigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thund'ring threats,
That his poor hearer's hair quite upright sets.

---

* William Lilly received a pension from the council of state, in 1648. He was, besides, consulted by Charles; and during the siege of Colchester, was sent for by the heads of the parliamentary army, to encourage the soldiers, by assuring them that the town would be taken. Fairfax told the seer, that he did not understand his art, but hoped it was lawful, and agreeable to God's word. Butler alludes to this when he says,

> Do not our great Reformers use
> This Sidrophel to forebode news;
> To write of victories next year,
> And castles taken yet i' th' air? . . .
>
> And has not he point-blank foretold
> What's'er the Close Committee would;
> Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
> The moon for fundamental laws? . . .
>
> Made all the Royal stars recant,
> Compound and take the Covenant?
>
> *Hudibras*, Canto III

† In this satire, which is not perfectly intelligible at the first glance, the author, after deriding the romantic and pastoral vein of affected or mercenary poetasters, proceeds to declare, that for his own part he resigns the higher walks of genuine poetry to others; that he need not crave the "Muse's midwifery," since not even a baser muse would now haunt the shore of Granta (the Cam), which they have left deserted, and crowned with willows, the types of desertion ever since Spenser celebrated the marriage of the Medway and the Thames.—E.

‡ This satire is levelled at the intemperance and bombastic fury of his contemporary dramatists, with an evident allusion to Marlowe; and in the conclusion he attacks the buffoonery that disgraced the stage.—E.

Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
He vaunts his voice upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage;
Now sweeping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did scrub in lousy brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous Corduban,
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance appal
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic muse,
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,
And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scroll
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho:—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
'Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late halfpenny.
Shame that the muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE V. BOOK III.

Fie on all courtesy and unruly winds,
Two only foes that fair disguisement finds.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalps are subject to such vassalage.
Late travelling along in London way,
Me met, as seem'd by his disguised array,
A lusty courtier, whose curled head
With auburn locks was fairly furnished.
I him saluted in our lavish wise:
He answers my untimely courtesies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever I should think,
Th' unruly wind blows off his periwink.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped
To overtake his over-running head.
The sportful wind, to mock the headless man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian,
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blown:
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crown.
I look'd and laugh'd, whiles, in his raging mind,
He crust all courtesy and unruly wind.
I look'd and laugh'd, and much I marvelled,
To see so large a causeway in his head;
And me bethought that when it first begon,
'Twas some shroad autumn that so bared the bone.
Is't not sweet pride then, when the crowns must shade
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strew'd locks from off the barber's shears?
But waxen crowns well 'gree with borrow'd hairs.

SATIRE VII.* BOOK III.

Seest thou how gayly my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier.
And open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mix'd with musical disport.
Many fair yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seem'd sunk from very hollowness,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?

* In this description of a famished gallant, Hall has rivalled the succeeding humour of Ben Jonson in similar comic portraits. Among the traits of affectation in his finished character, is that of dining with Duke Humphry, while he pretends to keep open house. The phrase of dining with Duke Humphry arose from St. Paul's being the general resort of the loungers of those days, many of whom, like Hall's gallant, were glad to beguile the thoughts of dinner with a walk in the middle aisle, where there was a tomb, by mistake supposed to be that of Humphry, Duke of Gloucester.—E.

So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a straw scare-crow in the new-sown field,
Rear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield;
Or if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel. . . .

SATIRE VI.* BOOK IV.

Quid placet ergo?

I WOT not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morn,
Not one but holds his native state forlorn.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance
For Cænis' distaff to exchange their lance,
And wear curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glass.
Tired with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips
And busks and verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their spitting-place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cænis, that wouldst wish to be a man!
Whose mannish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queen freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech'd dame doth man the foreign stock.
Is't not a shame to see each homely groom
Sit perched in an idle chariot room,
That were not meet some pannel to bestride,
Surcingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worm will be rich with lawless gain,
Although he smother up mows of seven years' grain,
And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap again;
Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foist in false strikes to the measuring,
Although his shop be muffled from the light,
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night;
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his georgе-nobles rusten in his chest;
He sleeps but once, and dreams of burglary
And wakes, and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for thieves in every darker shade;
And if a mouse but stir, he calls for aid.
The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see,
All scarf'd with piëd colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he 'gins to loath his former state;
Now doth he inly scorn his Kendal-green,
And his patch'd cockers now despised been,
Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team, and fetleth to the war.
O war! to them that never tried thee, sweet!
When his dead mate falls grovelling at his feet,
And angry bullets whistlen at his ear,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drear.
O happy ploughman! were thy weal well known:
O happy all estates, except his own!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print,
Who, when he is once fleshed to the press,
And sees his hansell have such fair success,
Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the pail,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sail,
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodged rhymes,
To have his name talked of in future times,
The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled ear
With sweet-sauced lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish Decades read awhile,
Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville,
Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep
Of his adventures through the Indian deep,
Of all their massy heaps of golden mine,
Or of the antique tombs of Palestine,
Or of Damascus' magic wall of glass,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brass,
Of the bird ruc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt,
Of headless men, of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals;
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cairo, or the city of the Trinity;
Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seen
The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour Rhine:
And now he plies the news-full Grasshopper,
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgaged, he sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day;
And now he deems his home-bred fare as leaf
As his parch'd biscuit, or his barrell'd beef.
'Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
O let me lead an academic life;
To know much, and to think for nothing, know
Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
At our low sail, and our high happiness.

* The general scope of this satire, as its motto denotes, is directed against the discontent of human beings with their respective conditions. It paints the ambition of the youth to become a man, of the muckworm to be rich, of the rustic to become a soldier, of the rhymer to appear in print, and of the brain-sick reader of foreign wonders to become a traveller.—E.

WILLIAM WARNER

[Died, 1608-9.]

Was a native of Oxfordshire, and was born, as Mr. Ellis conjectures, in 1558. He left the university of Oxford without a degree, and came to London, where he pursued the business of an attorney of the common pleas. Scott, the poet of Amwell, discovered that he had been buried in the church of that parish in 1609, having died suddenly in the night-time.*

His "Albion's England" was once exceedingly popular. Its publication was at one time interdicted by the Star-chamber, for no other reason that can now be assigned, but that it contains some love-stories more simply than delicately related. His contemporaries compared him to Virgil, whom he certainly did not make his model. Dr. Percy thinks he rather resembled Ovid, to whom he is, if possible, still more unlike. His poem is, in fact, an enormous ballad on the history, or rather on the fables appendant to the history of England; heterogeneous, indeed, like the Metamorphoses, but written with an almost doggrel simplicity. Headley has rashly preferred his works to our ancient ballads; but with the best of these they will bear no comparison. Argentile and Curan has indeed some beautiful touches, yet that episode requires to be weeded of many lines to be read with unqualified pleasure; and through the rest of his stories we shall search in vain for the familiar magic of such ballads as Chevy Chase or Gill Morrice.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

FROM ALBION'S ENGLAND.

Argentile, the daughter and heiress of the deceased King, Adelbright, has been left to the protection of her uncle Edel, who discharges his trust unfaithfully, and seeks to force his niece to marry a suitor whom he believes to be ignoble, that he may have a pretext for seising on her kingdom.

Yet well he fosters for a time the damsel, that was grown
The fairest lady under heav'n, whose beauty being known,
A many princes seek her love, but none might her obtain,
For gripel Edel to himself her kingdom sought to gain,
And for that cause, from sight of such he did his ward restrain.
By chance one Curan, son unto a Prince of Danske, did see
The maid with whom he fell in love, as much as one might be:
Unhappy youth, what should he do? his saint was kept in mew;
Nor he nor any nobleman admitted to her view:
One while in melancholy fits he pines himself away,
Anon he thought by force of arms to win her if he may,
And still against the king's restraint did secretly inveigh.
At length the high controller, Love, whom none may disobey,
Imbased him from lordliness into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death she might become his judge;
Access so had, to see and speak, he did his love bewray,
And tells his birth—her answer was, she husbandless would stay:
Meanwhile the king did beat his brain, his booty to achieve,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thrive;
At last his resolution was some peasant should her wive:
And (which was working to his wish) he did observe with joy,
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scap'd many an am'rous toy:
The king, perceiving such his vein, promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the baseness of the man should let perhaps his will;
Assured, therefore, of his love, but not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himself in his behalf did woo:
The lady, resolute from love, unkindly takes that he
Should bar the noble and unto so base a match agree;
And therefore, shifting out of doors, departed hence by stealth,
Preferring poverty before a dangerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish of his heart
Was more than much, and after her he did from court depart;
Forgetful of himself, his birth, his country, friends, and all,
And only minding whom he miss'd, the foundress of his thrall:
Nor means he after to frequent the court, or stately towns,
But solitarily to live among the country growns.
A brace of years he lived thus, well pleased so to live,
And, shepherd-like, to feed a flock himself did wholly give;
So wasting love, by work and want, grew almost to the wane,
And then began a second love the worser of the twain;
A country wench, a neat-herd's maid, where Curan kept his sheep,

* On the 9th March, 1608-9.

Did feed her drove; and now on her was all the shepherd's keep.
He borrow'd on the working days his holie russets oft,
And of the bacon's fat to make his startups black and soft,
And lest his tar-box should offend, he left it at the fold:
Sweet grout or whig his bottle had as much as it might hold;
A shave of bread as brown as nut, and cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the season's fruit, he did in scrip bestow;
And whilst his pyebald cur did sleep, and sheep-hook lay him by,
On hollow quills of oaten straw he piped melody;
But when he spied her his saint . . .
Thus the shepherd woo'd . . .
Thou art too elvish, faith, thou art; too elvish and too coy;
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock enjoy? . . .
Believe me, lass, a king is but a man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs hit the high,
As late it did a king, and his, not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyself, for fair a matchless wench;
Here did he pause, as if his tongue had done his heart offence:
The neatress, longing for the rest, did egg him on to tell
How fair she was, and who she was. She bore, quoth he, the belle;
For beauty, though I clownish am, I know what beauty is,
Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senseless were to miss:
Suppose her beauty Helen's like, or Helen's something less,
And every star consorting to a pure complexion guess;
Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced, and her wit
To marvel at, not meddle with, as matchless I omit;
A globe-like head, a gold-like hair, a forehead smooth and high,
An even nose; on either side did shine a greyish eye. . . .
Her smiles were sober, and her looks were cheerful unto all,
And such as neither wanton seem, nor wayward, mell nor gall:
A nymph no tongue, no heart, no eye, might praise, might wish, might see,
For life, for love, for form, more good, more worth, more fair than she;
Yea, such a one as such was none, save only she was such;
Of Argentile, to say the most, were to be silent much.—
I knew the lady very well, but worthless of such praise,
The neatress said, and muse I do a shepherd thus should blaze
The coat of beauty; credit me, thy latter speech bewrays
Thy clownish shape a colour'd show; but wherefore dost thou weep?—
The shepherd wept, and she was woe, and both did silence keep:—
In troth, quoth he, I am not such as seeming I profess,
But then for her, and now for thee, I from myself digress;
Her loved I, wretch that I am, a recreant to be,
I loved her that hated love, but now I die for thee.
At Kirkland is my father's court, and Curan is my name,
In Edel's court sometime in pomp, till love controll'd the same;
But now—what now? dear heart, how now, what aileth thou to weep?—
The damsel wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keep.
I grant, quoth she, it was too much, that you did love so much,
But whom your former could not move, your second love doth touch;
Thy twice-beloved Argentile submitteth her to thee,
And, for thy double love, presents herself a single fee;
In passion, not in person, changed; and I, my lord, am she;—
Thus sweetly surfeiting in joy, and silent for a space,
When as the ecstasy had end, did tenderly embrace. . . . .

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

[Born, 1561? Died, 1612?]

A SPECIMEN of the poetry of Sir John Harrington's father has been already given in this volume, which is so polished and refined, as almost to warrant a suspicion that the editor of the Nugæ Antiquæ got it from a more modern quarter. The elder Harrington was imprisoned in the Tower, under Queen Mary, for holding a correspondence with Elizabeth; on whose accession his fidelity was rewarded by her favour. His son, the translator of Ariosto, was knighted on the field by the Earl of Essex, not much to the satisfaction of Elizabeth, who was sparing of such honours, and chose to confer them herself. He was created a knight of the Bath in the reign of James, and distinguished himself, to the violent offence of the high-church party, by his zeal against the marriage of bishops.

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

FROM SIR JOHN HARRINGTON'S EPIGRAMS.

A TAILOR, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wond'rous trance;
The fiends of hell, mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner
Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath; but truly
And zealously to keep the sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeymen a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said, in derision,
Master, remember how you saw the vision!
Peace, knave! quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such a colour'd silk in all the flag.

FROM

HENRY PERROT'S BOOK OF EPIGRAMS,

ENTITLED "SPRINGES FOR WOODCOCKS."

(EDIT. 1613.)

PERROT, I suspect, was not the author, but only the collector of these trifles, some of which are claimed by other epigrammatists, probably with no better right. It is indeed very difficult to ascertain the real authors of a vast number of little pieces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the minor poets pilfer from each other with the utmost coolness and apparent impunity.

AMBITIO FEMININI GENERIS.

MISTRESS Matrossa hopes to be a lady,
Not as a dignity of late expected;
But from the time almost she was a baby,
That hath your richest gentlemen rejected;
But yet not dubb'd at present as she should be,
Lives in expectance still—my lady Would-be.

NEC SUTOR ULTRA.

FROM THE SAME.

A COBBLER and a curate once disputed,
Before a judge, about the king's injunctions,
Wherein the curate being still confuted,
One said 'twere good if they two changed functions:
Nay, quoth the judge, I thereto would be loth,
But, an you like, we'll make them cobblers both.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

[Born, 1581. Died, 1613.]

WAS born in 1581, and perished in the Tower of London, 1613, by a fate that is too well known. The compassion of the public for a man of worth, "whose spirit still walked unrevenged amongst them," together with the contrast of his ideal Wife with the Countess of Essex, who was his murderess, attached an interest and popularity to his poem, and made it pass through sixteen editions before the year 1653. His *Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons*, is a work of considerable merit; but unfortunately his prose, as well as his verse, has a dryness and quaintness that seem to oppress the natural movement of his thoughts. As a poet, he has few imposing attractions: his beauties must be fetched by repeated perusal. They are those of solid reflection, predominating over, but not extinguishing, sensibility; and there is danger of the reader neglecting, under the coldness and ruggedness of his manner, the manly but unostentatious moral feeling that is conveyed in his maxims, which are sterling and liberal, if we can only pardon a few obsolete ideas on female education.

THE WIFE.

FROM SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S POEM.

THEN may I trust her body with her mind,
And, thereupon secure, need never know
The pangs of jealousy: and love doth find
More pain to doubt her false than find her so;
For patience is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedy; but doubt hath none.

And be that thought once stirr'd, 'twill never die,
Nor will the grief more mild by custom prove,
Nor yet amendment can it satisfy;
The anguish more or less is as our love;

This misery doth from jealousy ensue,
That we may prove her false, but cannot true. . .

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her part will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most firmly good that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find;
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit, in womankind,
What it finds malleable (it) makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old;
Our life fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend. . . . .

So fair at least let me imagine her;
That thought to me is truth. Opinion
Cannot in matters of opinion err;
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
Ev'n such my senses both do feel and see. . . . .

Beauty in decent shape and colour lies;
Colours the matter are, and shape the soul;
The soul—which from no single part doth rise,
But from the just proportion of the whole:—
And is a mere spiritual harmony
Of every part united in the eye.

No circumstance doth beauty fortify
Like graceful fashion, native comeliness; . . . .

But let that fashion more to modesty
Tend than assurance—Modesty doth set
The face in her just place, from passion free;
'Tis both the mind's and body's beauty met.

All these good parts a perfect woman make;
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife;
Without her love, her beauty I should take
As that of pictures dead—*that* gives it life;
Till then her beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike to all;—*that* only makes it mine.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[Born, 1564. Died, 1616.]

[Mr. Campbell gave us no history or opinion of Shakspeare, in his specimens of the British Poets, but he prefixed to Moxon's edition of the works of the great dramatist an elaborate biography and criticism, of which the present editor makes the following abridgment.]

Shakspeare's father, John Shakspeare, was a glover in Stratford; that this was his main trade has been completely ascertained by Mr. Malone. He seems, however, to have been a speculative tradesman; he farmed meadow-land, and may possibly have traded in wool and cattle, as has been alleged; but the tradition of his having been a butcher is entitled to no credit, for, if he sold gloves, it is not very likely that he had either another shop, or the same shop with shambles before it.

Our great poet, the eldest son and the third child of his parents, was born at Stratford in the month of April, 1564, probably on the twenty-third of the month, says Mr. Malone, *because* he was baptized on the twenty-fifth. When he was but nine weeks old the plague visited Stratford, and carried off more than a seventh part of the population, but the door-posts of our sacred infant, like those of the Israelites in Egypt, were sprinkled so as to be passed by by the destroying angel, and he was spared.

No anecdotes of his earliest years have been preserved. All the education he ever received was probably at the free school of Stratford; but at what age he was placed there, or how long he remained, are points that can be only conjectured. That Shakspeare was not a classical scholar, may be taken for granted; but that he learned some Latin at the free school of Stratford, is conceded even by those who estimate his classic acquirements at the lowest rate; even allowing, as seems to be ascertained, that he derived his plots, in the main, from translations of books.

Shakspeare's learning, whatever it was, gave him hints as to sources from which classical information was to be drawn. The age abounded in classical translations; it also teemed with public pageants, and Allegory itself might be said to have walked the streets. He may have laughed at the absurdity of many of those pageants, but still they would refresh his fancy. Whether he read assiduously or carelessly, it should be remembered that reading was to him not of the vulgar benefit that it is to ordinary minds. Was there a spark of sense or sensibility in any author, on whose works he glanced, that spark assimilated to his soul, and it belonged to it as rightfully as the light of heaven to the eye of the eagle.

Malone calls in question Rowe's assertion that our poet was recalled from school merely on account of his father's circumstances, and in order to assist him in his own trade; and says, it is more likely that he was taken away with a view to his learning some business, in which he might afterwards maintain himself. My own suspicions however is, that his father recalled him in order to assist him in his own business.

Whatever his occupation was, between the time of his leaving school and his going to London, it is certain that he married in the interim. His choice was Anne Hathaway, who was then in her twenty-sixth year, he, the boy poet, being only eighteen years and some months, and conse-

quently nearly eight years younger than his spouse.

Shakspeare's marriage bond is dated, according to Malone, the 28th of November, 1582. In May, 1583, his wife brought him a daughter, who was named Susanna, and was baptized the 26th of May of the same year. If this was the case, the poet's first child would appear to have been born only six months and eleven days after the bond was entered into. If Mr. Malone be correct, as to the date of her birth in the Stratford register, Miss Susanna Shakspeare came into the world a little prematurely.

One of the first misfortunes that is alleged to have befallen our poet in his married life, has certainly no appearance of having originated in his marriage. "Shakspeare," says his biographer, Rowe, "had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them some that made a practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote near Stratford. For this," continues Rowe, "he was prosecuted by that gentleman, and in revenge he made a ballad upon him. The ballad itself is lost; but it was so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him, insomuch that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, and to shelter himself in London."

Of this lampoon, only one passage that is extant is believed to be genuine, and that one would do no great honour to the muse even of a poacher. Mr. Malone discredits the whole story of the deer-stealing, and he is probably right in scouting Davies's exaggeration of it, namely, that our poet was whipped for the offence. But, false as the alleged punishment may be, it by no means follows that the anecdote of the theft, and of a threatened prosecution, must needs be incredible. The story is not one that we should exactly wish to be true, but still it was only a youthful frolic, and a prank very common among young men of those days.

Most probably for that reason he removed from Warwickshire to London, unaccompanied by wife or child, a few years after his marriage: it is generally thought in 1586 or 1587.

He now embraced the profession of a player. Plays he must have seen acted at Stratford, and some of the best of the then living actors, such as the elder Burbage, Heminge, and Thomas Green, who were in all probability personally known to him. The first of these Thespian heroes were the countrymen of Shakspeare, the last was certainly his townsman, and perhaps his relation.

Rowe says that Shakspeare was received into the company in a very mean rank. It has also been said, probably on the faith of Rowe's assertion, that he was employed as the *call*-boy, whose business is to give notice to the performers when their different entries on the stage are required. Another tradition is, that he used to hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre without attendants.

But the probability of Shakspeare's ever having been either a call-boy or a horse-holder, has never, in latter years, received much belief; and it has been completely put to discredit by Mr. Collier, who has proved by documents of his own discovery, that Shakspeare, in 1589, a very few years after the earliest date that can be assigned to his arrival in London, was among the proprietors of the very theatre in which he is alleged to have been once a call-boy; and from this fact it must be at least concluded, that if he was at first received in a mean rank, he made a rapid acquisition of theatrical consequence.

My own suspicion is quite adverse to his having been a novice, and meanly received on the London stage. The inhabitants of Stratford were great lovers of theatrical amusements; companies of the best comedians visited them during the youth of our poet, at least, on an average, once a year. From childhood to manhood, his attention must have been drawn to the stage, and there is every probability that he knew the best actors. He was probably a handsome man, and certainly an exquisite judge of acting; he was past the age at which we can conceive him to have been either a call-boy, or a horse-holder. Upon the whole it may be presumed that he was a good actor, though not of the very highest excellence; a circumstance perhaps not to be regretted, for if he had performed as well as he wrote, his actorship might have interfered with his authorship.

An interesting subject of inquiry in Shakspeare's literary history, is the state of English dramatic poetry when he began his career. Before his time mere mysteries and miracle plays, in which Adam and Eve appeared naked, in which the devil displayed his horns and tail, and in which Noah's wife boxed the patriarch's ears before entering the ark, had fallen comparatively into disuse, after a popularity of four centuries; and, in the course of the sixteenth century, the clergy were forbidden by orders from Rome to perform them. Meanwhile "Moralities," which had made their appearance about the middle of the fifteenth century, were also hastening their retreat, as well as those pageants and masques in honour of royalty which, nevertheless, aided the introduction of the drama. We owe our first regular dramas to the universities, the inns of court, and public seminaries. The scholars of these establishments engaged in free translations of classic dramatists, though with so little taste that Seneca was one of their favourites. They caught the coldness of that model, however, without the feeblest trace of his slender graces; they looked at the ancients without understanding them, and they brought to their plots neither unity, design, nor affecting interest. There is a general similarity among all the plays that preceded Shakspeare, in their ill-conceived plots, in the bombast and dullness of tragedy, and in the vulgar buffoonery of comedy.

Of our great poet's immediate predecessors, the most distinguished were Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Nash, Lodge, and Marlowe. Marlowe was the only great man among Shakspeare's precur-

sors; his conceptions were strong and original; nis intellect grasped his subject as a whole: no doubt he dislocated the thews of his language by overstrained efforts at the show of strength, but he delineated character with a degree of truth unknown to his predecessors; his "Edward the Second" is pathetic, and his "Faustus" has real grandeur. If Marlowe had lived, Shakspeare might have had something like a competitor.

Shakspeare commenced his career twenty years after our drama had acquired a local habitation, as well as a name: after scholars and singing-boys had ceased to be exclusive performers, and when school-rooms, university-halls, the inns of court, the mansions of nobility, and the palaces of royalty were no longer the only theatres of exhibition. Plays, it is true, were still acted, even at a late period of Elizabeth's reign, in churches, chapels, and noble houses, and even regularly licensed comedians exhibited their theatrical glories in the court-yards of inns. But when Shakspeare came to London, our metropolis had regular licensed theatres and theatrical companies.

There is every reason to believe that Shakspeare commenced his career as a dramatic author, by adapting the works of preceding writers to the stage. Before the end of 1592, he had certainly been thus employed; in that year Greene died, and left for publication his "Groat's-worth of Wit," in which, alluding evidently to Shakspeare, he says, "There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers; in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

It is probable, however, that Shakspeare had already made some, though few, attempts as an original dramatist; in the meantime, there is reason to suspect that he may have written some of those undramatic poems which apparently raised his reputation very high, whilst his dramatic renown was yet in the dawn. He himself calls his "Venus and Adonis" the first *heir of his invention:* that poem appeared in 1593, and the "Rape of Lucrece" in the following year. The luxuriance of the former poem is prurient—the morality of the latter is somewhat dull; yet they acquired him reputation, not only before some of his better dramas had appeared, but even afterwards.

His "Sonnets," and "A Lover's Complaint," were published together in 1609. Several of his sonnets had certainly been composed many years before that date, for Meres, in 1598, alludes to "Shakspeare's sugared sonnets among his friends." They appear to have been thrown off at different periods of his life.

Some of those effusions, though not all, seem to me worthy of Shakspeare. Among the most admirable are the eighth, the thirtieth, and, above all, the hundred and twenty-third—

> Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments, &c.

This, of a truth, is Shakspeare's own: it is Love looking at his own image in the stream of poetry. As a whole, however, these sonnets are no more to our poet's fame, than a snow-ball on the top of Olympus.

Another of Shakspeare's undramatic poems is a "Lover's Complaint." It has many beauties mixed with as many conceits. "The Forsaken Maiden," in describing her lover, conjures up a being that seems to be Shakspeare himself:—

> For, on the tip of his subduing tongue,
> All kinds of arguments and questions deep;
> All replications prompt, and reasons strong,
> For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
> To make the weeper laugh—the laugher weep.

In the miscellany of the "Passionate Pilgrim," some portion of the poetry is said to have been written by our bard; but this miscellany seems to have gone to the press without Shakspeare's consent, or even his knowledge, and how much of it proceeded from his pen cannot now be discovered.

We have indications of his having become, at no tardy period, pretty prosperous in London. Within a very few years he had a small share in the theatre which he joined, and in 1596 he was a very considerable shareholder. There are proofs also of his having been at the latter period a popular dramatic writer, universally admired, and already patronized by some of the first noblemen of the land, among whom were the Lords Southampton and Pembroke. There is no evidence, to be sure, that he ever received any solid patronage from Queen Elizabeth, but there is every reason to suppose that she highly appreciated his genius. It is little doubted that James I. wrote to him with his own hand a friendly letter, perhaps, as Dr. Farmer suggests, in consequence of the compliment to the Stuart family, which Shakspeare paid in the tragedy of Macbeth. The crown of England had scarcely fallen on James's head, when he granted his royal patent to our poet and his company of the Globe; thus raising them from being the lord chamberlain's servants to be the servants of the king. The patent is dated on the 29th of May, 1603, and the name of Shakspeare stands second on the list of patentees.

In the midst of his London prosperity, we should not forget the tradition of his wit and hilarity at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday-street. Here there was a club of genial spirits, to which regularly repaired Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Donne, and many others whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect.

It is pretty certain, as I have already stated, that Shakspeare began his career in dramatic poetry by altering, and adapting for the stage, plays that had been previously written. In the opinion of the best judges there is more than one drama, published in the popular editions of his works, in which he could have had little or no share. One of these is "Titus Andronicus," a tragedy not without some traits of merit, but too revolting in its general conception to be the credible fruit of Shakspeare's genius. Even independently of its horrors, it has an air in its poetry, and a tone in its versification, which is not Shaksperian. Individual passages have smooth rhythm and pointed

expression; but not the broad freedom and effect in harmonious language that characterize Shakspeare.

Six other plays, viz., The Arraignment of Paris, The Birth of Merlin, Edward III., The Fair Emma, The Merry Devil of Edmonton, and Mucedorus,—are found entered on the books of the London stationers, as written by William Shakspeare; but these, and some others which have been fathered on our poet, are regarded as spurious, in spite of Schlegel's credulity on the subject.

A different opinion attends the play of Pericles, of which Dryden says, that "Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore;" and the credibility of this tradition is not weakened by the fact that Heminge and Condell, the first editors of the poet's works, omitted "Pericles" in their edition; for it happens that they omitted "Troilus and Cressida," a play which nobody doubts to have been Shakspeare's.

I am glad that we may safely reject the "First Part of Henry VI." from the list of Shakspeare's genuine plays, when I think of that infernal scene in the fifth act, the condemnation of Joan of Arc to be burnt alive.

Malone assigns both the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI." to the year 1591. In both parts there are such obvious traces of Shakspeare's genius, particularly in the Second Part, that we must suppose them to have been written principally by him. They are both, to be sure, alterations of older plays; but it has been well observed that the antecedent pieces received from our poet's hand "a thorough repair."

To the same date, 1591, Mr. Malone ascribes the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." It is plain from this piece that Shakspeare was yet very far from having arrived at the maturity of his art; but it shows us the young poet in bounding high spirits, getting through his subject, sometimes with graceful and sometimes with farcical glee. He unravels the plot, we are told, precipitately, and his characters are reconciled as friends too improbably.

When we come to his next comedy, "Love's Labour's Lost," (1592,) we are still far from finding him at the zenith of his inspiration; though this play is interspersed with Shakspearian bursts of poetry, and though it breathes, if possible, a still more reveling spirit than the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

"Richard II." as well as "Richard III.," according to Malone's dates, appeared in 1593. The former tragedy is estimable for its pathos and skilful delineation of character.

In "Richard III.," (1593,) Shakspeare put forth a power of terrific delineation which, with the exception of the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, in the Second Part of Henry VI., he had never before displayed. This tragedy forms an epoch in the history of our poet and in that of dramatic poetry. In his preceding dramas he showed rather the suppleness than the knotted strength of his genius; but in the subtle cunning, the commanding courage, the lofty pride and ambition, the remorselessness of the third Richard, and in the whole sublime depravity of his character, he reminds us of the eulogium passed by Fuseli on Michael Angelo, who says, that Michael could stamp sublimity on the hump of a dwarf. So complete was this picture of human guilt, that Milton, in seeking for a guilty hero, was obliged to descend to the nether regions.

The "Merchant of Venice," (in 1594,) was a long and forward stride of Shakspeare's progress in the drama. Here, as in "Richard III.," we see the giant in his seven-league boots, and he is now grown to a maturity of art and strength, from which still greater miracles are yet to be expected.

Of all his works, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (1594) leaves the strongest impression on my mind, that this miserable world must have, for once at least, contained a happy man. This play is so purely delicious, so little intermixed with the painful passions from which poetry distils her sterner sweets, so fragrant with hilarity, so bland and yet so bold, that I cannot imagine Shakspeare's mind to have been in any other frame than that of healthful ecstasy when the sparks of inspiration thrilled through his brain in composing it.

In the "Taming of the Shrew," (1596,) we have no new triumph of Shakspeare's absolute invention; for in 1594, a play called "the Taming of *a* Shrew," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, and the plot of that elder piece is in the main a rude fore-image of Shakspeare's play.

In "Romeo and Juliet," (1596,) there is a much larger pretension to originality. It is true that the mere story of the play can be traced to much earlier narrators. Yet, what does his possession of those undramatized materials derogate from his merit as a dramatist? The structure of the play is one of the most regular in his theatre, and its luxury of language and imagery were all his own. The general, the VAGUELY general conception of two young persons having been desperately in love, had undoubtedly been imparted to our poet by his informants; but who among them had conceived the finely-depicted progress of Juliet's impassioned character, in her transition from girlish confidence in the sympathy of others —to the assertion of her own superiority over their vulgar minds in the majesty of her despair? To eulogize this luxuriant drama, however, would be like gilding refined gold.

"Henry IV. Part 1st," (1597,) may challenge the world to produce another more original and rich in characters: the whole zodiac of theatrical genius has no constellation with so many bright and fixed stars of the first magnitude as are here grouped together.

"King John" (1596 according to Malone, 1598 according to Dyce) was founded on a former drama, entitled "*The troublesome Raigne of King John of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cœur-de-lion's base son, vulgarly named the Bastard Faulconbridge; also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey as it was (sundrie times)*

publickly acted by the Queen's Majestie's players, in the Honourable city of London." It is curious to find that the former was almost an exact forerunner of the latter, in point of incidents and personages. I say personages and not characters, for Shakspeare has thrown more vivacity into the part of Faulconbridge than can be found in the prototype; more dignity into that of Constance, and more pathos into that of Arthur. In the old piece there was no anticipation of Shakspeare's high painting,

"All's Well that Ends Well" (1598) was derived originally from Boccacio, but was immediately borrowed by Shakspeare from a novel in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," entitled Giletta of Narbona. It is far from being in the front rank of his plays.

The play of "Henry V." had a forerunner in an older drama which bore the same title, and contained many of the incidents which Shakspeare has employed.

In Shakspeare's "Henry V." there is no want of spirited action and striking personages; but I cannot agree with Schlegel as to the nice discrimination which he discovers in the portraiture of Irish, Scotch, and Welsh character among the brave captains of Henry's camp. The play has noble passages. And amongst these, the description of the night before the battle of Agincourt will be repeated by the youth of England when our children's children shall be gray with age. It was said of Æschylus, that he composed his "Seven Chiefs against Thebes," under the inspiration of Mars himself. If Shakspeare's "Henry V." had been written for the Greeks, they would have paid him the same compliment.

The delicious comedy of "As You Like It" was taken from Lodge's "Rosalynd, or Euphues' Golden Legacye," but never was the prolixity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. The events of the play are not numerous, and its interest is preserved by characters more than incidents. But what a tablet of characters! the witty and impassioned Rosalind, the love-devoted Orlando, the friendship-devoted Celia, the duty-devoted old Adam, the humourous Clown, and the melancholy Jaques; all these, together with the dignified and banished Duke, make the forest of Arden an Elysium to our imagination; and our hearts are so stricken by those benevolent beings, that we easily forgive the other once culpable but at last repentant characters.

The principal incident in the comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing," (*i. e.* the crimination of an innocent woman, in consequence of a villain procuring the lady's maid-servant to appear dressed like her mistress, and receive a lover at the window,) is found in the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, as well as in one of the novels of Bandello, who borrowed it from his compatriot poet. The story is probably still older than Ariosto. It is likely to have reached Shakspeare through Belleforest's "Cent Histoires Tragiques," published in 1583, and translated into English shortly afterwards.

The story which mainly forms the plot of "Hamlet," (1600,) can be traced back to the History of Denmark by Saxo Grammaticus. Amidst our universal admiration of this tragedy, the precise character of its hero has nevertheless remained a problem in the hands of its admirers. Hamlet is strong in imagination, beautiful in abstracted thoughts, and great and good in his general intentions; yet he is weak, wayward, and inconsistent; fond, but barbarous towards Ophelia; proudly and justly conscious of his superiority to ordinary men, and yet, not always unjustly, a despiser of himself. The theorists respecting his character reconcile its contrarieties to their own satisfaction, but no two of them in the same manner. My solution of the question about Hamlet's inconsistencies is, that his morbid mind is indued both with the reality and the affectation of madness. Such cases are not unknown in the history of mental aberration. Surpassingly excellent as Shakspeare's "Hamlet" is, it has a fault, as a piece of dramatic structure, in the unnecessary perplexity of events towards its close, when the prince sails for England and returns, whilst all this while ne might as well have been in Denmark.

In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," (1600,) which displays a rich variety of incidents and a throng of well-supported characters, we are presented with an unrivaled instance of pure, domestic English comedy, heightened in zest by the frolicsome adjunction of mock fairy mythology.

"Twelfth Night" is shown by Mr. Collier to have been written in 1601. The delicacy with which a modest maiden makes love to her lord in male disguise, and the pathos with which she describes her imaginary, but too real self—when "concealment, like a worm i' the bud, preyed on her damask cheek," and the sudden growth of Orsino's attachment to her on the discovery of her sex, and on the recalling of her words from his memory to his understanding, form beauties in this comedy which no touch of human revision could improve.

"Troilus and Cressida" was probably written in 1602. It is not one of Shakspeare's masterpieces. The language is too often tortuously and tumultuously figurative, and is so cramped with Shakspeare's frequent fault of trying to be overmuscular in expression, that there are almost whole scenes which, if they had been written by a satiric imitator of his style, I should say were a cruel caricature of Shakspeare.

It seems to me that "Henry VIII." was written, at the latest, in 1602. Poetical art perhaps never flattered a monster with such palpable likeness, and yet with such impalpable and cunning mitigation. He suborns his guilty love itself to seduce our sympathy by the beauty of its object.

"Measure for Measure" was written in 1603. In the drama, as in the merry conversation of common life, we forgive a man for telling white-lie anecdotes; but they must be lily-white lies, and must be fragrant with merriment. At the same time, we must own that Shakspeare, in

"Measure for Measure," presumes a little too far on his right to improbability, and, to use a vulgar phrase, "draws a long bow."

The tragedy of "Othello" (1604) has evident marks of its plot and incidents having been largely borrowed from the seventh novel of the third decade of Cinthio's Hecatommithi.

This drama, by itself, would have immortalized any poet; then what are we to think of Shakspeare, when we may hesitate to pronounce it to be the best of his plays! Certainly, however, it has no superior in his own theatre, and no rival in any other. The Moor is at once one of the most complex and astonishing, and yet most intelligible pictures, that fiction ever portrayed of human character. His grandeur of soul is natural, and we admire it; his gentleness is equally natural, and we love him for it; his appearance we cannot but conceive to be majestic, and his physiognomy benevolent. Othello had been bred a barbarian, and though his bland nature and intercourse with the more civilized world had long warred against and conquered the half-natural habits of barbarism, yet those habits, at last, broke out, and prevailed in the moments of his jealousy. He is not a jealous man by nature, but, being once made jealous, he reverts to savageness, and becomes as terrible as he had before been tender. This contrast in his conduct, however, is not an Ovidian metamorphosis, but a transition so probably managed as to seem unavoidable; yet, the naturalness of the change prevents neither our terror nor pity: on the contrary, the sweetness of his character before its fall is the smoothness of the stream before its cataract; and his bland dispositions, heretofore displayed, appear, like a rich autumnal day, contrasted with the thunder-storm of its evening. The terrors of the storm are also made more striking to our imagination by the gentleness of the victim on which they fall—Desdemona. Had one symptom of an angry spirit appeared in that lovely martyr, our sympathy with her would have been endangered; but Shakspeare knew better.

"King Lear" (1605) was based upon a play entitled "The True Chronicle Historie of King Leare and his Three Daughters," by an unknown author. Independently of Shakspeare's having created a new Lear, he has sublimated the old tragedy into a new one, by an entire orignality in the spiritual protraiture of its personages. Wherever Shakspeare works on old materials, you will find him not wiping dusted gold, but extracting gold from dust where none but himself could have made the golden extraction.

Enlightened criticism and universal opinion have so completely set the seal of celebrity on the tragedy of "Macbeth," (1606,) that it will stand whilst our language exists, as a monument of English genius. Nay, it will outlast the present form of our language, and speak to generations unborn in parts of the earth that are yet uninhabited. No drama in any national theatre, taking even that of Greece into the account, has more wonderfully amalgamated the natural and the supernatural—or made the substances of truth more awful by their superstitious shadows—than has the tragedy of "Macbeth." The progress of Macbeth in crime is an unparalleled lecture in ethical anatomy. The heart of man, naturally prone to goodness, is exposed so as to teach us clearly through what avenues of that heart the black drop of guilt found its way to expel the more innocent blood. A semblance of superstitious necessity is no doubt preserved in the actions of Macbeth; and a superficial reader might say that the witches not only tempted, but necessitated Macbeth to murder Duncan. But this is not the case, for Shakspeare has contrived to give at once the awful appearance of preternatural impulse on Macbeth's mind, and yet visibly to leave him a free agent, and a voluntary sinner.

"Julius Cæsar" was written in 1607. Three out of four of Shakspeare's classical dramas, "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Coriolanus," are so consummate, that he must be pronounced as much at home in Roman as in romantic history. Already he had shown, in his allusions to Pagan mythology, that he had inhaled its sweetest aroma, distilled, not by toiling scholarship, but by the fire of his genius. But, now that he was in the fullest manhood of his mind, he could borrow more from the ancients than the bloom and breath of their mythology. He cast his eyes both in their quiet and in their kindled inspiration, both as a philosopher and as a poet, on the page of classic history; he discriminated its characters with the light of philosophy; and he irradiated *truth* without encroaching on its solid shapes with the hues of fancy.

"Timon of Athens" is referred to 1610. It is far from displaying Shakspeare improved either in his philosophy or his philanthropy at the time he wrote it. It is the production of his spleen more than of his heart. The interwoven episode of Alcibiades is uninteresting, for it is a moot point whether he or the Athenians were in the wrong. Altogether "Timon" is a pillar in his theatric fame that might be removed without endangering the edifice.

"Cymbeline" is dated in 1609. In order to enjoy the romantic drama, we must accept of the terms on which the romantic poet offers us enjoyment. The outline of his piece in such a poem as "Cymbeline" will at once show that the scene is placed remotely as to time, in order to soften its improbabilities to the imagination by the effect of distance. We all know that in landscapes and landscape-painting the undefined appearance of objects resulting from distance has a charm different from that of their distinctness in the foreground; and the same principle holds true in the romantic drama, when the poet avowedly leaves his scenes open to the objection of improbability, owing to the very nature of romantic fiction. Of all plays in the world, I think these remarks are particularly applicable to Shakspeare's "Cymbeline." With my heart open to romantic belief, I conscientiously suppose all the boldly imagined events of the drama—I am rewarded with

the delightful conceptions of Imogen, of her arrival at the cave of her banished brothers, with its innumerable beauties, and with its happy conclusion. This play is perhaps the fittest in Shakspeare's whole theatre to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offence, but leave us enchanted with the offender. I think I exaggerate not, in saying that Shakspeare has nowhere breathed more pleasurable feelings over the mind, as an antidote to tragic pain, than in "Cymbeline."

If I were to select any historical play of Shakspeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equally faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be "Antony and Cleopatra," (1608.) In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps, a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakspeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakspeare's likeness of her, than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth:—he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

"Coriolanus" was written in 1610; "Winter's Tale" in 1611; and "The Tempest"—believed to be the last of Shakspeare's plays—in the same year. This drama is comparatively a grave counterpart to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I say comparatively, for its gayety is only less abandoned and frolicsome. To be condemned to give the preference to either would give me a distress similar to that of being obliged to choose between the loss of two very dear friends.

"The Tempest," however, has a sort of sacredness, as the last work of the mighty workman. Shakspeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and, as if inspired to typify himself, has made its hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means.—And this final play of our poet has magic indeed; for what can be simpler in language than the courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda, and yet what can be more magical than the sympathy with which it subdues us! Here Shakspeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean—

Deeper than did ever plummet sound.

That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered.

The exact period at which Shakspeare quitted the metropolis, and settled in his native place, has not been ascertained, but as it was certainly some years before his death, it cannot be well put later than 1611 or 1612. His fame, his engaging manners, and his easy fortune—for he retired with an income of three hundred pounds a-year—equal to fifteen hundred pounds in the present day—must have made him associate with the best society in and around Stratford; and we cannot conceive his settlement to have been less than a joyous era to his townsmen and neighbourhood.

His wife had brought him three children: Susanna, who was born in May, 1583; about eighteen months afterwards, she was delivered of twins, a son and daughter, who were baptized by the names Hamnet and Judith. In the year 1596, he lost his only son, who died at the age of twelve. Susanna was married, June 5, 1607, to Dr. John Hall, a respectable physician; and in 1615–16 his youngest daughter Judith, then in her thirty-first year, was married to Thomas Quiney, a vintner, in Stratford. On the 25th of the succeeding month he executed his will, as if warned of impending fate, for, on the 23d of April, 1616, on his birthday, and when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year, the best of poets expired.—G.]

SONNETS.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held;
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,—
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days—
To say "within thine own deep sunken eyes,"
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise;
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine:
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

Oh! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live;
The canker'd blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves—Sweet roses do not so,
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;
As so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade my verse distils your truth.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

THOSE lips, that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said "I hate,"
To me that languish for her sake.
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that, ever sweet,
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate" she alter'd with an end
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heav'n to hell is flown away.
"I hate"—from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying—"not you."

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone,
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spight,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spight,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in their parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SAY that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and on my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

ALAS, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view, [dear,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst assaies proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best
Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[Born, 1552. Died, 1618.]

It is difficult exactly to estimate the poetical character of this great man, as many of the pieces that are ascribed to him have not been authenticated. Among these is the "Soul's Farewell," which possesses a fire of imagination that we would willingly ascribe to him; but his claim to it, as has been already mentioned, is exceedingly doubtful. The tradition of his having written it on the night before his execution, is highly interesting to the fancy, but, like many fine stories, it has the little defect of being untrue, as the poem was in existence more than twenty years before his death. It has accordingly been placed in this collection, with several other pieces to which his name has been conjecturally affixed, among the anonymous poetry of that period.

Sir Walter was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, and studied at Oxford. Leaving the university at seventeen, he fought for six years under the Protestant banners in France, and afterwards served a campaign in the Netherlands. He next distinguished himself in Ireland during the rebellion of 1580, under the lord deputy Lord Grey de Wilton, with whom his personal disputes eventually promoted his fortunes; for being heard in his own cause on returning to England, he won the favour of Elizabeth, who knighted him, and raised him to such honours as alarmed the jealousy of her favourite Leicester.

In the mean time, as early as 1579, he had commenced his adventures with a view to colonize America—surveyed the territory now called Virginia, in 1584, and fitted out successive fleets in support of the infant colony. In the destruction of the Spanish armada, as well as in the expedition to Portugal in behalf of Don Antonio, he had his full share of action and glory; and though recalled, in 1592, from the appointment of general of the expedition against Panama, he must have made a princely fortune by the success of his fleet, which sailed upon that occasion, and returned with the richest prize that had ever been brought to England. The queen was about this period so indignant with him for an amour which he had with one of her maids of honour, that, though he married the lady, (she was the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton,) her majesty committed him, with his fair partner, to the Tower. The queen forgave him, however, at last, and rewarded his services with a grant of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, where he built a magnificent seat. Raleigh's mind was not one that was destined to travel in the wheel-ruts of common prejudice. It was rumoured that he had carried the freedom of his philosophical speculation to an heretical height on many subjects; and his acceptance of the church lands of Sherborne, already mentioned, probably supplied additional motives to the clergy to swell the outcry against his principles. He was accused (by the jesuits) of atheism—a charge which his own writings sufficiently refute. Whatever were his opinions, the public saved him the trouble of explaining them; and the queen, taking it for granted that they must be bad, gave him an open, and, no doubt, edifying reprimand. To console himself under these circumstances, he projected the conquest of Guiana, sailed thither in 1595, and having captured the city of San Joseph, returned and published an account of his voyage. In the following year he acted gallantly under the Earl of Essex at Cadiz, as well as in what was called the "Island Voyage."* On the latter occasion he failed of complete success only through the jealousy of the favourite.

His letter to Cecil, in which he exhorted that statesman to the destruction of Essex, forms but too sad and notorious a blot in our hero's memory; yet even that offence will not reconcile us to behold the successor of Elizabeth robbing Raleigh of his estate to bestow it on the minion Carr; and on the grounds of a plot in which his participation was never proved, condemning to fifteen years of imprisonment the man who had enlarged the empire of his country, and the boundaries of human knowledge. James could estimate the wise, but shrunk from cordiality with the brave. He released Raleigh, from avaricious hopes about the mine of Guiana; and when disappointed in that object, sacrificed him to motives still baser than avarice. On the 29th of October, 1618, Raleigh perished on a scaffold, in Old Palace-yard, by a sentence originally iniquitous, and which his commission to Guiana had virtually revoked.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come;
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

* A voyage that was aimed principally at the Spanish Plate fleets.

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.*

A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing
For maidens most unfitting:
And so think I, with a down down derry.

When women knew no woe,
But lived themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.

Unborn was false Suspect;
No thought of Jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond affect
The virgin's life was free;
Hey down a down, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men used charms,
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthralled were.

Thus women welcomed woe,
Disguised in name of love;
A jealous hell, a painted show,
So shall they find that prove.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in "England's Helicon."

Melib. Shepherd, what's love? I pray thee tell.
Faust. It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heav'n or hell,
And this is love as I heard tell.

M. Yet, what is love? I prithee say.
F. It is a work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty blood 's in fresh array,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. Yet, what is love? good shepherd, sain.
F. It is a sunshine mixt with rain;
It is a toothache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain,
And this is love as I hear sain.

M. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
F. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away;
Then nymphs take vantage while you may,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. And what is love, good shepherd, show?
F. A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

DULCINA.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a farther boon
The nymph he prays;
Whereto she says,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay,
What boots to say,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?
She says, night gives love that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight;
Which she denies; "Night's murky noon
In Venus' plays
Makes bold," she says,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

But what promise or profession,
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night,
Forego the present joys of noon?
Though ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

* [This poem is attributed to Lord Pembroke,—but it has been ascribed with great probability to Sir Robert Ayton in a MS. and contemporary volume of Ayton's poems once in Mr. Heber's hands.—C.]

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;
Joys unseen are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent?
Accepts he night, or grants she noon?
Left he her maid,
Or not? she said,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

SHALL I, like a hermit, dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be!

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too?
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be!

Were her band as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake:
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be!

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

A VISION UPON "THE FAIRY QUEEN."

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

[Born, 1563. Died, 1618.]

WHO in his day obtained the epithet of the Silver-tongued, was a merchant adventurer, and died abroad, at Middleburgh, in 1618. He was a candidate, in the year 1597, for the office of secretary to a trading company at Stade; on which occasion the Earl of Essex seems to have taken a friendly interest in his fortunes. Though esteemed by the court of England, (on one occasion he signs himself the pensioner of Prince Henry,)* he is said to have been driven from home by the enmity which his satires excited. This seems very extraordinary, as there is nothing in his vague and dull declamations against vice that needed to have ruffled the most thin-skinned enemies—so that his travels were probably made more from the hope of gain than the fear of persecution. He was an eminent linguist, and writes his dedications in several languages, but in his own he often fathoms the bathos, and brings up such lines as these to King James.

> So much, O king, thy sacred worth presume I on,
> James, the just heir of England's lawful union.

His works are chiefly translations, including that of the "Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas." His claim to the poem of the "Soul's Errand," as has been already mentioned, is to be entirely set aside.

TO RELIGION.

STANZAS FROM "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

RELIGION, O thou life of life,
How worldlings, that profane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their appetites!
How princes, who thy power deny,
Pretend thee for their tyranny,
And people for their false delights!

Under thy sacred name, all over,
The vicious all their vices cover;
The insolent their insolence,
The proud their pride, the false their fraud,
The thief his theft, her filth the bawd,
The impudent their impudence.

Ambition under thee aspires,
And Avarice under thee desires;
Sloth under thee her ease assumes,
Lux under thee all overflows,
Wrath under thee outrageous grows,
All evil under thee presumes.

* [He had a yearly pension of twenty pounds from Prince Henry. Owen the Epigrammatist had the same sum: and Drayton had ten.—C.]

Religion, erst so venerable,
What art thou now but made a fable,
A holy mask on Folly's brow,
Where under lies Dissimulation,
Lined with all abomination.
Sacred Religion, where art thou?

Not in the church with Simony,
Not on the bench with Bribery,
Nor in the court with Machiavel,
Nor in the city with deceits,
Nor in the country with debates;
For what hath Heaven to do with Hell?

SAMUEL DANIEL.

[Born, 1562. Died, Oct. 1619.]

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master, and was born at Taunton, in Somersetshire. He was patronized and probably maintained at Oxford, by the noble family of Pembroke. At the age of twenty-three he translated Paulus Jovius's "Discourse of Rare Inventions." He was afterwards tutor to the accomplished and spirited Lady Anne Clifford, daughter to the Earl of Cumberland, who raised a monument to his memory, on which she recorded that she had been his pupil. At the death of Spenser he furnished, as a voluntary laureat, several masks and pageants for the court, but retired, with apparent mortification, before the ascendant favour of Jonson.*

While composing his dramas he lived in Old-street, St. Luke's, which was at that time thought retirement from London; but at times he frequented the city, and had the honour of ranking Shakspeare and Selden among his friends. In his old age he turned husbandman, and closed his days at a farm in Somersetshire.

RICHARD THE SECOND, THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER IN POMFRET CASTLE.

DANIEL'S CIVIL WARS, ST. 62, 69. *f.*

WHETHER the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:—

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

LOVE IN INFANCY.

AH! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; whenas we sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: And thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood: But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, and sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

* The latest editor of Jonson affirms the whole conduct of that great poet towards Daniel to have been perfectly honourable. Some small exception to this must be made, when we turn to the derision of Daniel's verses, which is pointed out by the editor himself, in Cynthia's Revels. This was unworthy of Jonson, as the verses of Daniel at which he sneers are not contemptible, and as Daniel was confessedly an amiable man, who died "beloved, honoured, and lamented."—E.

GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

[Giles Fletcher died, 1623.]

THE affinity and genius of these two poets naturally associate their names. They were the cousins of Fletcher the dramatist, and the sons of a Doctor Giles Fletcher, who, among several important missions in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, negotiated a commercial treaty with Russia, greatly to the advantage of England, in spite of many obstacles that were presented by a capricious czar and a barbarous court. His remarks on Russia were suppressed on their first appearance, but were afterwards republished in 1643, and incorporated with Hakluyt's Voyages.

Mr. A. Chalmers, in his British Poets, mentions Giles as the elder son of this Dr. Fletcher, evidently by mistake, as Giles, in his poetry, speaks of his own "green muse hiding her younger head," with reference to his senior brother. Giles was bred at Cambridge, and died at his living of Alderston, in Suffolk, in 1623. Phineas was educated at the same university, and wrote an account of its founders and learned men. He was also a clergyman, and held the living of Hilgay in Norfolk, for twenty-nine years. They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernized, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connection in our poetry between those congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter in a poem on the same subject with Paradise Regained.

Giles's "Temptation and Victory of Christ" has a tone of enthusiasm peculiarly solemn. Phineas, with a livelier fancy, had a worse taste. He lavished on a bad subject the graces and ingenuity that would have made a fine poem on a good design. Through five cantos of his "Purple Island," he tries to sweeten the language of anatomy by the flowers of poetry, and to support the wings of allegory by bodily instead of spiritual phenomena. Unfortunately in the remaining cantos he only quits the dissecting-table to launch into the subtlety of the schools, and describes Intellect, the Prince of the Isle of Man, with his eight counsellors, Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and the five external Senses, as holding out in the Human Fortress against the Evil Powers that besiege it. Here he strongly resembles the old Scottish poet Gawain Douglas, in his poem of King Heart. But he outstrips all allegorists in conceit, when he exhibits Voletta, or the Will, the wife of Intellect, propped in her fainting-fits by Repentance, who administers restorative waters to the Queen, made with lip's confession and with "pickled sighs," stilled in the alembic of a broken spirit. At the approach of the combat between the good and evil powers, the interest of the narration is somewhat quickened, and the parting of the sovereign and the queen, with their champions, is not unfeelingly portrayed.

Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
Stay'd with his fearful queen and daughter fair;
But when the knights were past their dim aspect,
They follow them with vows and many a prayer.
At last they climb up to the castle's height,
From which they view'd the deeds of every knight,
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

As when a youth bound for the Belgic war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore,
Now are they parted; and he sail'd so far,
They see not now, and now are seen no more;
Yet, far off, viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And, shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

But the conclusion of the Purple Island sinks into such absurdity and adulation, that we could gladly wish the poet back again to allegorizing the bladder and kidneys. In a contest about the eternal salvation of the human soul, the event is decided by King James the First (at that time a sinner upon earth) descending from heaven with his treatise on the Revelation under his arm, in the form of an angel, and preceding the Omnipotent, who puts the forces of the dragon to the rout.

These incongruous conceptions are clothed in harmony, and interspersed with beautiful thoughts: but natural sentiments and agreeable imagery will not incorporate with the shapeless features of such a design; they stand apart from it like things of a different element, and, when they occur, only expose its deformity. On the contrary, in the brother's poem of Christ's Triumph, its main effect, though somewhat sombrous, is not marred by such repulsive contrasts; its beauties, therefore, all tell in relieving tedium, and reconciling us to defects.

MERCY DWELLING IN HEAVEN AND PLEADING FOR THE GUILTY, WITH JUSTICE DESCRIBED BY HER QUALITIES.

FROM GILES FLETCHER'S "CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN."

BUT Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between:
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eöus, that but now
Open'd the world, which all in darkness lay,
Doth heaven's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with heaven's, so, and more brightly shined
Her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and, with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
Securely without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd Poverty,
Sending his eyes to heaven swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kercher'd head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War:
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance; Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull and raw-boned spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight!

JUSTICE ADDRESSING THE CREATOR.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She leant her bosom, more than stony hard;
There slept th' impartial judge and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward;
There hung the score of all our debts—the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted;
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But, when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heaven, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

MERCY BRIGHTENING THE RAINBOW.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main!
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forget his flight, and all incensed with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.

THE PALACE OF PRESUMPTION.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among,
(Ah that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

A painted face, belied with vermeil store,
Which light Euëlpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim!
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady waverod,
Court-holy water all upon her sprinkled.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heaven without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten Heaven it was aright:
And as her house was built so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to the Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams:
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave, [brave.
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were placed,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt;
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

Over the edge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour. . . . .
Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, ...

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls,
(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have molt it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed;
The naked boys unto the waters fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When zephyrs breathed into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

FROM PHINEAS FLETCHER'S "PURPLE ISLAND." CANTO VII.

FOND man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Though now but writ and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss against Heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
Where now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
Where screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shared?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find
Only a fading verbal memory,
An empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous Beast, which nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His battering horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black Vulture,[a] which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

---

[a] The Turk.

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM THE SAME. CANTO XII.

THRICE, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent:
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased, and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house nor state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him:
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

HENRY CONSTABLE,

[Born, 1568? Died 1604?]

BORN, according to Mr. Ellis's conjecture, about 1568, was a noted sonneteer of his time. Dr. Birch, in his Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, supposes that he was the same Henry Constable, who, for his zeal in the Catholic religion, was long obliged to live in a state of banishment. He returned to England, however, about the beginning of James's reign. The time of his death is unknown.

SONNET.

LET others sing of knights and paladins,
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes,
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, here she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak what else was dumb.
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and Time's consuming age;
Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice to show I lived, and was thy lover.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

[Born, 1555. Died, 1624.]

MR. ELLIS conjectures that this writer was born in 1555, and died in 1624. He is supposed by Mr. Ritson to be the same Captain Nicholas Breton whose monument is still in the church of Norton, in which parish his family were lords of the manor till within these few years. His happiest vein is in little pastoral pieces. In addition to the long roll of his indifferent works which are enumerated in the Biographia Poetica, the Censura Literaria imputes to him a novel of singular absurdity, in which the miseries of the heroine of the story are consummated by having her nose bit off by an aged and angry rival of her husband.

A SWEET PASTORAL.

FROM "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile,
Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,

Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights,
Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend,
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

FROM THE SAME.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet;
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

DR. THOMAS LODGE

[Born, 1556. Died, 1625.]

Was of a family in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Oxford. He practised as a physician in London, and is supposed to have fallen a martyr to the memorable plague of 1625. He wrote several plays and other poetical works of considerable merit, and translated the works of Josephus into English.

ROSADER'S SONETTO.

FROM LODGE'S ROMANCE, CALLED "EUPHUES'S GOLDEN LEGACY."

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I look upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to flee my pain,
Love meets me in the shades again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be;
When as I talk of Rosalind,
The god from coyness waxeth kind,
And seems in self-same frame to fly,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why, than love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

ANOTHER.

FROM THE SAME.

First shall the heavens want stary light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hill
By humble plains be overpry'd,
And poets scorn the Muses' quill,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I false thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,

And Snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

FROM THE SAME.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet:
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight;
And makes his pillow of my knee
The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting;
Ah, wanton, will ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip ye hence,
And bind ye, when ye long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut my eyes to keep ye in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin,
Alas! what hereby shall I win?
If he gainsay me.

What, if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid, so thou pity me!
Spare not, but play thee.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[Born, 1585. Died, 1616.——Born, 1576. Died, 1625.]

Those names, united by friendship and confederate genius, ought not to be disjoined. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont of the Common Pleas, and was born at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1586. He studied at Oxford, and passed from thence to the Inner Temple; but his application to the law cannot be supposed to have been intense, as his first play, in conjunction with Fletcher, was acted in his twenty-first year, and the short remainder of his life was devoted to the drama. He married Ursula, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley of Kent, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was alive, at a great age, in the year 1700. He died in 1616, and was buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's chapel, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument, in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. As a lyrical poet, F. Beaumont would be entitled to some remembrance independent of his niche in the drama.

John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, bishop of London: he was born probably in the metropolis, in 1576, and was admitted a pensioner of Bennet college about the age of fifteen. His time and progress at the university have not been traced, and only a few anecdotes have been gleaned about the manner of his life and death. Before the marriage of Beaumont, we are told by Aubrey, that Fletcher and he lived together in London, near the Bankside, not far from the theatre, had one * * * in the same house between them, the same clothes, cloak, &c. Fletcher died in the great plague of 1625. A friend had invited him to the country, and he unfortunately stayed in town to get a suit of clothes for the visit, during which time he caught the fatal infection. He was interred in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where his grave, like that of Beaumont's in Westminster, is without an inscription.

Fletcher survived his dramatic associate ten years—so that their share in the drama that passes by their joint names was far from equal in quantity, Fletcher having written between thirty and forty after the death of his companion.* Respecting those which appeared in their common lifetime, the general account is, that Fletcher chiefly supplied the fancy and invention of their pieces, and that Beaumont, though he was the younger, dictated the cooler touches of taste and accuracy. This tradition is supported, or rather exaggerated, in the verses of Cartwright to Fletcher, in which he says,

"Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull; that's write again,
And bate some of thy fire which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame."

Many verses to the same effect might be quoted, but this tradition, so derogatory to Beaumont's genius, is contradicted by other testimonies of rather an earlier date, and coming from writers who must have known the great dramatists themselves much better than Cartwright. Ben Jonson speaks of Beaumont's originality with the emphasis peculiar to the expression of all his opinions; and Earle, the intimate friend of Beaumont, as-

* Fletcher was assisted by Massinger in one instance, probably in several; and it is likely that after Beaumont's death he had other auxiliaries. [Rowley, Middleton, and Shirley, were his other assistants.—C.]

cribed to him, while Fletcher was still alive, the exclusive claim to those three distinguished plays, the Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and King and No King; a statement which Fletcher's friends were likely to have contradicted, if it had been untrue. If Beaumont had the sole or chief merit of those pieces, he could not have been what Cartwright would have us believe, the mere pruner of Fletcher's luxuriancies, an assessor, who made him write again and more dully. Indeed, with reverence to their memories, nothing that they have left us has much the appearance of being twice written: and whatever their amiable editor, Mr. Seward, may say about the correctness of their plots, the management of their stories would lead us to suspect, that neither of the duumvirate troubled themselves much about correctness. Their charm is vigour and variety, their defects a coarseness and grotesqueness that betray no circumspection. There is so much more hardihood than discretion in the arrangement of their scenes, that if Beaumont's taste and judgment had the disposal of them, he fully proved himself the junior partner. But it is not probable that their departments were so divided.

Still, however, the scanty lights that enable us to guess at what they respectively wrote, seem to warrant that distinction in the cast of their genius which is made in the poet's allusion to

"Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base."

Beaumont was a deeper scholar. Fletcher is said to have been more a man of the world. Beaumont's vein was more pathetic and solemn, but he was not without humour; for the mock-heroic scenes, that are excellent in some of their plays, are universally ascribed to him. Fletcher's muse, except where she sleeps in pastorals, seems to have been a nymph of boundless unblushing pleasantry. Fletcher's admirers warmly complimented his originality at the expense of Beaumont,* on the strength of his superior gayety, as if gay thoughts must necessarily be more original than serious ones, or depth of sensibility be allied to shallowness of invention. We are told also that Beaumont's taste leant to the hard and abstract school of Jonson, while his coadjutor followed the wilder graces of Shakspeare. But if Earle can be credited for Beaumont's having written Philaster, we shall discover him in that tragedy to be the very opposite of an abstract painter of character; it has the spirit of individual life. The piece owes much less to art than it loses by negligence. Its forms and passions are those of romance, and its graces, evidently imitated from Shakspeare, want only the fillet and zone of art to consummate their beauty.

On the whole, while it is generally allowed that Fletcher was the gayer, and Beaumont the graver genius of their amusing theatre, it is unnecessary to depreciate either, for they were both original and creative; or to draw invidious comparisons between men who themselves disdained to be rivals.

FROM "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY."

Aspatia, forsaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne. The expression of her sorrow to Antiphila and the other attendant thus concludes:—

THEN, my good girls, be more than women wise,
At least be more than I was: and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant when he roars;
Rather the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
Forced by ill fate, take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead cold aspicks, and of them make lovers;
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,—
Oh that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls.
That downcast eye of thine, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Oenone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila!
What would this wench do if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench:
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Antiph. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece. . . . .

Fie you have miss'd it here, Antiphila.
You're much mistaken, wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was;—do it by me;
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face,
If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow,
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

* [At the expense of all genius, for in the panegyrical poems in which Fletcher is so warmly complimented, and to which Mr. Campbell alludes, the writers wrote to say good things that looked like true, and were satisfied when the arrow of adulation was drawn to the head. Commendatory poems at the best reflect very little of real opinion, and when brought into biography are more apt to mislead than inform.—C.]

FROM "THE TRAGEDY OF PHILASTER."

Philaster's description of his page to his mistress Arethusa.

Arethusa. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Philaster. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears:
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses, and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify, and how all order'd; thus
Express'd his grief, and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him
Who was as glad to follow, and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

FROM THE SAME.

Philaster parting with Bellario, who is to enter the service of Arethusa.—Act II. Scene I.

Philaster. And thou shalt find her, honourable
Full of regard unto thy tender youth. [boy,
For thine own modesty, and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,—
Ay, or deserve. [nothing,
Bellario. Sir, you did take me up when I was
And only yet am something by being yours.
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me, [a boy
Perhaps might have been craft—the cunning of
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me, for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phil. But, boy, it will prefer thee: thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love [yet.
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bell. In that small time that I have seen the
I never knew a man hasty to part [world,
With a servant he thought trusty. I remember
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phil. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn.
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.
Phil. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off: thou know'st
It is my business that doth call me hence:
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receivé thee: as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy—'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bell. I am gone.
And since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer: [signs!
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your de-
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one!

Philaster's mind being poisoned with jealousy that his Mistress is perfidiously attached to the Page, he tries to extort the supposed secret from Bellario.

Phil. See—see, you gods!
Enter Bellario.
He walks still, and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same—
Not blasted. Is this justice? Do you mean
T' entrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bell. Health to you, my lord:
The princess doth commend to you her love, her
And this, unto you. [life,
Phil. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me; she does show it
In loving thee, my boy: she's made thee brave.
Bell. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant—
Though far unfit for me who do attend. [women
Phil. Thou art grown courtly, boy. Oh, let all
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here:
Here by this paper, she does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm—
So she does use me.
Phil. Why, this is wond'rous well;
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bell. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you—she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phil. This is much better still.
Bell. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phil. Ill—no, Bellario.
Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
Phil. Thou art deceived, boy.
And she strokes thy head?
Bell. Yes.
Phil. And does she clap thy cheeks?
Bell. She does, my lord.
Phil. And does she kiss thee, boy?—ha!
Bell. Not so, my lord.
Phil. Come, come, I know she does.
Bell. No, by my life.....
Phil. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts, for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bell. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus—the breath of kings
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phil. Then it is no time
To dally with thee:—I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee. I could curse thee now.
Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me
The gods have not a punishment in store [worse.
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phil. Fie, fie! so young and so dissembling
Tell me when and where .....
Or plagues fall on me if I destroy thee not!
Bell. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed!
Hew me asunder; and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made them so.
Phil. Fear'st thou not death? Can boys contemn [that?
Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phil. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die!
Bell. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born—a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,
It is but giving o'er a game that must be lost.
Phil. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls. Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of—kill me!
Phil. Oh! what should I do?
Why who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario;
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee farther; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
So firm, whate'er thou dost, it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee; but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more. Something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bell. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind; but through these
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see [tears,
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.
Phil. Blessings be with thee,
Whatever thou deservest!

In the last scene of Philaster, the supposed youth, Bellario, is obliged to confess her sex, and accounts thus for her assumed disguise.

Phil. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault—
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bell. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found, till, sitting at my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, but it was you, enter our gates;
My blood flew out and back again as fast

As I had puff'd it forth, and suck'd it in
Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you: never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love,
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known
While there was hope to hide me from men's eyes
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you; then sat I by the fount
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bell. Never, sir, will I
Marry: it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Arethusa. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady,
Dress'd like a page, to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me,
Live free as I do: she that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

THE RECONCILEMENT OF MR. ROGER, THE CURATE, AND ABIGAIL.

FROM "THE SCORNFUL LADY," SCENE I. ACT IV.

Abig. See how scornfully he passes by me,
With what an equipage canonical,
As though he had broken the heart of Bellarmine,
Or added something to the singing brethren;
'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it, Master Roger.

Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then, gentle Roger ——

Rog. Ungentle Abigail ——

Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit
To a weak woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed;
For so the poet sings.

Abig. I do confess
My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good, my lady's
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman,
(This trope is lost to you now) leave your prating,
You have a season of your first mother in you,
And, surely, had the devil been in love,
He had been abused too. Go, Dalilah,
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, you may
Upon the weak infirmities of woman, [dilate
These are fit texts: but once there was a time—
Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes,
Those orient eyes!

Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your presence, sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your
What they are, they are— [cogging;
They serve me without spectacles—I thank 'em.

Abig. Oh, will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can:
You're like a copyhold with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to wear a Christian fear
For your own worship's sake. [about you,

Rog. I was a Christian fool, then.
Do you remember what a dance you led me,
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce;
Could not expound but once a quarter, and then
was out too—
And then, out of the stir you put me in,
I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do
Remember all this.

Abig. Oh, be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it.
Surely I will be wiser, Abigail,
And, as the Ethnic poet sings,
I will not lose my oil and labour too.
You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail.

Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like these symptoms well, and this
humbling also,
They are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith.
If I should fall into my fit again,
Would you not shake me into a quotidian coxcomb,
Would you not use me scurvily again,
And give me possets with purging comfits in them?
I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou has been harder to me
Than a long chapter with a pedigree.

Abig. Oh, curate, cure me;
I will love thee better, dearer, longer!
I will do any thing—betray the secrets
Of the main household to thy reformation;
My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning;
And when due time shall point thee for a parson,
I will convert thy eggs to penny custards,
And thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply

Rog. I am mollified,
As well shall testify this faithful kiss.
But have a great care, Mistress Abigail,
How you depress the spirit any more,
With your rebukes and mocks, for certainly
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.

Abig. Oh, Sir, you've pierced me thorough! Here
A recantation to those malicious faults [I vow
I ever did against you. Never more
Will I despise your learning; never more
Pin cards and cony tails upon your cassock;
Never again reproach your reverend nightcap,
And call it by the mangy name of murrion;
Never your reverend person more, and say
You look like one of Baal's priests i' the hanging;
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at pray'rs; never cramp you more
With the great book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride,

Get soap and thistles for you—No, my Roger,
These faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears.

JULIO TANTALIZED BY BUSTOPHA ABOUT THE FATE OF HIS NEPHEW ANTONIO.

"THE MAID OF THE MILL," ACT IV. SCENE II.

Jul. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio
My nephew's abroad, my heart's not at home;
Only my fears stay with me—bad company,
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the house of Bellides and us
Is not fair war—'tis civil, but uncivil;
We are near neighbours, were of love as near,
Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder.
I would 'twere reconciled; it has lasted
Too many sunsets: if grace might moderate,
Man should not lose so many days of peace
To satisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter BUSTOPHA.

Bust. No, I must not.
Jul. Ha! he is come.
Bust. I must not:
'Twill break his heart to hear it.
Jul. How! there's bad tidings.
I must obscure and hear it: he'll not tell it
For breaking of my heart. It's half split already.
Bust. I have spied him. Now to knock down a
With a lie—a silly, harmless lie: 'twill be [don
Valiantly done, and nobly, perhaps.
Jul. I cannot hear him now.
Bust. Oh, the bloody days that we live in!
The envious, malicious, deadly days
That we draw breath in.
Jul. Now I hear too loud. [rue,
Bust. The children that never shall be born may
For men that are slain now, might have lived
To have got children that might have cursed
Their fathers.
Jul. Oh, my posterity is ruin d.
Bust. Oh, sweet Antonio!
Jul. O dear Antonio!
Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts,
When he and Lisauro met.
Jul. Oh, death has parted them!
Bust. Welcome, my mortal foe! says one;
Welcome, [doublets,
My deadly enemy! says t' other. Off goes their
They in their shirts, and their swords stark naked.
Here lies Antonio—here lies Lisauro.
He comes upon him with an embroccado,
Then he puts by with a puncta reversa. Lisauro
Recoils me two paces, and some six inches back
Takes his career, and then—Oh! ——
Jul. Oh! ——
Bust. Runs Antonio
Quite through.
Jul. Oh, villain!
Bust. Quite through, between the arm
And the body, so that he had no hurt at that bout.
Jul. Goodness be praised!
Bust. But then, at next encounter,
He fetches me up Lisauro; Lisauro
Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
To be a passado, Antonio's foot
Slipping down—oh! down ——
Jul. Oh, now thou art lost! [gentlemen,
Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both
Both Spanish Christians—yet one man to shed—
Jul. Say his enemy's blood.
Bust. His hair may come
By divers casualties, though he never go
Into the field with his foe; but a man
To lose nine ounces and two drams of blood
At one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another,
And to live till he die in cold blood; yet the surgeon
That cured him said, that if *pia mater* had not
Been perish'd, he had been a lives man
Till this day.
Jul. There he concludes—he is gone. [point.
Bust. But all this is nothing,—now I come to the
Jul. Ay, the point—that's deadly; the ancient
blow
Over the buckler ne'er went half so deep.
Bust. Yet pity bids me keep in my charity;
For me to pull an old man's ears from his head
With telling of a tale. Oh, foul tale! no, be silent,
Furthermore, there is the charge of burial. [tale.
Every one will cry *blacks*, *blacks*, that had
But the least finger dipt in his blood, though ten
Degrees removed when 'twas done. Moreover,
The surgeons that made an end of him will be paid
Sugar-plums and sweet-breads; yet, say I,
The man may recover again, and die in his bed.
Jul. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah, speak
What hath befallen my dear Antonio! [truth.
Restrain your pity in concealing it;
Tell me the danger full. Take off your care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way, [truth,
I'll forgive my death! What thou keep'st back from
Thou shalt speak in pain: do not look to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
As a worm might sup on—despatch or be despatch'd.
Bust. Alas, Sir, I know nothing but that Antonio
Is a man of God's making to this hour;
'Tis not two since I left him so.
Jul. Where didst thou leave him?
Bust. In the same clothes he had on when he
went from you.
Jul. Does he live?
Bust. I saw him drink.
Jul. Is he not wounded?
Bust. He may have a cut i' the leg by this time,
For Don Martino and he were at whole slashes.
Jul. Met he not with Lisauro?
Bust. I do not know her.
Jul. Her! Lisauro is a man, as he is.
Bust. I saw ne'er a man like him.
Jul. Didst thou not discourse
A fight betwixt Antonio and Lisauro?
Bust. Ay, to myself:
I hope a man may give himself the lie
If it please him.
Jul. Didst thou lie then?

Bust. As sure as you live now. [return?
Jul. I live the happier by it. When will he
Bust. That he sent me to tell you—within these
Ten days at farthest.
Jul. Ten days! he's not wont
To be absent two. [be at home
Bust. Nor I think he will not. He said he would
To-morrow; but I love to speak within
My compass.
Jul. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now.
Within there! take this fellow into custody.
Keep him safe, I charge you. [*Enter* Servants.
Bust. Safe, do you hear! take notice
What plight you find me in. If there want but
Or a steak of me, look to 't. [a collop,
Jul. If my nephew
Return not in his health to-morrow, thou goest
To the rack.
Bust. Let me go to the manger first,
I'd rather eat oats than hay.

EDITH PLEADING FOR THE LIFE OF HER FATHER.

FROM "THE TRAGEDY OF ROLLO DUKE OF NORMANDY." ACT III.

Persons of the scene—ROLLO, *Duke of Normandy*; HAMOND, *Captain of the Guard*; BALDWIN, *Tutor of the Prince*; EDITH, BALDWIN'S *Daughter*.

Rollo. Go, take this dotard here (*pointing to Baldwin*), and take his head
Off with a sword.
Ham. Your schoolmaster!
Rollo. Even he.
Bald. For teaching thee no better: 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices. Away!
Captain, I'll follow.
Edith. O stay there, Duke,
And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petition—hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh! stay your haste, as I shall need your mercy.
Rollo. Away with this fond woman!
Edith. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you;
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you.
I do confess you are a prince—your anger
As great as you, your execution greater.
Rollo. Away with him!
Edith. Oh, Captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, Sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous.
Good, noble Prince, look on me.
Rollo. Take her from me.
Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me!
May father's blessing never fall upon him!
May heav'n ne'er hear his prayers! I beseech you—
O Sir, these tears beseech you—these chaste hands woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy,
Things like yourself. You are a god above us,
Be as a god, then, full of saving mercy.
Mercy! Oh, mercy! Sir—for his sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you
Here I must grow. [pity.
Rollo. By heaven I'll strike thee, woman!
Edith. Most willingly—let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied tortures, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent escape thee.
Rollo. Carry him away, I say.
Edith. Now blessing on thee! Oh, sweet pity,
I see it in thine eyes. I charge you, soldiers,
Ev'n by the Prince's power, release my father!
The Prince is merciful—why do you hold him?
The Prince forgets his fury—why do you tug him?
He is old—why do you hurt him? Speak, oh speak, Sir!
Speak, as you are a man—a man's life hangs, Sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.
'Tis but a word, but *mercy*—quickly spoke, Sir.
Oh speak, Prince, speak!
Rollo. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly.
Bald. All thou canst do takes but one short hour
Rollo. Hew off her hands! [from me.
Ham. Lady, hold off.
Edith. No, hew 'em;
Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you,
They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.
[*Exit* BALDWIN *with the guard.*
Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus,
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant! [then,
And to thy face, in heav'n's high name, defy thee;
And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold, [science,
Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched con-
Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee;
When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee:—
. . . . May then that pity,— [mercy
That comfort thou expect'st from heav'n—that
Be lock'd up from thee—fly thee! howlings find thee!
Despair! (Oh my sweet father!) Storms of terror!
Blood till thou burst again!
Rollo. Oh fair, sweet anger!

INSTALLATION OF THE KING OF THE BEGGARS.

FROM "BEGGARS' BUSH," ACT II. SCENE I.

Persons.—KING CLAUSE, PRIGG, GINKS, HIGGEN, FERRET, *and other* Beggars.

Ferret. WHAT is't I see? Snap has got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry.
Prigg. A crown of gold——
Ferret. For our new King—good luck.
Ginks. To the common treasury with it—if it
Thither it must. [be gold
Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks.
King Clause. I bid God save thee first; first
After this golden token of a crown—— [Clause,
Where's orator Higgen with his gratulating speech
In all our names? [now,
Ferret. Here he is, pumping for it.

Ginks. H' has cough'd the second time, 'tis but
And then it comes. [once more,
Ferret. So out with all! Expect now——
Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king, and sovereign monarch of the maunders,
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats* first for joy,
And then our filches; last we clap our fambles—
Three subject signs—we do it without envy.
For who is he here, did not wish thee chosen?
Now thou art chosen, ask them—all will say so—
Nay, swear't—'tis for the King: but let that pass.
When last in conference at the bouzing ken,[a]
This other day, we sat about our dead prince,
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!)
And that I saw thee at the table's end,
Rise moved, and gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift t'other, like a sceptre, at my head;
I then presaged thou shortly wouldst be king.
And now thou art so—but what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee! By that beard,
Thou wert found out and mark'd for sovereignty!
Oh, happy beard! but happier Prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marking out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under beggars' bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.
Omnes. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward,
good Higgen—— [Higgen!
Give him leave to spit—the fine, well-spoken
Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy beard,
Under whose gold and silver reign 'twas said
So many ages since, we all should smile.
No impositions, taxes, grievances!
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd[b] out.
If, now, the beard be such, what is the Prince
That owes the beard? A father? no—a grandfather?
Nay, the great grandfather of you his people.
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventured hard for't; nor take
from you
The fattest of your puddings. Under him
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and butter,
In his own shade or sunshine, and enjoy
His own dear *doll doxy*, or mort at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet,
That he hath *filch'd* that day—ay, and possess
What he can purchase—*back* or *belly cheats*
To his own prop. He will have no purveyors
For pigs and poultry.
Clause. That we must have, my learned orator,
It is *our will*—and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund on your own pads,
he says.
Clause. And what they get there is their own;
besides,
To give good words——
Hig. Do you mark, to cut *been whids*,
This is the second law.

[a] Alehouse.—[b] Combed.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE ROMAN ARMY ENGAGING THE BRITONS.

FROM "THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA," SCENE V. ACT III.

See that huge battle moving from the mountains,
Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see 'em, ...
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail; look,
Look where the armed carts stand, a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering
Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls. [tain
Move me again when they charge,[c] when the moun-
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax-
trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before
Till then I'll dream what Rome was. [them,

BONDUCA ATTACKED IN HER FORTRESS BY THE ROMANS.

FROM THE SAME, SCENE IV. ACT IV.

Persons—SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and other Romans.* BONDUCA, *and her Daughters, with* NENNIUS *above.*

Suet. BRING up the catapults, and shake the wall,
We will not be outbraved thus.
Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death.
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes.
Dec. Yield, queen. [Roman.
Bond. I'm unacquainted with that language,
Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness.
Bond. I thank ye, ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot 'scape our strength, you must
yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious, and your partial selves confess
Aspires the height of all impiety.
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the bless'd household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.
Suet. Beat the wall deeper.
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Suet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.
2d Daughter. Oh, mother, these are fearful
hours!—speak gently.

[c] The Roman who makes this speech is supposed to be reclining, overcome with fatigue, and going to snatch a momentary repose.

CARATACH, PRINCE OF THE BRITONS, WITH HIS NEPHEW HENGO ASLEEP.

FROM SCENE III. ACT V. OF THE SAME.

Car. SLEEP still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all
thou feed'st on:
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity
To bring thee food. Poor knave, thou'rt sick,
extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat, and yet thy goodness
Will not confess or show it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers, no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wakest either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' the purchase. Good gods comfort
thee!

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy, I've found meat: look,
Hengo,
Look, where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink. Cheer up, boy!
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. Oh! uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart whole,
And would live.

Car. Thou shalt, long, I hope.

Hengo. But—my head, uncle—
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *Romans.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life.

Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?

Car. Of bells, boy? 'tis thy fancy.
Alas! thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state. Nay, weep not.

Car. Oh! my poor chicken.

Hengo. Fye, faint-hearted uncle;
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No; as you love me, uncle,
I will not eat it if I do not fetch it,
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee.
My valiant child. [Come, child,

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train. And you must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it,
We'll be as merry —— [uncle,

Car. Go i' the name of heav'n, boy.

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle, I have it. Oh!
[JUDAS *shoots* HENGO.

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. Oh! my best uncle, I am slain.

Car. I see you— [*Kills* JUDAS *with a stone.*
And heav'n direct my hand! Destruction
Go with thy coward soul! How dost thou, boy?
Oh! villain——

Hengo. Oh! uncle, uncle!
Oh! how it pricks me; extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward rascal!
Dogs eat thy flesh!

Hengo. O, I bleed hard—I faint too—out upon't!
How sick I am—the lean rogue, uncle!

Car. Look, boy, I've laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knock'd out his brains?

Car. I warrant thee, for stirring more. Cheer
up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh!
wretched fortune—
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble child.

Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
To have beaten 'em.—Oh! hold me hard:—but,
uncle—— [I draw it?

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall

Hengo. You draw away my soul then. I would live
A little longer (spare me, heav'n!) but only
To thank you for your tender love, good uncle
Good, noble uncle, weep not.

Car. Oh! my chicken!
My dear boy! what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however, had this 'scaped me,
Fever or famine. I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy—

Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you
When you come, my uncle.

Car. Yes, boy.

Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child.

Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up.

Hengo. Pray for me.
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew. Mercy!

Car. Mercy! You blessed angels take him.

Hengo. Kiss me! so—
Farewell! farewell! [*Dies.*

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! Time and
Death, [proudly
You've done your worst.—Fortune, now see, now
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph. Look,
Look what th' hast brought this land to. Oh! fair
flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show! how sweetly
Ev'n death embraces thee! The peace of heav'n—
The fellowship of all good souls be with thee!

ARNOLDO TEMPTED BY HYPOLITA.

FROM "THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY."

Arn. FY! stand off;
And give me leave more now than e'er to wonder
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.

You are as fair as if the morning bare you,
Imagination never made a sweeter. . . . .
Be excellent in all as you are outward;
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heav'n has bestow'd, make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.—
Would you have me love you?

Hyp. Yes.

Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though I confess it blows the first fire in us;
Time as he passes by puts out that sparkle.
Nor for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, make that his conquest.
Be honest and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At least be wise: and, where you lay these nets,
Strew over them a little modesty,
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

Hyp. Could any one, that loved this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more?—You make me fonder.
You have a virtuous mind—I want that ornament.
Is it a sin, I covet to enjoy you?—
If you imagine I'm too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I'm silent.
Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with you;
I will not touch your hand but with a tremble
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
I'll steal it thus. I'll walk your shadow by you,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal
To put me off as that.

NO RIVALSHIP OR TAINT OF FAITH ADMISSIBLE IN LOVE.

FROM THE SAME.

ZENOCIA *to* ARNOLDO.

SHOULD you lay by the least part of that love
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have
To entertain another, nay, a fairer, [given me,
And make the case thus desperate, she must die also;
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
Be not deceived; these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you as if you were born my full antipathy:
Empire and more imperious love alone
Rule and admit no rivals. The pure springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden sweetness and their coolness perish;
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed.
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart pure and handsome.

SCENE IN THE COMEDY OF MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Valentine having formed the noble resolution of giving up his mistress Cellide to preserve the life of his friend Francis, who is in love with her, is supposed to hear the following dialogue, unknown to Francis.

Francis. BLESS me, what beams
Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,
What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man! Dare you sit by me?

Cellide. Yes, and do more than that too—comfort you;
I see you've need.

Fran. You are a fair physician;
You bring no bitterness, gilt o'er, to gull us,
No danger in your looks: yet there my death lies!

Cel. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?

[*Enter* VALENTINE *privately.*

For this I think must cure you.

Fran. Of which, lady?— [so?
Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush

Cel. Do you not understand? of this—this cordial.

Valentine. Oh, my afflicted heart! she's gone for ever.[d]

Fran. What heaven you have brought me, lady!

Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love to save your life, sir,
Your life, too excellent to lose in wishes—
Love, virtuous love!

Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!
Oh, goodly sweet! can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have, and perfect object,
Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?

Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too boldly
I dare abuse my promise; 'twas your friend's,
And so fast tied, I thought no time could ruin;
But so much has your danger, and that spell,
The powerful name of friend, prevail'd above him,
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignment;
And willingly I ratify it.

Fran. Hold, for heaven's sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness! keep thyself untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take—I am resolved to die first!

Val. Ha! say'st thou so?—Nay, then thou shalt not perish!

Fran. And though I love ye above the light shines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms; free content
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd,
Than at my pardon'd life, by the law forfeited.
Yet—yet, oh, noble beauty!—yet, oh, paradise!
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it;)
Yet is a gratitude to be preserved,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friends!

Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fran. D'you make a doubt?

---

[d] Valentine is supposed to remain undiscovered, and his speeches not to be heard by Francis and Cellide.

Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent!—his aim, too,
Levell'd at you, for your good; not constrain'd,
But out of cure and counsel!—Alas! consider;
Play but the woman with me, and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it—
Truly consider, sir, what misery——
Fran. For virtue's sake, take heed!
Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections, born and shot together!
What living name can dead age leave behind him!
What act of memory, but fruitless doting!
Fran. This cannot be.
Cel. To you, unless you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it:
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know you grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of friends may make you stagger
(Which is a fair thing in you,) yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.
Val. Oh! cruel woman!
Cel. Yet, sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost!
Fran. Pray stay there;
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shows but like shadow to me, thin and fading!
Val. Excellent friend!
Fran. You have no share in goodness;
You are belied; you are not Cellide,
The modest, the immaculate!—Who are you?
For I will know——What devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd beauty!
Cel. Do not rave, sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you;
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By those fair eyes, I do.
Fran. Oh, double hearted!
Oh, woman! perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented!—Tell me,
And if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
So sainted in the soul of him, whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence, but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady!)
Is drawn out only for your ends——
Val. Oh! miracle!
Fran. Whose all and every part of man, (pray mark me!)
Like ready pages, wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble—can you, dare you,
Must you, cast off this man (though he were willing,
Though, in a nobleness to cross my danger,
His friendship durst confirm it,) without baseness,
Without the stain of honour?—Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, "There's the lady
That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
To fawn upon a stranger," for aught you know
As faithless as yourself—in love, as fruitless!
Val. Take her, with all my heart!—Thou art so honest,
That 'tis most necessary I be undone.
With all my soul possess her!
Cel. Till this minute
I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad.
Fran. Good heaven! what is this woman?
Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object; yet now, truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend:—and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.
Fran. Whither d'you drive me?
Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it; there are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your sentinels, that watch it hourly;
Your eyes—let them not wander!
Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?
Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridged round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines, may meet you!
Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,
She show'd till now! When, having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel!
(For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee.)
Honour of all thy sex! let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections
But, reconciled to faith, with holy wishes,)
To kiss that virgin hand!
Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,
I fear, no more!—Yet, your most constant memory
(So much I'm wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband!
Farewell! and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not!—Oh, noble young man!
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!
Once more, farewell, and prosper!——

FROM "A KING AND NO KING."

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

ARBACES, King of Iberia, reveals to PANTHEA, his sister, the criminality of his love for her.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *at one door, and* GOBRIAS *with* PANTHEA *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.—
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to heaven
I could so bid you by another name.—
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak?
Arb. Please me?
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me: for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I pray thee, think so.
Pan. Be it so: I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.
Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolved
To hear thee largely: but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer me; for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.
Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As Nature can make: yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By heaven, 'tis true: believe it, if thou canst.
Pan. Children and fools are very credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself, I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.
Arb. Fy, you come in a step; what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you! [Panthea:
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short,
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.
Pan. Heaven forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye:
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: for Heaven knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!
Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending: if that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you! yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us:
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.
Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?
Pan. So perfectly.
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.

Arb. Then I curse my birth!
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.
Arb. I have lived
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd: let them be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. 'Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: brothers and sisters may
Walk hand and hand together; so shall we.
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. 'Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heaven.
Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.
Pan. True,
But for another: for the truth ——
Arb. No more,
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie.
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous
And foolish, but we will be so no more.
Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.
Arb. That is impossible: what should we do?
Pan. Fly, sir, for Heaven's sake.
Arb. So we must; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

[Born, 1570. Died, 1626.]

Sir John Davies wrote, at twenty-five years of age, a poem on the immortality of the soul; and at fifty-two, when he was a judge and a statesman, another on "*the art of dancing.*"* Well might the teacher of that noble accomplishment, in Molière's comedy exclaim, *La philosophie est quelque chose—mais la danse!*

Sir John was the son of a practising lawyer at Tisbury, in Wiltshire. He was expelled from the Temple for beating Richard Martin,† who was afterwards recorder of London; but his talents redeemed the disgrace. He was restored to the Temple, and elected to parliament, where, although he had flattered Queen Elizabeth in his poetry, he distinguished himself by supporting the privileges of the house, and by opposing royal monopolies. On the accession of King James he went to Scotland with Lord Hunsdon, and was received by the new sovereign with flattering cordiality, as author of the poem *Nosce Teipsum*. In Ireland he was successively nominated solicitor and attorney-general, was knighted, and chosen speaker of the Irish House of Commons, in opposition to the Catholic interest. Two works which he published as the fruits of his observation in that kingdom, have attached considerable importance to his name in the legal and political history of Ireland.‡ On his return to England he sat in parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyne, and had assurances of being appointed chief justice of England, when his death was suddenly occasioned by apoplexy. He married, while in Ireland, Eleanor, a daughter of Lord Audley, by whom he had a daughter, who was married to Ferdinand Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. Sir John's widow turned out an enthusiast and a prophetess. A volume of her ravings was published in 1649, for which the revolutionary government sent her to the Tower, and to Bethlehem Hospital.

* [This is not the case; the "Poeme of Dauncing" appeared in 1596, in his twenty-sixth year, and, curious enough, with a dedicatory sonnet "To his very Friend, Ma. Rich. Martin." A copy, supposed unique, is in the Bridgewater Library. The poem was the work of fifteen days.—See Collier's *Bibliographical Catalogue*, p. 92. The poet wrote his name Dauys.—C.]

† A respectable man, to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his Poetaster.

‡ The works are "A Discovery of the Causes why Ireland was never subdued till the beginning of his Majesty's Reign," and "Reports of Cases adjudged in the King's Courts in Ireland."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

FROM "NOSCE TEIPSUM," OR A POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

WHY did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind. . . . .

What is this knowledge but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief* still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it. . .

In fine, what is it but the fiery coach
Which the youth† sought, and sought his death withal,
Or the boy's wings‡ which, when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
Which yield men's wits both strength and ornament,

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When error chokes the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, that, like the sun in sky,
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead.

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy space,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that dived most deep and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such;
Skill comes so slow, and time so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, "he knew nought but that he did not know."
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,
When he said "Truth was buried deep below." . . .

As spiders, touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees, in storms, back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn:

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were. . . . .

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go:
Myself am centre of my circling thought:
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in every thing:
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing. . . .

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

For this few know themselves; for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire.

REASONS FOR THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

AGAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it? . . . .

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shows their nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

* Prometheus. † Phaeton. ‡ Icarus.

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make. . . .

Doubtless, all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turned to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the soul, her subtlety is such,
She moves the body which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein as in a tent,
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit,
Nor as the spider in his web is pent,
Nor as the wax retains the print in it.

Nor as a vessel water doth contain,
Nor as one liquor in another shed,
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain,
Nor as the voice throughout the air is spread;

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and every part. . . .

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffused;
Indivisible, incorruptible still,
Not forced, encounter'd, troubled, nor confused.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below,
So from the Eternal light the soul doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers do show.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth, then, the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood,
Or in the body's humours temper'd well?
As if in them such high perfection stood.

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tuned, instrument;
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had power to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water, find;
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessences of these from out the mind?

If th' elements, which have nor life nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a power as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then we should be with it sick, maim'd, and blind;
But we perceive, where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind. . . .

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION OR REFLEXION OF THE SENSE.

Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enrol,
A quick resulting and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse
Both of false judgments and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights? . . .

Could any powers of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout? . . . .

Sense outsides knows—the soul through all things sees;
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concord true. . .

Then is the soul a nature which contains
The power of sense within a greater power,
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bower.

THOMAS GOFFE.

[Born, 1592. Died, 1627.]

THIS writer left four or five dramatic pieces, of very ordinary merit. He was bred at Christ's Church, Oxford. He held the living of East Clandon in Surrey, but unfortunately succeeded not only to the living, but to the widow of his predecessor, who, being a Xantippe, contributed, according to Langbaine, to shorten his days by the "*violence of her provoking tongue.*" He had the reputation of an eloquent preacher, and some of his sermons appeared in print.

SCENE FROM GOFFE'S TRAGEDY OF "AMURATH, OR THE COURAGEOUS TURK."

ALADIN, husband to the daughter of AMURATH, having rebelled against his father-in-law, is brought captive before him.

Enter at one door, AMURATH, *with* Attendants; *at the other door,* ALADIN, *his* Wife, *two* Children, *in white,—they kneel to* AMURATH.

Amur. OUR hate must not part thus. I'll tell thee, prince,
That thou hast kindled Ætna in our breast!
And such a flame is quench'd with nought but blood—
His blood whose hasty and rebellious blast
Gave life unto the fire! . . . . [hide

Alad. Why then, I'll, like the Roman Pompey,
My dying sight, scorning imperious looks
Should grace so base a stroke with sad aspèct.
Thus will I muffle up, and choke my groans,
Lest a grieved tear should quite put out the name
Of lasting courage in Carmania's fame!

Amur. What, still stiff-neck'd? Is this the truce you beg?
Sprinkled before thy face, those rebel brats
Shall have their brains—and their dissected limbs
Hurl'd for a prey to kites!—for, lords, 'tis fit
No spark of such a mountain-threatening fire
Be left as unextinct, lest it devour,
And prove more hot unto the Turkish Empery
Than the Promethean blaze did trouble Jove!—
First sacrifice those brats!

Alad. Wife. Dear father, let thy fury rush on me!
Within these entrails sheath thine insate sword!
And let this ominous and too fruitful womb
Be torn in sunder! for from thence those babes
Took all their crimes; error (hath) made them guilty—
'Twas nature's fault, not theirs. O if affection
Can work then!—now show a true father's love:
If not, appease those murdering thoughts with me;
For as Jocasta pleaded with her sons
For their dear father, so to a father I [father!—
For my dear babes and husband—husband!—
Which shall I first embrace? Victorious father!
Be blunt those now sharp thoughts; lay down those threats;
Unclasp that impious helmet; fix to earth
That monumental spear—look on thy child
With pardoning looks, not with a warrior's eye,
Else shall my breast cover my husband's breast,
And serve as buckler to receive thy wounds—
Why dost thou doubt?—fear'st thou thy daughter's faith?

Amur. I fear; for after daughter's perjury,
All laws of nature shall distasteful be,
Nor will I trust thy children or thyself.

Alad. Wife. . . . .
O let me kiss, kind father! first the earth
On which you tread, then kiss mine husband's cheek.
Great king, embrace those babes—you are the stock
On which these grafts were planted—— [of sap,

Amur. True; and when sprouts do rob the tree
They must be pruned. [similitudes.

Alad. Wife. Dear father! leave such harsh
By my deceased mother, to whose womb
I was a ten months' burden—by yourself,
To whom I was a pleasing infant once.
Pity my husband and these tender infants!

Amur. Yes; to have them collect a manly strength,
And their first lesson that their dad shall teach them,
Shall be to read my misery, [shows

Alad. Stern conqueror! but that thy daughter
There once dwelt good in that obdurate breast,
I would not spend a tear to soften thee.
Thou see'st my countries turn'd into a grave!
My cities scare the sun with fiercer flames,
Which turn them into ashes!—all myself
So sleckt and carved, that my amazed blood
Knows not through which wound first to take its way!
If not on me, have mercy on my babes,
Which with thy mercy thou may'st turn to love.

Amur. No, Sir, we must root out malicious seed;
Nothing sprouts faster than an envious weed.
We see a little bullock 'mongst an herd,
Whose horns are yet scarce crept from out his front,
Grows on a sudden tall, and in the fields
Frolics so much, he makes his father yield.
A little twig left budding on an elm,
Ungratefully bars his mother's sight from heaven—
I love not future Aladins.

Alad. Wife. . . . . . .
Alas, these infants!—these weak-sinew'd hands
Can be no terror to these Hector's arms.
Beg, infants—beg, and teach these tender joints
To ask for mercy—learn your lisping tongues
To give due accent to each syllable;
Nothing that fortune urgeth to is base.
Put from your thoughts all memory of descent;
Forget the princely titles of your father.
If your own misery you can feel,
Thus learn of me to weep—of me to kneel. . . . .

1*st Child.* Good grandsire, see—see how my father cries! [ter prays.

Wife. Good father, hear—hear how thy daugh-
Thou that know'st how to use stern warrior's arms,
Learn how to use mild warrior's pity too. . . . .

Amur. Rise, my dear child! as marble against
So I at these obedient showers melt. [rain,
Thus I do raise thy husband—thus thy babes,
Freely admitting you to former state. . . . .
Be thou our son and friend.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE,

[Born, 1554. Died, 1628.]

WHO ordered this inscription for his own grave: "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney;" was created knight of the bath at James's coronation, afterwards appointed sub-treasurer, chancellor of the exchequer, and made a peer, by the title of Baron Brooke, in 1621. He died by the stab of a revengeful servant, in 1628.

STANZAS FROM HIS "TREATISE ON HUMAN LEARNING."

KNOWLEDGE.

A CLIMBING height it is, without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

For our defects in nature who sees not?
We enter first, *things present* not conceiving,
Not knowing future, what is past forgot;
All other creatures instant power receiving
To help themselves: man only bringeth sense
To feel and wail his native impotence.

IMAGINATION.

Knowledge's next organ is imagination,
A glass wherein the object of our sense
Ought to respect true height or declination,
For understanding's clear intelligence;
But this power also hath her variation
Fixed in some, in some with difference—
In all so shadow'd with self-application,
As makes her pictures still too foul or fair,
Not like the life in lineament or air. . . . .

REASON.

The last chief oracle of what man knows
Is understanding, which, though it contain
Some ruinous notions which our nature shows
Of general truths, yet they have such a stain
From our corruption, as all light they lose;
Save to convince of ignorance or sin,
Which, where they reign, let no perfection in. . . . .

Nor in a right line can her eyes ascend,
To view the things that immaterial are;
For as the sun doth, while his beams descend,
Lighten the earth but shadow every star,
So reason, stooping to attend the sense,
Darkens the spirit's clear intelligence. . . . .

INSUFFICIENCY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Then what is our high-praised philosophy,
But books of poesy in prose compiled,
Far more delightful than they fruitful be,
Witty appearance, guile that is beguiled;
Corrupting minds much rather than directing,
Th' allay of duty, and our pride's erecting.

For, as among physicians, what they call
Word magic, never helpeth the disease
Which drugs and diet ought to deal withal,
And by their real working give us ease;
So these word-sellers have no power to cure
The passions which corrupted lives endure.

SONNET

FROM LORD BROOKE'S CAELICA.

MERLIN, they say, an English prophet born,
When he was young, and govern'd by his mother,
Took great delight to laugh such fools to scorn,
As thought by nature we might know a brother.

His mother chid him oft, till on a day
They stood and saw a corpse to burial carried:
The father tears his beard, doth weep and pray,
The mother was the woman he had married.

Merlin laughs out aloud, instead of crying;
His mother chides him for that childish fashion,
Says men must mourn the dead, themselves are dying;
Good manners doth make answer unto passion.

The child (for children see what should be hidden)
Replies unto his mother by and by:
Mother, if you did know, and were forbidden,
Yet you would laugh as heartily as I.

This man no part hath in the child he sorrows,
His father was the monk, that sings before him:
See then how nature of adoption borrows,
Truth covets in me that I should restore him.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

[Born, 1582. Died 1628.]

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, brother of the celebrated dramatic poet, was born at Grace Dieu, the seat of the family in Leicestershire. He studied at Oxford, and at the inns of court; but, forsaking the law, married and retired to his native seat. Two years before his death he was knighted by Charles the First.

He wrote the Crown of Thorns, a poem, of which no copy is known to be extant; Bosworth Field; and a variety of small original and translated pieces. Bosworth Field may be compared with Addison's Campaign, without a high compliment to either. Sir John has no fancy, but there is force and dignity in some of his passages; and he deserves notice as one of the earliest polishers of what is called the heroic couplet.*

[* "The commendation of improving the rhythm of the couplet is due also to Sir John Beaumont, author of a short poem on the Battle of Bosworth Field. In other respects it has no pretensions to a high rank."—HALLAM'S *Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 499. The poem, though a posthumous publication, was not without its prefatory commendations:

This book will live; it hath a genius; this
Above his reader, or his praiser, is.—BEN JONSON.—C.]

RICHARD BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

THE duke's stout presence, and courageous looks,
Were to the king as falls of sliding brooks;
Which bring a gentle and delightful rest
To weary eyes, with grievous care opprest.
He bids that Norfolk, and his hopeful son,
Whose rising fame in arms this day begun,
Should lead the vanguard—for so great command
He dares not trust in any other hand—
The rest he to his own advice refers,
And as the spirit in that body stirs.
Then, putting on his crown, a fatal sign!
So offer'd beasts near death in garlands shine—
He rides about the ranks, and strives t' inspire
Each breast with part of his unwearied fire.
* * "My fellow soldiers! though your swords
Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words,
Yet call to mind the many glorious days
In which we treasured up immortal praise.
If, when I served, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine—let me be punish'd so!
But if my father, when at first he tried
How all his sons could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle whose undazzled eyes
Affront the beams that from the steel arise,
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know then, ye have but changed your general's name.
Be still yourselves! Ye fight against the dross
Of those who oft have run from you with loss.
How many Somersets (dissension's brands)
Have felt the force of our revengeful hands!—
From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
Derives his best, but not untainted blood—
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop?
And shall this Welshman, with his ragged troop,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That only Merlin may be thought divine!—
See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound!"

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[Born, 1570? Died, 1631.]

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in the parish of Atherston, in Warwickshire. His family was ancient, but it is not probable that his parents were opulent, for he was educated chiefly at the expense of Sir Godfrey Godere. In his childhood, which displayed remarkable proficiency, he was anxious to know what strange kind of beings poets were, and on his coming to college he importuned his tutor, if possible, to make him a poet. Either from this ambition, or from necessity, he seems to have adopted no profession, and to have generally owed his subsistence to the munificence of friends. An allusion which he makes, in the poem of "Moses's Birth and Miracles," to the destruction of the Spanish Armada, has been continually alleged as a ground for supposing that he witnessed that spectacle in a military capacity; but the lines, in fact, are far from proving that he witnessed it at all. On the accession of King James the First, he paid his court to the new sovereign, with all that a poet could offer, his congratulatory verses. James, however, received him but coldly, and though he was patronized by Lord Buckhurst and the Earl of Dorset,* he obtained no situation of independence, but continued to publish his voluminous poetry amidst severe irritations with his booksellers.† Popular as Drayton once was in comparison of the present neglect of him, it is difficult to conceive that his works were ever so profitable as to allow the bookseller much room for peculation. He was known as a poet many years before the death of Queen Elizabeth. His Poly-olbion, which the learned Selden honoured with notes, did not appear till 1613. In 1626 we find him styled poet laureate; but the title at that time was often a mere compliment, and implied neither royal appointment nor butt of canary. The Countess of Bedford supported him for many years. At the close of his life we find him in the family of the Earl of Dorset, to whose magnanimous countess the Aubrey MSS. ascribe the poet's monument over his grave in Westminster Abbey.

The language of Drayton is free and perspicuous. With less depth of feeling than that which occasionally bursts from Cowley, he is a less excruciating hunter of conceits, and in harmony of expression is quite a contrast to Donne. A tinge of grace and romance pervades much of his poetry: and even his pastorals, which exhibit the most fantastic views of nature, sparkle with elegant imagery. The Nymphidia is in his happiest characteristic manner of airy and sportive pageantry. In some historic sketches of the Barons' Wars he reaches a manner beyond himself—the pictures of Mortimer and the Queen, and of Edward's entrance to the castle, are splendid and spirited. In his Poly-olbion, or description of Great Britain, he has treated the subject with such topographical and minute detail as to chain his poetry to the map; and he has unfortunately chosen a form of verse which, though agreeable when interspersed with other measures, is fatiguing in long continuance by itself: still it is impossible to read the poem without admiring the richness of his local associations, and the beauty and variety of the fabulous allusions which he scatters around him. Such, indeed is the profusion of romantic recollections in the Poly-olbion, that a poet of taste and selection

[* Lord Buckhurst and the Earl of Dorset,—the poet and lord high treasurer,—are one and the same person.—C.]

[† He received a yearly pension of ten pounds from Prince Henry, to whom he dedicated his Poly-olbion.—C.]

might there find subjects of happy description, to which the author who suggested them had not the power of doing justice; for Drayton started so many remembrances, that he lost his inspiration in the effort of memory. In the Barons' Wars, excepting the passages already noticed, where the

Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus et alter,
Assutus pannus,

we unhappily exchange only the geographer for the chronicler. On a general survey, the mass of his poetry has no strength or sustaining spirit adequate to its bulk. There is a perpetual play of fancy on its surface; but the impulses of passion, and the guidance of judgment give it no strong movements nor consistent course. In scenery or in history he cannot command selected views, but meets them by chance as he travels over the track of detail. His great subjects have no interesting centre, no shade for uninteresting things. Not to speak of his dull passages, his description is generally lost in a flutter of whimsical touches. His muse has certainly no strength for extensive flights, though she sports in happy moments on a brilliant and graceful wing.*

MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH, AND THE QUEEN, SURPRISED BY EDWARD III. IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

FROM "THE BARONS' WARS," BOOK VI.

Within the castle hath the queen devised
A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
As in the same she had imparadised
Almost what man by industry hath sought;
Where with the curious pencil was comprised
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the castle there,
Which she had named the Tower of Mortimer.

An orbal form with pillars small composed,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were enclosed,
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines disposed,
All the clear northern asterisms were
In their corporeal shapes with stars inchased,
As by th' old poets they in heaven were placed.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a zone the waist engirdled,
That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

Here Phœbus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should't be blood or tears no sight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chaffing him with balm,
To bring the sweet boy from his deadly qualm.

With the god's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' express whose grief Art ev'n her best did show,
The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;
The purple flower sprung from the blood that run,
That op'neth since and closeth with the sun.

By which the heifer Io, Jove's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devised beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way 't seem'd a cow.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might appear.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn the bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy beards,
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in every part,
As nature could be patterned by Art.

The naked nymphs, some up and down descending,
Small scatt'ring flowers at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, some making garlands by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling through the clouds,
Cast by his palfreys that their reins had broke,
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds,
Now through the heaven run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;
Drawn with such life, as some did much desire
To warm themselves, some frighted with the fire.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,

[* "Drayton's Poly-olbion is a poem of about 30,000 lines in length, written in Alexandrine couplets, a measure, from its monotony, and perhaps from its frequency in doggrel ballads, not at all pleasing to the ear. It contains a topographical description of England, illustrated with a prodigality of historical and legendary erudition Such a poem is essentially designed to instruct, and speaks to the understanding more than to the fancy. The powers displayed in it are, however, of a high cast. Yet perhaps no English poem, known as well by name, is so little known beyond its name."—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 495–7.—C.]

Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes;
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in showing of the same.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To every figure a sure colour gave.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leaved branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked Cupids sprawl
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handled was;
How he escaped the Tower, in France how graced,
With stones embroider'd, of a wondrous mass;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impresas, hieroglyphics set.

This flatt'ring sunshine had begot the shower,
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with such a power,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young king down Mortimer must cast,
If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urged him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping power awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least suspect.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;
By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all at bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the open stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the west went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there pre-eminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have denied,
And threat'ned them their journey to foreslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumbrous falls and risings seem'd to say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their back,
Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amazed
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gazed.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,
Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,

Leaning upon her most-loved Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleased her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go,
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it,
Only the soul may be supposed to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The gods' pure sceptres and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As every thing did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their own:
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes;
Show how that bird, how well that flower was done;
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,—
This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,—
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things:

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
"What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,
And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall!
Yet in despight, when she her worst had done,
He perish'd in the chariot of the sun."

"Phœbus (she said) was over-forced by art;
Nor could she find how that embrace could be."
But Mortimer then took the painter's part:
"Why thus, bright empress, thus and thus, (quoth he:)
That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;
Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see:
Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;
It were a life, thus every hour to die."

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'st from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear;
Charged on the sudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her preying hour,
Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'r,
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her power:
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the vault,
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

NYMPHIDIA, THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rab'lais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well mortised and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slates,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bower.
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flower,
On Hipcut-hill that bloweth:
In all your train there's not a Fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
The harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acorn-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do enhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue! (quoth he)
Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou diest by me."
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night,)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

"Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy land.
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half-blind against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel;
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrensy spoken:
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone;
As e'er thou lovest king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me, alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defiled my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching;
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's powerful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A bumble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, every maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you.
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling,

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolved by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this fay, "Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril,

"Come all into this nut, (quoth she,)
Come closely in, be ruled by me,
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceived if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descried her;
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall;
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans;
By the Lubricans sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones,
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of queen Mab be prattling.

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbled tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

"Plague upon queen Mab (quoth he)
And all her maids, where'er they be!
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked."
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That waked queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet maddling:
And with Pigwiggin now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard:
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, That I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down:
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilified;
But to the Fairy court him hied,
Full furiously he posted,
With every thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,
Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps, she wades
To Proserpine, the queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

Awhile there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the Fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in every thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either;
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril:
"Which here, (quoth she,) I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to assuage
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wondrous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget,
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feasting.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

What time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were seen
To seek them summer bowers. . . .

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
"O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the echo doth reply
To my last word,——"go on."

At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her,
Was carved upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found. . . .

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untoucht yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly show'd
Where I might Cynthia find.

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she laid her head.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir:
Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
The small birds sang to her.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)
How darest thou be so bold
To enter, consecrate to me,
Or touch this hallow'd mould?" . . . .

"Bright nymph, again I thus reply,
This cannot me affright:
I had rather in thy presence die,
Than live out of thy sight.

"I first upon the mountains high
Built altars to thy name,
And graved it on the rocks thereby,
To propagate thy fame." . . .

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view.
(Quoth she) "Most welcome to these woods,
Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,
A den of mere despight:
To idiots only that doth give,
Which be for sole delight.

"Whose vileness us shall never awe:
But here our sports shall be,
Such as the golden world first saw,
Most innocent and free.

"Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures, and which can kill.

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
And make the gods repine,
As they do feast in Jove's great room,
To see with what we dine.

"The nimble squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes;
And laugh to see the dusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take,
With silken worms and bait the hook,
Which him our prey shall make. . . .

"And when the moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds.

"And have a flock of turtle-doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast,
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest,

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On earth heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.

BALLAD OF DOWSABEL.

Far in the country of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free.
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was ycond the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle work:
And she couth help the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalm in kirk.

She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Iwrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus as she wander'd here and there,
And picked off the bloomy brier,
She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like chanticleer he crowned crank,
And piped full merrily.

He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round.
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb might be;
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest lock,
That could be cut with sheer.
His mittens were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of miniveer.

His awl and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Cointree blue.
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.

And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear this melody.

Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well:
Yea but (saith he) their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
Quoth she, look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May.

With that she 'gan to veil her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said.
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee.
My cote, saith he, nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me.

Saith she, Yet lever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men.
Saith he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kind
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever maiden yet might be
Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kist,
With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy;
Quoth he, There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blest.

TO HIS COY LOVE.

FROM HIS ODES.

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me;
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me:
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not staunched.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthral me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

SONNET

TO HIS FAIR IDEA.

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where, the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps, at every little pause,
When the proud round on every side hath rung,
Sadly I sit unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue;
The praise I strive, is to eternize you.

DESCRIPTION OF MORNING, BIRDS, AND HUNTING THE DEER.

POLY-OLBION. SONG XIII.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sings:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are percht with many a speckled breast.
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he sung
T' awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren.
The yellow-plate; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun

Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd deer:
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.
Of all the beasts which we for our venerial name,
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game:
Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report,
Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous sport
(Yet might have well beseem'd th' ancients nobler songs)
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
Which oft hast borne thy bow (great huntress, used to rove)
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forest's queen,
With thy dishevel'd nymphs attired in youthful green,
About the lawns has scour'd, and wastes both far and near,
Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries here;
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds
Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his feed
The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful heed,
The huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, perceives,
On ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
And through the cumbrous thicks, as fearfully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place:
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head upbears,
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight.
But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves:
And o'er the champain flies: which when th' assembly find,
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.
But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kernel cast arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil:
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wool'd sheep,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keep.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries.
Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand
T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth hallo:
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;
Until the noble deer through toil bereaved of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
Some bank or quickset finds; to which his haunch opposed,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him enclosed:
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperately assails; until opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

[Died, 1632?]

Edward Fairfax, the truly poetical translator of Tasso, was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. His family were all soldiers; but the poet, while his brothers were seeking military reputation abroad, preferred the quiet enjoyment of letters at home. He married and settled as a private gentleman at Fuyston, a place beautifully situated between the family seat at Denton and the forest of Knaresborough. Some of his time was devoted to the management of his brother Lord Fairfax's property, and to superintending the education of his lordship's children. The prose MSS. which he left in the library of Denton sufficiently attest his literary industry. They have never been published, and, as they relate chiefly to religious controversy, are not likely to be so; although his treatise on witchcraft, recording its supposed operation upon his own family, must form a curious relic of superstition. Of Fairfax it might, therefore, well be said—

"Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic powers which he sung."

Of his original works in verse, his History of Edward the Black Prince has never been published; but Mr. A. Chalmers (Biog. Dict. art. Fairfax) is, I believe, as much mistaken in supposing that his Eclogues have never been collectively printed, as in pronouncing them entitled to high commendation for their poetry.* A more obscurely stupid allegory and fable can hardly be imagined than the fourth eclogue, preserved in Mrs. Cooper's Muse's Library: its being an imitation of some of the theological pastorals of Spenser is no apology for its absurdity. When a fox is described as seducing the chastity of a lamb, and when the eclogue writer tells us that

"An hundred times her virgin lip he kiss'd,
As oft her maiden finger gently wrung,"

who could imagine that either poetry, or ecclesiastical history, or sense or meaning of any kind, was ever meant to be conveyed under such a conundrum?

The time of Fairfax's death has not been discovered; it is known that he was alive in 1631; but his translation of the Jerusalem was published when he was a young man, was inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, and forms one of the glories of her reign.

FROM FAIRFAX'S TRANSLATION OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED,

BOOK XVIII. STANZAS XII. TO XII.

Rinaldo, after offering his devotions on Mount Olivet, enters on the adventure of the Enchanted Wood.

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined;
For in the east appear'd the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine;
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine:

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky;
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die,
'Till, in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneel'd down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens up-lifted were—
The sins and errors, which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
And purge my faults and my offences all.

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew
In golden weed the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding, with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, his harness, and the mountain green:
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies:

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so, that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so, return'd to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required:
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sigh'd the winds, as through the leaves they pass;
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice, he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

[* The fourth eclogue alone is in print; nor is a MS. copy of the whole known to exist.—C.]

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and sirens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stay'd, and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went;
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smell'd,
With reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, in that the forest dwell'd:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass,
And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appear'd;
A bridge of gold, an huge and mighty mass,
On arches great of that rich metal rear'd:
When through that golden way he enter'd was,
Down fell the bridge; swelled the stream, and wear'd
The work away, nor sign left, where it stood,
And of a river calm became a flood.

He turn'd, amazed to see it troubled so,
Like sudden brooks, increased with molten snow;
The billows fierce, that tossed to and fro,
The whirlpools suck'd down to their bosoms low;
But on he went to search for wonders mo,
Through the thick trees, there high and broad which grow;
And in that forest huge, and desert wide,
The more he sought, more wonders still he spied:

Where'er he stepp'd, it seem'd the joyful ground
Renew'd the verdure of her flowery weed;
A fountain here, a well-spring there he found;
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread;
The aged wood o'er and about him round
Flourish'd with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed;
And on the boughs and branches of those treen
The bark was soften'd, and renew'd the green.

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie;
The honey stilled from the tender rind:
Again he heard that wondrous harmony
Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind;
The human voices sung a treble high,
To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind;
But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers were,
Unseen the lutes, harps, viols which they bear.

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts denied
To think that true, which he did hear and see:
A myrtle in an ample plain he spied,
And thither by a beaten path went he;
The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,
Higher than pine, or palm, or cypress tree,
And far above all other plants was seen
That forest's lady, and that desert's queen.

Upon the tree his eyes Rinaldo bent,
And there a marvel great and strange began;
An aged oak beside him cleft and rent,
And from his fertile, hollow womb, forth ran,
Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment,
A nymph, for age able to go to man;
An hundred plants beside, even in his sight,
Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so dight.

Such as on stages play, such as we see
The dryads painted, whom wild satyrs love,
Whose arms half naked, locks untrussed be,
With buskins laced on their legs above,
And silken robes tuck'd short above their knee,
Such seem'd the sylvan daughters of this grove;
Save, that instead of shafts and bows of tree,
She bore a lute, a harp or cittern she;

And wantonly they cast them in a ring,
And sung and danced to move his weaker sense,
Rinaldo round about environing,
As does its centre the circumference;
The tree they compass'd eke, and 'gan to sing,
That woods and streams admired their excellence—
Welcome, dear Lord, welcome to this sweet grove,
Welcome, our lady's hope, welcome, her love!

Thou comest to cure our princess, faint and sick
For love, for love of thee, faint, sick, distress'd;
Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick,
Fit dwelling for sad folk, with grief oppress'd;
See, with thy coming how the branches quick
Revived are, and in new blossoms dress'd!
This was their song; and after from it went
First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent.

If antique times admired Silenus old,
Who oft appear'd set on his lazy ass,
How would they wonder, if they had behold
Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass!
Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,
That like in shape, in face, and beauty was
To fair Armida; Rinald thinks he spies
Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her eyes:

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,
Which twenty passions strange at once bewrays;
And art thou come, quoth she, return'd at last
To her, from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways!
Comest thou to comfort me for sorrows past,
To ease my widow nights, and careful days?
Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?
Why nilt thou speak, why not thy face disarm!

Comest thou a friend or foe! I did not frame
That golden bridge to entertain my foe;
Nor open'd flowers and fountains, as you came,
To welcome him with joy, who brings me woe:
Put off thy helm: rejoice me with the flame
Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow;
Kiss me, embrace me; if you further venture,
Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter.

Thus as she wooes, she rolls her rueful eyes
With piteous look, and changeth oft her chear;
An hundred sighs from her false heart up-fly;
She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear:
The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies;
What stony heart resists a woman's tear?
But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind,
Drew forth his sword, and from her careless twined:

Towards the tree he march'd; she thither start,
Before him stepp'd, embraced the plant, and cry'd—
Ah! never do me such a spiteful part,
To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride;
Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart
Of thy forsaken and despised Armide; [unkind,
For through this breast, and through this heart,
To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find.

He lift his brand, nor cared, though oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giantess before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cry'd and fought;
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls, to death nigh brought;
The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell:

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud; that thunder'd, and this shook:
Bluster'd the tempests strong; the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter storm drove hailstones in his look
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

The heavens grew clear, the air wax'd calm and still
The wood returned to its wonted state,
Of witchcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill,
Of horror full, but horror there innate;
He further tried, if ought withstood his will
To cut those trees, as did the charms of late.
And finding nought to stop him, smiled and said—
O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!

From thence home to the camp-ward turn'd the knight;
The hermit cry'd, up-starting from his seat,
Now of the wood the charms have lost their might;
The sprites are conquer'd, ended is the feat;
See where he comes!—Array'd in glitt'ring white
Appear'd the man, bold, stately, high and great;
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun
With wondrous splendour 'gainst the golden sun.

The camp received him with a joyful cry,—
A cry, the hills and dales about that fill'd;
Then Godfrey welcomed him with honours high;
His glory quench'd all spite, all envy kill'd:
To yonder dreadful grove, quoth he, went I,
And from the fearful wood, as me you will'd,
Have driven the sprites away; thither let be
Your people sent, the way is safe and free.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

[Died, 1634?]

The history of this author is quite unknown, except that he was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Ritson has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, to which the compilers of the Censura Literaria have added some articles. It has been remarked by the latter, that his muse is generally found in low company, from which it is inferred that he frequented the haunts of dissipation. The conclusion is unjust—Fielding was not a blackguard, though he wrote the adventures of Jonathan Wild. His descriptions of contemporary follies have considerable humour. I think he has afforded in the following story of Smug the Smith a hint to Butler for his apologue of vicarious justice, in the case of the brethren who hanged a "poor weaver that was bed-rid," instead of the cobbler who had killed an Indian,

> "Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
> Because he was an Infidel."
> HUDIBRAS, Part II. Canto II. l. 420.

LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

FROM "THE KNAVE OF SPADES."

Two serving men, or rather two men-servers,
For unto God they were but ill deservers,
Confer'd together kindly, knave with knave,
What fitting masters for their turns they have.
"Mine," quoth the one, "is of a bounteous sprite,
And in the tavern will be drunk all night,
Spending most lavishly he knows not what,
But I have wit to make good use of that:
And is for tavern and for bawdy house, . . .
He hath some humours very strange and odd,
As every day at church, and not serve God;
With secret hidden virtues other ways,
As often on his knees, yet never prays."
Quoth t'other, "How dost prove this obscure talk?"— [to walk;
"Why, man, he haunts the church that's Paul's,
And for his often being on the knee,
'Tis drinking healths, as drunken humours be."
"It's passing good, I do protest," quoth t'other,
"I think thy master be my master's brother;
For sure in qualities they may be kin,
Those very humours he is daily in,
For drinking healths, and being churched so,
They cheek-by-jowl may with each other go.
Then, pray thee, let us two in love go drink,
And on these matters for our profit think;
To handle such two masters turn us loose;
Shear thou the sheep, and I will pluck the goose."

TRAGEDY OF SMUG THE SMITH.

FROM "THE NIGHT RAVEN."

A SMITH for felony was apprehended,
And being condemn'd for having so offended,
The townsmen, with a general consent,
Unto the judge with a petition went,
Affirming that no smith did near them dwell,
And for his art they could not spare him well;
For he was good at edge-tool, lock, and key,
And for a farrier most rare man, quoth they.
The discreet judge unto the clowns replied,
How shall the law be justly satisfied?
A thief that steals must die therefore, that's flat.
O Sir, said they, we have a trick for that:
Two weavers dwelling in our town there are,
And one of them we very well can spare;
Let *him* be hang'd, we very humbly crave—
Nay, hang them both, so we the smith may save.
The judge he smiled at their simple jest,
And said, the smith would serve the hangman best.

THE VICAR.

FROM HIS EPIGRAMS, NO. XXXVII.

In the Letting of Humour's Blood, in the Head Vein. First published in 1600.

AN honest vicar and a kind consort,
That to the ale-house friendly would resort,
To have a game at tables now and then,
Or drink his pot as soon as any man;
As fair a gamester, and as free from brawl,
As ever man should need to play withal;
Because his hostess pledged him not carouse,
Rashly, in choler, did forswear her house:
Taking the glass, this was his oath he swore—
"Now, by this drink, I'll ne'er come hither more."
But mightily his hostess did repent,
For all her guests to the next ale-house went,
Following the vicar's steps in every thing,
He led the parish even by a string;
At length his ancient hostess did complain
She was undone, unless he came again;
Desiring certain friends of hers and his,
To use a policy, which should be this:
Because with coming he should not forswear him,
To save his oaths they on their backs should bear him.
Of this good course the vicar well did think,
And so they always carried him to drink.

FOOLS AND BABES TELL TRUE.

FROM "THE KNAVE OF SPADES."

Two friends that met would give each other wine,
And made their entrance at next bush and sign,
Calling for claret, which they did agree,
(The season hot) should qualified be
With water and sugar: so the same being brought
By a new boy, in vintners' tricks untaught,
They bad him quickly bring fair water in,
Who look'd as strange as he amazed had bin.
"Why dost not stir," quoth they, "with nimble feet?"
"'Cause, gentlemen," said he, "it is not meet
To put in too much water in your drink,
For there's enough already, sure, I think;
Richard the drawer, by my troth I vow,
Put in great store of water even now."

THE MARRIED SCHOLAR.

A SCHOLAR, newly enter'd marriage life,
Following his study, did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish business she was still neglected:
Coming unto his study, "Lord," quoth she,
"Can papers cause you love them more than me?
I would I were transform'd into a book,
That your affection might upon me look
But in my wish withal be it decreed,
I would be such a book you love to read. [take?"
Husband (quoth she) which book's form should I
"Marry," said he, "'twere best an almanack:
The reason wherefore I do wish thee so,
Is, every year we have a new, you know."*

[* Malone attributes this saying to Dryden, but it was said before Dryden was born; is in Rowlands, and among the jests of Drummond of Hawthornden.—C.]

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

Born, 1573. Died, 1631.]

THE life of Donne is more interesting than his poetry. He was descended from an ancient family; his mother was related to Sir Thomas More, and to Heywood, the epigrammatist. A prodigy of youthful learning, he was entered of Hart Hall, now Hertford College, at the unprecedented age of eleven; he studied afterwards with an extraordinary thirst for general knowledge, and seems to have consumed a considerable patrimony on his education and travels. Having accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expedition to Cadiz, he purposed to have set out on an extensive course of travels, and to have visited the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Though compelled to give up his design by the insuperable dangers and difficulties of the journey, he did not come home till his mind had been stored with an extensive knowledge of foreign languages and manners, by a residence in the south of Europe. On his return to England, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere made him his secretary, and took him to his house. There he formed a mutual attachment to the niece of Lady Ellesmere, and without the means or prospect of support, the lovers thought proper to marry. The lady's father, Sir George More, on the declaration of this step, was so transported with rage, that he insisted on the chancellor's driving Donne from his protection, and even got him imprisoned, together with the witnesses of the marriage. He

was soon released from prison, but the chancellor would not again take him into his service; and the brutal father-in-law would not support the unfortunate pair. In their distress, however, they were sheltered by Sir Francis Wolley, a son of Lady Ellesmere by a former marriage, with whom they resided for several years, and were treated with a kindness that mitigated their sense of dependence.

Donne had been bred a catholic, but on mature reflection had made a conscientious renunciation of that faith. One of his warm friends, Dr. Morton, afterwards bishop of Durham, wished to have provided for him, by generously surrendering one of his benefices: he therefore pressed him to take holy orders, and to return to him the third day with his answer to the proposal. "At hearing of this," (says his biographer,) "Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave visible testimony of an inward conflict. He did not however return his answer till the third day; when, with fervid thanks, he declined the offer, telling the bishop that there were some errors of his life which, though long repented of, and pardoned, as he trusted, by God, might yet be not forgotten by some men, and which might cast a dishonour on the sacred office." We are not told what those irregularities were; but the conscience which could dictate such an answer was not likely to require great offences for a stumbling-block. This occurred in the poet's thirty-fourth year.

After the death of Sir F. Wolley, his next protector was Sir Robert Drury, whom he accompanied on an embassy to France. His wife, with an attachment as romantic as poet could wish for, had formed the design of accompanying him as a page. It was on this occasion, and to dissuade her from the design, that he addressed to her the verses, beginning, "By our first strange and fatal interview." Isaak Walton relates, with great simplicity, how the poet, one evening, as he sat alone in his chamber in Paris, saw the vision of his beloved wife appear to him with a dead infant in her arms, a story which wants only credibility to be interesting. He had at last the good fortune to attract the regard of King James; and, at his majesty's instance, as he might now consider that he had outlived the remembrance of his former follies, he was persuaded to become a clergyman. In this capacity he was successively appointed chaplain to the king, lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, vicar of St. Dunstan's Fleet Street, and dean of St. Paul's. His death, at a late age, was occasioned by consumption. He was buried in St. Paul's, where his figure yet remains in the vault of St. Faith's, carved from a painting for which he sat a few days before his death, dressed in his winding-sheet.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

Stay, oh sweet! and do not rise:
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, it's day—what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
O, that's the worst disease of love!
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busy man.
He which hath business and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

THE DREAM.

Image of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value—go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then phantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical,
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After such a fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were spent.
But, dearest heart, and dearer image, stay;
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough.
Though you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ON THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Fair soul! which wast not only, as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so, and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heaven and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee;

And by these meditations refined,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind;
And so can make, by this soft ecstasy,
This place a map of heaven, myself of thee.
Thou see'st me here at midnight now all rest,
Time's dead low-water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the lab'rers have
Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this
Now, when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps: when the condemned man,
(Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them, then,
Again by death!) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep.
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises, to me midnight's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee...

SONG.

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me.
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he. . . . .

THOMAS PICKE.

Of this author I have been able to obtain no farther information, than that he belonged to the Inner Temple, and translated a great number of John Owen's Latin epigrams into English. His songs, sonnets, and elegies, bear the date of 1631. Indifferent as the collection is, entire pieces of it are pilfered.

FROM SONGS, SONNETS, AND ELEGIES, BY T. PICKE.

The night, say all, was made for rest;
And so say I, but not for all;
To them the darkest nights are best,
Which give them leave asleep to fall;
But I that seek my rest by light,
Hate sleep, and praise the clearest night.

Bright was the moon, as bright as day,
And Venus glitter'd in the west,
Whose light did lead the ready way,
That led me to my wished rest;
Then each of them increased their light,
While I enjoy'd her heavenly sight.

Say, gentle dames, what moved your mind
To shine so bright above your wont!
Would Phœbe fair Endymion find,
Would Venus see Adonis hunt!
No, no, you feared by her sight,
To lose the praise of beauty bright.

At last for shame you shrunk away,
And thought to reave the world of light;
Then shone my dame with brighter ray,
Than that which comes from Phœbus' sight;
None other light but hers I praise,
Whose nights are clearer than the days.

GEORGE HERBERT.

[Born, 1593. Died, 1632-3.]

"Holy George Herbert," as he is generally called, was prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia, a village in Huntingdonshire. Though Bacon is said to have consulted him about some of his writings, his memory is chiefly indebted to the affectionate mention of old Isaak Walton.

[In saying but thus much of George Herbert, it seems to me that Campbell did him less than justice. He was a younger brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and was educated at Westminster and Cambridge. He was a favourite with Bishop Andrews as well as with Bacon, and he would probably have risen at court but for the death of James, after which, having no more hopes in that quarter, he retired into Kent, where he lived with great privacy, and taking a survey of his past life determined to devote his remaining years to religion; in his own words, "to consecrate all my learning and all my abilities to advance the glory of that God which gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian." He took orders, was married, and after a few years was presented with the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, into which he was inducted in 1630. Here he passed the remainder of his days in the faithful discharge of the duties of a parish minister, as delineated by himself in "The Country Parson," and by Isaak Walton in his pleasant biography. He died, of consumption, in February, 1632. Herbert's "Temple, or Sacred Poems," have been many times reprinted in Eng-

land and in this country. Its popularity when first published was so great that when Walton wrote, more than twenty thousand copies of it had been sold. Baxter says: "I must confess that next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savory to me as our George Herbert's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh by words feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so Herbert speaks to God, like a man that really believeth in God, and whose business in the world is most with God: heart-work and heaven-work make up his books." Coleridge, the best of critics, alludes to Herbert as "the model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman," and adds, "that the quaintness of some of his thoughts (not of his diction, than which nothing could be more pure, manly, and unaffected) has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part excellent in their kind."—G.]

FROM HIS POEMS, ENTITLED "THE TEMPLE, SACRED POEMS, AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS."

8vo, 1633.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE QUIP.

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I pluck'd not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came: and, chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he;
"I heard in music you had skill:"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,
In silks that whistled "who but he?"
He scarce allow'd me half an eye;
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be;
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, I am thine;
And then they have their answer home.

GRACE.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O, let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives; O, let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove?
The dew for which grass cannot call
Drop from above!

O come, for Thou dost know the way,
Or, if to me Thou will not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above!

BUSINESS.

CANST be idle, canst thou play
Foolish soul, who sinned to-day!
Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Wouldst thou had no fault or fears!
Who hath those, those ills forbears!

Winds still work, it is their plot
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones:
Lesser pains 'scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, who died for thee?
Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?

If He had not lived for thee
Thou hadst died most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self He forgot—
Did He die, or did He not?

If He had not died for thee
Thou hadst lived in misery—
Two lives worse than two deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death?
He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross—
He that hath sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein
Thinks on it, and thinks again—
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?
Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour's feels.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!
Go seek elsewhere."

I did;—and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digg'd I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man;
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that repose,
And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

MATTINS.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart?
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more!
I will abroad.
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free—free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store;
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest, but a thorn
To let my blood; and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart! but there is fruit
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-flown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not: forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see:
Away! take heed!
I will abroad,
Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

JOHN MARSTON.

[Died, 1634.]

THIS writer was the antagonist of Jonson in the drama, and the rival of Bishop Hall in satire,* though confessedly inferior to them both in their respective walks of poetry. While none of his biographers seem to know any thing about him, Mr. Gifford (in his Memoirs of Ben Jonson) conceives that Wood has unconsciously noticed him as a gentleman of Coventry, who married Mary, the daughter of the Rev. W. Wilkes, chaplain to King James, and rector of St. Martin, in Wiltshire. According to this notice, our poet died at London, in 1634, and was buried in the church belonging to the Temple. These particulars agree with what Jonson said to Drummond respecting this dramatic opponent of his, in his conversation at Hawthornden, viz. that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law Marston's comedies. Marston's comedies are somewhat dull; and it is not difficult to conceive a witty sermon of those days, when puns were scattered from the pulpit, to have been as lively as an indifferent comedy. Marston is the Crispinus of Jonson's Poetaster, where he is treated somewhat less contemptuously than his companion Demetrius, (Dekker;) an allusion is even made to the respectability of his birth. Both he and Dekker were afterwards reconciled to Jonson; but Marston's reconcilement, though he dedicated his Malcontent to his propitiated enemy, seems to have been subject to relapses. It is amusing to find Langbaine descanting on the chaste purity of Marston as a writer, and the author of the Biographia Dramatica transcribing the compliment immediately before the enumeration of his plays, which are stuffed with obscenity. To this disgraceful characteristic of Marston an allusion is made in "The Return from Parnassus," where it is said,

"Give him plain naked words stript from their shirts,
That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine."

FROM SOPHONISBA, A TRAGEDY.

ACT V. SCENE III.

SOPHONISBA, the daughter of Asdrubal, has been wooed by Syphax and Massinissa, rival kings of Africa, and both the allies of Carthage. She prefers Massinissa; and Syphax, indignant at her refusal, revolts to the Romans. Massinissa, on the night of his marriage, is summoned to the assistance of the Carthaginians, on the alarm of Scipio's invasion. The senate of Carthage, notwithstanding Massinissa's fidelity, decree that Syphax shall be tempted back to them by the offer of Sophonisba in marriage. Sophonisba is on the point of being sacrificed to the enforced nuptials, when Massinissa, who had been apprised of the treachery of Carthage, attacks the troops of Syphax, joins the Romans, and brings Syphax a captive to Scipio's feet. Syphax, in his justification to Scipio, pleads, that his love for Sophonisba alone had tempted him to revolt from Rome. Scipio therefore orders that the daughter of Asdrubal, when taken prisoner, shall belong to the Romans alone. Lelius and Massinissa march on to Cirta, and storm the palace of Syphax, where they find Sophonisba.

The cornets sounding a march, MASSINISSA *enters with his beaver up.*

Mass. MARCH to the palace!
Soph. Whate'er man thou art,
Of Lybia thy fair arms speak, give heart
To amazed weakness: hear her that for long time
Hath seen no wished light. Sophonisba,
A name for misery much known, 'tis she
Intreats of thy graced sword this only boon:
Let me not kneel to Rome; for though no cause
Of mine deserves their hate, though Massinissa
Be ours to heart, yet Roman generals
Make proud their triumphs with whatever captives.
O 'tis a nation which from soul I fear,
As one well knowing the much-grounded hate
They bear to Asdrubal and Carthage blood!
Therefore, with tears that wash thy feet, with hands
Unused to beg, I clasp thy manly knees.
O save me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more than insolence!
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath
To grant such freedom, give me long-wish'd death;
For 'tis not much-loathed life that now we crave—
Only an unshamed death and silent grave,
We will now deign to bend for.
Mass. Rarity!
By thee and this right hand, thou shalt live free!
Soph. We cannot now be wretched.
Mass. Stay the sword!
Let slaughter cease! sounds, soft as Leda's breast,
[*Soft music.*
Slide through all ears! this night be love's high feast.
Soph. O'erwhelm me not with sweets; let me not drink
Till my breast burst! O Jove! thy nectar, think—
[*She sinks into* MASSINISSA'S *arms.*
Mass. She is o'ercome with joy.
Soph. Help, help to bear
Some happiness, ye powers! I've joy to spare
Enough to make a god! O Massinissa!
Mass. Peace:
A silent thinking makes full joys increase.

Enter LELIUS.

Lel. Massinissa!
Mass. Lelius!
Lel. Thine ear.
Mass. Stand off!
Lel. From Scipio thus: by thy late vow of faith,
And mutual league of endless amity,
As thou respect'st his virtue or Rome's force,
Deliver Sophonisba to our hand.
Mass. Sophonisba!
Lel. Sophonisba.

* He wrote the Scourge of Villany; three books of satires, 1599. He was also author of the Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certain Satires, published 1598, which makes his date as satirist nearly coeval with that of Bishop Hall.

Soph. My lord
Looks pale, and from his half-burst eyes a flame
Of deep disquiet breaks! the gods turn false
My sad presage.
Mass. Sophonisba!
Lel. Even she.
Mass. She kill'd not Scipio's father, nor his uncle,
Great Cneius.
Lel. Carthage did.
Mass. To her what's Carthage?
Lel. Know 'twas her father Asdrubal, struck off
His father's head. Give place to faith and fate.
Mass. 'Tis cross to honour.
Lel. But 'tis just to state.
So speaketh Scipio: do not thou detain
A Roman prisoner due to this great triumph,
As thou shalt answer Rome and him.
Mass. Lelius,
We are now in Rome's power. Lelius,
View Massinissa do a loathed act
Most sinking from that state his heart did keep.
Look, Lelius, look, see Massinissa weep!
Know I have made a vow more dear to me
Than my soul's endless being. She shall rest
Free from Rome's bondage!
Lel. But thou dost forget
Thy vow, yet fresh thus breathed. When I desist
To be commanded by thy virtue, Scipio,
Or fall from friend of Rome, revenging gods
Afflict me with your tortures!
Mass. Lelius, enough:
Salute the Roman—tell him we will act
What shall amaze him.
Lel. Wilt thou yield her, then?
Mas. She shall arrive there straight.
Lel. Best fate of men
To thee!
Mass. And, Scipio, have I lived, O Heavens!
To be enforcedly perfidious!
Soph. What unjust grief afflicts my worthy lord?
Mass. Thank me, ye gods, with much beholdingness;
For, mark, I do not curse you.
Soph. Tell me, sweet,
The cause of thy much anguish.
Mass. Ha! the cause—
Let's see—wreathe back thine arms, bend down thy neck,
Practise base prayers, make fit thyself for bondage.
Soph. Bondage!
Mass. Bondage! Roman bondage!
Soph. No, no!
Mass. How, then, have I vow'd well to Scipio?
Soph. How, then, to Sophonisba?
Mass. Right: which way?
Run mad!—impossible—distraction! [power,
Soph. Dear lord, thy patience: let it 'maze all
And list to her in whose sole heart it rests,
To keep thy faith upright.
Mass. Wilt thou be slaved?
Soph. No, free.
Mass. How, then, keep I my faith?
Soph. My death
Gives help to all! From Rome so rest we free;
So brought to Scipio, faith is kept in thee.

Enter Page *with a bowl of wine.*

Mass. Thou darest not die—some wine—thou darest not die!
Soph. . . . . .
[*She takes a bowl, into which* Massinissa *puts poison.*]
Behold me, Massinissa, like thyself,
A king and soldier; and, I pray thee, keep
My last command.
Mass. Speak, sweet.
Soph. Dear! do not weep.
And now with undismay'd resolve behold,
To save you—you—(for honour and just faith
Are most true gods, which we should much adore)
With even disdainful vigour I give up [to me,
An abhorr'd life! (*She drinks.*) You have been good
And I do thank thee, Heaven. O my stars!
I bless your goodness, that, with breast unstain'd,
Faith pure, a virgin wife, tied to my glory,
I die, of female faith the long-lived story;
Secure from bondage and all servile harms,
But more, most happy in my husband's arms.

FROM ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Representing the affliction of fallen greatness in Andrugio, Duke of Genoa, after he has been defeated by the Venetians, proscribed by his countrymen, and left with only two attendants in his flight.

Enter Andrugio *in armour*, Lucio *with a shepherd's gown in his hand, and a* Page.

And. Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn, that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?
Luc. I think it is, so please your excellence.
And. Away! I have no excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world,
That only flatters greatness, states exalts;
And please my excellence! Oh, Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou givest not faith
That I am wretched; oh, read that, read that.....
My thoughts are fix'd in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.
Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless or imperfect thing.
Did nature make the earth, or the earth nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man
Moulds me up honour; and, like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul.
Go to, go to; thou liest, philosophy;
Nature forms things imperfect, useless, vain.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert, and hear men's plaints:
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus upon the breast of earth,
[*He throws himself on the ground.*
And in her ear, hallow his misery,
Exclaiming thus: Oh, thou all-bearing earth,
Which men do gape for, till thou cramm'st their mouths,

And choak'st their throats with dust: open thy breast,
And let me sink into thee. Look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But, oh! she's deaf and blind.
A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.
Luc. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarm.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate——
And. More low'ring fate? Oh, Lucio, choke that breath.
Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What son, what comfort that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And is more low'ring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell, can take.
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.
Luc. Spoke like yourself: but give me leave, my lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take——
And. Wouldst have me go unarm'd among my foes?
Being besieged by passion, entering lists,
To combat with despair and mighty grief;
My soul beleagur'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience. Ah, Lucio, go unarm'd?
Come soul, resume the valour of thy birth;
Myself, myself, will dare all opposites:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power;
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth,
This hollow wombed mass shall inly groan,
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.
Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas! survey your fortunes, look what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes,
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.
And. Andrugio lives, and a fair cause of arms;
Why that's an army all invincible.
He, who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
Armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of arquebuse.
Oh, a fair cause stands firm and will abide;
Legions of angels fight upon her side.
Luc. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise
Unto some gracious prince, and sojourn there,
'Till time and fortune give revenge firm means.
And. No, I'll not trust the honour of a man:
Gold is grown great, and makes perfidiousness
A common waiter in most princes' courts:
He's in the check-roll: I'll not trust my blood:
I know none breathing but will cog a dye
For twenty thousand double pistolets.
How goes the time?
Luc. I saw no sun to-day.
And. No sun will shine where poor Andrugio breathes:
My soul grows heavy: boy, let's have a song;
We'll sing yet, faith, even in despite of fate.

FROM THE SAME.

ACT IV.

Andr. Come, Lucio, let's go eat—what hast thou got?
Roots, roots? Alas! they're seeded, new cut up.
O thou hast wronged nature, Lucio;
But boots not much, thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off virtue 'fore it comes to growth,
Lest it should seed, and so o'errun her son,
Dull, pore-blind error. Give me water, boy;
There is no poison in't, I hope? they say
That lurks in massy plate; and yet the earth
Is so infected with a general plague,
That he's most wise that thinks there's no man fool,
Right prudent that esteems no creature just:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.
Give me assay. How we mock greatness now!
Luc. A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem;
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.
Andr. Why, man, I never was a prince till now!
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince;
'Tis not th' unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do ought save wrong,
Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spungy sycophants; who stands unmoved,
Despite the justling of opinion;
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
Adoring, not affecting majesty;
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king,
And of this empire every man's possess'd
That's worth his soul.——

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

[Born, 1557. Died, 1634.]

GEORGE CHAPMAN was born at Hitching-hill,* in the county of Hertford, and studied at Oxford. From thence he repaired to London, and became the friend of Shakspeare, Spenser, Daniel, Marlowe, and other contemporary men of genius. He was patronized by Prince Henry, and Carr Earl of Somerset. The death of the one, and the disgrace of the other, must have injured his prospects; but he is supposed to have had some place at court, either under King James or his consort Anne. He lived to an advanced age; and, according to Wood, was a person of reverend aspect, religious, and temperate. Inigo Jones, with whom he lived on terms of intimate friendship, planned and erected a monument to his memory over his burial-place, on the south side of St. Giles's church in the fields: but it was unfortunately destroyed with the ancient church.

Chapman seems to have been a favourite of his own times; and in a subsequent age, his version of Homer excited the raptures of Waller, and was diligently consulted by Pope. The latter speaks of its daring fire, though he owns that it is clouded by fustian. Webster, his fellow dramatist, praises his "full and heightened style," a character which he does not deserve in any favourable sense; for his diction is chiefly marked by barbarous ruggedness, false elevation, and extravagant metaphor. The drama owes him very little; his Bussy D'Ambois is a piece of frigid atrocity, and in the Widow's Tears, where his heroine Cynthia falls in love with a sentinel guarding the corps of her husband, whom she was bitterly lamenting, he has dramatized one of the most puerile and disgusting legends ever fabricated for the disparagement of female constancy.†

FROM THE COMEDY OF ALL FOOLS.

A SON APPEASING HIS FATHER BY SUBMISSION, AFTER A STOLEN MARRIAGE.

Persons—GOSTANZO, *the father;* VALERIO, *the son;* MARC-ANTONIO *and* RYNALDO, *friends: and* GRATIANA, *the bride of* VALERIO.

Ryn. COME on, I say;
Your father with submission will be calm'd!
Come on, down on your knees.
Gost. Villain, durst thou
Presume to gull thy father? dost thou not
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
The thread of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?
Val. Father, if that part I have in your blood,
If tears, which so abundantly distil
Out of my inward eyes; and for a need
Can drown these outward (lend me thy handkerchief,)
And being indeed as many drops of blood,
Issuing from the creator of my heart,
Be able to beget so much compassion,
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
Whom I hold dearer———
Gost. Out upon thee, villain.
Marc. Ant. Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.
Gost. I will not hear a word; out, out upon thee:
Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,
Ay, and a beggar too, a trull, a blowze?
Ryn. You thought not so last day, when you offer'd her
A twelvemonth's board for one night's lodging with her.
Gost. Go to, no more of that! peace, good Rynaldo,
It is a fault that only she and you know.
Ryn. Well, sir, go on, I pray.
Gost. Have I, fond wretch,
With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kind and careful father,
To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father?
And hast thou in one act everted all?
Proclaim'd thyself to all the world a fool?
To wed a beggar?
Val. Father, say not so.
Gost. Nay, she's thy own; here, rise fool, take her to thee,
Live with her still, I know thou count'st thyself
Happy in soul, only in winning her:
Be happy still, here, take her hand, enjoy her.
Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birthright,
To have but such a mess of broth as this?
Marc. Ant. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,
Take truce with passion, license your sad son,
To speak in his excuse?
Gost. What? what excuse?
Can any orator in this case excuse him?
What can he say? what can be said of any?

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* William Browne, the pastoral poet, calls him "the learned Shepherd of fair Hitching-hill."

[† "Chapman, who assisted Ben Jonson and some others in comedy, deserves no great praise for his Bussy D'Ambois. The style in this, and in all his tragedies, is extravagantly hyperbolical; he is not very dramatic, nor has any power of exciting emotion except in those who sympathize with a tumid pride and self-confidence. Yet he has more thinking than many of the old dramatists. His tragi-comedies All Fools and The Gentleman-Usher, are perhaps superior to his tragedies."—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 621.

"Chapman would have made a great Epic Poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a Translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written."—LAMB.—C.]

Val. Alas, sir, hear me! all that I can say
In my excuse, is but to show love's warrant.
Gost. Notable wag.
Val. I know I have committed
A great impiety, not to move you first
Before the dame, I meant to make my wife.
Consider what I am, yet young, and green,
Behold what she is; is there not in her
Ay, in her very eye, a power to conquer
Even age itself and wisdom? Call to mind,
Sweet father, what yourself being young have been,
Think what you may be; for I do not think
The world so far spent with you, but you may
Look back on such a beauty, and I hope
To see you young again, and to live long
With young affections; wisdom makes a man
Live young for ever: and where is this wisdom
If not in you? alas, I know not what
Rest in your wisdom to subdue affections;
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,
That I had quite been drown'd in seas of tears,
Had I not taken hold in happy time
Of this sweet hand; my heart had been consumed
T' a heap of ashes with the flames of love,
Had it not sweetly been assuaged and cool'd
With the moist kisses of these sugar'd lips.
Gost. O puissant wag, what huge large thongs
he cuts
Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather.
Marc. Ant. He knows he does it but to blind
my eyes.
Gost. O excellent! these men will put up anything.
Val. Had I not had her, I had lost my life:
Which life indeed I would have lost before
I had displeased you, had I not received it
From such a kind, a wise, and honour'd father.
Gost. Notable boy.
Val. Yet do I here renounce
Love, life and all, rather than one hour longer
Endure to have your love eclipsed from me.
Grat. O, I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be used in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou wound'st my heart, but I know 'tis in jest.
Gost. No, I'll be sworn she has her liripoop too.
Grat. Didst thou not swear to love me, spite
of father and all the world?
That nought should sever us but death itself?
Val. I did; but if my father
Will have his son forsworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie,
For I will seek his favour though I die. [know
Gost. No, no, live still my son, thou well shalt
I have a father's heart: come, join your hands,
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.
Val. O speak you this in earnest?
Gost. Ay, by heaven!
Val. And never to recall it?
Gost. Not till death.

SPEECH OF VALERIO TO RYNALDO, IN ANSWER TO HIS BITTER INVECTIVE AGAINST THE SEX.

I TELL thee love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men; so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.
O 'tis the paradise! the heaven of earth!
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
Live both one life, and there in double life, ...
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.

PRIDE.

O, the good gods,
How blind is pride! What eagles are we still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!——

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

[Born, 1605. Died, 1634.]

THOMAS RANDOLPH was the son of a steward to Lord Zouch. He was a king's scholar at Westminster, and obtained a fellowship at Cambridge. His wit and learning endeared him to Ben Jonson, who owned him, like Cartwright, as his adopted son in the Muses. Unhappily he followed the taste of Ben not only at the pen, but at the bottle; and he closed his life in poverty, at the age of twenty-nine,—a date lamentably premature, when we consider the promises of his genius. His wit and humour are very conspicuous in the Puritan characters, whom he supposes the spectators of his scenes in the Muse's Looking-Glass. Throughout the rest of that drama (though it is on the whole his best performance) he unfortunately prescribed to himself too hard and confined a system of dramatic effect. Professing simply,

> "In single scenes to show,
> How comedy presents each single vice,
> Ridiculous—"

he introduces the vices and contrasted humours of human nature in a tissue of unconnected personifications, and even refines his representations of abstract character into conflicts of speculative opinion.

For his skill in this philosophical pageantry the poet speaks of being indebted to Aristotle, and

probably thought of his play what Voltaire said of one of his own, "*This would please you, if you were Greeks.*" The female critic's reply to Voltaire was very reasonable, "*But we are not Greeks.*" Judging of Randolph, however, by the plan which he professed to follow, his execution is vigorous: his ideal characters are at once distinct and various, and compact with the expression which he purposes to give them. He was author of five other dramatic pieces, besides miscellaneous poems.*

He died at the house of his friend, W. Stafford, Esq. of Blatherwyke, in his native county, and was buried in the adjacent church, where an appropriate monument was erected to him by Sir Christopher, afterwards Lord Hatton.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE OF "THE MUSES LOOKING-GLASS."

Enter BIRD, *a feather-man, and* MRS. FLOWERDEW, *wife to a haberdasher of small wares—the one having brought feathers to the playhouse, the other pins and looking-glasses—two of the sanctified fraternity of Blackfriars.*

Mrs. Flowerdew. See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before inns—
Yes, I will say inns (for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns) enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way,
But they build more and more—more shops of Satan!

Mrs. F. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,
Still it aboundeth! Had we seen a church,
A new-built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Mrs. F. I say no works are good;
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal.

Bird. But the bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if playhouses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.

Mrs. F. Flat fornication!
I wonder anybody takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard,
That in a—tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.

Mrs. F. Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?

Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or anybody;
We cannot put our moneys to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Mrs. F. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?

Bird. That's nothing, Mrs. Flowerdew! they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.

Mrs. F. Impiety! O, that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailers, and apparitours,
Beadles and martials-men, the needful instruments
Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters—th' are monsters—
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters!

Mrs. F. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

Bird. Why then the city will in time be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Friars college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence!

Mrs. F. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.

Bird. For charity, what is't?

Mrs. F. That the Globe†
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consumed; the Phœnix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore; Blackfriars
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' th' time of reformation: lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird. A good prayer!

Mrs. F. Indeed, it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custom, too, for all their feathers;
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SPEECH OF ACOLASTUS THE EPICURE.

FROM THE SAME.

O! NOW for an eternity of eating!
——————— I would have
My senses feast together; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures. Let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once

* 1. Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher.—2. The Conceited Pedlar.—3. The Jealous Lovers, a comedy.—4. Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry, a pastoral.—5. Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery, a comedy.

† *That the Globe*, &c.—The Globe, the Phœnix, the Fortune, the Blackfriars, the Red Bull, and Bear Garden, were names of several play-houses then in being.

Enjoy their happiness. Lay me in a bed
Made of a summer's cloud; to my embraces
Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,
Fresh, plump, and active—she that Mars enjoy'd
Is grown too stale; and then at the same instant
My touch is pleased, I would delight my sight
With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles;
By them some of our fairest virgins stand,
That I may see whether 'tis art or nature
Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
Nor cease I here: give me the seven orbs,
To charm my ears with their celestial lutes,
To which the angels that do move those spheres
Shall sing some am'rous ditty. Nor yet here
Fix I my bounds: the sun himself shall fire
The phœnix nest to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the bird, and eternally
Quaff off eternal nectar! These, single, are
But torments; but together, O together,
Each is a paradise! Having got such objects
To please the senses, give me senses too
Fit to receive those objects; give me, therefore,
An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious smell,
A stag's quick hearing; let my feeling be
As subtle as the spider's, and my taste
Sharp as a squirrel's—then I'll read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promises in future,
I'll practise in the present.

COLAX, THE FLATTERER,

BETWEEN THE DISMAL PHILOSOPHER ANAISTHETUS AND THE EPICURE ACOLASTUS, ACCOMMODATING HIS OPINIONS TO BOTH.

FROM THE SAME.

Acolastus. Then let's go drink a while.

Anaisthetus. 'Tis too much labour. Happy
That never drinks! . . . [Tantalus,

Colax. Sir, I commend this temperance. Your
Is able to contemn these petty baits, [arm'd soul
These slight temptations, which we title pleasures,
That are indeed but names. Heaven itself knows
No such like thing. The stars nor eat, nor drink,
Nor lie with one another, and you imitate
Those glorious bodies; by which noble abstinence
You gain the name of moderate, chaste, and sober,
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer;
Pleasures that are not man's, as man is man,
But as his nature sympathies with beasts.
You shall be the third Cato—this grave look
And rigid eyebrow will become a censor——
But I will fit you with an object, Sir,
My noble Anaisthetus, that will please you;
It is a looking-glass, wherein at once
You may see all the dismal groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,
With what in hell itself can dismal be!

Anaisth. This is, indeed, a prospect fit for me.
[*Exit.*

Acolas. He cannot see a stock or stone, but pre-
He wishes to be turn'd to one of those. [sently
I have another humour—I cannot see
A fat voluptuous sow with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but I do wish myself
Transform'd into that blessed epicure;
Or when I view the hot salacious sparrow, . . .
I wish myself that little bird of love.

Colax. It shows you a man of soft moving clay,
Not made of flint. Nature has been bountiful
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
At plentiful boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a diet at a feast.
When Nature thought the earth alone too little
To find us meat, and therefore stored the air
With winged creatures; not contented yet,
She made the water fruitful to delight us!
Nay, I believe the other element too
Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food,
If we would use the skill to catch the salamander.
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when she gave so many different odours
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cried not, "Stop your noses." Would she
So sweet a choir of wing'd musicians, [give us
To have us deaf? or when she placed us here—
Here in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
So many ravishing colours, entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? When she bestow'd
So powerful faces, such commanding beauties,
On many glorious nymphs, was it to say,
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of—
A vanity in her works.

COLAX TO PHILOTIMIA, OR THE PROUD LADY.

FROM THE SAME.

Colax. Madam Superbia,
You're studying the lady's library,
The looking-glass: 'tis well, so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments; nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars; 'tis she arrays
The bird of paradise in all her plumes,
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all their glorious lights;
She spotted th' ermine's skin, and arm'd the fish
In silver mail: but man she sent forth naked—
Not that he should remain so—but that he,
Endued with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. To silk-worm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her master-piece; you are the image
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the East—let the Red Sea be ransack'd
To make you glitter!

THE PRAISE OF WOMAN.

FROM HIS MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame,
That wrongs the praise of women; that dares write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us! Better sex! command
To your defence my more religious hand,
At sword or pen; yours was the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth—

The sun of dust; and though your sin did breed
His fall, again you raised him in your seed.
Adam, in 's sleep, again full loss sustain'd,
That for one rib a better half regain'd,
Who, had he not your blest creation seen
In Paradise an anchorite had been.
Why in this work did the creation rest,
But that Eternal Providence thought you best
Of all his six days' labour? Beasts should do
Homage to man, but man shall wait on you;
You are of comelier sight, of daintier touch,
A tender flesh, and colour bright, and such
As Parians see in marble; skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair;
Eyes full of grace and quickness; purer roses
Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
Your stately fronts; your breath, more sweet than his,
Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss. . . .
If, then, in bodies where the souls do dwell,
You better us, do then our souls excel!
No. . . .
Boast we of knowledge, you are more than we,
You were the first ventured to pluck the tree;
And that more rhetoric in your tongues do lie,
Let him dispute against that dares deny
Your least commands; and not persuaded be
With Samson's strength and David's piety,
To be your willing captives. . . . .
Thus, perfect creatures, if detraction rise
Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
So subtle and so strong an argument,
Will teach the stoic his affections too,
And call the cynic from his tub to woo.

RICHARD CORBET.

[Born, 1582. Died, 1635.]

THE anecdotes of this facetious bishop, quoted by Headley from the Aubrey MSS. would fill several pages of a jest-book. It is more to his honour to be told, that though entirely hostile in his principles to the Puritans, he frequently softened, with his humane and characteristic pleasantry, the furious orders against them which Laud enjoined him to execute. On the whole he does credit to the literary patronage of James, who made him dean of Christ's Church, and successively bishop of Oxford and Norwich.

DR. CORBET'S JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

I WENT from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride nor fence;
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose,
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song,
Upon a holy tide;
I on an ambling nag did jet,
(I trust he is not paid for yet,)
And spurr'd him on each side.

And to St. Denis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame,
(The man that shows them snaffles,)
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantoffles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay;
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
Gain so much coin as to have made
A gown of so rich stuff;
Yet they, poor souls, think for their credit,
That they believe old Joseph did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which whoso sees his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel;
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lantern which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight down right;
But to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose,
Another 's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb;
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris, on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town;
How strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel,
The New Bridge, and the statues there,
At Notre Dame St. Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning the University,
And for old clothes the Frippery,
The house the queen did build.
St. Innocence, whose earth devours
Dead corpse in four and twenty hours,
And there the king was kill'd.

The Bastile and St. Denis street,
The Shafflenist like London Fleet,
The Arsenal no toy;
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
O 'tis a hopeful boy!

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenced for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
O, never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'Tis known to every one;
The Duke of Guise gave him a parrot,
And he had twenty cannons for it,
For his new galléon.

O that I e'er might have the hap
To get the bird which in the map
Is call'd the Indian ruck!
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise or Liviné,
Or else I had ill-luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand,
'Tis his humility;
And if they do want any thing,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now, then, for these parts he must
Be enstiled Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir;
When to his stile to add more words,
They'd better call him King of Birds,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
In iron with much ease;
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys;

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son.
Some few believe his mother;
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolved, and so think still,
As much th' one as th' other.

The people too dislike the youth,
Alleging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be;
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as ere she loved his father,
And that's notoriously——

His queen,* a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spain, speaks little French,
She's ne'er like to be mother;
For her incestuous house could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Nor why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Lucina's mate,
And suffer his little pretty queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate!

'Twere charity for to be known
To love others' children as his own,
And why? it is no shame,
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henery,
Who, men thought, did the same.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

Farewell, rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now you may say;
For now foul sluts in dairies,
Do fare as well as they:
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land:
And all your children stol'n from thence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth,
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain;
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danced on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease. . . . .

[* Anne of Austria.—C.]

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

[Born, 1570. Buried, 4th July, 1627?]

The dates of this author's birth and death are both unknown, though his living reputation, as the literary associate of Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, and Rowley, must have been considerable. If Oldys be correct,* he was alive after November, 1627. Middleton was appointed chronologer to the city of London† in 1620, and in 1624 was cited before the privy-council, as author of The Game of Chess. The verses of Sir W. Lower, quoted by Oldys, allude to the poet's white locks, so that he was probably born as early as the middle of the sixteenth century.‡ His tragicomedy, "The Witch," according to Mr. Malone, was written anterior to Macbeth, and suggested to Shakspeare the witchcraft scenery in the latter play. The songs beginning "Come away," &c., and "Black Spirits," &c., of which only the first two words are printed in Macbeth, are found in the Witch. Independent of having afforded a hint to Shakspeare, Middleton's reputation cannot be rated highly for the pieces to which his name is exclusively attached. His principal efforts were in comedy, where he deals profusely in grossness and buffoonery. The cheats and debaucheries of the town are his favourite sources of comic intrigue. With a singular effort at the union of the sublime and familiar, he introduces, in one of his coarse drafts of London vice, an infernal spirit prompting a country gentleman to the seduction of a citizen's wife.§

LEANTIO APPROACHING HIS HOME.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN."

How near I am now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it.
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth,
The violet bed's not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.
. . . . . Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss, now, that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.

LEANTIO'S AGONY FOR THE DESERTION OF HIS WIFE.

FROM THE SAME.

Leantio, a man of humble fortune, has married a beautiful wife, who is basely seduced by the Duke of Florence. The duke, with refined cruelty, invites them both to a feast, where he lavishes his undisguised admiration on his mistress. The scene displays the feelings of Leantio, restrained by ceremony and fear, under the insulting hospitality, at the conclusion of which he is left alone with Livia, a lady of the court, who has fallen in love with him, and wishes to attach his affections.

Leantio. (*Without noticing Livia.*) O HAST thou
left me then, Bianca, utterly?
O Bianca, now I miss thee! Oh! return,
And save the faith of woman. I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now: 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after life
Were fall'n upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood; so strange, so insupportable;
A torment even mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore suffer it
In scalding oil.
Livia. Sweet sir!
Lean. (*Without noticing her.*) As long as mine
I half enjoy'd thee. [eye saw thee,
Liv. Sir!
Lean. (*Without noticing her.*) Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears, like dangerous flatterers,
That can set all their mischiefs to sweet tunes,
And then received thee from thy father's window,
Into these arms, at midnight; when we embraced
As if we had been statues only made for't,
To show art's life, so silent were our comforts;
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together.
Liv. This makes me madder to enjoy him now.
Lean. (*Without noticing her.*) Canst thou forget
all this, and better joys
That we met after this, which then new kisses
Took pride to praise?
Liv. I shall grow madder yet:—Sir!
Lean. (*Without noticing her.*) This cannot be
but of some close bawd's working:—
Cry mercy, lady! What would you say to me?
My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,
So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you.
Liv. Nothing, but e'en in pity to that passion
Would give your grief good counsel.
Lean. Marry, and welcome, lady,
It never could come better.
Liv. Then first, sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know, most assuredly, she is a strumpet.

* MS. notes on Langbaine.

[† Or city poet. Jonson and Quarles filled the office after Middleton, which expired with Elkanah Settle, 1723-4.—C.]

[‡ The verses in question I believe to be a forgery of Chetwood.—DYCE's *Middleton*, vol. i. p. xiii.—C.]

[§ Middleton's dramatic works, since this was written, have been collected by Rev. A. Dyce, whose contributions to English literary history are frequently quoted in this volume.—G.]

Lean. Ha! *most assuredly?* Speak not a thing
So vile so certainly, leave it more doubtful.
Liv. Then I must leave all truth, and spare my knowledge,
A sin which I too lately found and wept for.
Lean. Found you it?
Liv. Ay, with wet eyes.
Lean. Oh, perjurious friendship!
Liv. You miss'd your fortunes when you met with her, sir.
Young gentlemen, that only love for beauty,
They love not wisely; such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection;
It brings on want, and want's the key of whoredom.
I think you'd small means with her?
Lean. Oh, not any, lady. [sir,
Liv. Alas, poor gentleman! what mean'st thou,
Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman:
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this bless'd fortune,
That rids the summer of thy youth so well
From many beggars, that had lain a sunning
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour.
What would you say now to a creature found
As pitiful to you, and as it were
E'en sent on purpose from the whole sex general,
To requite all that kindness you have shown to't?
Lean. What's that, madam?
Liv. Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things; ay, and bears a conscience to't:
Couldst thou love such a one, that (blow all fortunes)
Would never see thee want?
Nay more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
Nor break a sleep? unless love's music waked thee,
Nor storm of fortune should: look upon me,
And know that woman.
Lean. Oh, my life's wealth, Bianca! [out?
Liv. Still with her name? will nothing wear it
That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir.
Lean. It can go for no other that loves me.
Liv. (*Aside*) He's vex'd in mind; I came too soon to him:
Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?
I'm cunning in all arts but my own, love.
'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now
So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted
Following her husband's corse; or to make bargain
By the grave side, and take a young man there:
Her strange departure stands like a hearse yet
Before his eyes; which time will take down shortly.
[*Exit.*
Lean. Is she my wife till death, yet no more mine? [for?
That's a hard measure: then what's marriage good
Methinks by right I should not now be living,
And then 'twere all well. What a happiness
Had I been made of had I never seen her;
For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him,
But knowledge of the worth of what he loses;
For what he never had, he never misses:
She's gone for ever, utterly; there is
As much redemption of a soul from hell,
As a fair woman's body from his palace.
Why should my love last longer than her truth?
What is there good in woman to be loved,
When only that which makes her so has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I must like
Her sin, and my own shame too, and be guilty
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing;
All which were monstrous! then my safest course
For health of mind and body, is to turn
My heart, and hate her, most extremely hate her;
I have no other way: those virtuous powers
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,
Can witness she breaks first!

SCENE FROM "THE ROARING GIRL."

Mrs. Gallipot, the apothecary's wife, having received a letter from her friend Laxton that he is in want of money, thus bethinks her how to raise it.

Alas, poor gentleman! troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
'Tis 30, sure, a 3 before an 0;
I know his 3's too well. My childbed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then, if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrupt: which way shall I turn?
Laxton, betwixt my own fears and thy wants
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Enter Mr. Gallipot *hastily.*

.... *Mr. G.* What letter's that? I'll see't.
[*She tears the letter.*
Mrs. G. Oh! would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfall
Of me and of thyself—I'm for ever, ever undone!
Mr. G. What ails my Prue? What paper's that thou tear'st!
Mrs. G. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.
Mr. G. What means this? [down,
Mrs. G. Had you no other vengeance to throw
But even in height of all my joys——
Mr. G. Dear woman!
Mrs. G. When the full sea of pleasure and delight
Seem'd to flow over me—
Mr. G. As thou desirest
To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee.—
Is not thy child at nurse fall'n sick or dead?
Mrs. G. Oh, no! [houses,
Mr. G. Heavens bless me!—Are my barns and
Yonder at Hockley Hole, consumed with fire?—
I can build more, sweet Prue.
Mrs. G. 'Tis worse! 'tis worse!
Mr. G. My factor broke? or is the Jonas sunk?
Mrs. G. Would all we had were swallow'd in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!
Mr. G. I'm at my wit's end.
Mrs. G. O, my dear husband!
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Placed only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.
O Laxton! Laxton! is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?

Mr. G. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into phrensy! On my knees,
Sweet Prue, speak—what's that Laxton, who so
Lies on thy bosom? [heavy
Mrs. G. I shall sure run mad!
Mr. G. I shall run mad for company then: speak to me—
I'm Gallipot, thy husband. Prue—why, Prue,
Art sick in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act?—didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee.—Hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?—
I'll wink at all faults, Prue—'Las! that's no more
Than what some neighbours near thee have done before.
Sweet honey—Prue—what's that Laxton?
Mrs. G. Oh!
Mr. G. Out with him.
Mrs. G. Oh! he—he's born to be my undoer!
This hand, which thou call'st thine, to him was given;
To him was I made sure i' the sight of heaven.
Mr. G. I never heard this—thunder!
Mrs. G. Yes, yes—before
I was to thee contracted, to him I swore.
Since last I saw him twelve months three times old
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
But o'er the seas he went, and it was said—
But rumours lies—that he in France was dead:
But he's alive—oh, he's alive!—he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
Swearing, with oaths most damnably, to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom.—Oh, heavens save me!
Mr. G. My heart will break—Shamed and undone for ever!
Mrs. G. So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never.
Mr. G. If thou shouldst wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall; no odd slight, no prevention.
I'll tell him th' art with child.
Mrs. G. Umph.
Mr. G. Or give out, that one of my men was ta'en abed with thee.
Mrs. G. Worse and worse still;
You embrace a mischief to prevent an ill.
Mr. G. I'll buy thee of him—stop his mouth with gold—
Think'st thou 'twill do?
Mrs. G. Oh me! heavens grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune;
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he, in riding up and down, had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pound.—Send that;
Stand not on thirty with him.
Mr. G. Forty, Prue—say thou the word 'tis done.
We venture lives for wealth, but must do more
To keep our wives.—Thirty or forty, Prue?
Mrs. G. Thirty, good sweet!
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can;
I'll pay it him with tears. He was a man,
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit;
All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope. [all;
Mr. G. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop
Love's sweets taste best when we have drunk down gall.

FATHERS COMPARING SONS.

BENEFIT OF IMPRISONMENT TO A WILD YOUTH.

FROM THE SAME.

Persons.—Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Alex. Wengrave, *and* Sir Adam Appleton.

Sir Dav. My son Jack Dapper, then, shall run
All in one pasture. [with him,
Sir Alex. Proves your son bad too, sir? [tian
Sir Dav. As villany can make him: your Sebas-
Dotes but on one drab, mine on a thousand.
A noise of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a ——,
A mercer, that will let him take up more——
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck.—Oh,
Bring him a bed with these when his purse gingles
Roaring boys follow at his tail, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to;) these horse-leeches suck
My son, till he being drawn dry, they all live on
Sir Alex. Tobacco? [smoke.
Sir Dav. Right sir; but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise
Or a stark fool.—Pray lend me your advice.
Both. That shall you, good Sir Davy.
Sir Dav. Here's the springe
That's set to catch this woodcock in—An action,
In a false name, unknown to him, is enter'd
I' the Counter to arrest Jack Dapper.
Both. Ha, ha, he! [him?
Sir Dav. Think you the Counter cannot break
Sir Alex. Break him? yes, and break his heart too, if he lie there long.
Sir Dav. I'll make him sing a counter-tenor, sure.
Sir Alex. No way to tame him like it: there shall he learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.
Sir Dav. He's bridled there.
Sir Alex. Ay, yet knows not how to mend it.
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year
Than one of the Counters does. Men pay more dear
There for their wit than anywhere. A Counter!
Why, 'tis an university.—Who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies, all alike.
Scholars learn first logic and rhetoric,
So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech
At his first coming in, he doth persuade, beseech
He may be lodged— . . . .
To lie in a clean chamber. . . . .
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle logic and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.
Sir Adam. Say they do.
Sir Alex. Then he's a graduate.
Sir Dav. Say they trust him not.
Sir Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence, but being still barr'd,
Be expulsed from the master's side to the Two-
Or else i' the Holebeg placed. [penny ward,
Sir Ad. When then, I pray, proceeds a prisoner?
Sir Alex. When, money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts.
Sir Davy, send your son to Wood-street college;
A gentleman can nowhere get more knowledge.

Sir Dav. These gallants study hard.
Sir Alex. True, to get money.
Sir Dav. Lies by the heels, i'faith! thanks—thanks—I ha' sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.

DEVOTION TO LOVE.

FROM THE PLAY OF "BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE."

O, HAPPY persecution, I embrace thee
With an unfetter'd soul; so sweet a thing
It is to sigh upon the rack of love,
Where each calamity is groaning witness
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
Of any true affection but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
Love, bred on earth, is often nursed in hell;
By rote it reads woe ere it learn to spell. . . . .
When I call back my vows to Violetta,
May I then slip into an obscure grave,
Whose mould, unpress'd with stony monument
Dwelling in open air, may drink the tears
Of the inconstant clouds to rot me soon! . . . .
He that truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb, bleating, doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the bell-man in the lover's ear,
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh, seldom wears!
The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by love's pains disquieted;
But, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps:
But say, a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading, leaves more discontent.

INDIGNATION AT THE SALE OF A WIFE'S HONOUR.

FROM "THE PHŒNIX."

Of all the deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound
Into my apprehension,
Reverend and honourable matrimony,
Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful, without thee
All the whole world were soiled bastardy:
Thou art the only and the greatest form
That put'st a difference betwixt our desires
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts.
. . . . . But, if chaste and honest,
There is another devil that haunts marriage,
(None fondly loves but knows it,) jealousy,
That wedlock's yellow sickness,
That whispering separation every minute,
And thus the curse takes his effect or progress.
The most of men, in their first sudden furies,
Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
And call't a prison; then it is most just
That the disease of the prison, jealousy,
Should thus affect 'em—but, oh! here I'm fix'd
To make sale of a wife! monstrous and foul!
An act abhorr'd in nature, cold in soul!

LAW.

FROM THE SAME.

THOU angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
Made with meek eyes, persuading action;
No loud immodest tongue—voiced like a virgin,
And as chaste from sale,
Save only to be heard, but not to rail—
How has abuse deform'd thee to all eyes!
Yet why so rashly for one's villain's fault
Do I arraign whole man? Admired Law!
Thy upper parts must needs be wholly pure
And incorruptible—th' are grave and wise;
'Tis but the dross beneath them, and the clouds
That get between thy glory and their praise,
That make the visible and foul eclipse;
For those that are near to thee are upright,
As noble in their conscience as their birth;
Know that damnation is in every bribe,
And rarely put it from them—rate the presenters,
And scourge 'em with five years' imprisonment
For offering but to tempt 'em:
This is true justice, exercised and used;
Woe to the giver, when the bribe's refused.
'Tis not their will to have law worse than war,
Where still the poorest die first,
To send a man without a sheet to his grave,
Or bury him in his papers;
'Tis not their mind it should be, nor to have
A suit hang longer than a man in chains,
Let him be ne'er so fasten'd.

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY,

[Died, 1636.]

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY was rector of the parish of St. Dominic, in Cornwall.

TO POSTERITY.

FROM ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS. 1600.

DAUGHTER of Time, sincere Posterity,
Always new-born, yet no man knows thy birth,
The arbitress of pure sincerity,
Yet changeable (like Proteus) on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, sometime join'd with dearth:
Always to come, yet always present here,
Whom all run after, none come after near.
Unpartial judge of all, save present state,
Truth's idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more injurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while thine own do waste;
True treasurer of all antiquity,
Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

FROM FITZGEFFREY'S LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. 1596.

Look how the industrious bee in fragrant May,
When Flora gilds the earth with golden flowers,
Inveloped in her sweet perfumed array,
Doth leave his honey-limed delicious bowers,
More richly wrought than prince's stately towers,
  Waving his silken wings amid the air,
  And to the verdant gardens makes repair.

First falls he on a branch of sugar'd thyme,
Then from the marygold he sucks the sweet,
And then the mint, and then the rose doth climb,
Then on the budding rosemary doth light,
Till with sweet treasure having charged his feet,
  Late in the evening home he turns again,
  Thus profit is the guerdon of his pain.

So in the May-tide of his summer age
Valour enmoved the mind of vent'rous Drake
To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake;
  Loathing the life that cowardice doth stain,
  Preferring death, if death might honour gain....

RICHARD NICCOLS.

[Died, 1584.]

The plan of the Mirror for Magistrates, begun by Ferrers and Sackville, was followed up by Churchyard, Phayer, Higgins, Drayton, and many others. The last contributor of any note was Niccols, in 1610, in his Winter Night's Vision. Niccols was the author of the "Cuckow," written in imitation of Drayton's "Owl," and several poems of temporary popularity, and of a drama, entitled The Twynne's Tragedy. He was a Londoner, and having studied (says Wood) at Oxford, obtained some employment worthy of his faculties; but of what kind, we are left to conjecture.

FROM THE LEGEND OF ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, on his return from the Crusades was imprisoned by Henry I. in Cardiff Castle. He thus describes a walk with his keeper, previous to his eyes being put out.

As bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings,
Her captived life as nature's chiefest wrong,
In doleful ditty sadly sits and sings,
And mourns her thralled liberty so long,
Till breath be spent in many a sithful song:
  So here captived I many days did spend
  In sorrow's plaint, till death my days did end.

Where as a prisoner though I did remain;
Yet did my brother grant this liberty,
To quell the common speech, which did complain
On my distress, and on his tyranny,
That in his parks and forests joining by,
  When I did please I to and fro might go,
  Which in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as Aurora bright
Began to scale heaven's steepy battlement,
And to the world disclose her cheerful light,
As was my wont, I with my keeper went
To put away my sorrow's discontent:
  Thereby to ease me of my captive care,
  And solace my sad thoughts in th' open air.

Wand'ring through forest wide, at length we gain
A steep cloud-kissing rock, whose horned crown
With proud imperial look beholds the main,
Where Severn's dangerous waves run rolling down,
From th' Holmes into the seas, by Cardiff town,
  Whose quick-devouring sands so dangerous been
  To those that wander Amphitrite's green:

As there we stood, the country round we eyed
To view the workmanship of nature's hand,
There stood a mountain, from whose weeping side
A brook breaks forth into the low-lying land,
Here lies a plain, and there a wood doth stand,
  Here pastures, meads, corn-fields, a vale do crown.
  A castle here shoots up, and there a town.

Here one with angle o'er a silver stream
With baneful bait the nibbling fish doth feed;
There in a plough'd-land, with his painful team,
The ploughman sweats, in hope for labour's meed...
  Here sits a goatherd on a craggy rock,
  And there in shade a shepherd with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect
Might yield content unto a careful eye;
Yet down the rock descending in neglect
Of such delight, the sun now mounting high,
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,
  Where we reposed us on a green-wood side,
  A'front the which a silver stream did glide.

There dwelt sweet Philomel, who never more
May bide the abode of man's society,
Lest that some sterner Tereus than before,
Who cropt the flower of her virginity,
'Gainst her should plot some second villany;
  Whose doleful tunes to mind did cause me call
  The woful story of her former fall.

The redbreast, who in bush fast by did stand
As partner of her woes, his part did ply,
For that the gifts, with which Autumnus' hand
Had graced the earth, by winter's wrath should die,
From whose cold cheeks bleak blasts began to fly,
  Which made me think upon my summer past
  And winter's woes, which all my life should last.

My keeper, with compassion moved to see
How grief's impulsions in my breast did beat, [he,
Thus silence broke: "Would God (my Lord,) quoth
This pleasant land, which nature's hand hath set
Before your eyes, might cause you to forget
  Your discontent, the object of the eye
  Ofttimes gives ease to woes which inward lie.

"Behold upon that mountain's top so steep,
Which seems to pierce the clouds and kiss the sky,
How the gray shepherd drives his flock of sheep
Down to the vale, and how on rocks fast by
The goats frisk to and fro for jollity;
Give ear likewise unto these birds' sweet songs,
And let them cause you to forget your wrongs."

To this I made reply: "Fond man," said I,
"What under heaven can slack th' increasing woe,
Which in my grieved heart doth hidden lie?
Of choice delight what object canst thou show,
But from the sight of it fresh grief doth grow?
What thou didst whilome point at to behold,
The same the sum of sorrow doth enfold,

"That gray-coat shepherd, whom from far we see,
I liken unto thee, and those his sheep
Unto my wretched self compared may be:
And though that careful pastor will not sleep,
When he from ravenous wolves his flock should keep;
Yet here, alas! in thrall thou keepest me,
Until that wolf, my brother, hungry be.

"Those shag-hair'd goats upon the craggy hill,
Which thou didst show, see how they frisk and play,
And everywhere do run about at will:
Yea, when the lion marks them for his prey,
They over hills and rocks can fly away:
But when that lion fell shall follow me
To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee?

"Those sweet-voiced birds, whose airs thou dost commend,
To which the echoing woods return reply,
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend:
For when I see how they do mount on high,
Waving their outstretch'd wings at liberty,
Then do I think how bird-like in a cage
My life I lead, and grief can never suage."

BEN JONSON.

[Born, 1574. Died, 1637.]

Till Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Gifford stood forward in defence of this poet's memory, it had become an established article of literary faith that his personal character was a compound of spleen, surliness, and ingratitude. The proofs of this have been weighed and found wanting. It is true that he had lofty notions of himself, was proud even to arrogance in his defiance of censure, and in the warmth of his own praises of himself was scarcely surpassed by his most zealous admirers; but many fine traits of honour and affection are likewise observable in the portrait of his character, and the charges of malice and jealousy that have been heaped on his name for a hundred years turn out to be without foundation. In the quarrel with Marston and Dekker his culpability is by no means evident. He did not receive benefits from Shakspeare, and did not sneer at him in the passages that have been taken to prove his ingratitude; and instead of envying that great poet, he gave him his noblest praise; nor did he trample on his contemporaries, but liberally commended them.* With regard to Inigo Jones, with whom he quarrelled, it appears to have been Jonson's intention to have consigned his satires on that eminent man to oblivion; but their enmity, as his editor has shown, began upon the part of the architect, who, when the poet was poor and bedridden, meanly resented the fancied affront of Jonson's name being put before his own to a masque which they had jointly prepared, and used his influence to do him an injury at court.† As to Jonson's envying Shakspeare, men, otherwise candid and laborious in the search of truth, seem to have had the curse of the Philistines imposed on their understandings and charities the moment they approached the subject. The fame of Shakspeare himself became an heirloom of traditionary calumnies against the memory of Jonson; the fancied relics of his envy were regarded as so many pious donations at the shrine of the greater poet, whose admirers thought they could not dig too deeply for trophies of his glory among the ruins of his imaginary rival's reputation. If such inquirers as Reed and Malone went wrong upon this subject, it is too severe to blame the herd of literary labourers for plodding in their footsteps; but it must excite regret as well as wonder that a man of pre-eminent living genius‡ should have been one of those

quos de tramite recto
Impia sacrilegæ flexit contagio turbæ,

and should have gravely drawn down Jonson to a parallel with Shadwell, for their common traits of low society, vulgar dialect, and intemperance. Jonson's low society comprehended such men as Selden, Camden, and Cary. Shadwell (if we may trust to Rochester's account of him) was probably rather profligate than vulgar; while either of Jonson's vulgarity or indecency in his recorded conversations there is not a trace. But they both wore great-coats—Jonson drank canary, and Shadwell swallowed opium. "*There is a river in Macedon, and there is, moreover, a river at Monmouth.*"

* The names of Shakspeare, Drayton, Donne, Chapman, Fletcher, Beaumont, May, and Browne, which almost exhaust the poetical catalogue of the time, are the separate and distinct subjects of his praise. His unkindness to Daniel seems to be the only exception.

† [Their enmity began in the very early part of their connection; for in the *complete* copy of Drummond's *Notes* there are several allusions to this hostility. Inigo had the best retaliation in life; but Jonson has it now, and for ever.—C.]

‡ [Sir Walter Scott. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. clxxxi., and Scott's replies in *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 227, and vol. vii. p. 374—382.—C.]

The grandfather of Ben Jonson was originally of Annandale, in Scotland, from whence he removed to Carlisle, and was subsequently in the service of Henry VIII. The poet's father, who lost his estate under the persecution of Queen Mary, and was afterwards a preacher, died a month before Benjamin's birth, and his widow married a master bricklayer of the name of Fowler. Benjamin, through the kindness of a friend, was educated at Westminster, and obtained an exhibition to Cambridge; but it proved insufficient for his support. He therefore returned from the university to his father-in-law's house and humble occupation; but disliking the latter, as may be well conceived, he repaired as a volunteer to the army in Flanders, and in the campaign which he served there distinguished himself, though yet a stripling, by killing an enemy in single combat, in the presence of both armies. From thence he came back to England, and betook himself to the stage for support; at first, probably, as an actor, though undoubtedly very early as a writer. At this period he was engaged in a second single combat, which threatened to terminate more disastrously than the former; for having been challenged by some player to fight a duel with the sword, he killed his adversary indeed, but was severely wounded in the encounter, and thrown into prison for murder. There the assiduities of a catholic priest made him a convert to popery, and the miseries of a jail were increased to him by the visitation of spies; sent, no doubt, in consequence of his change to a faith of which the bare name was at that time nearly synonymous with the suspicion of treason. He was liberated however, after a short imprisonment, without a trial. At the distance of twelve years, he was restored to the bosom of his mother church. Soon after his release, he thought proper to marry, although his circumstances were far from promising, and he was only in his twentieth year. In his two-and-twentieth year he rose to considerable popularity, by the comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," which, two years after, became a still higher favourite with the public, when the scene and names were shifted from Italy to England, in order to suit the manners of the piece, which had all along been native. It is at this renovated appearance of his play (1598) that his fancied obligations to Shakspeare for drawing him out of obscurity have been dated; but it is at this time that he is pointed out by Meres as one of the most distinguished writers of the age.

The fame of his "Every Man out of his Humour" drew Queen Elizabeth to its representation, whose early encouragement of his genius is commemorated by Lord Falkland. It was a fame, however, which, according to his own account, had already exposed him to envy—Marston and Dekker did him this homage. He lashed them in his Cynthia's Revels, and anticipated their revenge in the Poetaster. Jonson's superiority in the contest can scarcely be questioned; but the Poetaster drew down other enemies on its author than those with whom he was at war. His satire alluded to the follies of soldiers and the faults of lawyers. The former were easily pacified, but the lawyers adhered to him with their wonted tenacity; and it became necessary for the poet to clear himself before the lord chief justice. In our own days, the fretfulness of resenting professional derision has been deemed unbecoming even the magnanimity of tailors.

Another proof of the slavish subjection of the stage in those times is to be found soon after the accession of King James, when the authors of Eastward Hoe were committed to prison for some satirical reflections on the Scotch nation, which that comedy contained. Only Marston and Chapman, who had framed the offensive passages, were seized; but Jonson, who had taken a share in some other part of the composition, conceived himself bound in honour to participate their fate, and voluntarily accompanied them to prison. It was on this occasion that his mother, deceived by the rumour of a barbarous punishment being intended for her son, prepared a lusty poison, which she meant to have given him, and to have drunk along with him. This was maintaining in earnest the consanguinity of heroism and genius.

The imagined insult to the sovereign being appeased, James's accession proved, altogether, a fortunate epoch in Jonson's history. A peaceable reign gave encouragement to the arts and festivities of peace; and in those festivities, not yet degraded to mere sound and show, poetry still maintained the honours of her primogeniture among the arts. Jonson was therefore congenially employed, and liberally rewarded, in the preparation of those masques for the court which filled up the intervals of his more properly dramatic labours, and which allowed him room for classical impersonations, and lyrical trances of fancy, that would not have suited the business of the ordinary stage. The reception of his Sejanus, in 1603, was at first unfavourable; but it was remodelled, and again presented with better success, and kept possession of the theatre for a considerable time. Whatever this tragedy may want in the agitating power of poetry, it has a strength and dramatic skill that might have secured it, at least, from the petulant contempt with which it has been too often spoken of. Though collected from the dead languages, it is not a lifeless mass of antiquity, but the work of a severe and strong imagination, compelling shapes of truth and consistency to rise in dramatic order from the fragments of Roman eloquence and history; and an air not only of life but of grandeur is given to those curiously adjusted materials. The arraignment of Caius Silius before Tiberius is a great and poetical cartoon of Roman characters; and if Jonson has translated from Tacitus, who would not thank him for embodying the pathos of history in such lines as these, descriptive of Germanicus?

> O that man!
> If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
> They lived in him.....
> What his funerals lack'd
> In images and pomp, they had supplied
> With honourable sorrow. Soldiers' sadness,

A kind of silent mourning such as men
Who know no tears, but from their captives, use
To show in so great losses.

By his three succeeding plays, Volpone, (in 1605,) the Silent Woman, (in 1609,) and the Alchemist, (in 1610,) Jonson's reputation in the comic drama rose to a pitch which neither his own or any other pen could well be expected to surpass. The tragedy of Catiline appeared in 1611, prefaced by an address to the Ordinary Reader, as remarkable for the strength of its style as for the contempt of popular judgments which it breathes. Such an appeal from ordinary to extraordinary readers ought at least to have been made without insolence; as the difference between the few and the many, in matters of criticism, lies more in the power of explaining their sources of pleasure than in enjoying them. Catiline, it is true, from its classical sources, was chiefly to be judged of by classical readers; but its author should have still remembered, that popular feeling is the great basis of dramatic fame. Jonson lived to alter his tone to the public, and the lateness of his humility must have made it more mortifying. The haughty preface, however, disappeared from later editions of the play, while its better apology remained in the high delineation of Cicero's character, and in passages of Roman eloquence which it contains; above all, in the concluding speech of Petreius. It is said, on Lord Dorset's authority, to have been Jonson's favourite production.

In 1613 he made a short trip to the Continent, and, being in Paris, was introduced to the Cardinal du Perron, who, in compliment to his learning, showed him his translation of Virgil. Ben, according to Drummond's anecdotes, told the cardinal that it was nought: a criticism, by all accounts, as just as it was brief.

Of his two next pieces, Bartholomew Fair, (in 1614,) and the Devil is an Ass, (in 1616,) the former was scarcely a decline from the zenith of his comic excellence, the latter certainly was: if it was meant to ridicule superstition, it effected its object by a singular process of introducing a devil upon the stage. After this he made a long secession of nine years from the theatre, during which he composed some of his finest masques for the court, and some of those works which were irrecoverably lost in the fire that consumed his study. Meanwhile he received from his sovereign a pension of one hundred marks, which, in courtesy, has been called making him poet laureat. The title, till then gratuitously assumed, has been since appropriated to his successors in the pension.

The poet's journey to Scotland (1619) awakens many pleasing recollections, when we conceive him anticipating his welcome among a people who might be proud of a share in his ancestry, and setting out, with manly strength, on a journey of four hundred miles, on foot. We are assured, by one who saw him in Scotland, that he was treated with respect and affection among the nobility and gentry; nor was the romantic scenery of Scotland lost upon his fancy. From the poem which he meditated on Lochlomond, it is seen that he looked on it with a poet's eye. But, unhappily, the meagre anecdotes of Drummond have made this event of his life too prominent by the over-importance which have been attached to them. Drummond, a smooth and sober gentleman, seems to have disliked Jonson's indulgence in that conviviality which Ben had shared with his Fletcher and Shakspeare at the Mermaid. In consequence of those anecdotes, Jonson's memory has been damned for brutality, and Drummond's for perfidy. Jonson drank freely at Hawthornden, and talked big—things neither incredible nor unpardonable. Drummond's perfidy amounted to writing a letter, beginning "Sir," with one very kind sentence in it, to the man whom he had described unfavourably in a private memorandum, which he never meant for publication. As to Drummond's decoying Jonson under his roof with any premeditated design on his reputation, no one can seriously believe it.*

By the continued kindness of King James, our poet was, some years after, [Sept. 1621,] presented with the reversionary grant of the mastership of the revels, but from which he derived no advantage, as the incumbent, Sir John Astley, survived him. It fell, however, to the poet's son, by the permission of Charles I.† King James, in the contemplation of his laureat's speedy accession to this office, was desirous of conferring on him the rank of knighthood; but Jonson was unwilling to accept the distinction, and prevailed on some of his friends about the court to dissuade the monarch from his purpose. After the death of his patron James, necessity brought him again upon the theatre, and he produced the Staple of News, a comedy of no ordinary merit. Two evils were at this time rapidly gaining on him,

"Disease and poverty, fell pair.

He was attacked by the palsy in 1625, and had also a tendency to dropsy, together with a scorbutic affection inherent from his youth, which pressed upon the decaying powers of his constitution. From the first stroke of the palsy he gradually recovered so far as to be able to write, in the following year, the antimasque of Sophiel. For the three succeeding years his biographer suspects that the court had ceased to call upon him for his customary contributions, a circumstance which must have aggravated his poverty; and his salary, it appears, was irregularly paid. Meanwhile his infirmities increased, and he was unable to leave his room. In these circumstances he produced his New Inn, a comedy that was

[* "The furious invective of Gifford against Drummond for having written private memoranda of his conversations with Ben Jonson, which he did not publish, and which, for aught we know, were perfectly faithful, is absurd. Any one else would have been thankful for so much literary anecdote."—HALLAM, *Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 505.—C.]

[† This is not quite correct: the son died in 1635, Ben himself in 1637, and Astley a year or so after. Astley thus survived the father, to whom the reversion had been granted, and the son, to whom the transfer had been made. See GIFFORD, p. cxliv. and COLLIER'S *Annals*, vol. ii. p. 89. Sir Henry Herbert was Astley's successor.—C.]

driven from the stage with violent hostility.* The epilogue to this piece forms a melancholy contrast to the tone of his former addresses to the audience. He "whom the morning saw so great and high,"† was now so humble as to speak of his "faint and faultering tongue, and of his brain set round with pain." An allusion to the king and queen in the same epilogue awoke the slumbering kindness of Charles, who instantly sent him 100*l.* and, in compliance with the poet's request, also converted the 100 marks of his salary into pounds, and added, of his own accord, a yearly tierce of canary, Jonson's favourite wine. His majesty's injunctions for the preparation of masques for the court were also renewed till they were discontinued at the suggestion of Inigo Jones, who preferred the assistance of one Aurelian Townsend to that of Jonson, in the furnishing of those entertainments. His means of subsistence were now, perhaps, both precariously supplied and imprudently expended. The city, in 1631, from whom he had always received a yearly allowance of 100 nobles, by way of securing his assistance in their pageants, withdrew their pension.‡ He was compelled by poverty to supplicate the Lord Treasurer Weston for relief. On the rumour of his necessities, assistance came to him from various quarters, and from none more liberally than from the Earl of Newcastle. On these and other timely bounties his sickly existence was propped up to accomplish two more comedies, the Magnetic Lady, which appeared in 1632, and the Tale of a Tub, which came out in the following year. In the last of these, the last, indeed, of his dramatic career, he endeavoured to introduce some ridicule on Inigo Jones, through the machinery of a puppet-show. Jones had distinguished himself at the representation of the Magnetic Lady, by his boisterous derision. The attempt at retaliation was more natural than dignified; but the court prevented it, and witnessed the representation of the play at Whitehall with coldness. Whatever humour its manners contain, was such as courtiers were not likely to understand.

In the spring of 1633 Charles visited Scotland, and on the road was entertained by the Earl of Newcastle with all the luxury and pageantry of loyal hospitality. To grace the entertainment, Jonson sent, in grateful obedience to his benefactor the Earl, a little interlude, entitled Love's Welcome at Welbeck, and another of the same kind for the king and queen's reception at Bolsover. In despatching the former of these to his noble patron, the poet alludes to his past bounties, which had "fallen, like the dew of heaven, on his necessities."

In his unfinished pastoral drama of the Sad Shepherd, his biographer traces one bright and sunny ray that broke through the gloom of his setting days. Amongst his papers were found the plot and opening of a domestic tragedy on the story of Mortimer, Earl of March, together with the Discoveries, and Grammar of the English Tongue; works containing, no doubt, the philological and critical reflections of more vigorous years, but which, it is probable that he must have continued to write till he was near his dissolution. That event took place on the 6th of August, 1637.

SPEECH OF MAIA.
IN "THE PENATES."

Maia. If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of every flower in every field,
And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If, thereto, added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyre ever blew;
Were put therein; and all the dew
That every rosy morning knew;
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace,
And honour, you vouchsafe the place.
But if you please to come again,
We vow, we will not then with vain
And empty pastimes entertain
Your so desired, though grieved pain.
For we will have the wanton fawns,
That frisking skip about the lawns,
The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
Satyrs, and all that multitude,
To dance their wilder rounds about,
And cleave the air, with many a shout,
As they would hunt poor Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustic noise. To visit whom
You shall behold whole bevies come

[* Jonson took his revenge upon the town, in his well-known ode upon this occasion, which showed that the fires of poetic passion were by no means dead in him:

Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age!
Where Pride and Impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Burn on and rage, sweat, censure and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them....
Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold.
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear, *no palsy's in thy brain!*—G.]

† Sejanus.

‡ "Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlerly pension for verjuice and mustard, £33. 6. 8."—*Jonson to the Earl of Newcastle*, 20th *Dec.* 1631. It was, however, soon restored.—C.]

Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
Well-tuned unto the many falls
Of sweet, and several sliding rills,
That stream from tops of those less hills,
Sound like so many silver quills,
When Zephyre them with music fills,
For these, Favonius here shall blow
New flowers, which you shall see to grow,
Of which each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads, fresh garlands make.
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An air of several birds shall sound
An Io Pæan, that shall drown
The acclamations, at your crown.—
All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
May vows, so you will oft come here a-maying.

FROM THE CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood:
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me;
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For love's fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack,
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrows bent, like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek withal,
Smooth as is the billiard-ball:
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lips should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.

He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame,
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all;
What we harmony do call,
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him;
Drest, you still for man should take him,
And not think he'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such,
As to do no thing too much:
Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

SONG.

FROM "THE FOREST."

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?*

SONG TO CELIA.

FROM THE SAME.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

TO CELIA.

FROM THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet! the wary lover
Can your favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again: no creature comes.
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips thus hardly sundred,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,

* ["Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemen were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Jonson, he affirmed it true, for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse; hence his epigram."—DRUMMOND's *Informations*, Arch. Scot. iv. 95.—C.]

Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thousand, and so more:
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams,
In the silent summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

SONG OF NIGHT.

IN THE MASQUE OF "THE VISION OF DELIGHT."

Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,

Cho. Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

CHORUS.

IN THE SAME.

In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

IN "CYNTHIA'S REVELS."

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

SONG.

IN "THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY."

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had sever'd earth from flood!
So when he parted air from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himself was thought.
Which thought was, yet, the child of earth,
For Love is elder than his birth.

SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

SONG.

IN "THE SILENT WOMAN."

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn:
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out:
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

SITTING, and ready to be drawn,
What makes these velvets, silks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decay'd;
This beauty, without falsehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,
Were fitly interposed; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And, out of that, make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and show the universe:
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

FROM HIS EPIGRAMS.

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purposed her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the sheers control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she!

FROM "THE FOX."

VOLPONE, aided by his servant MOSCA, cheating the visitants who bring him presents, each in the hope of being his heir.

Volp. GOOD morning to the day; and next, my gold!—
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[MOSCA *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, &c.*

Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that givest all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet makest men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——
Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.
Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture:
I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts,

To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea:
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
Nor usure private.
Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall have some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses:
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.
Volp. Right, Mosca; I do lothe it.
Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar;
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance——
Volp. Hold thee, Mosca, [*Gives him money.*
Take of my hand; thou strikest on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. [*Exit* Mos.] What should I do,
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counterwork the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now! . . . .
Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing;
And let them entertain himself awhile
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit* Mosca.] Now, now, my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcass, now they come;
I am not for them yet.—
Re-enter Mosca, *with the gown, &c.*
How now, the news?
Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.
Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!
Mos. Sharp, sir.
Volp. Give me my furs. [*Puts on his sick dress.*
Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worship'd be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.
Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.
Volp. That's true;
Despatch, despatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundred such as I am, in succession——
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.
Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit* Mosca.
Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*coughing.*] uh! uh! uh! O—
Re-enter Mosca, *introducing* Voltore, *with a piece of Plate.*
Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes

Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's signior Voltore is come——
Volp. [*faintly.*] What say you?
Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.
Volp. I thank him.
Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark;
With which he here presents you.
Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes.
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron!
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Volt. [*putting it into his hands.*] I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. That he's not weaker. [*Aside.*
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, sir; would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!
Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd:
I pray you see me often.
Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long——
Mos. You are his heir, sir.
Volt. Am I?
Volp. I feel me going; Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go——
Volt. But, Mosca——
Mos. Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me:
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me in your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and moneys; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir; confirm'd this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it. [him.
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took
I oft have heard him say, how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir,
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse——and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is born up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I have not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca!——
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought,
Or see a copy of the will?——Anon!— [sir;
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business in your face. [*Exit* VOLTORE.
Volp. [*springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!
Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*] Now shall we see
A wretch, who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave—

Enter CORBACCIO.

Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients
And know, it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it. [*Aside.*
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no;
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont——
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O good!
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain——
Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he given me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good——
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True:
I know it too.
Mos. By your own scale, sir. [*Aside*
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir,
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And show him this. [*Pointing to the money.*
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart. [with speed;
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!

Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour!
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid or stone dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir——
Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him——
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good—
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*
Mos. Rook go with you, raven!
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir! [*Aside.*
Corb. And—— [sir.
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears,
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass! [not?
Corb. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
Volp. [*leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides—
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give them words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! [*Knocking within.*] Who's that there, now? a third!
Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice:
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. [*lies down as before.*] Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. [*Anointing them.*]—Who's there?

FROM THE CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamour'd, do wish so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through thorough swords, thorough seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arch'd brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

THOMAS CAREW.

[Born, 1589. Died, 1639.]

When Mr. Ellis pronounced that Carew certainly died in 1634, he had probably some reasons for setting aside the date of the poet's birth assigned by Lord Clarendon; but as he has not given them, the authority of a contemporary must be allowed to stand. He was of the Carews of Gloucestershire, a family descended from the elder stock of that name in Devonshire, and a younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, who was a zealous adherent of the fortunes of Charles I. He was educated at Oxford, but was neither matriculated nor took any degree. After returning from his travels, he was received with distinction at the court of Charles I. for his elegant manners and accomplishments, and was appointed gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty. The rest of his days seem to have passed in affluence and ease, and he died just in time to save him from witnessing the gay and gallant court, to which he had contributed more than the ordinary literature of a courtier, dispersed by the storm of civil war that was already gathering.*

The want of boldness and expansion in Carew's thoughts and subjects, excludes him from rivalship with *great* poetical names; nor is it difficult, even within the narrow pale of his works, to discover some faults of affectation, and of still more objectionable indelicacy. But among the poets who have walked in the same limited path, he is pre-eminently beautiful, and deservedly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated grace to our lyrical strains. His slowness in composition was evidently that sort of care in the poet, which saves trouble to his reader. His poems have touches of elegance and refinement, which their trifling subjects could not have yielded without a delicate and deliberate exercise of the fancy; and he unites the point and polish of later times with many of the genial and warm tints of the elder muse. Like Waller, he is by no means free from conceit; and one regrets to find him addressing the surgeon bleeding Celia, in order to tell him that the blood which he draws proceeds not from the fair one's arm, but from the lover's heart. But of such frigid thoughts he is more sparing than Waller; and his conceptions, compared to that poet's, are like fruits of a richer flavour, that have been cultured with the same assiduity.†

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

Think not, 'cause men flattering say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-star,
That you are so;—or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem: . . . .
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun.
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun. . . .
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

SONG.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

Give me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell released:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

[* He is mentioned as alive in 1638 in Lord Falkland's verses on Jonson's death; and as there is no poem of Carew's in the *Jonsonus Virbius*, it is not unlikely that he was dead before its publication.—C.]

[† "Few will hesitate to acknowledge that he has more fancy and more tenderness than Waller; but less choice, less judgment and knowledge where to stop, less of the equability which never offends, less attention to the unity and thread of his little pieces. I should hesitate to give him, on the whole, the preference as a poet, taking collectively the attributes of that character."—Hallam, *Lit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 507.—C.]

TO MY MISTRESS SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE.

AN EDDY.

Mark how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay;
There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display,
T' embrace and clip their silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, lived unknown,
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine:
Thou art my star, shinest in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

SONG.

PERSUASIONS TO ENJOY.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As *he* brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds, themselves have made, discover.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shep. This mossy bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, love, the blushes of the morn appear:
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Cho. They kiss'd, and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep. The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark! *Nym.* Ah me, stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, arise;
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise. [eyes
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

UPON MR. W. MONTAGUE'S RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb: then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus, with voice and hand,
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins: from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The halycon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing;
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

FEMININE HONOUR.

In what esteem did the gods hold
Fair innocence and the chaste bed,
When scandal'd virtue might be bold,
Bare-foot upon sharp culters, spread
O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel!

Why, when the hard-edged iron did turn
Soft as a bed of roses blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone
'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapless sex! unequal sway
Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and fame fix high repute
On the loose shameless prostitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but disguise,
A cheating voice, a juggling art;
No judge of Virtue, whose pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleased with her true figure there,
Than her false echo in the ear.

THE MISTAKE.

When on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own:

But when I saw it was enthroned
In her celestial breast,
O then! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart;
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart:

Where, seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded it shall live:
Death enters not in Paradise;
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bathe my kind heart in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore;
No med'cine less divine
Can ever hope for to restore
A wounded heart like mine.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.
But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.
So shalt thou be despised, fair maid,
When by the sated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

[Born, 1568. Died, 1639.]

Sir Henry Wotton was born at Bocton-Malherbe in Kent. Foreseeing the fall of the Earl of Essex, to whom he was secretary, he left the kingdom, but returned upon the accession of James, and was appointed ambassador to the court of Venice. Towards the close of his life he took deacon's orders, and was nominated provost of Eton.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day,
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin,
State but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected while the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair,"
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels* with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves! [loves.
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face;
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect a holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heav'n again.

* *Angels*—pieces of money.

ON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET (THE FAVOURITE OF JAMES I.) THEN FALLING FROM FAVOUR.

Dazzled thus with height of place,
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Yet since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in arms do sleep
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air,
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

Then though dark and you shall say,
When friends fail and princes frown,
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

A MEDITATION.

FROM SANCROFT'S COLLECTION.

[Mr. Malone, from whose handwriting I copy this, says, "not, I think, printed."]

O, thou great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
O, precious ransom! which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath:
Thou then, that has dispurged our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
But now, whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all!

NATHANIEL FIELD.

[Died about 1633.]

Nathaniel Field had the honour of being connected with Massinger in the Fatal Dowry, the play from which Rowe stole the plot of his Fair Penitent. [As one of the Children of the Chapel, Field played a part in Jonson's Poetaster, 1601; and Mr. Collier has conjectured that he could have hardly begun to write before 1609 or 1610. In 1612 he was an author in print.—C.]

SONG.

FROM "AMENDS FOR LADIES." 1618.

Rise, lady! mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been,
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin:
Is not she a saint, then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam! rise, and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance, darker than night,
Till thou smile on thy lover:
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.

THOMAS DEKKER.

[Died about 1638.]

At the close of the sixteenth century we find that the theatres, conducted by Henslowe and Alleyn, chiefly depended on Jonson, Heywood, Chettle, and this poet, for composing or retouching their pieces. Marston and Dekker had laboured frequently in conjunction with Jonson, when their well-known hostility with him commenced. What grounds of offence Marston and Dekker alleged, cannot now be told; but Jonson affirms, that after the appearance of his comedy, "Every Man in his Humour," they began to provoke him on every stage with their "*petulant styles*," as if they wished to single him out for their adversary. When Jonson's Cynthia's Revels appeared, they appropriated the two characters of Hedon and Anaides to themselves, and were brooding over their revenge when the Poetaster came forth, in which Dekker was recognised as Demetrius. Either that his wrath made him more willing, or that he was chosen the champion of the offended host, for his rapid powers and popularity, he furnished the Satiromastix; not indeed a despicable reply to Jonson, but more full of rage than of ridicule. The little that is known of Dekker's history, independent of his quarrel with Jonson, is unfortunate. His talents were prolific, and not contemptible; but he was goaded on by want to hasty productions—acquainted with spunging-houses, and an inmate of the King's Bench prison.* Oldys thinks that he was alive in 1638.

FORTUNE GIVING FORTUNATUS HIS CHOICE OF GOODS.

For. Six gifts I spend upon mortality,
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches;
Out of my bounty, one of these is thine,
Choose then which likes thee best.

Fort. Oh, most divine!
Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,
To look (amazed) at thy bright majesty,
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches!

For. Before thy soul (at this deep lottery)
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice:
Choose then discreetly, (for the laws of fate
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.)

Fort. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right!
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches!

For. Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak.
If thou kiss wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phœbus) shalt speak oracle;
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on wisdom's wings,
Shall fly up to the parliament of Jove,
And read the statutes of eternity,
And see what's past, and learn what is to come:
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown; as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery:
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof,
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting;
Be ever merry, ever revelling:
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee:
Are thy desires long life? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out; thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies; and see those children die
Whose great-great-grandsires now in cradles lie:
If through gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run,
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet;
As those are, so shall these be, infinite.
Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,
And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of fate,
Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate.

Fort. Oh, whither am I rapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought,
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
Then I lose riches; and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read,
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead:
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a thread-bare saint in wisdom's school.
I will be strong: then I refuse long life;
And though my arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest strength expires with loss of breath;
The mightiest (in one minute) stoop to death.
Then take long life, or health: should I do so,
I might grow ugly; and that tedious scroll
Of months and years, much misery may inroll;
Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not,

---

* He was there at one time for three years, according to Oldys. No wonder poor Dekker could rise a degree above the level of his ordinary genius in describing the blessings of Fortunatus's inexhaustible purse: he had probably felt but too keenly the force of what he expresses in the misanthropy of Ampedo.

I'm not enamour'd of this painted idol,
This strumpet world; for her most beauteous looks
Are poison'd baits, hung upon golden hooks.
When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams
Will wantonly dance on the silver-streams;
But when this squint-eyed age sees virtue poor,
And by a little spark set shivering,
Begging of all, relieved at no man's door,
She smiles on her as the sun shines on fire,
To kill that little heat.

The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Lep'rous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,
(And it at length will have the victory;)
Beauty is but a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.
Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich;
[*Kneels down.*
My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise:
He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears:
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
Oh, therefore, make me rich! not as the wretch
That only serves lean banquets to his eye,
Has gold, yet starves; is famish'd in his store;
No, let me ever spend, be never poor.

For. Thy latest words confine thy destiny;
Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor:
For proof receive this purse; with it this virtue;
Still when thou thrust'st thy hand into the same,
Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
Current in any realm where then thou breathest:
If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,
Then shalt thou want; but that can ne'er be done,
Nor this grow empty.

Fort. Thanks, great deity!

For. The virtue ends when thou and thy sons end.
This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence:
Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt repent,
That for the love of dross thou hast despised
Wisdom's divine embrace; she would have borne thee
On the rich wings of immortality;
But now go dwell with cares, and quickly die.

FROM "THE HONEST WHORE."

Hipolito's thoughts on his mistress's picture, from which he turns to look on a scull that lies before him on a table.

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford:
Nothing of her, but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed!
As in her coffin. Hence then, idle art!
True love's best pictured in a true-love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead!
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STERLINE.

[Born, 1580. Died, 1640.]

William Alexander,* of Menstrie, travelled on the Continent as tutor to the Earl of Argyll; and after his return to his native country, (Scotland,) having in vain solicited a mistress, whom he celebrates in his poetry by the name of Aurora, he married the daughter of Sir William Erskine. Having repaired to the court of James the First, he obtained the notice of the monarch, was appointed gentlemen usher to Prince Charles, and was knighted by James. Both of those sovereigns patronized his scheme for colonizing Nova Scotia, of which the latter made him lord lieutenant. Charles the First created him Earl of Sterline in 1633, and for ten years he held the office of secretary of state for Scotland, with the praise of moderation, in times that were rendered peculiarly trying by the struggles of Laud against the Scottish Presbyterians.—He wrote some very heavy tragedies; but there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces.†

SONNETS.

FROM HIS "AURORA."

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,
Some theatres, mountains, floods, and famous springs,
Some monuments of monarchs, and such things
As in the books of fame have been enroll'd,
Those stately towns that to the stars were raised;
Some would their ruins see (their beauty's gone,)
Of which the world's three parts each boasts of one:
Though none of those, I love a sight as rare,
Even her that o'er my life as queen doth sit;
Juno in majesty, Pallas in wit,
As Phœbe chaste, than Venus far more fair;
And though her looks even threaten death to me,
Their threatenings are so sweet I cannot flee.

* [Notices of Alexander, Lord Stirling, may be found in the various books and tracts upon the Life of Major-general William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who was so conspicuous in the American Revolution. A more extended biography than is given by Mr. Campbell, is in the Biographical Cyclopedia, vol. i.—G.]

† ["Lord Sterline is rather monotonous, as sonneteers usually are, and he addresses his mistress by the appellation, 'Fair tygress.' Campbell observes that there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces."—Hallam, *Lit. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 505.—C.]

I CHANCED, my dear, to come upon a day
Whilst thou wast but arising from thy bed,
And the warm snows, with comely garments cled,
More rich than glorious, and more fine than gay.
Then, blushing to be seen in such a case,
O how thy curled locks mine eyes did please;
And well become those waves thy beauty's seas,
Which by thy hairs were framed upon thy face;
Such was Diana once, when being spied
By rash Actæon, she was much commoved:
Yet, more discreet than th' angry goddess proved,
Thou knew'st I came through error, not of pride,
And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet sight
Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

AWAKE, my muse, and leave to dream of loves,
Shake off soft fancy's chains—I must be free;
I'll perch no more upon the myrtle tree, [doves;
Nor glide through th' air with beauty's sacred
But with Jove's stately bird I'll leave my nest,
And try my sight against Apollo's rays.
Then, if that ought my vent'rous course dismays,
Upon th' olive's boughs I'll light and rest;
I'll tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seek the laurel in another field.
Thus I that once (as Beauty's means did yield)
Did divers garments on my thoughts bestow,
Like Icarus, I fear, unwisely bold,
Am purposed other's passions now t' unfold.

JOHN WEBSTER.

[Died about 1638.]

LANGBAINE only informs us of this writer, that he was clerk of St. Andrew's parish, Holborn,* and esteemed by his contemporaries. He wrote, in conjunction with Rowley, Dekker, and Marston. Among the pieces, entirely his own, are The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, the tragedy of Appius and Virginia, the Devil's Law Case, and the Duchess of Malfi. From the advertisement prefixed to Vittoria Corombona, the piece seems not to have been successful in the representation. The author says, "that it wanted that which is the only grace and setting out of a tragedy, a full and understanding auditory." The auditory, it may be suspected, were not quite so much struck with the beauty of Webster's horrors, as Mr. Lamb seems to have been in writing the notes to his Specimens of our old Dramatic Poetry. In the same preface Webster deprives himself of the only apology that could be offered for his absurdities as a dramatist, by acknowledging that he wrote slowly; a circumstance in which he modestly compares himself to Euripides. In his tragedy of the Duchess of Malfi, the duchess is married and delivered of several children in the course of the five acts.

VITTORIA, THE MISTRESS OF BRACHIANO, RELATING HER DREAM TO HIM.

FROM VITTORIA COROMBONA, THE VENETIAN COURTESAN.

Persons.—VITTORIA COROMBONA; DUKE OF BRACHIANO; COROMBONA, *the mother, and* FLAMINEO, *the brother of* VITTORIA.

Vittoria. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night.
Brachiano. Most wishedly.
Vit. A foolish idle dream:
Methought I walk'd, about the mid of night,
Into a churchyard, where a goodly yew tree
Spread her large root in ground; under that yew,
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,
Chequer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing in
Your duchess and my husband; one of them
A pick-axe bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.
Bra. That tree?
Vit. This harmless yew.
They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown yew, and plant i'the stead of it
A wither'd black-thorn, and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive: my husband straight
With pick-axe 'gan to dig, and your fell duchess,
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth, and scatter'd bones: Lord, how methought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.
Fla. No, the devil was in your dream.
Vit. When to my rescue there arose methought
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant,
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.
Fla. Excellent devil! she hath taught him, in a dream,
To make away his duchess, and her husband.
Bra. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodged within his arms who shall protect you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband,
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess;
I'll seat you above law and above scandal.
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends and all.
Cor. Woe to light hearts, they still forerun our fall.

[* "Gildon, I believe, was the first who asserted that our author was clerk of St. Andrew's. I searched the registers of that church, but the name of Webster did not occur in them; and I examined the MSS. belonging to the Parish Clerks' Hall, in Wood Street, with as little success."—DYCE'S *Webster*, vol. i. p. 1.—C.]

FROM THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

The Duchess of Malfi having privately married Antonio, her own steward, is inhumanly persecuted by her brother Ferdinand, who confines her in a house of madmen, and in concert with his creature Bosola murders her and her attendant Cariola.

SCENE.—*A Mad-house.*

Persons.—DUCHESS OF MALFI; CARIOLA, *her faithful attendant;* FERDINAND, *her cruel brother;* BOSOLA, *his creature and instrument of cruelty;* Madmen, Executioners, Servant.

Duch. WHAT hideous noise was that?
Cari. 'Tis the wild concert
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practised till this hour.
Duch. Indeed I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cari. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceived;
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open.
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In th' other world.
Cari. Yes; out of question.
Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle:
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar:
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery.
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument,
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy. How now,
What noise is that?
Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport:
A great physician, when the pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of mad-men, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forced him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The Duke intends on you.

[*The Mad-men enter, and whilst they dance to suitable music, the* DUCHESS, *perceiving* BOSOLA *among them, says,*

Duch. Is he mad too?
Serv. Pray question him. I'll leave you.
Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.
Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed
Gasping for breath. Dost thou perceive me sick?
Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.
Duch. Thou art not mad sure! Dost know me?
Bos. Yes.
Duch. Who am I?
Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed. . . .
Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.
Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.
Duch. Thou art very plain.
Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living:
I am a tomb-maker.
Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?
Bos. Yes.
Duch. Let me be a little merry—
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
Bos. Nay, resolve me first of what fashion?
Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical on our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?
Bos. Most ambitiously: princes' images on their tombs
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray,
Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks
(As if they died of the toothache;) they are not carved
With their eyes fix'd upon the stars: but as
Their minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The self-same way they seem to turn their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel!
Bos. Now I shall.
Here is a present from your princely brothers,
[*A coffin, cords, and a bell.*
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence chamber.
Cari. O my sweet lady!
Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
Duch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker?
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen:
"Hark, now every thing is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent;

A long war disturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd;
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping:
Their life a general mist of error;
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powder sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet;
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day,
End your groan and come away."

Cari. Hence villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? call for help.

Duch. To whom, to our next neighbours? they [are mad folks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewell, Cariola;
In my last will I have not much to give—
A many hungry guests have fed upon me—
Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee look thou givest my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now what you please.
What death?

Bos. Strangling: here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?

Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you?
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smother'd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way, (for heaven's sake,)
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death (now I am well awake)
Best gift is they can give, or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault:
I'll not be tedious to you.

Exec. We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but
Bestow upon my women, will you? [my body

Exec. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly; for your able
Must pull down heaven upon me:— [strength
Yet stay, heaven's gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*They strangle her.*

Bos. Where's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.
Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cari. Oh, you are damn'd
Perpetually for this. My turn is next,
Is't not so order'd?

Bos. Yes; and I am glad
You are so well prepared for't.

Cari. You are deceived, sir,
I am not prepared for't; I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bos. Come, despatch her!
You kept her counsel, now you shall keep ours.

Cari. I will not die; I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.

Exec. Here's your wedding ring.

Cari. Let me but speak with the duke: I'll [discover
Treason to his person.

Bos. Delays? throttle her!

Exec. She bites and scratches.

Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd; I have not been at confession
This two years.

Bos. When?

Cari. I am quick with child.

Bos. Why then
Your credit's saved; bear her into th' next room.
Let this lie still. [*They strangle her.*

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what
You'll have her. But here begin your pity:
[*Shows the children strangled.*
Alas, how have these offended?

Ferd. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

Bos. Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out,
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle. She died young.

Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first.
You have bloodily approved the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.

Ferd. Let me see her face again.
Why didst not thou pity her? what
An excellent honest man might'st thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary,
Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done't.
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continued widow, to have gain'd
An infinite mass of treasure by her death;
And what was the main cause? Her marriage!

That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee, (as we observe in tragedies,
That a good actor many times is cursed
For playing a villain's part,) I hate thee for't:
And, for my sake, say thou hast done much ill well.
Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive
Your are falling into ingratitude; I challenge
The reward due to my service.
Ferd. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.
Bos. Do.
Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murder.
Bos. Ha!
Ferd. Yes; and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?
Bos. By yours.
Ferd. Mine? was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment register'd,
Unless in hell? See: like a bloody fool,
Thou hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another: who shall dare
To reveal this?
Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee:
The wolf shall find her grave and scrape it up:
Not to devour the corse, but to discover
The horrid murder.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.
Ferd. Leave me!
Bos. I will first receive my pension.
Ferd. You are a villain!
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Ferd. O horror!
That not the fear of Him which binds the devils
Can prescribe man obedience!
Never look upon me more.
Bos. Why, fare thee well:
Your brother and yourself are worthy men:
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance,
Like two chain'd bullets, still goes arm in arm.
You may be brothers: for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream.
I am angry with myself, now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o' th'
That I may never see thee. [world,
Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected? Sir,
I served your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfy yourself than all the world;
And though I loathed the evil, yet I loved
You that did counsel it, and rather sought
To appear a true servant than an honest man.
Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness. [*Exit.*
Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted
honour
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice, and freeze in fire;
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirs! here's life!
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell. She's warm, she breathes.
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour. Who's there?
Some cordial drink! Alas, I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity. Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy.
Duch. Antonio!
Bos. Yes, madam, he is living:
The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd statues;
He's reconciled to your brother; the Pope hath
The atonement. [wrought
Duch. Mercy. [*She dies.*
Bos. Oh, she's gone again: there the cords of
life broke.
Oh, sacred innocence! that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds, and bad; a perspective
That shows us hell, that we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow;
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk. My estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up. Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come, I'll
bear thee hence,
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women; that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me: then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.

FROM THE SAME.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Persons.—Antonio, Delio, *Echo from the* Duchess's *grave.*

Delio. Yond's the cardinal's window. This
fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o' th' river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard;
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it is a spirit
That answers.
Antonio. I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones

Till doomsday. But all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to
Must have like death that we have. [men,
Echo. Like death that we have.
Del. Now the echo hath caught you.
Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.
Echo. Deadly accent.
Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one. You may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.
Echo. A thing of sorrow.
Ant. Ay, sure: that suits it best.
Echo. That suits it best.
Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.
Echo. Ay, wife's voice.
Del. Come, let's walk farther from't:
I would not have you go to th' cardinal's to-night:
Do not.
Echo. Do not. [sorrow
Del. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting
Than time; take time for't: be mindful of thy safety.
Echo. Be mindful of thy safety.
Ant. Necessity compels me:
Make scrutiny throughout the passes
Of your own life; you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.
Echo. Oh, fly your fate.
Del. Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity
And give you good counsel. [on you,
Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.
Echo. Thou art a dead thing.
Ant. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly: Oh, heaven!
Shall I never see her more?
Echo. Never see her more.
Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the Echo
But that, and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
Del. Your fancy, merely,
Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life:
I will not henceforth save myself by halves,
Lose all or nothing.
Del. Your own virtue save you.
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you,
It may be that the sight of his own blood,
Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion.
However, fare you well!
Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suff'rings, she hath none;
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

[Born, 15—. Died, 1640?]

Of William Rowley nothing more is known than that he was a player by profession, and for several years at the head of the Prince's* company of comedians. Though his name is found in one instance affixed to a piece conjointly with Shakspeare's, he is generally classed only in the third rank of our dramatists. His Muse is evidently a plebeian nymph, and had not been educated in the school of the Graces. His most tolerable production is the "New Wonder, or a Woman never vext." Its drafts of citizen life and manners have an air of reality and honest truth—the situations and characters are forcible, and the sentiments earnest and unaffected. The author seems to move in the sphere of life which he imitates, with no false fears about its dignity, and is not ashamed to exhibit his broken merchant hanging out the bag for charity among the debtors of a prison-house.

SCENE FROM THE COMEDY OF "A NEW WONDER, OR A WOMAN NEVER VEXT."

Persons.—The WIDOW *and* DOCTOR.

Doct. You sent for me, gentlewoman?
Wid. Sir, I did; and to this end:
I have scruples in my conscience;
Some doubtful problems which I cannot answer
Nor reconcile; I'd have you make them plain.
Doct. This is my duty: pray speak your mind.
Wid. And as I speak, I must remember heaven,
That gave those blessings which I must relate:
Sir, you now behold a wondrous woman;
You only wonder at the epithet;
I can approve it good; guess at mine age.
Doct. At the half-way 'twixt thirty and forty.
Wid. 'Twas not much amiss; yet nearest to the
How think you then, is not this a wonder? [last.
That a woman lives full seven-and-thirty years
Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own, yet all this while
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity?
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
An hundred ways for its acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it not strange?
Doct. Unparallel'd; this gift is singular,
And to you alone belonging: you are the moon,
For there's but one, all women else are stars,
For there are none of like condition.
Full oft, and many, have I heard complain
Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities,

* Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. The play in which his name is printed conjointly with Shakspeare's is called *The Birth of Merlin.*

But a second to yourself I never knew:
To groan under the superflux of blessings,
To have ever been alien unto sorrow.
No trip of fate? Sure it is wonderful.
Wid. Ay, sir, 'tis wonderful: but is it well?
For it is now my chief affliction.
I have heard you say, that the child of heaven
Shall suffer many tribulations; [subjects:
Nay, kings and princes share them with their
Then I that know not any chastisement,
How may I know my part of childhood?
Doct. 'Tis a good doubt; but make it not extreme.
'Tis some affliction, that you are afflicted
For want of affliction; cherish that:
Yet wrest it not to misconstruction;
For all your blessings are free gifts from heaven;
Health, wealth, and peace; nor can they turn to
But by abuse. Pray, let me question you: [curses,
You lost a husband, was it no grief to you?
Wid. It was; but very small: no sooner I
Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,
But straight it turn'd unto my treble joy:
A comfortable revelation prompts me then,
That husband (whom in life I held so dear)
Had changed a frailty to unchanging joys;
Methought I saw him stellified in heaven,
And singing hallelujahs 'mongst a quire
Of white-sainted souls: then again it spake,
And said; it was a sin for me to grieve
At his best good, that I esteemed best:
And thus this slender shadow of a grief
Vanish'd again. [from
Doct. All this was happy; nor can you wrest it
A heavenly blessing: do not appoint the rod;
Leave still the stroke unto the magistrate:
The time is not past, but you may feel enough.
Wid. One taste more I had, although but little,
Yet I would aggravate to make the most on't;
Thus 'twas: the other day it was my hap,
In crossing of the Thames,
To drop that wedlock ring from off my finger,
That once conjoined me and my dead husband,
It sunk; I prized it dear; the dearer, 'cause it kept
Still in mine eye the memory of my loss;
Yet I grieved the loss; and did joy withal,
That I had found a grief: and this is all
The sorrow I can boast of.
Doct. This is but small.
Wid. Nay, sure I am of this opinion,
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made for it,
The bottom would have sent it up again,
I am so wondrously fortunate.
Doct. You would not suffer it?

STEPHEN, A RECLAIMED GAMESTER, NEWLY MARRIED TO THE OVER-FORTUNATE WIDOW.

Persons.—STEPHEN, ROBERT *his nephew, and* WIDOW.

Enter STEPHEN *with bills and bonds.*

Wife. How now, sweetheart? what hast thou there?
Steph. I find much debts belonging to you, sweet;
And my care must be now to fetch them in.
Wife. Ha! ha! prithee do not mistake thyself,
Nor my true purpose; I did not wed to thrall,
Or bind thy large expense, but rather to add
A plenty to that liberty; I thought by this,
Thou wouldst have stuff'd thy pockets full of gold,
And thrown it at a hazard; made ducks and drakes,
And baited fishes with thy silver flies;
Lost, and fetch'd more; why, this had been my joy,
Perhaps at length thou wouldst have wasted my
store;
Why, this had been a blessing too good for me.
Steph. Content thee, sweet, those days are gone,
Ay, even from my memory;
I have forgot that e'er I had such follies,
And I'll not call 'em back: my cares are bent
To keep your state, and give you all content.
Roger, go, call your fellow-servants up to me,
And to my chamber bring all books of debt;
I will o'erlook, and cast up all accounts,
That I may know the weight of all my cares,
And once a year give up my stewardship. . . . .

Enter ROBERT.

Steph. Oh, nephew, are you come! the welcomest wish
That my heart has; this is my kinsman, sweet.
Wife. Let him be largely texted in your love,
That all the city may read it fairly:
You cannot remember me, and him forget;
We were alike to you in poverty. [love,
Steph. I should have begg'd that bounty of your
Though you had scanted me to have given't him;
For we are one, I an uncle nephew,
He a nephew uncle. But, my sweet self,
My slow request you have anticipated
With proffer'd kindness; and I thank you for it.
But how, kind cousin, does your father use you?
Is your name found again within his books?
Can he read son there?
Rob. 'Tis now blotted quite:
For by the violent instigation
Of my cruel step-mother, his vows and oaths
Are stamp'd against me, ne'er to acknowledge me
Never to call, or bless me as a child;
But in his brow, his bounty and behaviour
I read it all most plainly.
Steph. Cousin, grieve not at it; that father lost
at home,
You shall find here; and with the loss of his
inheritance,
You meet another amply proffer'd you;
Be my adopted son, no more my kinsman:
(*To his Wife.*) So that this borrow'd bounty do
not stray
From your consent.
Wife. Call it not borrow'd, sir; 'tis all your own;
Here 'fore this reverend man I make it known,
Thou art our child as free by adoption
As derived from us by conception,
Birth, and propinquity; inheritor
To our full substance.
Rob. You were born to bless us both;
My knee shall practise a son's duty
Even beneath a son's; giving you all
The comely dues of parents; yet not
Forgetting my duty to my father:
Where'er I meet him he shall have my knee,
Although his blessing ne'er return to me.

Steph. Come then, my dearest son, I'll now give thee
A taste of my love to thee: be thou my deputy,
The factor and disposer of my business;
Keep my accounts, and order my affairs;
They must be all your own: for you, dear sweet,
Be merry, take your pleasure at home, abroad;
Visit your neighbours; aught that may seem good
To your own will; down to the country ride;
For cares and troubles lay them all aside,
And I will take them up; it's fit that weight
Should now lie all on me: take thou the height
Of quiet and content, let nothing grieve thee;
I brought thee nothing else, and that I'll give thee.

[*Exit* STEPHEN *and* ROBERT.

Wife. Will the tide never turn? was ever woman
Thus burden'd with unhappy happiness?
Did I from riot take him, to waste my goods,
And he strives to augment it? I did mistake him.

Doct. Spoil not a good text with a false comment;
All these are blessings, and from heaven sent;
It is your husband's good, he's now transform'd
To a better shade, the prodigal's return'd.
Come, come, know joy, make not abundance scant;
You 'plain of that which thousand women want.

JOHN FORD.

[Born, 1586. Died, 1640?]

It is painful to find the name of Ford a barren spot in our poetical biography, marked by nothing but a few dates and conjectures, chiefly drawn from his own dedications. He was born of a respectable family in Devonshire; was bred to the law, and entered of the Middle Temple at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty, he published a poem, entitled Fame's Memorial, in honour of the deceased Earl of Devonshire; and from the dedication of that piece it appears that he chiefly subsisted upon his professional labours, making poetry the solace of his leisure hours. All his plays were published between the year 1629 and 1639; but before the former period he had for some time been known as a dramatic writer, his works having been printed a considerable time after their appearance on the stage; and, according to the custom of the age, had been associated in several works with other composers. With Dekker he joined in dramatizing a story, which reflects more disgrace upon the age than all its genius could redeem; namely, the fate of Mother Sawyer, the Witch of Edmonton, an aged woman, who had been recently the victim of legal and superstitious murder—

Nil adeo fœdum quod non exacta vetustas
Ediderit.

The time of his death is unknown.

FROM "THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY."*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Palador, Prince of Cyprus, having fallen into melancholy from the disappointment of losing Eroclea, to whom he was attached, a masque is prepared to divert his thoughts, at the representation of which he sees a youth, passing by the name of Parthenophill, whose resemblance to his mistress strikes him.

SCENE—*A Room at the Palace.*

Persons—PALADOR, *Prince of Cyprus;* ARETUS, *his tutor;* SOPHRONOS, *uncle to* EROCLEA; PELIAS, *a courtier;* MENAPHON, *son of* SOPHRONOS; AMETHUS, *cousin to the Prince;* RHETIAS, *servant to* EROCLEA.

Enter ARETUS *and* SOPHRONOS.

Are. THE prince is thoroughly moved.
Soph. I never saw him
So much distemper'd.
Are. What should this young man be,
Or whither can he be convey'd?
Soph. 'Tis to me
A mystery; I understand it not.
Are. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR, AMETHUS *and* PELIAS.

Pal. You have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature; but take heed:
Though I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery you make of my dull patience;
Yet you shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provoked, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.
Pel. Good sir. [guage,
Pal. Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or lan-
Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate and control my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?
Men. Not to be heard of.
Pal. Fly then to the desert,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,
This airy apparition: come no more
In sight! Get ye all from me! He that stays
Is not my friend.
Amet. 'Tis strange.
Are. and Soph. We must obey.

[*Exeunt all but* PALADOR.

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,
My credulous sense: the very soul of reason

* I have declined obtruding on the reader some passages in Ford's plays which possess a superior power to the present scene, because they have been anticipated by Mr. Lamb in his Dramatic Specimens. Even if this had not been the case, I should have felt reluctant to give a place to one dreadfully beautiful specimen of his affecting powers, in the tragedy of the Brother and Sister. Better that poetry should cease, than have to do with such subjects. The Lover's Melancholy has much of the grace and sweetness that distinguishes the genius of Ford. ["Mr. Campbell speaks favourably of the poetic portion of this play; he thinks, and I fully agree with him, that it has much of the grace and sweetness which distinguish the genius of Ford. It has also somewhat more of the sprightliness in the language of the secondary characters, than is commonly found in his plays."—GIFFORD.—C.]

Is troubled in me.—The physician
Presented a strange mask, the view of it
Puzzled my understanding: but the boy——

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs;
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him:
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is, there is some practice, slight, or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias!

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life, To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

[*Exit* RHETIAS.

Enter behind EROCLEA (PARTHENOPHILL) *in female attire.*

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. As there is by nature,
In every thing created, contrariety:
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath modell'd, in himself contains
Passions of sev'ral qualities; the music
Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in concert, not in single strains.
My heart hath been untuned these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted; living here,
We are heav'n's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

Ero. Minutes are number'd by the fall of sands,
As by an hour-glass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it.
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow: but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints?
Can I be nowhere private?

Ero. Let the substance
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,
As the vain sound can pass your ear,
If no impression of a troth vow'd yours
Retain a constant memory. [*Kneels.*

Pal. Stand up!
'Tis not the figure, stamp'd upon thy cheeks,
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickening presence
Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparel'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!
Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade:
If any neighb'ring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off; wherefore, (cruel mercy!)
Hast thou assumed a shape, that would make
A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed [treason
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires is flamed
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon unweave
The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle: as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanours. Turn! turn from me, pr'ythee:
For my belief is arm'd else. Yet, fair subtilty,
Before we part (for part we must,) be true;
Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha! thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name?

Ero. A name of misery;
Th' unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness!
Hath honesty and virtue left the time?
Are we become so impious, that to tread
The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name!

Ero. Whilst I was lost to memory,
Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes: but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to claim
A convoy to my grave, I must not blush
To let prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea.
I am that woful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast
Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:—
So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;
So martyrdom and holiness are twins,
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue;
But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
Hast thou perfumed, since tyranny first ravish'd
The contract of our hearts.

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right, as I
In Cyprus.—Come! to trial, if thou beest
Eroclea; in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I, prince Palador, in mine: this gift
[*She shows him a tablet.*
His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took
To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd peace!
My ecstasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserved to entertain content.
Erocles, I am thine: O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

[Born, 1584. Died, 1640.]

The father of this dramatic poet was attached to the family of Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke, and died in the service of that honourable house. The name of a servant carried with it no sense of degradation in those times, when the great lords and officers of the court numbered inferior nobles among their followers. On one occasion the poet's father was the bearer of letters from the Earl of Pembroke to Queen Elizabeth; a circumstance which has been justly observed to indicate that he could be no mean person, considering the punctilious respect which Elizabeth exacted from her courtiers.

Massinger was born at Salisbury, or probably at Wilton, in its neighbourhood, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in whose family he also appears to have been educated. That nobleman died in the poet's sixteenth year, who thus unfortunately lost whatever chance he ever had of his protecting kindness. His father continued indeed in the service of the succeeding earl,* who was an accomplished man, a votary of the muses, and one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Elizabeth and James; but he withheld his patronage from a man of genius, who had claims to it, and would have done it honour, for reasons that have not been distinctly explained in the scanty and sorrowful history of the poet. Mr. Gifford, dissatisfied with former reasons alleged for this neglect, and convinced, from the perusal of his writings, that Massinger was a Catholic, conjectures that it may be attributed to his having offended the earl by having apostatized while at the university to that obnoxious faith. He was entered as a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in his eighteenth year, where he continued only four years. Wood and Davies conclude that he missed a degree, and was suddenly withdrawn from the university, in consequence of Pembroke's disapprobation of his attachment to poetry and romances, instead of logic and philosophy. Mr. Gifford prefers the authority of Langbaine, that he was not supported at all at Oxford by the Earl of Pembroke, but by his own father, and concludes that he was withdrawn from it solely by the calamitous event of his death. Whatever was the cause, he left the university abruptly, and coming to London, without friends, or fortune, or profession, was, as he informs us himself, driven by his necessities to the stage for support.

From the period of his arrival in London in 1606 till the year 1622, when his Virgin Martyr appeared in print, it is sufficiently singular that we should have no notice of Massinger, except in one melancholy relic that was discovered by Mr. Malone in Dulwich college, namely, a letter subscribed by him and two other dramatic poets,† in which they solicit the advance of five pounds from the theatrical manager, to save them from the horrors of a jail. The distressful document accidentally discovers the fact of Massinger having assisted Fletcher in one of his dramas, and thus entitles Sir Aston Cokayne's assertion to belief, that he assisted him in more than one. Though Massinger therefore did not appear in print during the long period already mentioned, his time may be supposed to have been partly employed in those confederate undertakings which were so common during the early vigour of our stage; and there is the strongest presumptive evidence that he was also engaged in plays of his own composition, which have been lost to the world among those literary treasures that perished by the neglect of Warburton, the Somerset herald, and the unconscious sacrilege of his cook. Of Massinger's fame for rapidity in composition, Langbaine has preserved a testimony in the lines of a contemporary poet: after the date of his first printed performance, those of his subsequent works come in thick succession, and there can be little doubt that the period preceding it was equally prolific.

Of his private life literally nothing can be said to be known, except that his dedications bespeak incessant distress and dependence, while the recommendatory poems prefixed to his plays address him with attributes of virtue, which are seldom lavished with flattery or falsehood on those who are poor. In one of his dedications he acknowledges the bounty of Philip, Earl of Montgomery, the brother to that Earl of Pembroke who so unaccountably neglected him; but warm as Massinger's acknowledgments are, the assistance appears to have been but transitory. On the 17th of March, 1640, having gone to bed in apparent health the preceding night, he was found dead in the morning, in his own house, in the Bank-side. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, and his fellow-comedians attended him to the grave; but it does not appear from the strictest search that a stone or inscription of any kind marked the place where his dust was deposited; even the memorial of his mortality is given with

* William, the third Earl of Pembroke.

† Nathaniel Field and Robert Daborne.

a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble circumstances of his life—"March 20, 1639–40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger;"* and of all his admirers only Sir Aston Cokayne dedicated a line to his memory. Even posterity did him long injustice: Rowe, who had discovered his merits in the depth of their neglect, forbore to be his editor, in the hopes of concealing his plagiarism from the Fatal Dowry;† and he seemed on the eve of oblivion, when Dodsley's reprint of our old plays brought him faintly into that light of reputation, which has been made perfectly distinct by Mr. Gifford's edition of his works.

MARCELIA TEMPTED BY FRANCISCO.

FROM "THE DUKE OF MILAN," A TRAGEDY.

Sforza, Duke of Milan, in his passionate attachment to his wife Marcella, cannot endure the idea of her surviving him, and being called out to war, leaves an order to his favourite Francisco, that in the event of his falling in the contest he should put the duchess to death. Marcella's discovery of this frantic order brings on the jealousy and deaths that form the catastrophe of the piece.

Fran. LET them first know themselves, and how you are [confess,
To be served and honour'd; which, when they
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will show nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow?
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracle in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady——
Marc. Keep off. O you Powers!——
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime which creatures wanting reason fly from;
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days' absence buried? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!
Fran. Hear my excuse.
Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,
I'll be thy strumpet.
Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

* [The real entry is "1639. *March* 18. *Philip Massinger, stranger*"—that is, a non-parishioner; but it has hitherto been quoted as Mr. Campbell has quoted it.—C.]

† In The Fair Penitent.

Marc. Unheard-of impudence!
Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity! and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.
Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accursed! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.
Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—
and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.
Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.
Fran. Pray you, do so.
Marc. (reads.) *You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with my own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.*
LODOVICO SFORZA.
I do obey it; every word's a poinard,
And reaches to my heart. [*She swoons.*
Fran. What have I done!
Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body: this is, yet, some pleasure:
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—
Marc. Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will be
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch [his,
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women!
Marc. Thou art a villain!
All attributes of archvillains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.
Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.
Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman.

PARTING SCENE OF LEOSTHENES, A YOUNG NOBLEMAN OF SYRACUSE, AND CLEORA, DAUGHTER TO THE PRÆTOR OF THE CITY.

FROM "THE BONDMAN."

Leost. We are alone;
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I am yet to learn.
Cleo. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.
Leost. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you:
And the least spark of honour that took life
From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and
cherish'd,
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.
Cleo. May it yet burn here,
And, as a seamark, serve to guide true lovers,
Toss'd on the ocean of luxurious wishes,

Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour
Of pure affection! rising up an example
Which aftertimes shall witness to our glory,
First took from us beginning.
Leost. 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country, and mine honour
Cannot consent to: besides, add to these,
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion,
And strength of reason, for the general good,
That I should go.
Cleo. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fix'd
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.
Leost. I'll stay at home, then.
Cleo. No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune.
How is my soul divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world, most worthy
To be beloved, (with me you're at the height,
And can advance no further,) I must send you
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.
Leost. Sweet, take comfort!
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
Or I am wretched: All the dangers that
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;
My enemies abroad to be contemn'd;
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you,
Cleo. With me?
Leost. Nay, in you,
In every part about you, they are arm'd
To fight against me.
Cleo. Where?
Leost. There's no perfection
That you are mistress of, but musters up
A legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.
Cleo. This is strange!
Leost. But true, sweet;
Excess of love can work such miracles!
Upon this ivory forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
A rich exchequer to assure their pay;
This hand, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them
Through hell, and horror, to the Elysian springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the virtues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.
Cleo. Can you think
I may be tempted?
Leost. You were never proved.
For me, I have conversed with you no further
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich
For my artillery, to batter down [presents
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts
With viands that provoke; the speeding philtres;
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practised
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
That wander in the wild maze of desire;
Honest simplicity and truth were all
The agents I employ'd; and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods:
And Love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.
Cleo. And 'twas
That modesty that took me and preserves me,
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
Which, sullied with the touch of impure heads,
Loses both scent and beauty.
Leost. But, Cleora,
When I am absent, as I must go from you
(Such is the cruelty of my fate) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many years of love and service
Is lost in other objects; when you are courted
By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests
Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father
Is here to awe you, brother to advise you.
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to undermine,
And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses,
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;
How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The judge, before whom you then stood accused,
I should acquit you.
Cleo. Will you then confirm
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be twins; the younger
Created only to defeat the elder,
And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one syllable or tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
Of your distrust: but when that you shall hear,
At your return, how I have borne myself,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfy your doubts; when, like a vestal,
I show you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people joining with you in the wonder;
When by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en starved
For want of seeming matter to accuse me;
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof
From my just anger.
Leost. What will you do?
Cleo. Obey me,
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me;
And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,
Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
Till the return of this distrustful man!
Now bind them sure;—nay, do't: [*He binds her eyes.*] If, uncompell'd,

I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heavy on me! pray you guide me to your lips.
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin
To bid you welcome; nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,
No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber,
My tomb, if you miscarry: there I'll spend
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confess it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy.

PISANDER DECLARING HIS PASSION FOR CLEORA, IN THE INSURRECTION OF THE SLAVES OF SYRACUSE.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter PISANDER, *speaking, at the door, to the Insurgents.*

Pisander. He that advances
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword:
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.
Timandra. Speak gently,
Her fears may kill her else.
Pisan. Now Love inspire me!
Still shall this canopy of envious night
Obscure my suns of comfort! and those dainties
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses?—
The organs of your hearing yet are open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortured and despairing lover, whom
Not fortune but affection marks your slave:
Shake not, best lady! for believe't, you are
As far from danger as I am from force:
All violence I shall offer, tends no further
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign,
You show you are pleased to hear me.
Timand. If you are,
Hold forth your right hand.
[CLEORA *holds forth her right hand.*
Pisan. So 'tis done; and I
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours
I made exchange of, to become your servant:
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endured so much) to be my rival;
When rage and jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,
Which then I could have done with much more ease,
Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,
Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me
The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd:
And that was his protection. [CLEORA *bows.*
Timand. See, she bows
Her head in sign of thankfulness.
Pisan. He removed by
The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing
By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection
Prompted me to do something in his absence,
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected; and, even now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,
[CLEORA *starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam;
True love 's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,)
I dare not touch those vianda that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offer'd: only thus much,
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,
And think it worthy your consideration,
(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved,
Since duty must not take the name of merit,)
That I so far prize your content, before
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despair,
And, for your sake, embrace it: for I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recover'd. To conclude,
Forget not that I lose myself to save you:
For what can I expect but death and torture,
The war being ended? and, what is a task
Would trouble Hercules to undertake,
I do deny you to myself, to give you,
A pure unspotted present, to my rival.
I have said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,
Though you contemn my person.
[CLEORA *kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to* PISANDER.
Timand. See, she kneels;
And seems to call upon the gods to pay
The debt she owes your virtue: to perform which,
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her fair right hand.
Pisan. I am paid for all my sufferings.
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber;
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you
From all disturbance; and when you are sated
With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.

PISANDER HOLDING A PARLEY WITH THE CHIEFS OF SYRACUSE, AT THE HEAD OF THE INSURGENTS.

FROM THE SAME.

Pisan. BRIEFLY thus, then,
Since I must speak for all; your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings: when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things order'd
With such decorum as wise lawmakers,
From each well-govern'd private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided

For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,
Are less esteem'd than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possess'd of.

LEOSTHENES'S RETURN TO CLEORA.

FROM THE SAME.

Timandra (*the attendant of Cleora.*) You are welcome, sir.

Leost. Thou givest it in a heavy tone.

Timand. Alas! sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,
Comfort 's a stranger to us.

Leost. Fears! your sufferings:—
For which I am so overgone with grief,
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,
The villain's name that robb'd thee of thy honour:
For being train'd up in chastity's cold school,
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra
Fell with her own consent.

Timand. How mean you, fell, sir?
I understand you not.

Leost. I would thou didst not,
Or that I could not read upon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous rape: confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength
Your o'ermatched innocence could make no resistance;
Under which odds, I know, Cleora fell too,
Heaven's help in vain invoked; the amazed sun
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,
Not daring to look on it! In her sufferings
All sorrow 's comprehended: what Timandra,
Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd,
Deserves not to be named.

Timand. Pray you, do not bring, sir,
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,
New monsters to affright us.

Leost. O, Timandra,
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother
Could wish her children crown'd with;—but I must not
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,
(Thy ravisher I will inquire at leisure,)
That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger
But near him in aspect, I may conclude,
Though men and angels should proclaim him honest,
He is a hell-bred villain.

Timand. You are unworthy
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted:
Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
Come forth, dear madam. [*Leads in* CLEORA.

Leost. Ha! [*Kneels.*

Timand. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart; that, to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a vestal,
Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living funeral, must of force have shrunk at.
No danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd
To seize upon her; when one look or accent
Might have redeem'd her.

Leost. Might! O do not show me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
The means by which she was freed? speak, O speak quickly;
Each minute of delay 's an age of torment;
O speak, Timandra.

Timand. Free her from her oath;
Herself can best deliver it.

Leost. O blest office! [*Unbinds her eyes.*
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,
Or look'd on his redemption from the oar,
With such true feeling of delight as now
I find myself possess'd of.—Now I behold
True light indeed; for, since these fairest stars,
Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will,
Denied their influence to my optic sense,
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams
Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember
The dark inhabitants there how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears
With music more harmonious than the spheres
Yield in their heavenly motions; and if ever
A true submission for a crime acknowledged,
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,
To sign my wish'd-for pardon.

Cleo. I forgive you.

Leost. How greedily I receive this! Stay, best lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of human happiness! all at once deliver'd,
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me:—
So now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yield me,

Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not,
By your unspotted truth I do conjure you
To answer truly, suffer'd in your honour,
By force, I mean, for in your will I free you,
Since I left Syracuse?
Cleo. I restore
This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,
When I last saw you.
Leost. Miracle of virtue!
One pause more, I beseech you; I am like
A man whose vital spirits consumed and wasted
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong cordial, at once taken,
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must inquire the man to whom
I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which, to requite at full, though in his hand
I grasp all sceptres the world's empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady;
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankful duty study how to serve him;
Or if of higher rank, erect him altars,
And as a god adore him.
Cleo. If that goodness,
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,
Bridling rebellious passions, to whose sway
Such as have conquer'd nations have lived slaves,
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,
He that preserved mine honour may hope boldly
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off
Our frail corruption.
Leost. Forward.
Cleo. Or if ever
The Powers above did mask in human shapes,
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,
To imitate their pureness, and draw near
To their celestial natures, I believe
He's more than man.
Leost. You do describe a wonder.
Cleo. Which will increase, when you shall understand
He was a lover.
Leost. Not yours, lady?
Cleo. Yes;
Loved me, Leosthenes: nay more, so doated,
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires
May without wrong be styled so,) that he durst not
With an immodest syllable or look,
In fear it might take from me, whom he made
The object of his better part, discover
I was the saint he sued to.
Leost. A rare temper!
Cleo. I cannot speak it to the worth: all praise
I can bestow upon it will appear
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival;
So high yet he prized my content, that knowing
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd not,
Against himself, to serve you.
Leost. You conceal still
The owner of these excellencies.
Cleo. 'Tis Marullo,
My father's bondman.
Leost. Ha, ha, ha!
Cleo. Why do you laugh?
Leost. To hear the labouring mountain of your praise
Deliver'd of a mouse.
Cleo. The man deserves not
This scorn, I can assure you.
Leost. Do you call
What was his duty, merit?
Cleo. Yes, and place it
As high in my esteem as all the honours
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly,
And I could add, as I desired, but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.
Leost. Why, lady, can you
Be won to give allowance that your slave
Should dare to love you?
Cleo. The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabean gums,
Offer'd in ostentation.—Are you sick
Of your old disease? I'll fit you. [*Aside.*
Leost. You seem moved.
Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured
A penance for your sake, above example;
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That which is only yours in expectation,
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?
Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced.
Cleo. I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: no; when the city
Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust,
And when I was of men and gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me
To grace him with one look or syllable,
Or urged the dispensation of an oath
Made for your satisfaction:—the poor wretch,
Having related only his own sufferings,
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.
Leost. Pray you, end;
The story does not please me.
Cleo. Well, take heed
Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,
A greater injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion.
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand
Between him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you fail——
No more; I will not threaten.

FROM THE BONDMAN.

ACT V. SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, *and* Officers.

Timol. 'Tis wondrous strange! nor can it fall within
The reach of my belief, a slave should be
The owner of a temperance which this age
Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords,
Or kings proud of their purple.
Archid. 'Tis most true;
And though at first it did appear a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd
To be a suitor, not to be denied,
He may have equal hearing.
Cleo. Sir, you graced me
With the title of your mistress; but my fortune
Is so far distant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly,
For the preserver of my fame and honour.
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,
That since I had ability of speech,
My tongue has been so much inured to truth,
I know not how to lie.
Timol. I'll rather doubt
The oracles of the gods than question what
Your innocence delivers; and, as far
As justice and mine honour can give way,
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:
[*Exeunt* Officers.
And though Leosthenes may challenge from me,
For his late worthy service, credit to
All things he can allege in his own cause,
Marullo, so, I think, you call his name,
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,
[*Enter* CLEON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, *and* CORISCA.
To let in mercy. Sit and take your places;
The right of this fair virgin first determined,
Your bondmen shall be censured.
Cleon. With all rigour,
We do expect.
Coris. Temper'd, I say, with mercy.
Enter at one door LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS; *at the other,* Officers *with* PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.
Timol. Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,
You, that have been victorious in the war,
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off
But with assured triumph.
Leost. My deserts, sir,
If, without arrogance, I may style them such,
Arm me from doubt and fear.
Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Nor be thou daunted (howsoe'er thy fortune
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more
Than vice set off with all the trim of greatness.
Pisan. I had rather fall under so just a judge,
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt
And partial in his censure.
Archid. Note his language;
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dares promise.
Timol. I observe it.
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,
Teach Hermes eloquence.
Leost. Am I fallen so low!
My birth, my honour, and what's dearest to me,
My love, and witness of my love, my service,
So undervalued, that I must contend
With one, where my excess of glory must
Make his o'erthrow a conquest! Shall my fulness
Supply defects in such a thing, that never
Knew any thing but want and emptiness,
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this
Unequal competition? If my pride,
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself
More injured in the tribute of the praise,
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserved.
Cleo. Neglect and scorn
From me, for this proud vaunt.
Leost. You nourish, lady,
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,
And almost prove what some hold of your sex;
You are all made up of passion: for if reason
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You look on, in a true glass, not seduced
By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not need to plead for that which you
With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish?
Or does my wealth, which all the vain expense
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you,
The honours I can call mine own thoughts, scandals?
Am I deform'd, or, for my father's sins,
Mulcted by nature? If you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit,) you have seen
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burden
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman;
Or any other boisterous exercise,
Assuring a strong back to satisfy
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.
Cleo. You are foul-mouth'd.
Archid. Ill-manner'd too.
Leost. I speak
In the way of supposition, and entreat you,
With all the fervour of a constant lover,
That you would free yourself from these aspersions,
Or any imputation black-tongued slander
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness:
To which there is no easier way, than by
Vouchsafing him your favour; him, to whom
Next to the general, and the gods and fautors,
The country owes her safety.
Timag. Are you stupid?
'Slight! leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—

Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt
We shall have a fine oration! I will teach
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
And keep a better method.
Archid. You forget
The dignity of the place.
Diph. Silence!
Timol. [*To Pisander.*] Speak boldly.
Pisan. 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above my low condition.
I need no bombast language, stolen from such
As make nobility from prodigious terms
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that looks on me
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.
How I have loved, and how much I have suffer'd,
And with what pleasure undergone the burden
Of my ambitious hopes, (in aiming at
The glad possession of a happiness,
The abstract of all goodness in mankind
Can at no part deserve,) with my confession
Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves; nor, from my jealous fears,
Question that goodness to which, as an altar
Of all perfection, he that truly loved
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Than raze it with the engines of suspicion:
Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
But, till then, never.
Timag. Bold, presumptuous villain!
Pisan. I will go further, and make good upon him,
I' the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myself.
Leost. Thou liest.
Timag. Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt decided,
Punish him with a halter.
Pisan. O the gods!
My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain
My heart, swollen big with rage. The lie!—a whip!—
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which
I long have march'd disguised! [*Throws off his disguise.*] that, when they know
Whom they have injured, they may faint with horror
Of my revenge, which, wretched men, expect,
As sure as fate, to suffer.
Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban!
Asot. There's no hope for me then:
I thought I should have put in for a share,
And borne Cleora from them both; but now
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.
Pisan. Now as myself,
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born
Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.
But I lose time.—The base lie cast upon me,
I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,
False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender
Of love and service to this lady, when
Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,
That thou were not thine own: for proof of this,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing
In a Greekish dress, such as when you first saw her,
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,
One call'd Statilia?
Leost. 'Tis the same! my guilt
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny
My falsehood, nor excuse it.
Pisan. This is she,
To whom thou wert contracted: this the lady,
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken
In the Spartan war, that begg'd thy liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!
Statil. No more, Sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour;
And then I am most happy.
Pisan. The wrong done her
Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to kill thee;
But this fair object met me in my fury,
And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to have her,
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able
To live far from her; love, the mistress of
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister
As a present to Cleora.
Timol. Strange meanders!
Pisan. There how I bare myself, needs no relation,
But, if so far descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have means only
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honoured;
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings:
The clearness of my interest, may deserve
A noble recompense in your lawful favour;
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes
Can claim no interest in you, you may please
To think upon my service.
Cleo. Sir, my want
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that,
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
A free surrender of myself full payment,

FROM "THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE."

Giovanni, nephew to the Duke of Florence, taking leave of Lidia, the daughter of his tutor Charomonte.

Persons.—CHAROMONTE; CONTARINO, *the* DUKE'S *Secretary*; GIOVANNI; *and* LIDIA.

Char. THIS acknowledgment
Enter LIDIA.
Binds me your debtor ever.—Here comes one
In whose sad looks you easily may read
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced
To take her last leave of you.
Cont. As I live,
A beauty without parallel!
Lid. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
Giov. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
Lid. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
Giov. O, Lidia.
Cont. So passionate!
Giov. For, had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders;
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—
And all this I must part from.
Cont. You forget
The haste upon us.
Giov. One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.
Lid. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant; but it was,
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you.
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid!
Giov. I am dumb,
And can make no reply.
Cont. Your excellence
Will be benighted.
Giov. This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.

FROM "THE FATAL DOWRY."*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, *and* BEAUMONT.

Mal. 'Tis strange.
Beau. Methinks so.
Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theorick and practick
In all humanity, and to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier; that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.
Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois!
Beau. Twenty-eight:
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appeared his father's father,
And never less than 's son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.
Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to excute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man, in prison, than they should
Rob him of sepulture; considering
These moneys borrow'd bought the lender's peace,
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path! [trunk,
Beau. True! for my part, were it my father's
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,
Being in my free will, as in his, to shun it.
Pont. Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost.
For in this partial avaricious age
What price bears honour? virtue? long ago

* Mr. Gifford, in his edition of Massinger, has few doubts that it was written by Field.

It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.

Mal. This morning is the funeral?

Pont. Certainly.

And from this prison,—'twas the son's request,
That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!

Beau. They come:—observe their order.

Solemn Music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, *and* Soldiers; Mourners, *Scutcheons, &c., and very good order.* ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS, *followed by the* Jailers *and* Officers, *with* Creditors, *meet it.*

Charal. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs, and blacks filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe

[To the bearers.

To stay a while.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor exécutor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love:

[To the Soldiers.

And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath;
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Pont. Sir.

Charal. Peace! Oh, peace! this scene is wholly mine. [weeps.—

What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not.—Romont
Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased,
The jailers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive stinks in his vices, and being vanish'd,
The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and perfume! . . .

Priest. On.

Charal. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together!
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold; this other strew
Among the poor; 'tis all I have. Romont—
Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
Even in the wildest wilderness of war, [selves:
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired them-
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my portion provide in heaven!——
My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.
This* would I wear as my inheritance——
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here prisoners!

* His father's sword.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OXFORD RIDDLE ON THE PURITANS.

FROM A SINGLE SHEET PRINTED AT OXFORD IN 1643.

THERE dwells a people on the earth,
That reckons true allegiance treason,
That makes sad war a holy mirth,
Calls madness zeal, and nonsense reason;
That finds no freedom but in slavery,
That makes lies truth, religion knavery,
That rob and cheat with yea and nay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

They hate the flesh, yet kiss their dames,
That make kings great by curbing crowns,
That quench the fire by kindling flames,
That settle peace by plund'ring towns,
That govern with implicit votes,
That 'stablish truth by cutting throats,
That kiss their master and betray:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

That make Heaven speak by their commission,
That stop God's peace and boast his power
That teach bold blasphemy and sedition,
And pray high treason by the hour,
That damn all saints but such as they are,
That wish all common, except prayer,
That idolize Pym, Brooks, and Say:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

That to enrich the commonwealth,
Transport large gold to foreign parts;
That house't in Amsterdam by stealth,
Yet lord it here within our gates;
That are staid men, yet only stay
For a light night to run away;
That borrow to lend, and rob to pay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

[Born, 1608. Died, 1641.]

SUCKLING, who gives levity its gayest expression, was the son of the comptroller of the household to Charles I. Langbaine tells us that he spoke Latin at five years of age; but with what correctness or fluency we are not informed. His versatile mind certainly acquired many accomplishments, and filled a short life with many pursuits, for he was a traveller, a soldier, a lyric and dramatic poet, and a musician. After serving a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, he returned to England, was favoured by Charles I., and wrote some pieces, which were exhibited for the amusement of the court with sumptuous splendour. When the civil wars broke out he expended 1200*l.** on the equipment of a regiment for the king, which was distinguished, however, only by its finery and cowardice. A brother poet crowned his disgrace with a ludicrous song. The event is said to have affected him deeply with shame; but he did not live long to experience that most incurable of the heart's diseases. Having learnt that his servant had robbed him, he drew on his boots in great haste; a rusty nail,† that was concealed in one of them, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification, of which he died. His poems, his five plays, together with his letters, speeches, and tracts, have been collected into one volume.

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover!
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner!
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her!

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:
O things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs:
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine,)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stay'd:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——
For such a maid no Whitson ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight:
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to-day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

[* Rather 12,000*l.* See Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 356, where the ludicrous song Mr. Campbell refers to may be found.—C.]

[† Oldys says the blade of a penknife, whilst Aubrey affirms that he was poisoned. The nail or blade may have been poisoned.—C.]

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o'me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
Like new-fal'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good b'ye, with all my heart.

But just as heavens wou'd have to cross it,
In came the bridemaids with the posset;
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done, they do!
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell!

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

[Born, 1610. Died, 1642.]

Sidney Godolphin, who is highly praised by Lord Clarendon, was the brother of the treasurer Godolphin. He flourished and perished in the civil wars.

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE FOUND IN MS. IN MR. MALONE'S COLLECTION.

'Tis affection but dissembled,
Or dissembled liberty.
To pretend thy passion changed
With changes of thy mistress' eye,
Following her inconstancy.

Hopes, which do from favour flourish,
May perhaps as soon expire
As the cause which did them nourish,
And disdain'd they may retire;
But love is another fire.

For if beauty cause thy passion,
If a fair resistless eye
Melt thee with its soft expression,
Then thy hopes will never die,
Nor be cured by cruelty.

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee,
For thou either wilt not see
Such loved beauty not to love thee,
Or will else consent that she
Judge not as she ought of thee.

Thus thou either canst not sever
Hope from what appears so fair,
Or, unhappier, thou canst never
Find contentment in despair,
Nor make love a trifling care.

There are seen but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of love,
Made by such who in aspiring
Meeting scorn their hopes remove;
Yet even these ne'er change their love.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

[Born, 1611. Died, 1643.]

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had been reduced to that situation by spending a good estate. He was a king's scholar at Westminster, and took orders at Oxford, where he became, says Wood, "a most florid and seraphic preacher." Bishop Duppa, his intimate friend, appointed him succentor of the church of Salisbury in 1642. In the same year he was one of the council of war, or delegacy, appointed by the University of Oxford, for providing troops sent by the king to protect, or as the opposite party alleged, to overawe the universities. His zeal in this service occasioned his being imprisoned by the parliamentary forces on their arrival; but he was speedily released on bail. Early in the year 1643 he was appointed junior proctor of his university, and also reader in metaphysics. The latter office we may well suppose him to have filled with ability, as, according to Lloyd's account, he studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day: but he survived his appointment to it for a very short time, being carried off by a malignant fever, called the camp-disease, which was then epidemical at Oxford. Cartwright died in his thirty-second year; but he lived long enough to earn the distinguishing praise of Ben Jonson, who used to say of him, "My son, Cartwright, writes all like a man."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE.

NOT to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side:
Not to take arms for love of change, or spite,
But only to maintain afflicted right;
Not to die vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversely seeking after voice and name;
Is to resolve, fight, die, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, soldier and martyr too. . . . .

When now th' incensed legions proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam:
When undeserved success urged on their force;
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Grenville must step in; then Grenville stood,
And with himself opposed, and check'd the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire:
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,
And he urged all; so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul this while retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd the field.
Thus he being fallen, his action fought anew:
And the dead conquer'd, whiles the living slew.

This was not nature's courage, not that thing
We valour call, which time and reason bring;
But a diviner fury, fierce and high,
Valour transported into ecstasy,
Which angels, looking on us from above,
Use to convey into the souls they love.
You now that boast the spirit, and its sway,
Show us his second, and we'll give the day:
We know your politic axiom, lurk, or fly;
Ye cannot conquer, 'cause you dare not die:
And though you thank God that you lost none there,
'Cause they were such who lived not when they were;
Yet your great general (who doth rise and fall,
As his successes do, whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth reports dispense,
Either a ———— or his excellence)
Howe'er he reigns now by unheard-of laws,
Could wish his fate together with his cause.

And thou (blest soul) whose clear compacted fame,
As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name,
Whose life affords what doth content both eyes,
Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoils, possess that seat
To which the valiant, when they've done, retreat:
And when thou seest an happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite spent,
Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from my fall.

LOVE'S DARTS.

WHERE is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I die
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly:
Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
Wing them for various loves;
And whether gold, or lead,
Quicken, or dull the head:
I will anoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fond that I am to ask! whoe'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly:
The flights of angels part
Not air with so much art;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To dye white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
  A subtle taking smile
  From passion, or from guile;
  The spirit, life, and grace
  Of motion, limbs, and face;
These misconceit entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;
  So lights of flowing graces
  Sparkling in several places,
  Only adorn the parts,
  Till that we make them darts;
Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore:
Like heathen we the image crown,
And indiscreetly then fall down:
  Those graces all were meant
  Our joy, not discontent;
  But with untaught desires
  We turn those lights to fires,
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poisons make.

A VALEDICTION.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish flowers;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And Nature grieves as I.
When I am parted from those eyes,
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where amongst happy lovers I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring,
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me;
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep till when
I do return and view again:
So by this art fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

GEORGE SANDYS.

[Born, 1577. Died, 1643.]

George Sandys, to whose translations Pope declared that English poetry owed much of its beauty, was the youngest son of the Archbishop of York. After leaving the university, he set out upon an extensive tour, comprehending Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, which is described in his well-known and well-written book of Travels. After his return to England he published a translation of the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and a Paraphrase of the Psalms of David. He translated also the Christus Patiens of Grotius. Few incidents of his life are recorded. For the most part of his latter days he lived with Sir Francis Wenman, of Caswell, near Witney, in Oxfordshire; a situation near to Burford, the retirement of his intimate friend Lucius Lord Falkland, who has addressed several poems to him. [He also resided some time in Virginia, in the service of the Virginia company.—G.]

PSALM LXVIII.

FROM A PARAPHRASE OF "THE PSALMS."

Let God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his proud enemies:
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoke which driving tempests chase;
As wax dissolves with scorching fire,
So perish in his burning ire.
But let the just with joy abound;
In joyful songs his praise resound;
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his face your joys express,
A father to the fatherless;
He wipes the tears from widows' eyes,
The single plants in families;
Enlarging those who late were bound,
While rebels starve on thirsty ground.
When he our numerous army led,
And march'd through deserts full of dread,
Heav'n melted, and earth's centre shook,
With his majestic presence struck.
When Israel's God in clouds came down,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown;
He, in th' approach of meagre dearth,
With showers refresh'd the fainting earth.
Where his own flocks in safety fed,
The needy unto plenty led.
By him we conquer.—Virgins sing
Our victories, and timbrels ring:
He kings with their vast armies foils,
While women share their wealthy spoils.

When he the kings had overthrown,
Our land like snowy Salmon shone.
God's mountain Bashan's mount transcends,
Though he his many heads extends.

Why boast ye so, ye meaner hills?
God with his glory Zion fills,
This his beloved residence,
Nor ever will depart from hence.
His chariots twenty thousand were,
Which myriads of angels bear,
He in the midst, as when he crown'd
High Sinai's sanctified ground.
Lord, thou hast raised thyself on high,
And captive led captivity.....

O praised be the God of Gods,
Who with his daily blessings loads;
The God of our salvation,
On whom our hopes depend alone;
The controverse of life and death
Is arbitrated by his breath.

Thus spoke Jehovah: Jacob's seed
I will from Bashan bring again,
And through the bottom of the main,
That dogs may lap their enemies' blood,
And they wade through a crimson flood.
We, in thy sanctuary late,
My God, my King, beheld thy state;
The sacred singers march'd before,
Who instruments of music bore,
In order follow'd—every maid
Upon her pleasant timbrel play'd.
His praise in your assemblies sing,
You who from Israel's fountain spring,
Nor little Benjamin alone,
But Judah, from his mountain-throne;
The far-removed Zebulon,
And Napthali, that borders on
Old Jordan, where his stream dilates,
Join'd all their powers and potentates.
For us his winged soldiers fought;
Lord, strengthen what thy hand hath wrought!
He that supports a diadem
To thee, divine Jerusalem!
Shall in devotion treasure bring.
To build the temple of his King.....

Far off from sun-burnt Meroë,
From falling Nilus, from the sea
Which beats on the Egyptian shore,
Shall princes come, and here adore.
Ye kingdoms through the world renown'd,
Sing to the Lord, his praise resound;
He who heaven's upper heaven bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides;
Whose voice the clouds asunder rends,
In thunder terrible descends.
O praise his strength, whose majesty
In Israel shines—his power on high!
He from his sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his foes,
While us his power and strength invest;
O Israel, praise the ever-blest!*

FRANCIS QUARLES.

[Born, 1592. Died, 1644.]

This voluminous saint was bred at Cambridge and Lincoln's-inn, and was appointed cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Electress of Bohemia, after quitting whose service he went to Ireland, and was secretary to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the rebellion in that kingdom he was a considerable sufferer, and was obliged to fly, for safety, to England. He had already been pensioned by Charles, and made Chronologer to the city of London; but in the general ruin of the royal cause his property was confiscated, and his books and manuscripts, which he valued more, were plundered. This reverse of fortune is supposed to have accelerated his death.

The charitable criticism of the present age has done justice to Quarles, in contrasting his merits with his acknowledged deformities. That his perfect specimens of the bathos should have been laughed at in the age of Pope, is not surprising.† His "Emblems," whimsical as they are, have not the merit of originality, being imitated from Herman Hugo. A considerable resemblance to Young may be traced in the blended strength and extravagance, and ill-assorted wit and devotion of Quarles. Like Young, he wrote vigorous prose —witness his Enchiridion. In the parallel, however, it is due to the purity of Young to acknowledge, that he never was guilty of such indecency as that which disgraces the "Argalus and Parthenia" of our pious author.

* [Mr. Campbell's extract, selected to show the strength of Sandys, gives no idea of his greatest merit, the effect his taste and knowledge of our language had in harmonising the numbers of our couplet verse. Dryden, who allows him but slender talents as a translator, calls him, however, "the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age." His versification is his chief excellence; he studied the well-placing of words for the sweetness of pronunciation, and gave us Ovid in smooth-sliding verse:

With so much sweetness and unusual grace,

that if he does not deserve the whole eulogy of Drayton, he merits his epithet of *dainty*, which, when said of his heroic verse, is not only poetical but appropriate.—C.]

† Of his absurdity one example may suffice from his "Emblems."

Man is a tennis-court, his flesh the wall,
The gamesters God and Satan,—the heart's the ball;
The higher and the lower hazards are
Too bold presumption and too base despair:
The rackets which our restless balls make fly,
Adversity and sweet prosperity.
The angels keep the court, and mark the place
Where the ball falls, and chalk out every chase.
The line's a civil life we often cross,
O'er which the ball, not flying, makes a loss.
Detractors are like standers-by, and bet
With charitable men, our life's the set.
Lord, in these conflicts, in these fierce assaults,
Laborious Satan makes a world of faults.
Forgive them, Lord, although he ne'er implore
For favour, they'll be set upon our score.
O take the ball before it come to the ground,
For this base court has many a false rebound;
Strike, and strike hard, and strike above the line,
Strike where thou please, so as the set be thine.

[Quarles is more justly criticised, we think, by Mr. S. C. Hall, in the "Book of Gems," in which he observes: "As a poet he has been somewhat hardly dealt with; having been judged more by the evidence of his conceits, absurdities, and false taste, than by his striking and original images, his noble and manly thoughts, and the exceeding fertility of his language. It is not surprising that posterity has failed to reverse the unjust judgment passed upon him by his contemporaries. He is described by one of them as 'an old puritanical poet, the sometime darling of our plebeian judgments'—by another as 'in wonderful veneration among the vulgar;' even when he received praise, it was faint praise; his master Archbishop Usher styles him 'a man of some fame for his sacred poetry'—and the best compliment that Lloyd could afford him was 'that he taught poetry to be witty without profaneness, wantonness, or being satyrical—that is, with the poet's abusing God, himself, or his neighbour.' His principal poetical works are 'Job Militant,' 'Sion's Elegies,' the 'History of Queen Esther,' 'Argalus and Parthenia,' that which he calls his 'Morning Muse,' 'The Feast for Worms, or the History of Jonah,' and the 'Divine Emblems'—the last being the only production of Quarles that is now at all known or read. This has passed through several editions:—the latest, perhaps, is that which a presumptuous editor describes as 'properly modernized,' which means, according to a better reading, utterly spoiled. Quarles was indebted for the idea of his Emblems to Herman Hugo. Of the poems we shall give a specimen—the prints we should not be so well disposed to copy. They are for the most part absurd in the extreme. Thus, the picture which accompanies the motto, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' represents a man standing within a skeleton. They are not all, however, of this class; for example, one consists of a helmet turned into a beehive, surrounded by its useful labourers—the motto 'Ex bello pax.'—The faults of Quarles are large and numerous. He would have escaped this censure if he had himself followed the advice he gave to others:—'Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation.' No writer is either more affected or more obscure. It is only by raking that we can gather the gold; yet it is such as will reward the seeker who has courage to undertake the search. His sagacity and good sense are unquestionable, and occasionally there is a rich outbreak of fancy; while at times he startles us by compressing, as it were, a volume into a single line."—G.]

FAITH.

The proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
Was but to win the world, whereby t' inherit
The airy purchase of a transitory
And glozing title of an age's glory;
Wouldst thou by conquest win more fame than he,
Subdue thyself! thyself's a world to thee.
Earth's but a ball, that heaven hath quilted o'er
With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floor
Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery court,
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying,
To still the fondlings of the world from crying;
And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.
But wouldst thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd
By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the sound
Of heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the shrill
Celestial choir, recorded with a quill
Pluck'd from the pinion of an angel's wing,
Confirm'd with joy by heaven's eternal King;
Conquer thyself, thy rebel thoughts repel,
And chase those false affections that rebel.
Hath heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given thee!
Nipp'd thy succeeding blossoms? or bereaven thee
Of thy dear latest hope, thy bosom friend?
Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an end?
Despair's a whispering rebel, that within thee,
Bribes all thy field, and sets thyself again' thee:
Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,
And when Grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker dead.
In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,
And bravely win thyself, heaven holds not out
His bow for ever bent; the disposition
Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition,
Exasperate the more: a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to return more bright;
Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despite of Fate
Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state.
But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood!
Receives he glory from, or reaps he good
In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
To be o'erwhelm'd by this unequal foe?
May not a potter, that, from out the ground,
Hath framed a vessel, search if it be sound?
Or if, by furbishing, he take more pain
To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but clay; then shall not he,
That framed thee for his service, season thee!
Man, close thy lips; be thou no undertaker
Of God's designs: dispute not with thy Maker.

EMBLEM I. BOOK III.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.—Isaiah, xxvi. 6.

Good God! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades; and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-faced lamp of heaven can set and rise,
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace

Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But, ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
Falls have their risings; wanings have their primes,
And desperate sorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods; and autumns have their springs;
All states have changes, hurried with the swings
Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly groped about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in these celestial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook
The timorous mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length
Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At every glimpse, and darts at every grate:
E'en so my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now suns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see,
Both how to loathe myself, and honour thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye!
If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
That I at least may wish those beams I want.

BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

My glass is half unspent! forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devouring minutes will be done
Without thy help; see! see how swift they run;
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay....

SONG.

To the tune of—*Cuckolds all a-row.*

Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the Whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
Then Barrow shall be sainted.
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!....

We'll down with all the *'Varsities*,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And arts, whate'er they be;
We'll cry both arts and learning down,
And hey! then up go we!....

If once that Antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride, we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey! then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church or state,
One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey! then up go we!

Our cobblers shall translate their *souls*
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom T—— as good as my lord,
And Joan as good as my lady.
We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *see;*
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we!

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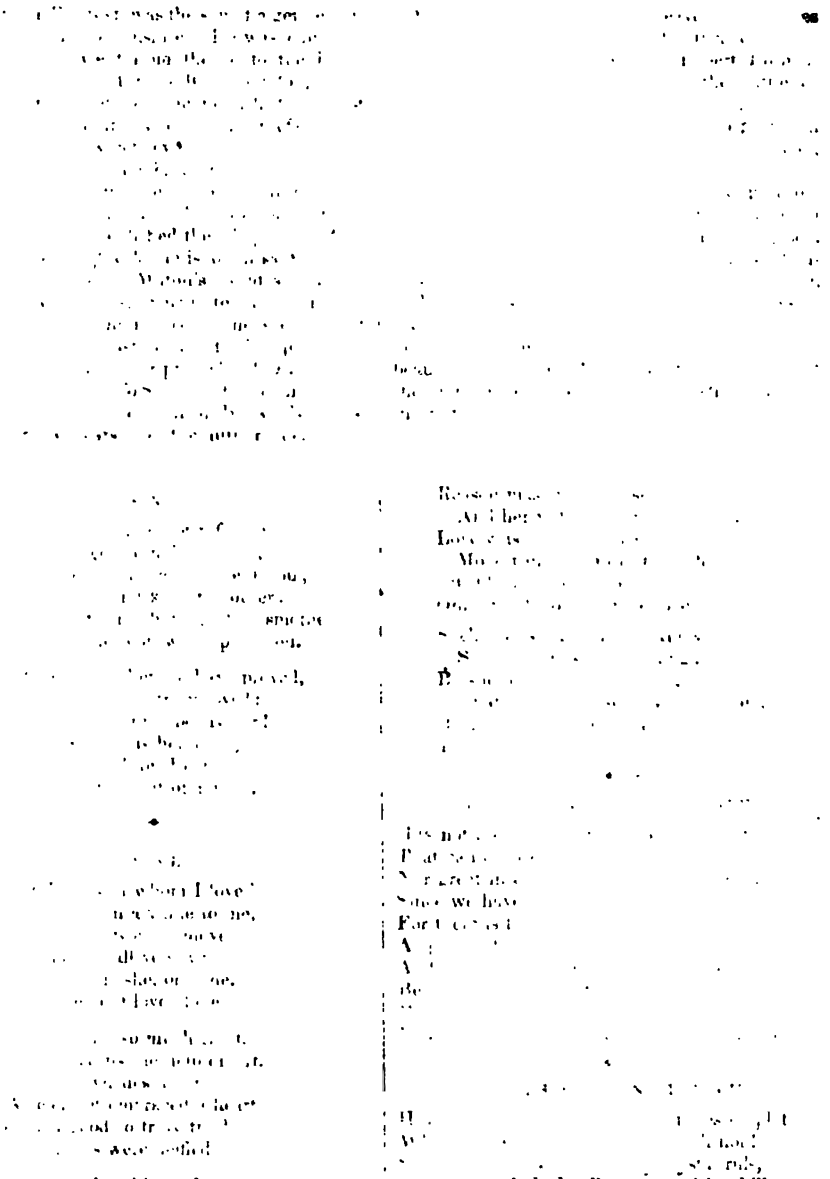

What she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Such sweet-clothed valleys, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
And if the earth can show the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

[Born, 1590. Died, 1645.]

WILLIAM BROWNE was the son of a gentleman of Tavistock, in Devonshire. He was educated at Oxford, and went from thence to the Inner Temple, but devoted himself chiefly to poetry. In his twenty-third year he published the first part of his Britannia's Pastorals, prefaced by poetical eulogies, which evince his having been, at that early period of life, the friend and favourite of Selden and Drayton. To these testimonies he afterwards added that of Ben Jonson. In the following year he published the Shepherd's Pipe, of which the fourth eclogue is often said to have been the precursor of Milton's Lycidas. A single simile about a rose constitutes all the resemblance! In 1616 he published the second part of his Britannia's Pastorals. His Masque of the Inner Temple was never printed, till Dr. Farmer transcribed it from a MS. of the Bodleian library, for Thomas Davies's edition of Browne's works, more than 120 years after the author's death.

He seems to have taken his leave of the Muses about the prime of his life, and returned to Oxford, in the capacity of tutor to Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, who fell in the battle of Newbury, 1643. After leaving the university with that nobleman, he found a liberal patron in William, Earl of Pembroke, whose character, like that of Caernarvon, still lives among the warmly coloured and minutely touched portraits of Lord Clarendon. The poet lived in Lord Pembroke's family; and, according to Wood, grew rich in his employment. But the particulars of his history are very imperfectly known, and his verses deal too little with the business of life to throw much light upon his circumstances. His poetry is not without beauty; but it is the beauty of mere landscape and allegory, without the manners and passions that constitute human interest.

SONG.

GENTLE nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
  They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one, and keep the other:
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
  Beauty gone, you will repent you.

'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved:
  O, then fly all nice behaviour!
Pity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on Beauty,
  Let her not be out of favour.

SONG.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
  Hearken then a while to me,
And if such a woman move
  As I now shall versify;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
  As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
  As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
  To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
  Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
  And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
  Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
  Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
  That she be but somewhile young;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

POWER OF GENIUS OVER ENVY.

'TIS not the rancour of a canker'd heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles makes our worth obey,
Since we have lines far more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell that can command the wings of Fame,
And maugre all oblivion's hated birth
Begin their immortality on earth,
When he that 'gainst a muse with hate combines
May raise his tomb in vain to reach our lines.

ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE SOIL.

HAIL thou, my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Show me who can? so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed valleys, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
And if the earth can show the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.

Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

EVENING.

As in an evening when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear,
When he hath play'd (as well he can) some strain
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have been content, if he would play,
In that one strain to pass the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this differing key though I could well
A many hours but as few minutes tell,
Yet lest mine own delight might injure you
(Though loath so soon) I take my song anew.

FROM BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK II. SONG V.

Between two rocks (immortal, without mother)*
That stand as if outfacing one another,
There ran a creek up, intricate and blind,
As if the waters hid them from the wind,
Which never wash'd but at a higher tide
The frizzled cotes which do the mountains hide,
Where never gale was longer known to stay
Than from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new divorced leaves, that from each side
Left the thick boughs to dance out with the tide.
At further end the creek, a stately wood
Gave a kind shadow (to the brackish flood)
Made up of trees, not less ken'd by each skiff
Than that sky-scaling peak of Teneriffe,
Upon whose tops the hernshew bred her young,
And hoary moss upon their branches hung;
Whose rugged rinds sufficient were to show,
Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinkled skin appears,
None could allot them less than Nestor's years.
As under their command the thronged creek
Ran lessen'd up. Here did the shepherds seek
Where he his little boat might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalue; nor give equal weight
Though in the time when Greece was at her height. . . . .
Yet that their happy voyage might not be
Without time's shortener, heaven-taught melody
(Music that lent feet to the stable woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mighty floods,
Sorrow's sweet nurse, yet keeping joy alive,
Sad discontent's most welcome corrosive,
The soul of art, best loved when love is by,
The kind inspirer of sweet poesy,
Least thou shouldst wanting be, when swans would fain
Have sung one song, and never sung again)
The gentle shepherd, hasting to the shore,
Began this lay, and timed it with his oar.

Nevermore let holy Dee
O'er other rivers brave,
Or boast how (in his jollity)
Kings row'd upon his wave.
But silent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row. . . .

Swell then, gently swell, ye floods,
As proud of what ye bear,
And nymphs that in low coral woods
String pearls upon your hair,
Ascend; and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was seen at sea.

See the salmons leap and bound
To please us as we pass,
Each mermaid on the rocks around
Lets fall her brittle glass,
As they their beauties did despise
And loved no mirror but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, fair wind,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halycon kind,
Till we have ferried o'er:
So mayst thou still have leave to blow,
And fan the way where she shall go.

* This description coincides very strikingly with the scenery of the Tamar, in Devonshire. Browne, who was a native of that county, must have studied it from nature.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus by Adonis' side
Crying kiss'd and kissing cried,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there.

"Stay," quoth she, "O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowers
To be seen but some few hours."

On his face, still as he bled
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kiss'd or wiped away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

"Fair Proserpina," quoth she,
"Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soul to fly begin
While my lips can keep it in."

Here she closed again. And some
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cured his wounded limb,
But that she had smother'd him.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

[Died, 1649.]

THOMAS HEYWOOD was the most prolific writer in the most fertile age of our drama.* In the midst of his theatrical labours as an actor and poet, he composed a formidable list of prose works, and defended the stage against the puritans, in a work that is full of learning. One of his projects was to write the lives of all poets that were ever distinguished, from the time of Homer downwards. Yet it has happened to the framer of this gigantic design to have no historian so kind to his own memory as to record either the period of his death, or the spot that covers his remains. His merits entitled him to better remembrance. He composed indeed with a careless rapidity, and seems to have thought as little of Horace's precept of "*sepe stylum vertas*" as of most of the injunctions in the *Art of Poetry*. But he possesses considerable power of interesting the affections, by placing his plain and familiar characters in affecting situations. The worst of him is, that his commonplace sentiments and plain incidents fall not only beneath the ideal beauty of art, but are often more fatiguing than what we meet with in the ordinary and unselected circumstances of life. When he has hit upon those occasions where the passions should obviously rise with accumulated expression, he lingers on through the scene with a dull and level indifference. The term artlessness may be applied to Heywood in two very opposite senses. His pathos is often artless in the better meaning of the word, because its objects are true to life, and their feelings naturally expressed. But he betrays still more frequently an artlessness, or we should rather call it, a want of art, in deficiency of contrivance. His best performance is, "A Woman killed with Kindness." In that play the repentance of Mrs. Frankford, who dies of a broken heart, for her infidelity to a generous husband, would present a situation consummately moving, if we were left to conceive her death to be produced simply by grief. But the poet most unskilfully prepares us for her death, by her declaring her intentions to starve herself; and mars, by the weakness, sin, and horror of suicide, an example of penitence that would otherwise be sublimely and tenderly edifying. The scene of the death of Mrs. Frankford has been deservedly noticed for its pathos by an eminent foreign critic, Mr. Schlegel,† who also commends the superior force of its inexorable morality to the reconciling conclusion of Kotzebue's drama on a similar subject. The learned German perhaps draws his inference too rigidly. Mrs. Frankford's crime was recent, and her repentance and death immediately follow it; but the guilt of the other tragic penitent, to whom Mr. S. alludes, is more remote, and less heinous; and to prescribe interminable limits, either in real or imaginary life, to the generosity of individual forgiveness, is to invest morality with terrors, which the frailty of man and the mercy of Heaven do not justify.

SCENE IN THE TRAGEDY "A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS."

GRIEF OF FRANKFORD, AFTER DISCOVERING HIS WIFE'S INFIDELITY AND DISMISSING HER.

Enter CRANWEL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Cran. WHY do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left,
That ever was my wife's: I loved her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wier;
Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about. [corner.

Nic. .... Master, here's her lute flung in a

Fran. Her lute! Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwel,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note; sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!
Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and hers I am at once bereft. ....

NICHOLAS *overtakes* MRS. FRANKFORD *with her lute.*

Nic. There.

Anne. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can find that was ever yours: he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could not afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this; he prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Anne. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me, with your tears,
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

[* He had, as he himself tells us, "either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger, in two hundred and twenty plays." He was a native of Lincolnshire.—C.]

† Mr. Schlegel, however, is mistaken in speaking of him as anterior to Shakspeare, evidently confounding him with an older poet of the name.

DEATH OF MRS. FRANKFORD.

FROM THE SAME.

Persons.—MR. MALBY, MRS. ANNE FRANKFORD, FRANKFORD, SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, SIR FRANCIS ACTON.

Mal. How fare you, Mrs. Frankford? [pray
Anne. Sick, sick, oh sick: Give me some air. I
Tell me, oh tell me, where's Mr. Frankford?
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?
Mal. Yes, Mrs. Frankford: divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have moved and told him of your weak estate:
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstanee,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.
Anne. You have half revived me with the pleasing news:
Raise me a little higher in my bed. [Charles?
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.
Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.
Anne. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.
Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr. Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Fran. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen!
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleased) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.
Anne. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.
Fran. How do you, woman? [better,
Anne. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand? [bonds
Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster
Than now 'tis griped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold!
Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me! my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot: But on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon: Pardon, O pardon me!
Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and in mere pity of thy weak
I'll wish to die with thee. [estate,
All. So do we all.
Acton. O, Mr. Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee;
You are my brother by the nearest way,
Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth stay.
Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.
Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford;
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting
Sus. How is it with you? [soul.
Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?
Anne. Not of this world.
Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul thou diest.
Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more! thy wife dies thus embracing thee.
Acton. Peace with thee, Nan. Brothers and gentlemen,
(All we that can plead interest in her grief)
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

A WITTLING SET UP BY A POET'S LEGACY.

FROM "THE FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE."

Cripple. WHY, think'st thou that I cannot write
Ditty, or sonnet, with judicial phrase, [a letter,
As pretty, pleasing, and pathetical,
As any Ovid-imitating dunce
In all the town?
Frank. I think thou canst not.
Crip. Yea, I'll swear I cannot:
Yet, sirrah, I could cony-catch the world,
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,
And be admired for my dexterity,
Were I disposed.
Frank. I prithee how?
Crip. Why thus: there lived a poet in this town
(If we may term our modern writers poets,)
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued, his pen of steel,
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice,
And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew:
He never wrote but when the elements
Of fire and water tilted in his brain.
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost
To Luciae's bosom, did bequeath to me

His library, which was just nothing
But rolls and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Paul's Churchyard:
Amongst them all I happen'd on a quire
Or two of paper fill'd with songs and ditties,
And here and there a hungry epigram:
These I reserve to my own proper use,
And, paternoster-like, have conn'd them all.
I could now, when I am in company
At alehouse, tavern, or an ordinary,
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty,
(Or one at least should seem extemporal,)
Out of the abundance of this legacy,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sudden wit;
And then were I an admirable fellow.

SONG OF NYMPHS TO DIANA.

FROM "THE GOLDEN AGE."

HAIL, beauteous Dian, queen of shades,
That dwells beneath these shadowy glades,
Mistress of all these beauteous maids
That are by her allow'd;
Virginity we all profess,
Abjure the worldly vain excess,
And will to Dian yield no less
Than we to her have vow'd.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fauns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Come to the forest let us go,
And trip it like the barren doe,
The fauns and satyrs will do so,
And freely thus they may do.
The fairies dance, and satyrs sing,
And on the grass tread many a ring,
And to their caves their ven'son bring,
And we will do as they do.
The shepherds, satyrs, &c.

Our food is honey from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees;
In chase we climb the high degrees
Of every steepy mountain;
And when the weary day is past
We at the evening hie us fast,
And after this our field repast,
We drink the pleasant fountain.
The shepherds, satyrs, &c.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

[Born, 1585. Died, 1649.]

THIS poet was born at Hawthornden, his father's estate in Mid-Lothian, took a degree at the university of Edinburgh, studied the civil law in France, and, returning home, entered into possession of his paternal estate, and devoted himself to literature. During his residence at Hawthornden he courted, and was on the eve of marrying, a lady of the name of Cunningham. Her sudden death inspired him with a melancholy which he sought to dissipate by travelling. He accordingly visited France, Italy, and Germany, and, during a stay of eight years on the continent, conversed with the most polished society, and studied the objects most interesting to curiosity and taste. He collected at the same time a number of books and manuscripts, some of which are still in the library of his native university.

On his second return to Scotland he found the kingdom distracted by political and religious ferment, and on the eve of a civil war. What connection this aspect of public affairs had with his quitting Hawthornden, his biographers have not informed us, but so it was, that he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, a man of letters, and probably of political sentiments congenial with his own. At his abode he wrote his History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland, a work abounding in false eloquence and slavish principles. Having returned at length to settle himself at his own seat, he married a lady of the name of Logan, of the house of Restalrig, in whom he fancied a resemblance to his former mistress, and repaired the family mansion of Hawthornden, with an inscription importing his hopes of resting there in honourable ease. But the times were little suited to promote his wishes; and on the civil war breaking out he involved himself with the covenanters, by writing in support of the opposite side, for which his enemies not only called him to a severe account, but compelled him to furnish his quota of men and arms to support the cause which he detested. His estate lying in different counties, he contributed halves and quarters of men to the forces that were raised; and on this occasion he wrote an epigram, bitterly wishing that the imaginary division of his recruits might be realized on their bodies. His grief for the death of Charles is said to have shortened his days. Such stories of political sensibility may be believed on proper evidence.

The elegance of Drummond's sonnets, and the humour of his Scotch and Latin macaronics, have been at least sufficiently praised: but when Milton has been described as essentially obliged to him, the compliment to his genius is stretched too far. A modern writer, who edited the works of Drummond, has affirmed, that, "perhaps," if we had had no Drummond, we should not have seen the finer delicacies of Milton's Comus, Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso. "Perhaps" is an excellent leading-string for weak assertions. One or two epithets of Drummond may be recognised in Milton, though not in the minor poems already mentioned.* It is difficult to apply any precise

[* The only passage in Milton that looks like borrowing from Drummond is in Lycidas: Gray, who borrowed always and ably, adopted one of his lines into his Elegy too exact and uncommon to be called a resemblance:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.—C.]

idea to this tautology of "fine delicacies;" but whatever the editor of Drummond meant by it, he may be assured that there is no debt on the part of Milton to the poet of Hawthornden, which the former could be the least impoverished by returning. Philips, the nephew of Milton, edited and extolled Drummond, and pronounced him equal to Tasso himself. It has been inferred from some passages of the *Theatrum Poetarum* that Milton had dictated several critical opinions in that performance; and it has been taken for granted that Philips's high opinion of Drummond was imbibed from the author of "Paradise Lost." But the parallel between Drummond and Tasso surely could not have been drawn by Milton. Philips had a turn for poetry, and in many of his critical opinions in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, showed a taste that could not be well attributed to his uncle—in none more than in this exaggerated comparison of a smooth sonneteer to a mighty poet. It is equally improbable that he imbibed this absurdity from Milton, as that he caught from him his admiration of Drummond's prose compositions and arbitrary principles.

SONNETS.

I.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sp'rit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will envassal Reason's power;
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

II.

AY me! and I am now the man whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove;
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind into a better course to move:
Reason may chide her fill, and oft reprove
Affection's power, but what is that to me?
Who ever think, and never think on ought
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought.

III.

How that vast heaven entitled first is roll'd,
If any glancing towers beyond it be,
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this all uphold:
What motion have those fixed sparks of gold,
The wandering carbuncles which shine from high,
By sp'rits, or bodies cross-ways in the sky,
If they be turn'd and mortal things behold.
How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round,
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light, and seas profound,
Did hold my wandering thoughts, when thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

IV.

IF cross'd with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age;
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

V.

DEAR Chorister, who from those shadows sends
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear) stars stay to hear thy plight,
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite.
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

VI.

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the heaven madest poor this round,
And now with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abides above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up-bears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears,
Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My offerings take, let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise.
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

I.

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

II.

The weary mariner so fast not flies
A howling tempest, harbour to attain;
Nor shepherd hastes (when frays of wolves arise)
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes.
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While senses' light mind's prospective kept blind;
Now, like imagined landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
It is a life obscure, and silent grave.

III.

The last and greatest herald of heaven's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled,
There burst he forth; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, repent!

IV.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well-pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

V.

As when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who both by sword and flame himself instals,
And (shameless) it in tears and blood doth drown,
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wreck,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combined,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

THOMAS NABBES.

[Died, 1645.]

This was an inferior dramatist in the time of Charles I. who, besides his plays, wrote a continuation of Knolles's History of the Turks. He seems to have been secretary or domestic to some nobleman or prelate, at or near Worcester. He had a share in the poetical collection called Fancy's Theatre, with Tatham, Richard Brome, and others.

SONG BY LOVE AND THE VIRTUES TO PHYSANDER AND BELLANIMA.

FROM "MICROCOSMUS, A MASQUE." 1637.

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes, where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam;
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.

Chorus. All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

Love. Welcome to Love, my new-loved heir,
Elysium's thine, ascend my chair:
For following sensuality
I thought to disinherit thee;
But being now reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Join ye that were his guides to this,
Thus I enthrone you both—now kiss;
Whilst you in endless measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

THOMAS MAY.

[Born, 1595. Died, 1650.]

THOMAS MAY, whom Dr. Johnson has pronounced the best Latin poet of England, was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield in Sussex. During the earlier part of his public life he was encouraged at the court of Charles the First, inscribed several poems to his majesty, as well as wrote them at his injunction, and received from Charles the appellation of "*his poet.*" During this connection with royalty he wrote his five dramas,* translated the Georgics and Pharsalia, continued the latter in English as well as Latin, and by his imitation of Lucan acquired the reputation of a modern classic in foreign countries. It were much to be wished, that on siding with the parliament in the civil wars, he had left a valedictory testimony of regret for the necessity of opposing, on public grounds, a monarch who had been personally kind to him. The change was stigmatized as ungrateful, and it was both sordid and ungrateful, if the account given by his enemies can be relied on, that it was owing to the king's refusal of the laureateship, or of a pension—for the story is told in different ways. All that can be suggested in May's behalf is, that no complimentary dedications could pledge his principles on a great question of public justice, and that the motives of an action are seldom traced with scrupulous truth, where it is the bias of the narrator to degrade the action itself. Clarendon, the most respectable of his accusers, is exactly in this situation. He begins by praising his epic poetry as among the best in our language, and inconsistently concludes by pronouncing that May deserves to be forgotten.

The parliament, from whatever motive he embraced their cause, appointed him their secretary and historiographer. In this capacity he wrote his Breviary, which Warburton pronounces "a just composition according to the rules of history." It breaks off, much to the loss of the history of that time, just at the period of the Self-denying Ordinance. Soon after this publication he went to bed one night in apparent health, having drank freely, and was found dead in the morning. His death was ascribed to his nightcap being tied too tightly under his chin. Andrew Marvel imputes it to the cheerful bottle. Taken together, they were no bad receipt for suffocation. The vampire revenge of his enemies in digging him up from his grave, is an event too notorious in the history of the Restoration. They gave him honourable company in this sacrilege, namely, that of Blake.

He has ventured in narrative poetry on a similar difficulty to that Shakspeare encountered in the historical drama, but it is unnecessary to show with how much less success. Even in that department, he has scarcely equalled Daniel or Drayton.

THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

FAIR Rosamond within her bower of late
(While these sad storms had shaken Henry's state,
And he from England last had absent been)
Retired herself; nor had that star been seen
To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
The woods or walks adjoining to the place.
About those places, while the times were free,
Oft with a train of her attendants she
For pleasure walk'd; and like the huntress queen,
With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.
Thither the country lads and swains, that near
To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her.
Their jolly May-games there would they present,
Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,
To give this beauteous paragon delight.
Nor that officious service would she slight;
But their rude pastimes gently entertain. . . . .
Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see
The eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accursed by woeful lovers,—all alone
Into her chamber Rosamond was gone; . . . :
While thus she sadly mused, a ruthful cry
Had pierced her tender ear, and in the sound
Was named (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.
(The cry was utter'd by her grieved maid,
From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd
Her lady's life,) and while she doubting fear'd,
Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd:
For with her train the wrathful queen was there:
Oh! who can tell what cold and killing fear
Through every part of Rosamond was struck?
The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook,
And like an ivory statue did she show
Of life and motion reft. Had she been so
Transform'd in deed, how kind the Fates had been,
How pitiful to her! nay to the queen!
Even she herself did seem to entertain
Some ruth; but straight revenge return'd again,
And fill'd her furious breast. "Strumpet, (quoth she)
I need not speak at all; my sight may be
Enough expression of my wrongs, and what
The consequence must prove of such a hate.
Here, take this poison'd cup" (for in her hand
A poison'd cup she had) "and do not stand
To parley now: but drink it presently,
Or else by tortures be resolved to die!
Thy doom is set." Pale trembling Rosamond
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,
When dull amazement somewhat had forsook
Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke:
"I dare not hope you should so far relent,
Great queen, as to forgive the punishment

* The Heir, C.; Antigone, T.; Julia Agrippina, T.; Cleopatra, T.; Old Couple, C.; to which may be added Julius Cæsar, a tragedy, still in manuscript.

That to my foul offence is justly due.
Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to show
By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,
Or tell how many subtle snares were laid
To catch mine honour. These though ne'er so true,
Can bring no recompense at all to you,
Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.
Instead of sudden death, I crave but time, ...
"No more, (replied the furious queen;) have done;
Delay no longer, lest thy choice be gone,
And that a sterner death for thee remain."
No more did Rosamond entreat in vain;
But, forced to hard necessity to yield,
Drank of the fatal potion that she held.
And with it enter'd the grim tyrant Death:
Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,
And pardon those that her destruction
Had doubly wrought. "Forgive, O Lord, (said she,)
Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry queen!
If you had spared my life, I might have been
In time to come the example of your glory;
Not of your shame, as now; for when the story
Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best
And holiest people, as they will detest
My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,
And call unjust, the rage of Eleanor.
And in this act of yours it will be thought
King Henry's sorrow, not his love, you sought."
And now so far the venom's force assail'd
Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.
That well-built palace where the Graces made
Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids play'd
And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did delight
Even nature's self, is now demolish'd quite,
Ne'er to be raised again; the untimely stroke
Of death that precious cabinet has broke,
That Henry's pleased heart so long had held.
With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd;
Nor can the queen's attendants, though they fear
Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade;
So crushed falls the lily's tender blade. . . . .

RICHARD CRASHAW.

[Born, 1615? Died, 1652.]

THIS poet fell into neglect in his own age. He was, however, one of the first of our old minor poets that was rescued from oblivion in the following century. Pope borrowed from him, but acknowledged his obligations. Crashaw formed his style on the most quaint and conceited school of Italian poetry, that of Marino; and there is a prevalent harshness and strained expression in his verses; but there are also many touches of beauty and solemnity, and the strength of his thoughts sometimes appears even in their distortion. If it were not grown into a tedious and impertinent fashion to discover the sources of Paradise Lost, one might be tempted to notice some similarity between the speech of Satan in the Sospetto di Herode of Marino (which Crashaw has translated) and Satan's address to the Sun in Milton. The little that is known of Crashaw's life exhibits enthusiasm, but it is not that of a weak or selfish mind. His private character was amiable; and we are told by the earliest editor of his "Steps to the Temple," that he was skilled in music, drawing, and engraving. His father, of whose writings an account is given in the tenth volume of the Censura Literaria, was a preacher at the Temple church, London. His son, the poet, was born in London, but at what time is uncertain. He was educated at the Charterhouse through the bounty of two friends, Sir Henry Yelverton, and Sir Francis Crew. From thence he removed to Cambridge, where he became a fellow, and took a degree of master of arts. There he published his Latin poems, in one of which is the epigram from a scripture passage, ending with the line, so well known,

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit,
"The modest water saw its God, and blush'd:"

and also his pious effusions, called "Steps to the Temple." The title of the latter work was in allusion to the church at Cambridge, near his residence, where he almost constantly spent his time. When the covenant, in 1644, was offered to the universities, he preferred ejection and poverty to subscribing it. Already he had been distinguished as a popular and powerful preacher. He soon after embraced the Catholic religion, and repaired to France. In austerity of devotion he had no great transition to make to catholicism; and his abhorrence at the religious innovations he had witnessed, together with his admiration of the works of the canonized St. Teresa of Spain, still more easily account for his conversion. Cowley found him at Paris in deplorable poverty, and recommended him to his exiled queen, Henrietta Maria. Her majesty gave him letters of recommendation to Italy, where he became a secretary to one of the Roman cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. Soon after the latter appointment he died, about the year 1652.

SOSPETTO D'HERODE. LIB. I.

BELOW the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things;
The world's profound heart pants; their placed is
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties,
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . . . .

From death's sad shades, to the life-breathing air
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood;
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
New matter to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind the old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of heaven on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybils' divining leaves; he does inquire
Into the old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire
To crown their past predictions, both he lays
Together, in his ponderous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent;
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
He saw the old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of the icy north, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks, and Libyan sands.
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flowery lands
Of fair Engaddi's honey-sweating fountains,
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The heaven-rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light,
Amazed the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite,
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of heaven and earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,
Make proud the ruby portals of the east.
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast
He saw the falling idols all confess
A coming Deity. He saw the nest
Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed
The golden eyes of night, whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blazed
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun,) by day as night.
By whom (as Heaven's illustrious handmaid) raised
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward, to find the world's true orient. . . .

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye.
That the unmeasured God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie.
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family,
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the old
Eternal Word should be a child and weep:
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controll'd:
That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
And free eternity submit to years.

And further, that the law's eternal Giver
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense.
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Entangles his lost thoughts past getting out:

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character
Was in his shady forehead seen express'd.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,
A desperate Oh me! drew from his deep breast.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he;) oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serve my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Frown I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance;
Can his attempts above still prosperous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

He has my Heaven (what would he more) whose bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear.
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
To draw a long-lived death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I; and clomb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I miss'd my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.*

* Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.—Milton.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of heaven rebuke these eyes?
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys
Renders thee double to thy present woes.
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
If hell must mourn, heaven sure shall sympathize.
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
Myself? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, heaven, earth, whate'er dost
A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence. [boast
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.
Heavens saw us struggle once: as brave a fight
Earth now shall see, and tremble at the sight.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

[Born, 1606. Died, 1654.]

The mother of this poet, who was daughter to Lord Morley, is reported to have written the famous letter of warning, in consequence of which the gunpowder plot was discovered. His father, who had been suspected of a share in Babington's conspiracy, and who had owed his release to his being godson to Queen Elizabeth, was a second time imprisoned, and condemned to death on the charge of having concealed some of the agents in the gunpowder plot; but by Lord Morley's interest was pardoned, on condition of confining himself to Worcestershire, of which county he lived to write a voluminous history.

The family were catholics; and his son, the poet, was sent to St. Omer's, we are told, with a view to make him a Jesuit, which he declined. The same intention never failed to be ascribed to all English families who sent their children to that seminary. On his return from the Continent he lived chiefly with his father, who was his preceptor. Of the subsequent course of his life nothing more seems to be on record than his marriage and his literary works. The latter consisted of effusions entitled Castara, the poetical name of his mistress; the Queen of Arragon, a tragi-comedy; a History of Edward IV.; and Observations upon History.

Habington became a poet from the courtship of the lady whom he married, Lucy, daughter to Lord Powis. There is no very ardent sensibility in his lyrics, but they denote a mind of elegant and chaste sentiments. He is free as any of the minor poets of his age from the impurities which were then considered as wit. He is indeed rather ostentatiously platonic, but his love language is far from being so elaborate as the complimentary gallantry of the preceding age. A respectable gravity of thought, and succinct fluency of expression, are observable in the poems of his later life.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

The soul which doth with God unite,
Those gayeties how doth she slight
Which o'er opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on martyrs' shrines,
How doth she burn away!

How violent are her throes till she
From envious earth deliver'd be,
Which doth her flight restrain!
How doth she doat on whips and racks,
On fires, and the so-dreaded axe,
And every murdering pain!

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more precious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pomp of life advance,
At the approach of death!

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the stars,
Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistress' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seek no higher sphere.

The wandering pilot sweats to find
The causes that produce the wind,
Still gazing on the pole.
The politician scorns all art
But what doth pride and power impart,
And swells the ambitious soul.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warm
And 'gainst these powerful follies arm,
Doth soberly disdain
All these fond human mysteries
As the deceitful and unwise
Distempers of our brain.

He as a burden bears his clay,
Yet vainly throws it not away
  On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or die,
  Regardless of th' applause.

My God! if 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
  Wherein I breathe this air;
My heart obeys, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great,
  And treachery of the fair.

When thou shalt please this soul t' enthrone
Above impure corruption;
  What should I grieve or fear,
To think this breathless body must
Become a loathsome heap of dust,
  And ne'er again appear.

For in the fire when ore is tried,
And by that torment purified,
  Do we deplore the loss?
And when thou shalt my soul refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
  Shall I grieve for the dross?

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade;
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd,
  For she's to herself untrue,
  Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace,
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
  Folly boasts a glorious blood,
  She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
  Of herself survey she takes,
  But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands:
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands
  Women's feet run still astray
  If once to ill they know the way

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
  Virtue safely cannot sit,
  Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
  O'er that darkness whence is thrust,
  Prayer and sleep oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
  All her vows religious be,
  And her love she vows to me.

TO CASTARA, INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

Why doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetic stone?
How know you that the orbs do move;
With music too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy virtues, each a star
Which in thy soul's bright sphere do shine,
Shooting their beauties from afar,
To make each gazer's heart like thine;
Our virtues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spy,
When poets weep some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne'er
So vain as in that to delight:
Which, balance it, no weight doth bear,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But only fills the vulgar ear.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea
Ebb from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuel enough t'inflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

SONG.

FROM "THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON."

A Tragi-Comedy.

Not the Phœnix in his death,
  Nor those banks where violets grow,
  And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
  But O! marriage makes the spell,
  And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin-beauties of the skies,
  (When the half-sunk sailors haste
  To rend sail, and cut their mast,)
Shine not welcome, as her eyes.
  But those beams, than storms more black,
  If they point at me, I wrack.

Then for fear of such a fire,
  Which kills worse than the long night
  Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
  But O no! for if her eye
  Warm me not, I freeze, and die.

JOHN HALL.

[Born, 1627. Died, 1656.]

JOHN HALL was born at Durham, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where in 1646 he published a volume of verses. He had been some time at the bar, when he died, in his twenty-ninth year.

THE MORNING STAR.

STILL Herald of the Morn! whose ray,
Being page and usher to the day,
Doth mourn behind the sun, before him play;
Who sett'st a golden signal ere
The bark retire, and lark appear,
The early cocks cry comfort, screech-owls fear.

Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth,
Then falls asleep, while they are loth
To part without a more engaging oath;
Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long,—thy lord, the Sun, will quickly rise.

Yet it is midnight still with me,
Nay worse, unless that kinder she
Smile day, and in my zenith seated be!
But if she will obliquely run,
I needs a calenture must shun,
And, like an Ethiopian, hate my sun.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

[Born, 1619. Died, Jan. 11, 1689.]

I BELIEVE the only notice of this poet that is to be found is in Langbaine, who informs us that he was a physician at Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, in the reigns of Charles I. and II. He wrote a single tragi-comedy, "Love's Victory," which was acted after the Restoration under the new title of "Wits led by the Nose, or the Poet's Revenge." His Pharonnida, an heroic poem, in five books, which Langbaine says has nothing to recommend it, is one of the most interesting stories that was ever told in verse, and contained so much amusing matter as to be made into a prose novel in the reign of Charles II. What Dr. Johnson said unjustly of Milton's Comus, that it was like gold hid under a rock, may unfortunately be applied with too much propriety to Pharonnida. Never perhaps was so much beautiful design in poetry marred by infelicity of execution: his ruggedness of versification, abrupt transitions, and a style that is at once slovenly and quaint, perpetually interrupted in enjoying the splendid figures and spirited passions of this romantic tablet, and make us catch them only by glimpses. I am well aware that from a story so closely interwoven a few selected passages, while they may be more than sufficient to exemplify the faults, are not enough to discover the full worth of Chamberlayne. His sketches, already imperfect, must appear still more so in the shape of fragments; we must peruse the narrative itself to appreciate the rich breadth and variety of its scenes, and we must perhaps accustom our vision to the thick medium of its uncouth style to enjoy the power and pathos of his characters and situations. Under all the defects of the poem, the reader will then indeed feel its unfinished hints affect the heart and dilate the imagination. From the fate of Chamberlayne a young poet may learn one important lesson, that he who neglects the subsidiary graces of taste has every chance of being neglected by posterity, and that the pride of genius must not prompt him to disdain the study of harmony and of style.

PHARONNIDA, BOOK II. CANTO III.

Argalia being brought before the Princess Pharonnida on a false accusation of murder, they fall in love with each other, although the Princess is obliged, with a reluctant heart, to condemn him on false evidence.

HIGH mounted on an ebon throne on which
Th' embellish'd silver show'd so sadly rich
As if its varied form strove to delight
Those solemn souls which death-pale fear did fright,
In Tyrian purple clad, the princess sate,
Between two sterner ministers of fate,
Impartial judges, whose distinguish'd tasks
Their various habit to the view unmasks.
One, in whose looks, as pity strove to draw
Compassion in the tablets of the law,
Some softness dwelt, in a majestic vest
Of state-like red was clothed; the other, dress'd
In dismal black, whose terrible aspect
Declared his office, served but to detect
Her slow consent, if, when the first forsook
The cause, the law so far as death did look.
Silence proclaim'd, a harsh command calls forth
Th' undaunted prisoner, whose excelling worth
In this low ebb of fortune did appear
Such as we fancy virtues that come near
The excellence of angels—fear had not
Rifled one drop of blood, nor rage begot
More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state,
Throned in the medium, constant virtue sat. . . .

Yet, though now depress'd
Even in opinion, which oft proves the best
Support to those whose public virtues we
Adore before their private guilt we see,
His noble soul still wings itself above
Passion's dark fogs; and like that prosperous dove
The world's first pilot, for discovery sent,
When all the floods that bound the firmament
O'erwhelm'd the earth, conscience' calm joys to increase,
Returns, freight with the olive branch of peace.
Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear
O'erawed the guilty with, he doth appear.
. . . . . Not all
His virtues now protect him, he must fall
A guiltless sacrifice, to expiate
No other crime but their envom'd hate.
An ominous silence—such as oft precedes
The fatal sentence—while the accuser reads
His charge, possess'd the pitying court in which
Presaging calm Pharonnida, too rich
In mercy, heaven's supreme prerogative,
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive
So long, that what at first assaulted in
Sorrow's black armour, had so often been
For pity cherish'd, that at length her eyes
Found there those spirits that did sympathize
With those that warm'd her blood, and unseen, move
That engine of the world, mysterious love. . . .
The beauteous princess, whose free soul had been
Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now
A stranger is to what she doth allow
Such easy entrance. By those rays that fall
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal
Their yielding passions, brave Argalia felt,
Even in the grasp of death, his functions melt
To flames, which on his heart an onset make
For sadness, such as weary mortals take
Eternal farewells in. Yet in this high
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die,
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet
Death, clothed in thoughts white as his winding-sheet.
That fatal doom, which unto heaven affords
The sole appeal, one of the assisting lords
Had now pronounced whose horrid thunder could
Not strike his laurell'd brow; that voice which would
Have petrified a timorous soul, he hears
With calm attention. No disorder'd fears
Ruffled his fancy, nor domestic war
Raged in his breast; his every look so far
From vulgar passions, that, unless, amazed
At beauty's majesty he sometime gazed
Wildly on that as emblems of more great
Glories than earth afforded, from the seat
Of resolution his fix'd soul had not
Been stirr'd to passion, which had now begot
Wonder, not fear, within him. No harsh frown
Contracts his brow; nor did his thoughts pull down
One fainting spirit, wrapt in smother'd groans,
To clog his heart. From her most eminent thrones
Of sense, the eyes, the lightning of his soul
Flew with such vigour forth, it did control
All weaker passions, and at once include
With Roman valour Christian fortitude.

BOOK III. CANTO II.

The father of Pharonnida, having discovered her attachment to Argalia, breaks into rage and thus threatens her.

Silent with passion, which his eyes inflamed,
The prince awhile beholds her ere he blamed
The frailty of affection; but at length,
Through the quick throng of thoughts, arm'd with a strength,
Which crush'd the soft paternal smiles of love,
He thus begins—"And must, O must that prove
My greatest curse on which my hopes ordain'd
To raise my happiness? Have I refrain'd
The pleasures of a nuptial bed, to joy
Alone in thee, nor trembled to destroy
My name, so that advancing thine I might
Live to behold my sceptre take its flight
To a more spacious empire? Have I spent
My youth till, grown in debt to age, she hath sent
Diseases to arrest me that impair
My strength and hopes e'er to enjoy an heir,
Which might preserve our name, which only now
Must in our dusty annals live; whilst thou
Transfer'st the glory of our house on one,
Which had not I warm'd into life, had gone,
A wretch forgotten of the world, to th' earth
From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous birth
Of fancy from thy soul, quick as thou'dst fly
Descending wrath if visible, or I
Shall blast thee with my anger till thy name
Rot in my memory; not as the same
That once thou wert behold thee, but as some
Dire prodigy, which to foreshow should come
All ills which through the progress of my life
Did chance were sent. I lost a queen and wife,
Thy virtuous mother, who for goodness might
Have here supplied, before she took her flight
To heaven, my better angel's place; have since
Stood storms of strong affliction; still a prince
Over my passions until now, but this
Hath proved me coward. Oh! thou dost amiss
To grieve me thus, fond girl."—With that he shook
His reverend head; beholds her with a look
Composed of grief and anger, which she sees
With melting sorrow: but resolved love frees
Her from more yielding pity—
She falls
Prostrate at's feet; to his remembrance calls
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust
She now conjures him not to be unjust
Unto that promise, with which her pure soul
Fled satisfied from earth—as to control
Her freedom of affection.—
She then
Calls to remembrance who relieved him when
Distress'd within Aleythius' walls; the love
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove
Her choice, her happiness; with all, how great
A likelihood, it was but the retreat
Of royalty to a more safe disguise
Had show'd him to their state's deluded eyes
So mean a thing. Love's boundless rhetoric
About to dictate more, he, with a quick

And furious haste, forsakes the room, his rage
Thus boiling o'er—"And must my wretched age
Be thus by thee tormented? but take heed,
Correct thy passions, or their cause must bleed,
Until he quench the flame—"
. . . . . Her soul, oppress'd,
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest
It must not yet enjoy; swift help lends light,
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what night
Of grief o'ershadow'd her. You that have been
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in
The engines of forbidden love, that have
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless sighs, to crave
A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive
What wild distraction seized her. I must leave
Her passions' volume only to be read
Within the breasts of such whose hearts have bled
At the like dangerous wounds.——

BOOK III. CANTO III.

THROUGH the dark path of dusty annals we,
Led by his valour's light, return to see
Argalia's story, who hath, since that night
Wherein he took that strange distracted flight
From treacherous Ardenna, perform'd a course
So full of threat'ning dangers, that the force
Of his protecting angel trembled to
Support his fate, which crack'd the slender clew
Of destiny almost to death: his stars,
Doubting their influence when such horrid wars
The gods proclaim'd, withdrew their languish'd beams
Beneath heaven's spangled arch; in pitchy streams
The heavy clouds unlade their wombs, until
The angry winds, fearing the floods should fill
The air, the region where they ruled, did break
Their marble lodgings; Nature's self grew weak
With these distemperatures, and seem'd to draw
Tow'rd dissolution—her neglected law
Each element forgot. The imprison'd flame,
When the clouds' stock of moisture could not tame
Its violence, in sulp'hury flashes broke
Thorough the glaring air; the swoln clouds spoke
In the loud voice of thunder; the sea raves
And foams with anger, hurls his troubled waves
High as the moon's dull orb, whose waning light
Withdrew to add more terror to the night.

ARGALIA TAKEN PRISONER BY THE TURKS.

. . . . . THE Turks had ought
Made desperate onslaughts on the isle, but brought
Nought back but wounds and infamy; but now,
Wearied with toil, they are resolved to bow
Their stubborn resolutions with the strength
Of not-to-be-resisted want: the length
Of the chronical disease extended had
To some few months, since to oppress the sad
But constant islanders, the army lay,
Circling their confines. Whilst this tedious stay
From battle rusts the soldier's valour in
His tainted cabin, there had often been,
With all variety of fortune, fought
Brave single combats, whose success had brought
Honour's unwither'd laurels on the brow
Of either party; but the balance, now
Forced by the hand of a brave Turk, inclined
Wholly to them. Thrice had his valour shined
In victory's refulgent rays, thrice heard
The shouts of conquest; thrice on his lance appear'd
The heads of noble Rhodians, which had struck
A general sorrow 'mongst the knights. All look
Who next the lists should enter; each desires
The task were his, but honour now requires
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice;
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be
Their happy champion. Truce proclaim'd, until
The combat ends, th' expecting people fill
The spacious battlements; the Turks forsake
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight
Diverts their looks; each part behold their knight
With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat
They toil for victory. The conflict's heat
Raged in their veins, which honour more inflamed
Than burning calentures could do; both blamed
The feeble influence of their stars, that gave
No speedier conquest; each neglects to save
Himself, to seek advantage to offend
His eager foe. . . . .
. . . . . But now so long
The Turks' proud champion had endured the strong
Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength
Cool'd, on the ground, with his blood—he fell at length,
Beneath his conquering sword. The barbarous crew
O' the villains that did at a distance view
Their champion's fall, all bands of truce forgot,
Running to succour him, begin a hot
And desperate combat with those knights that stand
To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand
Whole squadrons of them fall, but here he spent
His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent
His scatter'd troops. . . . .
Argalia lies in chains, ordain'd to die
A sacrifice unto the cruelty
Of the fierce bashaw, whose loved favourite in
The combat late he slew; yet had not been
In that so much unhappy, had not he,
That honour'd then his sword with victory,
Half-brother to Janusa been, a bright
But cruel lady, whose refined delight
Her slave (though husband) Ammurat, durst not
Ruffle with discontent; wherefore, to cool that hot
Contention of her blood, which he foresaw
That heavy news would from her anger draw,
To quench with the brave Christian's death, he sent
Him living to her, that her anger, spent
In flaming torments, might not settle in
The dregs of discontent. Staying to win
Some Rhodian castles, all the prisoners were
Sent with a guard into Sardinia, there
To meet their wretched thraldom. From the rest
Argalia sever'd, soon hopes to be blest
With speedy death, though waited on by all
The hell-instructed torments that could fall

Within invention's reach; but he's not yet
Arrived to his period, his unmoved stars sit
Thus in their orbs secured. It was the use
Of th' Turkish pride, which triumphs in th' abuse
Of suffering Christians, once, before they take
The ornaments of nature off, to make
Their prisoners public to the view, that all
Might mock their miseries: this sight did call
Janusa to her palace-window, where,
Whilst she beholds them, love resolved to bear
Her ruin on her treacherous eye-beams, till
Her heart infected grew; their orbs did fill,
As the most pleasing object, with the sight
Of him whose sword open'd a way for the flight
Of her loved brother's soul. At the first view
Passion had struck her dumb, but when it grew
Into desire, she speedily did send
To have his name—which known, hate did defend
Her heart; besieged with love, she sighs, and straight
Commands him to a dungeon; but love's bait
Cannot be so cast up, though to efface
Her image from her soul she strives. The place
For execution she commands to be
'Gainst the next day prepared; but rest and she
Grow enemies about it: if she steal
A slumber from her thoughts, that doth reveal
Her passions in a dream, sometimes she thought
She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that brought
His grisly wounds to show her, smear'd in blood,
Standing before her sight; and by that flood
Those red streams wept, imploring vengeance, then,
Enraged, she cries, "O, let him die!" But when
Her sleep-imprison'd fancy, wandering in
The shades of darken'd reason, did begin
To draw Argalia's image on her soul,
Love's sovereign power did suddenly control
The strength of those abortive embryos, sprung
From smother'd anger. The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams, ere
Whose early reign Janusa, that could bear
No longer lock'd within her breast so great
An army of rebellious passions, beat
From reason's conquer'd fortress, did unfold
Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench; whose bold
Wit, join'd with zeal to serve her, had endear'd
Her to her best affections. Having clear'd
All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,
By whose close wiles this plot must be convey'd,
To secret action of her council makes
Two eunuch pandars, by whose help she takes
Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to
Suffer more torments than the rest should do,
And lodged him in that castle to affright
And soften his great soul with fear. The light,
Which lent its beams into the dismal place
In which he lay, without presents the face
Of horror smear'd in blood; a scaffold built
To be the stage of murder, blush'd with guilt
Of Christian blood, by several torments let
From th' imprisoning veins. This object set
To startle his resolves if good, and make
His future joys more welcome, could not shake
The heaven-built pillars of his soul, that stood
Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood.
The gloomy night now sat enthroned in dead
And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread
The earth in black for what the falling day
Had blush'd in fire, whilst the brave pris'ner lay,
Circled in darkness, yet in those shades spends
The hours with angels, whose assistance lends
Strength to the wings of faith. . . . .
He beholds
A glimmering light, whose near approach unfolds
The leaves of darkness. While his wonder grows
Big with amazement, the dim taper shows
False Manto enter'd, who, prepared to be
A bawd unto her lustful mistress, came,
Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame
A heart congeal'd with death's approach. . . . .
Most blest of men!
Compose thy wonder, and let only joy
Dwell in thy soul. My coming's to destroy,
Not nurse thy trembling fears: be but so wise
To follow thy swift fate, and thou mayst rise
Above the reach of danger. In thy arms
Circle that power whose radiant brightness charms
Fierce Ammurat's anger, when his crescents shine
In a full orb of forces; what was thine
Ere made a prisoner, though the doubtful state
Of her best Christian monarch, will abate
Its splendour, when that daughter of the night,
Thy feeble star, shines in a heaven of light.
If life or liberty, then, bear a shape
Worthy thy courting, swear not to escape
By the attempts of strength, and I will free
The iron bonds of thy captivity.
A solemn oath, by that great power he served,
Took, and believed: his hopes no longer starved
In expectation. From that swarthy seat
Of sad despair, his narrow jail, replete
With lazy damps, she leads him to a room
In whose delights joy's summer seem'd to bloom,
There left him to the brisk society
Of costly baths and Corsic wines, whose high
And sprightly tempers from cool sherbets found
A calm ally; here his harsh thoughts unwound
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate
So much, but that he dares to recreate
His spirit, by unwieldy action tired,
With all that lust into no crime had fired.
By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,
His sullied garments were removed, and in
Their place such various habits laid, as pride
Would clothe her favourites with. . . . .
Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests
Fair Persian mantles, rich Sclavonian vests. . . .
Though on this swift variety of fate
He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sate
Too safe within her guards of reason, to
Be shook with passion; that there's something new
And strange approaching after such a storm,
This gentle calm assures him. . . . .
His limbs from wounds but late recover'd, now
Refresh'd with liquid odours, did allow
Their suppled nerves no softer rest, but in
Such robes as wore their ornament within,
Veil'd o'er their beauty. . . . .

His guilty conduct now had brought him near
Janusa's room, the glaring lights appear
Thorough the window's crystal walls, the strong
Perfumes of balmy incense mix'd among
The wandering atoms of the air did fly.
. . . . . The open doors allow
A free access into the room, where come,
Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb
The Alcoran's tales of Paradise, the fair
And sparkling gems i' the gilded roof impair
Their taper's fire, yet both themselves confess
Weak to those flames Janusa's eyes possess
With such a joy as bodies that do long
For souls, shall meet them in the doomsday throng,
She that ruled princes, though not passions, sate
Waiting her lover, on a throne whose state
Epitomized the empire's wealth; her robe,
With costly pride, had robb'd the chequer'd globe
Of its most fair and orient jewels, to
Enhance its value; captive princes who
Had lost their crowns, might there those gems
have seen. . . . .
Placed in a seat near her bright throne, to stir
His settled thoughts she thus begins: "From her
Your sword hath so much injured as to shed
Blood so near kin to mine, that it was fed
By the same milky fountains, and within
One womb warm'd into life, is such a sin
I could not pardon, did not love commit
A rape upon my mercy: all the wit
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,
Ere thou redeem'd; which now, although it cost
The price of all my honours, I will do:
Be but so full of gratitude as to
Repay my care with love. Why dost thou thus
Sit dumb to my discourse? it lies in us
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way
Thorough their bloods that our embraces stay."...
To charm those sullen spirits that within
The dark cells of his conscience might have been
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,
The soul's composure, music, did refine
The lazy air, whose polish'd harmony,
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by
A wanton song was answer'd, whose each part
Invites the hearing to betray the heart.
Having with all these choice flowers strew'd the way
That leads to lust, to shun the slow decay
Of his approach, her sickly passions haste
To die in action. "Come," she cries, "we waste
The precious minutes. Now thou know'st for what
Thou'rt sent for hither."
Brave Argalia sits,
With virtue cool'd..... And must my freedom then
At such a rate be purchased? rather, when
My life expires in torments, let my name
Forgotten die, than live in black-mouth'd fame,
A servant to thy lust. Go, tempt thy own
Damn'd infidels to sin, that ne'er had known
The way to virtue: not this cobweb veil
Of beauty, which thou wear'st but as a jail
To a soul pale with guilt, can cover o'er
Thy mind's deformity. . . . .
Rent from these gilded pleasures, send me to
A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do
Reign in eternal silence; let these rich
And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which
Thou mean'st to clothe my sin in, be exchanged
For sordid rags. When thy fierce spleen hath ranged
Through all invented torments, choose the worst
To punish my denial; less accurst
I so shall perish, than if by consent
I taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment
Their sin in action, and, by giving ease
To thy blood's fever, took its loath'd disease.
. . . . . Her look,
Cast like a felon's——
Was sad; with silent grief the room she leaves.

BOOK III. CANTO IV.

Our noble captive, to fair virtue's throne
In safety past, though through lust's burning zone,
Finds in his dungeon's lazy damps a rest
More sweet, though with the heavy weights
oppress'd
Of iron bondage, than if they had been
Love's amorous wreaths.
. . . . . But she breathes curses in
Her soul's pale agony. . . . . And now she steeps
Her down in tears—a flood of sorrow weeps,
Of power (if penitent) to expiate
Youth's vigorous sins; but all her mourning sate
Beneath a darker veil than that which shades
Repentant grief. . . . .

So far the fair Janusa in this sad
Region of grief had gone, till sorrow had
That fever turn'd, upon whose flaming wings
At first love only sate, to one which brings
Death's symptoms near the heart.
. . . . . The rose had lost
His ensigns in her cheeks, and though it cost
Pains near to death, the lily had alone
Set his pale banners up; no brightness shone
Within her eye's dim orbs, whose fading light
Being quench'd in death, had set in endless night,
Had not the wise endeavours of her maid,
The careful Manto, grief's pale scouts betray'd,
By sly deceit.
Although she cures not, yet gives present ease,
By laying opiates to the harsh disease.
A letter, which did for uncivil blame
His first denial, in the stranger's name
Disguised, she gives her; which, with eyes that did
O'erflow with joy read o'er, had soon forbid
Grief's sullen progress, whose next stage had been
O'er life's short road, the grave—death's quiet inn,
From whose dark terror, by this gleam of light,
Like trembling children by a lamp's weak light,
Freed from night's dreadful shadows, she embraced
Sleep, nature's darkness— ... and upon the wings
Of airy hope, that wanton bird which sings
As soon as fledged, advanced her to survey
The dawning beauties of a long'd-for day. . . . .
But ere this pyramid of pleasure to
Its height arrives—with's presence to undo
The golden structure—dreadful Ammurat,
From his floating mansion lately landed at
The city's port, impatient love had brought
In an untimely visit. . . . .

He enters, and she faints! in which pale trance
His pity finds her, but to no such chance
Imputes the cause: rather conceives it joy,
Whose rushing torrent made her heart employ
Its nimble servants, all her spirits, to
Prevent a deluge, which might else undo
Love's new made commonwealth. But whilst his care
Hastens to help, her fortune did declare
Her sorrow's dark enigma; from her bed
The letter dropt—which, when life's army fled,
Their frontier garrisons neglected, had
Been left within't—this seen, declares a sad
Truth to th' amazed Bassa, though 'twere mix'd
With subtle falsehood. While he stands, betwixt
High rage and grief distracted, doubtful yet
In what new dress to wear revenge, the fit
Forsakes Janusa; who, not knowing she
Detected stood of lust's conspiracy
'Gainst honour's royal charter, from a low
Voice strains a welcome, which did seem to flow
From fickle discontent, such as the weak
Lungs breathe their thoughts in whilst their fibres break.
To counterfeited slumbers leaving her,
He's gone with silent anger to confer;
With such a farewell as kind husbands leave
Their pregnant wives, preparing to receive
A mother's first of blessings, he forsakes
The room, and into strict inquiry takes
The wretched Manto, who, ere she could call
Excuse to aid, surprised, discovers all.

The captive Argalia is again brought before Janusa, who is unconscious that the Bassa had read the letter. Ammurat, in the mean time, is concealed, to watch the interview.

Placed, by false Manto, in a closet, which,
Silent and sad, had only to enrich
Its roof with light, some few neglected beams
Sent from Janusa's room, which serve as streams
To watch intelligence; here he beheld,
Whilst she who with his absence had expell'd
All thoughtful cares, was with her joy swell'd high,
As captives are when call'd to liberty.
Perfumed and costly, her fair bed was more
Adorn'd than shrines which costly kings adore;
Incense, in smoky curls, climbs to the fair
Roof, whilst choice music rarifies the air;
Each element in more perfection here,
Than in the first creation did appear,
Yet lived in harmony: the wing'd fire lent
Perfumes to the air, that to moist cordials pent
In crystal vials, strength; and those impart
Their vigour to that ball of earth, the heart.
The nice eye here epitomized might see
Rich Persia's wealth, and old Rome's luxury.
But now, like Nature's new-made favourite,
Who, until all created for delight
Was framed, did ne'er see Paradise, comes in
Deceived Argalia, thinking he had been
Call'd thither to behold a penitent. . . . .
With such a high
Heroic scorn as aged saints that die, [slights
Heaven's fav'rites, leave the trivial world—he
That gilded pomp; no splendent beam invites
His serious eye to meet their objects in
An amorous glance, reserved as he had been
Before his grave confessor: he beholds
Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds
Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands
Captive Janusa to infringe the bands
Of matrimonial modesty. When all
Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,
The scorn of greatness, at his feet: but prayer,
Like flattery, expires in useless air,
Too weak to batter that firm confidence
Their torment's thunder could not shake. From hence
Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to
More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat, who,
Unseen, beheld all this, prevented, by
His sight, the death of bleeding modesty.
Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies
His angry touch—he enters—fix'd his eyes,
From whence some drops of rage distil, on her
Whose heart had lent her face its character.
Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she
Looks pale with fear—passion's disparity
Dwelt in their troubled breasts; his wild eyes stood
Like comets, when attracting storms of blood
Shook with portents sad, the whilst hers sate
Like the dull earth, when trembling at the fate
Of those ensuing evils—heavy fix'd
Within their orbs. Passions thus strangely mix'd,
No various fever e'er created in [been
The phrenzied brain, when sleep's sweet calm had
From her soft throne deposed. . . . .
So having paused, his dreadful voice thus broke
The dismal silence.
Thou curse of my nativity, that more
Affects me than eternal wrath can do—
Spirits condemn'd, some fiends, instruct me to
Heighten revenge to thy desert; but so
I should do more than mortals may, and throw
Thy spotted soul to flames. Yet I will give
Its passport hence; for think not to outlive
This hour, this fatal hour, ordain'd to see
More than an age before of tragedy. . . . .
Fearing tears should win
The victory of anger, Ammurat draws
His scimitar, which had in blood writ laws
For conquer'd provinces, and with a swift
And cruel rage, ere penitence could lift
Her burden'd soul in a repentant thought
Tow'rds heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her soft
And snowy breast: with a loud groan she falls
Upon the bloody floor, half breathless, calls
For his untimely pity: but perceiving
The fleeting spirits, with her blood, were leaving
Her heart unguarded, she implores that breath
Which yet remain'd, not to bewail her death,
But beg his life that caused it—on her knees,
Struggling to rise. But now calm'd Ammurat frees
Her from disturbing death, in his last great work
And thus declares some virtue in a Turk.
I have, brave Christian, by perusing thee
In this great art of honour learnt to be,
Too late, thy follower: this ring (with that
Gives him his signet) shall, when question'd at

The castle guards, thy safety be. And now
I see her blood's low water doth allow
Me only time to launch my soul's black bark
Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark
And silent region, though we here were by
Passion divorced, fortune shall not deny
Our souls to sail together. From thy eyes
Remove death's load, and see what sacrifice
My love is offering. With that word, a stroke
Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoke
Death's opiates to appease them: he sinks down
By 's dying wife, who, ere the cold flood drown
Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more
Betrays her eyes to the light; and though they wore
The weight of death upon their lids, did keep
Them so long open, till the icy sleep
Began to seize on him, and then she cries—
O see, just heaven! see, see my Ammurat dies,
To wander with me in the unknown shade
Of immortality—But I have made
The wounds that murther'd both; his hand that gave
Mine, did but gently let me blood to save
An everlasting fever. Pardon me,
My dear, my dying lord. Eternity
Shall see my soul white-wash'd in tears; but oh!
I now feel time's dear want—they will not flow
Fast as my stream of blood. Christian, farewell!
Whene'er thou dost our tragic story tell,
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
Them in their own black characters be set,
Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by
Th' unpractised lover, which posterity,
Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise
On beauties; that the good may justice praise
By his example, and the bad by mine
From vice's throne be scared to virtue's shrine.
. . . . . This,
She cries, is our last interview—a kiss
Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

[Born, 1618. Died, 1658.]

This gallant, unfortunate man, who was much distinguished for the beauty of his person, was the son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, in Kent. After taking a master's degree at Cambridge, he was for some time an officer in the army; but returned to his native country after the pacification of Berwick, and took possession of his paternal estate, worth about 500*l.* per annum. About the same time he was deputed by the county of Kent to deliver their petition to the House of Commons, for restoring the king to his rights, and settling the government. This petition gave such offence that he was committed to the Gate-house prison, and only released on finding bail to an enormous amount not to pass beyond the lines of communication. During his confinement to London his fortune was wasted in support of the royal cause. In 1646 he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, was colonel of it, and was wounded at Dunkirk. On this occasion his mistress, Lucasta, a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, married another, hearing that he had died of his wounds. At the end of two years he returned to England, and was again imprisoned till after the death of Charles I. He was then at liberty; but, according to Wood, was left in the most destitute circumstances, his estate being gone. He, who had been the favourite of courts, is represented as having lodged in the most obscure recesses of poverty,* and died in great misery in a lodging near Shoe-lane.

A LOOSE SARABAND.

Ah me, the little tyrant thief
As once my heart was playing,
He snatch'd it up, and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys,
And curiously sounds it;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel still on he wounds it.

And now this heart is all his sport,
Which as a ball he boundeth,
From hand to hand, from breast to lip,
And all its rest confoundeth.

Then as a top he sets it up,
And pitifully whips it;
Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine,
Then straight again he strips it.

He cover'd it with false belief,
Which gloriously show'd it;
And for a morning cushionet
On 's mother he bestow'd it.

Each day with her small brazen stings
A thousand times she raced it;
But then at night, bright with her gems,
Once near her breast she placed it.

Then warm it 'gan to throb and bleed,
She knew that smart and grieved;
At length this poor condemned heart,
With these rich drugs reprieved.

She wash'd the wound with a fresh tear,
Which my Lucasta dropped;
And in the sleeve silk of her hair
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

She probed it with her constancy,
And found no rancour nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh nigh it.

* The compiler of the Biographia Dramatica remarks that Wood must have exaggerated Lovelace's poverty, for his daughter and sole heir married the son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, and brought to her husband the estates of her father at King's-down in Kent.

Then press'd she hard in every vein,
Which from her kisses thrill'd,
And with the balm heal'd all its pain
That from her hand distill'd.

But yet this heart avoids me still,
Will not by me be owned;
But, fled to its physician's breast,
There proudly sits enthroned.

SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Forbear to braid that shining hair:
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly:

Let it fly as unconfined
As its ravisher the wind,
Who has left his darling east
To wanton o'er this spicy nest.

Every tress must be confess'd
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled:

Do not then wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud the night;
Like the sun in his early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

SONG.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,—
The birds, that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless head with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;*
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

THE SCRUTINY.

Why should you swear I am forsworn?
Since thine I vow'd to be;
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair,
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplough'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,
Thou provest the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.

TO LUCASTA.—GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

TO SIR PETER LELY, ON HIS PICTURE OF CHARLES I.

See! what an humble bravery doth shine
And grief triumphant breaking through each line.
How it commands the face! so sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt! that others show
To this (o' th' height of all the wheel) below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look. . . . .
Thou sorrow canst design without a tear.
And, with the man, his very hope or fear. . . . .

[* Charles I., in whose cause Lovelace was then in prison.—C.]

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

[Born, 1631. Died, 1664.]

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS, wife of James Philips, Esq., of the Priory of Cardigan. Her maiden name was Fowler. She died of the small-pox, in her thirty-third year. The matchless Orinda, as she was called,* cannot be said to have been a woman of genius; but her verses betoken an interesting and placid enthusiasm of heart, and a cultivated taste, that form a beautiful specimen of female character. She translated two of the tragedies of Corneille, and left a volume of letters to Sir Charles Cotterell, which were published a considerable time after her death. Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his "Measures and Offices of Friendship," and Cowley, as also Flatman, his imitator, honoured her memory with poetical tributes.

THE INQUIRY.

If we no old historian's name
  Authentic will admit,
But think all said of friendship's fame
  But poetry or wit;
Yet what's revered by minds so pure
Must be a bright idea sure.

But as our immortality
  By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
  It would not be design'd:
So here how could such copies fall,
If there were no original?

But if truth be in ancient song,
  Or story we believe;
If the inspired and greater throng
  Have scorned to deceive;
There have been hearts whose friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and grave.

Among that consecrated crew
  Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clew,
  Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

Why is't so difficult to see
  Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
  So difficultly kind?
Hath nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart?

Why are the bands of friendship tied
  With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
  And by the most forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference?

If friendship sympathy impart,
  Why this ill-shuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
  Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of love or fate?

Had friendship ne'er been known to men,
  (The ghost at last confest)
The world had then a stranger been
  To all that heaven possest.
But could it all be here acquired,
Not heaven itself would be desired.

A FRIEND.

LOVE, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
  The being and the harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
  From whence man's happiness and safety springs:
The earliest, whitest, blessed'st times did draw
From her alone their universal law.

Friendship 's an abstract of this noble flame,
  'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross,
The next to angel's love, if not the same,
  As strong in passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is an heaven in epitome. . . . .

Essential honour must be in a friend,
  Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
  And dares not sin though sure that none should know.
Where friendship 's spoke, honesty 's understood;
For none can be a friend that is not good. . . . .

Thick waters show no images of things;
  Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
  And free from clouds, design or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

[* But thus Orinda died:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.
DRYDEN, *Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew.*—C.]

WILLIAM HEMINGE.

THIS writer was the son of John Heminge the famous player, who was contemporary with Shakspeare, and whose name is prefixed, together with that of Condell, to the folio edition of the great poet's works. He was born in 1602, and received his education at Oxford. This is all that is mentioned of him by the compilers of the Biographia Dramatica.

FROM "THE FATAL CONTRACT." ACT II. SCENE II.

Aphelia has been contracted by mutual vows to Clovis, younger brother of the young king of France, Clotair, and imagines in this scene that she is to be brought into the presence of Clovis, instead of whom she is brought to Clotair by the treachery of the Eunuch.

Enter APHELIA, *and the* Eunuch, *with a wax-taper.*

Aph. INTO what labyrinth do you lead me, sir?
What by, perplexed ways? I should much fear,
Had you not used his name, which is to me
A strength 'gainst terror, and himself so good,
Occasion cannot vary, nor the night,
Youth, nor his wild desire; otherwise
A silent sorrow from mine eyes would steal,
And tell sad stories for me.

Eun. You are too tender of your honour, lady,
Too full of aguish trembling; the noble prince
Is as December frosty in desire;
Save what is lawful, he not owns that heat,
Which, were you snow, would thaw a tear from you.

Aph. This is the place appointed: pray heavens
Go well! [all things

Eun. I will go call him: please you rest yourself:
Here lies a book will bear you company
Till I return, which will be presently.—

[APHELIA *reads the book.*

Hither I'll send the king; not that I mean [*Aside.*
To give him leave to cool his burning lust,
For Clovis shall prevent him in the fact,
And thus I shall endear myself to both,
Clovis, enraged, perhaps will kill the king,
Or by the king will perish; if both fall,
Or either, both ways make for me.
The queen as rootedly does hate her sons
As I her ladyship. To see this fray
She must be brought by me: she'll steel them on
To one another's damage; for her sake
I'll say I set on foot this hopeful brawl.
Thus on all sides the eunuch will play foul,
And as his face is black he'll have his soul.

Aph. (*Reading.*) How witty sorrow has found out discourse
Fitting a midnight season: here I see
One bathed in virgin's tears, whose purity
Might blanch a black-a-moor, turn nature's stream
Back on itself; words pure, and of that strain
Might move the Parcæ to be pitiful.

Enter CLOTAIR.

Clot. Methinks I stand like Tarquin in the night
When he defiled the chastity of Rome,
Doubtful of what to do; and like a thief,
I take each noise to be an officer.

[*She still reads on.*

She has a ravishing feature, and her mind
Is of a purer temper than her body:
Her virtues more than beauty ravish'd me,
And I commit, even with her piety,
A kind of incest with religion.
Though I do know it is a deed of death,
Condemn'd to torments in the other world.
Such tempting sweetness dwells in every limb
That I must venture. . . . .

Aph. Alack, poor maid!
Poor ravish'd Philomel! thy lot was ill
To meet that violence in a brother, which
I in a stranger doubt not; yet methinks
I am too confident, for I feel my heart
Burden'd with something ominous: these men
Are things of subtle nature, and their oaths
Inconstant like themselves. Clovis may prove unkind,
Alack, why not! say he should offer foul,
The evil counsel of a secret place,
And night, his friend, might overtempt his will.
I dare not stand the hazard; guide me, light,
To some untrodden place, where poor I may
Wear out the night with sighs till it be day.

Clot. I am resolved, I will be bold and resolute:
Hail, beauteous damsel!

Aph. Ha! what man art thou,
That hast thy countenance clouded with thy cloak,
And hidest thy face from darkness and the night
If thy intents deserve a muffler too,
Withdraw, and act them not—What art thou? speak,
And wherefore camest thou hither?

Clot. I came to find one beautiful as thou—. . . .

Aph. I understand you not.

Clot. But you must; yea, and the right way too.

Aph. Help! help! help!

Clot. Peace! none of your loud music, lady:
If you raise a note, or beat the air with clamour,
You see your death. [*Draws his dagger.*

Aph. What violence is this, inhuman sir!
Why do you threaten war, fright my soft peace
With most ungentle steel? What have I done
Dangerous, or am like to do? Why do you wrack me thus?
Mine arms are guilty of no crimes, do not torment 'em;
Mine heart and they have been heaved up together
For mankind that was holy; if in that act
They have not pray'd for you, mend, and be holy.
The fault is none of theirs.

Clot. Come, do not seem more holy than you are,
I know your heart.

Aph. Let your dagger too, noble sir, strike home,
And sacrifice a soul to chastity,
As pure as is itself, or innocence.

Clot. This is not the way: know you me, beauty?
[*Discovers himself.*
Aph. The majesty of France!
Clot. Be not afraid.
Aph. I dare not fear; it's treason to suspect
My king can harbour thoughts that tend to ill:
I know your godlike good, and have but tried
How far weak woman durst be virtuous.
Clot. Cunning simplicity, thou art deceived;
Thy wit as well as beauty wounds me, and thy tongue
In pleading for thee pleads against thyself:
It is thy virtue moves me, and thy good
Tempts me to acts of evil; wert thou bad,
Or loose in thy desires, I could stand
And only gaze, not surfeit on thy beauty;
But as thou art, there's witchcraft in thy face....
Aph. You are my king, and may command my life,
My will to sin you cannot; you may force
Unhallow'd deeds upon me, spot my fame,
And make my body suffer, not my mind.
When you have done this unreligious deed,
Conquer'd a poor weak maid, a trembling maid,
What trophy, or what triumph will it bring
More than a living scorn upon your name?
The ashes in your urn shall suffer for't,
Virgins will sow their curses on your grave,
Time blot your kingly parentage, and call
Your birth in question. Do you think
This deed will lie conceal'd? the faults kings do
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
For all to see, and, seeing, tremble at.
It's not a single ill which you commit;
What in the subject is a petty fault
Monsters your actions, and 's a foul offence:
You give your subjects license to offend
When you do teach them how.
Clot. I will endure no longer: come along,
Or by the curious spinstry of thy head,
Which nature's cunningest finger twisted out,
I'll drag thee to my couch. Tempt not my fury.
Clovis. Hold!—hold, my heart; can I endure this?....
Monster of men!
Thou king of darkness! down unto thy hell!
I have a spell will lay thy honesty,
And this abused goodness.....
Eun. Beat down their swords—what do the princes mean?
Ring out the 'larum-bell—call up the court—

ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE SAME.

Persons.—Clovis, Clotair, Strephon, Lamot *the Physician*, Eunuch, Aphelia.

In the sequel of the story, the guards of the king having fallen upon Clovis, he is apparently killed, but is nevertheless secretly cured of his wounds, and assumes a disguise. In the mean time, the queen mother, anxious to get rid of Aphelia, causes one of her own paramours to dress in the armour of Prince Clovis, and to demand, in the character of his ghost, that Aphelia shall be sacrificed upon his hearse. Clotair pretends to comply with this sacrifice, and Aphelia is brought out to execution; but when all is ready, he takes the sword from the headsman, lays it at her feet, and declares her his queen. Clovis attends in disguise, and the poet makes him behave with rather more composure than we should expect from his trying situation; but when he sees his mistress accept the hand of his royal brother, he at last breaks out.

Clovis. Where am I?
Awake! for ever rather let me sleep.
Is this a funeral? O that I were a hearse,
And not the mock of what is pageanted.*
Clotair. Amazement quite confounds me—Clovis alive! [desire
Lamot. Yes, sir, by my art he lives, though his
Was not to have it known; this chest contains
Nothing but spices sweetly odoriferous.
Clotair. Into my soul I welcome thee, dear brother;
This second birth of thine brings me more joy
Than had Aphelia brought me forth an heir,
Whom now you must remember as a sister.
Clovis. O that in nature there was left an art
Could teach me to forget I ever loved
This her great masterpiece! O well-built frame,
Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd guests,
To house within thy bosom perjury?
If that our vows are register'd in heaven,
Why are they broke on earth? Aphelia,
This was a hasty match, the subtle air
Has not yet cool'd the breath with which thou sworest
Thyself into my soul; and on thy cheeks
The print and pathway of those tears remain,
That woo'd me to believe so; fly me not,
I am no spirit; taste my active pulse,
And you shall find it make such harmony
As youth and health enjoy.
Eun. The queen! she faints.
Clovis. Is there a God left so propitious
To rid me of my fears? still let her sleep,
For if she wake (O king!) she will appear
Too monstrous a spectre for frail eyes
To see and keep their senses.
Lamot. Are you mad? [were!
Clovis. Nothing so happy, Strephon; would I
In time's first progress I despair the hour
That brings such fortune with it; I should then
Forget that she was ever pleasing to me;
I should no more remember she would sit
And sing me into dreams of Paradise;
Never more hang about her ivory neck,
Believing such a one Diana's was;
Never more doat she breathes Arabia,
Or kiss her coral lips into a paleness. [gaze,
Lamot. See, she's return'd, and with majestic
In pity rather than contempt, beholds you.
Clovis. Convey me hence, some charitable man,
Lest this same creature, looking like a saint,
Hurry my soul to hell; she is a fiend
Apparell'd like a woman, sent on earth
For man's destruction.
Clotair. Rule your disorder'd tongue;
Clovis, what's past we are content to think
It was our brother spoke, and not our subject.
Clovis. I had forgot myself, yet well remember
Yon gorgon has transform'd me into stone;

* A hearse, supposed to contain the corpse of Clovis, forms a part of the pageant here introduced.

And since that time my language has been harsh,
My words too heavy for my tongue, too earthly;
I was not born so, trust me, Aphelia;
Before I was possess'd with these black thoughts,
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
Upon the rising pillows of thy breast,
Whose natural sweetness would invite mine eyes
To sink in pleasing slumbers, wake, and kiss
The rose-beds that afforded me such bliss;
But thou art now a general disease
That eat'st into my marrow, turn'st my blood,
And makest my veins run poison, that each sense
Groans at the alteration. Am I the Monsieur?
Does Clovis talk his sorrows, and not act?
O man bewomanized! Wert thou not mine?
How comes it thou art his?

Clotair. You have done ill,
And must be taught so; you capitulate
Not with your equal, Clovis, she's thy queen.

Clovis. Upon my knees I do acknowledge her
Queen of my thoughts and my affections.
O pardon me, if my ill-tutor'd tongue
Has forfeited my head; if not, behold
Before the sacred altar of thy feet
I lie, a willing sacrifice.

Aphelia. Arise:
And henceforth, Clovis, thus instruct thy soul;
There lies a depth in fate which earthly eyes
May faintly look into, but cannot fathom;
You had my vow till death to be your wife,
You being dead my vows were cancelled,
And I, as thus you see, bestow'd.

Clovis. Farewell;
I will no more offend you: would to God
These cruel hands, not enough barbarous,
That made these bleeding witnesses of love,
Had set an endless period to my life too!

Clotair. Where there's no help its bootless to complain;
Clovis, she's mine: let not your spirit war
Or mutiny within you; because I say 't;
Nor let thy tongue from henceforth dare presume
To say she might or ever should be thine;
What's past once more I pardon, 'tis our wedding-day.

Clovis. A long farewell to love; thus do I break
[*Breaks the ring.*
Your broken pledge of faith; and with this kiss,
The last that ever Clovis must print here,
Unkiss the kiss that seal'd it on thy lips.
Ye powers, ye are unjust, for her wild breath,
That has the sacred tie of contract broken,
Is still the same Arabia that it was.
[*The king,* CLOTAIR, *pulls him.*
Nay, I have done: beware of jealousy!
I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts;
Though she has broke her faith to me, to you,
Against her reputation, she'll be true:
Farewell my first love lost, I'll choose to have
No wife till death shall wed me to my grave.
Come, Strephon, come and teach me how to die,
That gavest me life so unadvisedly.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

[Born, 1596. Died, 1666.]

JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London. He was educated at Cambridge,* where he took the degree of A. M., and had a curacy for some time at or near St. Alban's, but embracing popery, became a schoolmaster [1623] in that town. Leaving this employment, he settled in London as a dramatic writer, and between the years 1625 and 1666 published thirty-nine plays. In the civil wars he followed his patron, the Earl of Newcastle, to the field; but on the decline of the royal cause, returned to London, and as the theatres were now shut, kept a school in Whitefriars, where he educated many eminent characters. At the reopening of the theatres he must have been too old to have renewed his dramatic labours; and what benefit the Restoration brought him as a royalist, we are not informed. Both he and his wife died on the same day, immediately after the great fire of London, by which they had been driven out of their house, and probably owed their deaths to their losses and terror on that occasion.†

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "THE CARDINAL."

Persons.—The DUCHESS *and her Ladies.*

Valeria. SWEET madam, be less thoughtful; this obedience
To passion will destroy the noblest frame
Of beauty that this kingdom ever boasted.

Celinda. This sadness might become your other habit,
And ceremonies black for him that died.
The times of sorrow are expired, and all
The joys that wait upon the court—your birth,
And a new Hymen that is coming towards you,
Invite a change.

Duch. Ladies, I thank you both.
I pray excuse a little melancholy
That is behind. My year of mourning hath not
So clear'd my account with sorrow, but there may
Some dark thoughts stay with sad reflections

* He had studied also at Oxford, where Wood says that Laud objected to his taking orders, on account of a mole on his left cheek, which greatly disfigured him. This fastidiousness about personal beauty, is certainly beyond the Levitical law. [As no mention of Shirley occurs in any of the public records of Oxford, the duration of his residence at St. John's College cannot be determined.—DYCE'S

[† Shirley was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common. A new language, and quite a new turn of tragic and comic interest, came in with the

Upon my heart, for him I lost. Even this
New dress and smiling garment, meant to show
A peace concluded 'twixt my grief and me,
Is but a sad remembrance: but I resolve
To entertain more pleasing thoughts, and if
You wish me heartily to smile, you must
Not mention grief: not in advice to leave it.
Such counsels open but afresh the wounds
You would close up, and keep alive the cause
Whose bleeding you would cure; let's talk of something
That may delight. You two are read in all
The histories of our court; tell me, Valeria,
Who has thy vote for the most handsome man.
Thus I must counterfeit a peace, when all [*Aside.*
Within me is at mutiny.

Val. I have examined
All that are candidates for praise of ladies,
But find—may I speak boldly to your grace,
And will you not return it, in your mirth,
To make me blush?

Duch. No, no; speak freely.

Val. I will not rack your patience, madam, but
Were I a princess, I should think Count D'Alvarez
Had sweetness to deserve me from the world.

Duch. Alvarez! she's a spy upon my heart. [*Aside.*

Val. He's young and active, and composed most sweetly.

Duch. I have seen a face more tempting.

Val. It had then
Too much of woman in't; his eyes speak movingly,
Which may excuse his voice, and lead away
All female pride his captive. His black hair,
Which naturally falling into curls——

Duch. Prithee no more, thou art in love with him.
The man in your esteem, Celinda, now.

Cel. Alvarez is, I must confess, a gentleman
Of handsome composition, but with
His mind (the greater excellence) I think
Another may delight a lady more,
If man be well consider'd, that's Columbo,
Now, madam, voted to be yours.

Duch. My torment! [*Aside.*

Val. She affects him not.

Cel. He has a person and a bravery beyond
All men that I observe.

Val. He is a soldier,
A rough-hewn man, and may show well at distance;
His talk will fright a lady: war and grim-
Faced Honour are his mistresses—he raves
To hear a lute—Love meant him not his priest.
Again your pardon, madam: we may talk,
But you have art to choose and crown affection.
[*Exeunt.*

Duch. What is it to be born above these ladies,
And want their freedom! They are not constrain'd,
Nor slaved by their own greatness, or the king's,
But let their free hearts look abroad and choose
By their own eyes to love. I must repair
My poor afflicted bosom, and assume
The privilege I was born with, which now prompts me
To tell the king he hath no power nor art
To steer a lover's soul.

FROM THE SAME.

The Duchess's conference with Alvarez.

Enter SECRETARY.

Sec. THE Count D'Alvarez, madam.

Duch. Admit him,
And let none interrupt us. [*Exit Sec.*] How shall I
Behave my looks? the guilt of my neglect,
Which had no seal from hence, will call up blood
To write upon my cheeks the shame and story
In some red letter.

Enter D'ALVAREZ.

D'Alv. Madam, I present
One that was glad to obey your grace, and come
To know what your commands are.

Duch. Where I once
Did promise love, a love that had the power
And office of a priest, to chain my heart
To yours, it were injustice to command.

D'Alv. But I can look upon you, madam, as
Becomes a servant, with as much humility.
In tenderness of your honour and great fortune,
Give up, when you call back your bounty, all that
Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours.

Duch. Hath love taught thee no more assurance in
Our mutual vows, thou canst suspect it possible
I should revoke a promise made to heaven
And thee, so soon? This must arise from some
Distrust of thy own faith.

D'Alv. Your grace's pardon:
To speak with freedom, I am not so old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time
Not to see where and when I am at loss,
And how to bear my fortune and my wounds;
Which, if I look for health, must still bleed inward,
A hard and desperate condition.
I am not ignorant your birth and greatness
Have placed you to grow up with the king's grace
And jealousy, which to remove his power
Hath chosen a fit object for your beauty
To shine upon—Columbo, his great favourite.
I am a man on whom but late the king
Has pleased to cast a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wisely to direct
And light me to my safety. Oh, dear madam,
I will not call more witness of my love,
If you will let me still give it that name,
Than this, that I dare make myself a loser,
And to you will give all my blessings up.
Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle,
That shall at best, when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to.

Duch. Misery
Of birth and state! that I could shift into
A meaner blood, or find some art to purge
That part which makes my veins unequal. Yet
Those nice distinctions have no place in us;
There's but a shadow difference, a title;
Thy stock partakes as much of noble sap
As that which feeds the root of kings; and he
That writes a lord, hath all the essence of
Nobility.

D'Alv. 'Tis not a name that makes
Our separation—the king's displeasure

Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the cardinal's
Plot to advance his nephew; then Columbo,
A man made up for some prodigious act,
Is fit to be consider'd: in all three
There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruin to us both.
Duch. Then you do look on them with fear?
D'Alv. With eyes
That should think tears a duty to lament
Your least unkind fate; but my youth dares boldly
Meet all the tyranny of the stars, whose black
Malevolence but shoot my single tragedy;
You are above the value of many worlds
Peopled with such as I am.
Duch. What if Columbo,
Engaged in war, in his hot thirst of honour,
Find out the way to death?
D'Alv. 'Tis possible.
Duch. Or say, no matter by what art or motive,
He gives his title up, and leave me to
My own election.
D'Alv. If I then be happy
To have a name within your thought, there can
Be nothing left to crown me with new blessing.
But I dream thus of heaven, and wake to find
My am'rous soul a mockery, when the priest
Shall tie you to another, and the joys
Of marriage leave no thought at leisure to
Look back upon Alvarez, that must wither
For loss of you: yet then I cannot lose
So much of what I was once in your favour,
But in a sigh pray still you may live happy.
Duch. My heart is in a mist; some good star smile
Upon my resolution, and direct
Two lovers in their chaste embrace to meet.
Columbo's bed contains my winding-sheet.

FROM THE SAME.

Conference of the Duchess and the Cardinal, after the Duchess has sent a letter to Columbo, praying him to renounce her, and has received an answer from the camp, complying with the request.

Cardinal. MADAM.
Duchess. My lord,
Card. The king speaks of a letter that has brought
A riddle in't——
Duch. 'Tis easy to interpret.
Card. From my nephew. May I deserve the favour? [*Gives him the letter.*
Duch. He looks as though his eyes would fire the paper;
They are a pair of burning-glasses, and
His envious blood doth give them flame.
Card. What lethargy could thus unspirit him?
I am all wonder. Do not believe, madam,
But that Columbo's love is yet more sacred
To honour and yourself, than thus to forfeit
What I have heard him call the glorious wreath
To all his merits, given him by the king,
From whom he took you with more pride than ever
He came from victory; his kisses hang
Yet panting on your lips, and he but now
Exchanged religious farewell, to return
But with more triumph to be yours.
Duch. My lord,
You do believe your nephew's hand was not
Surprised or strain'd to this?
Card. Strange arts and windings in the world—most dark
And subtle progresses. Who brought this letter?
Duch. I inquired not his name. I thought it not
Considerable to take such narrow notice.
Card. Desert and honour urged it here, nor can
I blame you to be angry; yet his person
Obliged you should have given a nobler pause
Before you made your faith and change so violent
From his known worth, into the arms of one,
However fashion'd to your amorous wish,
Not equal to his cheapest fame, with all
The gloss of blood and merit.
Duch. This compassion,
My good lord cardinal, I cannot think
Flows from an even justice, it betrays
You partial where your blood runs.
Card. I fear, madam,
Your own takes too much license, and will soon
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues.
Because Alvarez has a softer cheek,
Can, like a woman, trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man
Or honour, to your bed—must he supplant him?
Take heed, the common murmur, when it catches
The scent of a lost fame,——
Duch. My fame, lord cardinal!
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heaven.
I shall not urge, my lord, your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Card. You are a fine court lady.
Duch. And you should be a reverend churchman.
Card. One that, if you have not thrown off
Would counsel you to leave Alvarez. [modesty,
Duch. 'Cause you dare do worse
Than marriage, must not I be admitted what
The church and law allow me?
Card. Insolent! then you dare marry him?
Duch. Dare! let your contracted flame and malice with
Columbo's rage higher than that, meet us
When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand
In hand,—we'll break through all your force, and fix
Our sacred vows together there.
Card. I knew
When with as chaste a brow you promised fair
To another—You are no dissembling lady.
Duch. Would all your actions had no falser lights
About 'em——
Card. Ha! [loud.
Duch. The people would not talk and curse so
Card. I'll have you chid into a blush for this.
Duch. Begin at home, great man, there's cause enough.
You turn the wrong end of the perspective
Upon your crimes to drive them to a far
And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right,
What giants would your pride and surfeit seem,
How gross your avarice, eating up whole families.

How vast are your corruptions and abuse
Of a king's ear, at which you hang a pendant,
Not to adorn, but ulcerate; whilst the honest
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
Serve only for court-ornament: if they speak,
'Tis when you set their tongues, which you wind up
Like clocks to strike at the just hour you please.
Leave, leave, my lord, these usurpations,
And be what you were meant, a man to cure,
Not let in agues to religion.
Look on the church's wounds——
Card. You dare presume,
In your rude spleen to me, to abuse the church?
Duch. Alas! you give false aim, my lord; 'tis your
Ambition and scarlet sins that rob
Her altar of the glory, and leave wounds
Upon her brow which fetches grief and paleness
Into her cheeks; making her troubled bosom
Pant with her groans, and shroud her holy blushes
Within your reverend purples.
Card. Will you now take breath?
Duch. In hope, my lord, you will behold yourself
In a true glass, and see those unjust acts
That so deform you, and by timely cure
Prevent a shame before the short-hair'd men
Do crowd and call for justice, I take leave. [*Exit.*
Card. This woman has a spirit that may rise
To tame the devil's,—there's no dealing with
Her angry tongue,—'tis action and revenge
Must calm her fury. Were Columbo here
I could resolve,—but letters shall be sent
To th' army, which may wake him into sense
Of his rash folly, or direct his spirit
Some way to snatch his honour from this flame;
All great men know "*the soul of life is fame.*"

FROM "THE ROYAL MASTER."

The Duke of Florence, being engaged to marry the sister of the King of Naples, is treacherously led to distrust her character, and, on showing symptoms of his disregard, is thus called to account by the King.

King. THERE's another
Whom though you can forget. My sister, sir,
Deserves to be remember'd.
Duke. You are jealous
That I visit this lady.
King. That were only
To doubt. I must be plain; Florence has not
Been kind to Naples to reward us with
Affront for love; and Theodosia must not
Be any prince's mockery.
Duke. I can
Take boldness too, and tell you, sir, it were
More for her honour she would mock no prince.
I am not lost to Florence yet, though I
Be Naples' guest; and I must tell him here,
I came to meet with fair and princely treaties
Of love, not to be made the tale of Italy,
The ground of scurril pasquils, or the mirth
Of any lady who shall pre-engage
Her heart to another's bosom, and then sneak
Off like a tame despised property
When her ends are advanced.
King. I understand not
This passion, yet it points at something
That may be dangerous; to conclude, Theodosia
Is Naples' sister, and I must not see
Her lost to honour, though my kingdom bleed
To rescue her.
Duke. Now you are passionate.
This must be repair'd, my name is wounded,
And my affection betray'd: your sister,
That looks like a fair star within love's sky,
Is fall'n, and by the scattering of her fires
Declares she has alliance with the earth,
Not heavenly nature.
King. Are my senses perfect?
Be clearer, sir; teach me to understand
This prodigy. You do not scorn our sister?
Duke. Not I! as she has title to your blood,
She merits all ambition; she's a princess,
Yet no stain to her invention, we are parallels,
Equal, but never made to meet.
King. How's this?
Duke. Truth is my witness, I did mean
No ceremonious love until I found
Her heart was given from me, though your power
Contract our bodies.
King. Stay and be advised;
And if your doubts, by some malicious tongue
Framed to abuse my sister and yourself,
Have raised this mutiny in your thoughts, I have
A power to cure all.
Duke. Sir, you cannot.
King. Not to court thee for her husband, wert
possess'd
Of all o'er which our eagle shakes his wings,
But to set right her honour; and ere I challenge
Thee by thy birth, by all thy hopes and right
To fame, to tell me what malicious breath
Has poison'd her, hear what my sister sends
By me so late, Time is not old in minutes, [tell
The words yet warm with her own breath—Pray
The duke, she says, although I know not from
What root his discontents grow to devote him
To Domitilla——
Duke. How does she know that? [fancy;
King. Whose beauty has more spell upon his
I did contract my heart when I thought his
Had been no stranger to his tongue, and can
Not find within it since what should divert
His princely thoughts from my first innocence,
Yet such is my stern fate I must still love him.
And though he frame his heart to unkind distance,
It hath embracing virtue upon mine,
And with his own remove draws my soul after him.
If he forget I am a princess, pray
Let Naples do so too, for my revenge
Shall be in prayers, that he may find my wrong,
And teach him soft repentance and more faith.
Duke. All this must not betray my freedom, sir.
King. You'll not accuse our sister of dishonour?
Duke. I would not grieve you, sir, to hear what I
Could say; and press me not, for your own peace;
Fames must be gently touch'd.
King. As thou art Florence, speak.
Duke. I shall displease,
Yet I but tell her brother that doth press me,
Lucrece was chaste after the rape, but where
The blood consents there needs no ravisher.

King. I do grow faint with wonder. Here's enough
To blast an apprehension, and shoot
A quaking through the valiant soul of man.
My sister's blood accused, and her fair name,
Late chaste as trembling snow, whose fleeces clothe
Our Alpine hills—sweet as the rose's spirit,
Or violet's cheek, on which the morning leaves
A tear at parting,—now begins to wither
As it would haste to death and be forgotten.
This Florence is a prince that does accuse her,
And such men give not faith to every murmur
Or slight intelligence that wounds a lady
In her dear honour. But she is my sister;
Think of that too, credit not all, but ask
Of thy own veins what guilty flowings there
May tempt thee to believe this accusation.

FROM "THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE."

Claudiana, on receiving a proposition from her husband Cornari, which she supposes to arise from his suspicion of her infidelity.

Claudiana. LET me fall [*Kneels.*
Beneath that which sustains me, ere I take
In a belief that will destroy my peace;
Not in the apprehension of what
You frame t' accuse yourself, but in fear
My honour is betray'd to your suspicion.

Cornari. Rise! with thy tears I kiss
Away thy tremblings. I suspect thy honour?
My heart will want faith to believe an angel,
That should traduce thy fair name; thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.
How are the roses frighted in thy cheeks
To paleness, weeping out transparent dew,
When a loose story is but named? thou art
The miracle of a chaste wife, from which fair
Original, drawn out by Heaven's own hand,
To have had one copy I had writ perfection.

FROM "THE DOUBTFUL HEIR."

Persons.—FERDINAND *in prison for asserting his right to the kingdom of Murcia.* ROSANIA, *his mistress, disguised like a Page.*

Rosania. PRAY do not grieve for me. I have a heart
That can for your sake suffer more; and when
The tyranny of your fate calls me to die,
I can as willingly resign my breath
As go to sleep.

Ferdinand. Can I hear this
Without a fresh wound, that thy love to me
Should be so ill rewarded? thou hast engaged
Thyself too much already; 'tis within
Thy will yet to be safe,—reveal thyself, [ness,
Throw off the cloud that doth eclipse that bright-
And they will court thy person, and be proud
With all becoming honour to receive thee;
No fear shall rob thy cheek of her chaste blood.
Oh, leave me to my own stars, and expect,
Whate'er become of wretched Ferdinand,
A happy fate.

Ros. Your counsel is unkind;
This language would become your charity
To a stranger, but my interest is more
In thee, than thus with words to be sent off.
Our vows have made us one, nor can the names
Of father, country, or what can be dear
In nature, bribe one thought to wish myself
In heaven without thy company: it were poor, then,
To leave thee here. Then, by thy faith I charge thee;
By this, the first and last seal of our love; [*Kisses him.*
By all our promises, when we did flatter
Ourselves, and in our fancy took the world
A pieces, and collected what did like
Us best, to make us a new paradise;
By that the noblest ornament of thy soul,
Thy honour, I conjure thee, let me still
Be undiscover'd. What will it avail
To leave me, whom thou lovest, and walk alone,
Sad pilgrim, to another world? We will
Converse in soul, and shoot like stars whose beams
Are twisted, and make bright the sullen groves
Of lovers, as we pass.

Fer. These are but dreams
Of happiness: be wise, Rosania,
Thy love is not a friend to make thee miserable;
Society in death, where we affect,
But multiplies our grief. Live thou, oh live!
And if thou hast a tear, when I am dead,
But drop it to my memory, it shall
More precious than embalming dwell upon me,
And keep my ashes pure; my spirit shall
At the same instant, in some innocent shape,
Descend upon that earth thou hast bedew'd,
And, kissing the bright tribute of thine eye,
Shall after wait like thy good angel on thee.
There will be none to speak of Ferdinand
Without disdain if thou diest too. Oh, live
A little to defend me, or at least
To say I was no traitor to thy love;
And lay the shame on death and my false stars,
That would not let me live to be a king.

Ros. O Ferdinand!
Thou dost not love me now!

Fer. Not love, Rosania?
If wooing thee to live will not assure thee,
Command me then to die, and spare the cruelty
Of the fair queen. Not love, Rosania?
If thou wilt but delight to see me bleed,
I will at such a narrow passage let
Out life, it shall be many hours in ebbing;
And my soul, bathing in the crimson stream,
Take pleasure to be drown'd. I have small time
To love and be alive, but I will carry
So true a faith to woman hence as shall
Make poor the world, when I am gone to tell
The story yonder.—We are interrupted.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. You must prepare yourself for present [trial;
I have command t' attend you to the judges.
That gentleman, and all that did adhere
To your conspiracy, are by the queen's
Most gracious mercy pardon'd.

Fer. In that word
Thou hast brought me more than life. I shall betray,
And with my too much joy undo thee again.

Heaven does command thee live, I must obey
This summons. I shall see thee again, Tiberio,*
Before I die.
Ros. I'll wait upon you, sir;
The queen will not deny me that poor office.
I know not how to leave you.
Fer. Death and I
Shall meet and be made friends; but when we part,
The world shall find thy story in my heart.

FERDINAND'S TRIAL.

FROM THE SAME.

Persons, besides the Prisoner *at the bar and his* Page, *are* Olivia, *the supposed* Queen of Murcia; Officers; Ernesto, Rodrigues, Leandro, *and* Leonario; Noblemen, Ladies, Gentlemen, *and* Guard.

Queen. Is that the prisoner at the bar?
Leon. He that pretended himself Ferdinand,
Your uncle's son.
Queen. Proceed to his arraignment. My lord
You know our pleasure. [Leandro,
Leandro. Although the queen in her own royal power,
And without violating sacred justice, where
Treason comes to invade her and her crown
With open war, need not insist upon
The forms and circumstance of law, but use
Her sword in present execution,
Yet such is the sweet temper of her blood
And calmness of her nature, though provoked
Into a storm, unto the greatest offender
She shuts up no defence, willing to give
A satisfaction to the world how much
She doth delight in mercy. Ferdinand,
For so thou dost pretend thyself, thou art
Indicted of high treason to her majesty,
In that thou hast usurp'd relation to
Her blood, and, under name of being her kinsman,
Not only hast contrived to blast her honour
With neighbouring princes, but hast gather'd arms
To wound the precious bosom of her country,
And tear the crown, which heaven and just succession
Hath placed upon her royal head. What canst
Thou answer to this treason?
Fer. Boldly thus:
As I was never, with the height of all
My expectations and the aid of friends,
Transported one degree above myself, [frown'd,
So must not Ferdinand, though his stars have
And the great eye of Providence seem to slumber
While your force thus compell'd and brought me hither,
With mockery of my fate, to be arraign'd
For being a prince, have any thought beneath
The title I was born to. Yet I'll not call
This cruelty in you, nor in the queen,
(If I may name her so without injustice
To my own right;) a kingdom is a garland
Worth all contention, and where right seals not
The true possession nature is forgotten,
And blood thought cheap to assure it. There is something
Within that excellent figure that restrains
A passion here, that else would forth like lightning:
'Tis not your shape, which yet hath so much sweetness;
Some pale religious hermit might suspect [Some
You are the blessed saint he pray'd to: no,
The magic's in our nature and our blood,
For both our veins, full of one precious purple,
Strike harmony in their motion; I am Ferdinand,
And you the fair Olivia, brother's children.
Leon. What insolence is this!
Queen. Oh, my lord, let him
Be free to plead; for, if it be no dream,
His cause will want an orator. By my blood
He does talk bravely.
Rodrig. These are flourishes.
Ern. Speak to the treason you are charged with,
And confess a guilt.
Leon. He justifies himself.
Fer. If it be treason to be born a prince,
To have my father's royal blood move here;
If it be treason in my infancy
To have escaped by Divine providence,
When my poor life should have been sacrificed
To please a cruel uncle, whose ambition
Surprised my crown, and after made Olivia,
His daughter, queen; if it be treason to
Have been a stranger thus long from my country,
Bred up with silence of my name and birth,
And not till now mature to own myself
Before a sunbeam; if it be treason,
After so long a banishment, to weep
A tear of joy upon my country's bosom
And call her mine, my just inheritance,
Unless you stain my blood with bastardy;
If it be treason still to love this earth,
That knew so many of my race her kings,
Though late unkindly arm'd to kill her sovereign,
As if the effusion of my blood were left
To make her fertile; if to love Olivia,
My nearest pledge of blood, although her power
Hath chain'd her prince, and made her lord her prisoner,
Who sits with expectation to hear [prisoner,
That sentence that must make the golden wreath
Secure upon her brow by blasting mine:
If this be treason, I am guilty. Ferdinand,
Your king's become a traitor, and must die
A black and most inglorious death.
Ern. You offer
At some defence, but come not home. By what
Engine were you translated hence, or whither
Convey'd? There was some trust deceived when you
Were carried forth to be preserved, and much
Care taken since in bringing of you up,
And giving secret fire to this ambition.
Fer. There wants no testimony here of what
Concerns the story of my birth and infancy,
If one dare speak and be an honest lord——
Leand. How's that? [tyranny,
Fer. Whose love and art secured me from all
Though here my funeral was believed; while I,
Sent to an honourable friend, his kinsman,
Grew safely to the knowledge of myself
At last, till fortune of the war betray'd me
To this captivity.

* The assumed name of the page.

Leand. I blush at thee,
Young man, whose fall has made thee desperate,
And carest not what man's blood thou draw'st along,
As hateful as thy crimes.
Ern. That confederate
Sure has some name: declare him, that he may
Thank you for his award, and lose his head for't.
Queen. We always see that men, in such high nature
Deform'd and guilty, want no specious shapes
To gain their practice, friendship, and compassion;
But he shall feel the punishment. D' you smile?
Fer. A woman's anger is but worth it, madam;
And if I may have freedom, I must say,
Not in contempt of what you seem, nor help'd
By overcharge of passion, which but makes
A fruitless noise, I have a sense of what
I am to lose, a life; but I am so fortified
With valiant thoughts and innocence, I shall,
When my last breath is giving up to lose
Itself in the air, be so remote from fear,
That I will cast my face into a smile,
Which shall, when I am dead, acquit all trembling,
And be a story to the world how free
From paleness Ferdinand took leave of earth.
Ros. Alas! my lord, you forget me, that can
Part with so much courage.
Fer. I forget indeed:
I thought of death with honour, but my love
Hath found a way to chide me. Oh, my boy!
I can weep now.
Leon. A sudden change: he weeps.
Queen. What boy is that?
Fer. I prithee take thyself away.
Queen. Your spirit does melt, it seems, and you begin to think
A life is worth preserving though with infamy.
Fer. Goodness, thy aid again, and tell this great,
Proud woman, I have a spirit scorns her pity,
Come hither, boy, and let me kiss thee: thus,
At parting with a good and pretty servant,
I can without my honour stain'd shed tears.
I took thee from thy friends to make thee mine—
Is it not truth, boy?——
Ros. Yes, my lord.
Fer. And meant, when I was king, to make thee great;
And shall I not, when I can live no longer
To cherish thee, at farewell drop a tear,
That I could weep my soul upon thee? But
You are too slow, methinks; I am so far
From dread, I think your forms too tedious.
I expect my sentence.
Queen. Let it stay awhile. [protect me.
(*Aside.*) What secret flame is this? Honour
Your grace's fair excuse; for you I shall
Return again. [*Exit.*
Fer. And I, with better guard,
After my silence in the grave, to meet
And plead this cause.
Ern. He is distracted, sure.
His person I could pity, but his insolence
Wants an example. What if we proceed
To sentence?
Leon. I suppose the queen will clear
Your duties in't.
Leand. But I'll acquaint her. [*Exit.*
Leon. My lord, Leandro's gone.
Ern. His censure will
Be one with ours.—
Fer. Yet shall I publish who
Thou art? I shall not die with a calm soul
And leave thee in this cloud.

Enter QUEEN *and* LEANDRO.

Ros. By no means, sir. The queen.
Queen. Whose service is so forward to our state,
That when our pleasure's known not to proceed,
They dare be officious in his sentence? Are
We queen, or do we move by your protection?
Ern. Madam, the prince——
Queen. My lord, you have a queen:
I not suspect his wisdom, sir, but he
Hath no commission here to be a judge;
You were best circumscribe our regal power,
And by yourselves condemn or pardon all,
And we sign to your will. The offence which you
Call treason strikes at us, and we release it.
Let me but see one curl in any brow;
Attend the prisoner hither—Kiss our hand.
Are you so merciless to think this man
Fit for a scaffold?—You shall, sir, be near us;
And if in this confusion of your fortunes
You can find gratitude and love, despair not:
These men, that now oppose, may find your title
Clear to the kingdom too. Be, sir, collected,
And let us love your arm.
[*Exit, supported by* FERDINAND.
Ros. What change is here?
Leand. What think you of this, lords?
Rodrig. I dare not think.
Leon. Affronted thus! Oh, my vex'd heart!
Ros. I'll follow still; and, if this be no dream,
We have 'scaped a brook to meet a greater stream.

THE GAY WORLD.

FROM "THE LADY OF PLEASURE."

ARETINA, SIR THOMAS BORNWELL'S *lady, and his* Steward.

Steward. Be patient, madam, you may have your pleasure.
Aret. 'Tis that I came to town for: I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires! the men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground: to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Sellinger's Round; t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks;
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-horse
Tire, and the maid-marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat.
Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful,
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleased

To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power join'd
To give your life more harmony. You lived there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;
Praised for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be envied, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt.—I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.

Aret. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country
With title of superintendent bailiff.

Stew. How, madam?

Aret. Even so, sir. [servant.

Stew. I am a gentleman, though now your

Aret. A country gentleman,
By your affection to converse with stubble:
His tenants will advance you wit, and plump it so
With beef and bag-pudding——

Stew. You may say your pleasure,
It becomes not me dispute. [master.

Aret. Complain to the lord of the soil, your

Stew. Y' are a woman of an ungovern'd passion,
And I pity you.

Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell.

Born. How now, what's the matter?
Angry, sweetheart?

Aret. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? have I not obey'd
All thy desires against mine own opinion?
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in; changed a calm and retire life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge?

Aret. What charge more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?

Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen, great and powerful
I' th' state, but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune,
But would not flatter it to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employ'd
To serve your vast expenses.

Aret. Am I then
Brought in the balance so, sir?

Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obey'd no modest counsel to affect,
Nay study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires; [man;
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kins-
Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins;
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home and show abroad,
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hind'ring o' the market.

Aret. Have you done, sir?

Born. I could accuse the gayety of your wardrobe
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not show their own complexions. Your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers.
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.

Aret. Pray do; I like
Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Aret. A gamester too?

Born. But you are not to that repentance yet
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtlety of cards
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income.
Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire
Purchased beneath my honour. You may play,
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by 't.

Aret. Good,—proceed. [more

Born. Another game you have, which consumes
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd the Ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into a more costly sin. There was a play on 't,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some deeds had been discover'd, and the deeds too
In time he may repent and make some blush
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act, but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.

Aret. Have you concluded
Your lecture?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their fair
And modest freedom.

Aret. I'll not be so tedious
In my reply, but without art or elegance

Assure you I still keep my first opinion;
And though you veil your avaricious meaning
With handsome names of modesty, and thrift,
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was born with: were my desires unprivileged
By example, while my judgment thought 'em fit,
You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
And tract of every honourable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasure circumscribed and taught me.
A narrow-minded husband is a thief
To his own fame, and his preferment too;
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world,
While from the popular vote and knowledge men
Rise to employment in the state.

Born. I have
No great ambition to buy preferment
At so dear a rate.

Aret. Nor I to sell my honour
By living poor and sparingly. I was not
Bred in that ebb of fortune, and my fate
Shall not compel me to 't.

Born. I know not, madam,
But you pursue these ways.

Aret. What ways?

Born. In the strict sense of honesty I dare
Make oath they are innocent.

Aret. Do not divert,
By busy troubling of your brain, those thoughts
That should preserve them.

Born. How was that?

Aret. 'Tis English.

Born. But carries some unkind sense.....

Enter Steward.

Aret. What's your news, sir?

Stew. Madam, two gentlemen.

Aret. What gentlemen; have they no names?

Stew. They are——
The gentleman with his own head of hair,
Whom you commended for his horsemanship
In Hyde Park, and becoming [so] the saddle,
The other day.

Aret. What circumstance is this
To know him by?

Stew. His name 's at my tongue's end—
He liked the fashion of your pearl chain, madam,
And borrow'd it for his jeweller to take
A copy by.

Born. What cheating gallant 's this?

Stew. That never walks without a lady's busk,
And plays with fans:—Mr. Alexander Kickshaw.
I thought I should remember him.

Aret. What's the other?

Stew. What an unlucky memory I have—
The gallant that still danceth in the street,
And wears a gross of ribbon in his hat;
That carries oringado in his pocket,
And sugar-plums to sweeten his discourse;
That studies compliment, defies all wit
On black, and censures plays that are not bawdy—
Mr. John Littleworth.

Aret. They are welcome; but
Pray entertain them a small time, lest I
Be unprovided.

Born. Did they ask for me?

Stew. No, sir.

Born. It matters not, they must be welcome.

Aret. Fie, how this hair's disorder'd; here's a curl
Straddles most impiously. I must to my closet.
[*Exit.*

Born. Wait on them; my lady will return again.
I have to such a height fulfill'd her humour,
All application's dangerous; these gallants
Must be received, or she will fall into
A tempest, and the house be shook with names
Of all her kindred. 'Tis a servitude
I may in time shake off.

Enter Mr. Alexander Kickshaw *and* Littleworth.

Kick. and Lit. Save you, Sir Thomas.

Born. Save you, gentlemen.

Kick. I kiss your hand.

Born. What day is it abroad?

Lit. The morning rises from your lady's eye;
If she look clear, we take the happy omen
Of a fair day.

Born. She'll instantly appear
To the discredit of your compliment;
But you express your wit thus.

Kick. And you modesty,
Not to affect the praises of your own.

Born. Leaving this subject, what game's afoot?
What exercise carries the general vote
O' the town now? Nothing moves without your
knowledge.

Kick. The cocking now has all the noise. I'll have
A hundred pieces of one battle. Oh,
These birds of Mars!

Lit. Venus is Mars his bird too.

Kick. Why, and the pretty doves are Venuses,
To show that kisses draw the chariot.

Lit. I'm for that skirmish.

Born. When shall we have
More booths and bagpipes upon Banstead downs?
No mighty race is expected? But my lady returns.

Enter Aretina.

Aret. Fair morning to you, gentlemen;
You went not late to bed, by your early visit.
You do me honour.

Kick. It becomes our service.

Aret. What news abroad? You hold precious intelligence.

Lit. All tongues are so much busy with your
praise,
They have not time to frame other discourse.
Wilt please you, madam, taste a sugar-plum?

Born. What does the goldsmith think the pearl
You borrow'd of my lady? is worth

Kick. 'Tis a rich one.

Born. She has many other toys, whose fashion
Will like extremely. You have no intention you
To buy any of her jewels?

Kick. Understand me. this,

Born. You had rather sell, perhaps? But leaving
I hope you'll dine with us?

Kick. I came on purpose.

Aret. And where were you last night?

Kick. I, madam! where
I slept not: it had been sin: where so much
Delight and beauty was to keep me waiting.
There is a lady, madam, will be worth
Your free society; my conversation

Ne'er knew so elegant and brave a soul,
With most incomparable flesh and blood:
So spirited, so courtly, speaks the languages,
Sings, dances, plays o' the lute to admiration;
Is fair, and paints not; games too, keeps a table,
And talks most witty satire; has a wit
Of a clean Mercury.
Lit. Is she married?
Kick. No.
Aret. A virgin?
Kick. Neither.
Lit. What, a widow? Something
Of this wide commendation might have been
Excused this such a prodigy.
Kick. Repent,
Before I name her. She did never see
Yet full sixteen; an age in the opinion
Of wise men not contemptible. She has
Mourn'd out her year too for the honest knight
That had compassion of her youth and died
So timely. Such a widow is not common;
And now she shines [abroad] more fresh and [tempting
Than any natural virgin.
Aret. What's her name?
Kick. She was christen'd Celestina; by her husband
The lady Belamour. This ring was hers.
Born. You borrow'd it to copy out the posy?
Kick. Are they not pretty rubies? 'Twas a grace
She was pleased to show me, that I might have one
Made of the [self] same fashion, for I love
All pretty forms.
Aret. And is she glorious?
Kick. She is full of jewels, madam; but I am
Most taken with the bravery of her mind, [ment.
Although her garments have all grace and orna-
Aret. You have been high in praises.
Kick. I come short;
No flattery can reach her.
Born. Now my lady
Is troubled, as she fear'd to be eclipsed.
This news will cost me somewhat. [*Aside.*
Aret. You deserve
Her favour for this noble character.
Kick. And I possess it by my star's benevolence.
Aret. You must bring us acquainted.
Born. I pray do, sir;
I long to see her too. Madam, I have
Thought upon't, and corrected my opinion;
Pursue what ways of pleasure your desires
Incline you to. Not only with my state,
But with my person I will follow you:
I see the folly of my thrift, and will
Repent in sack and prodigality
To your own heart's content.
Aret. But do not mock.
Born. Take me to your embraces, gentlemen,
And tutor me.
Lit. And will you kiss the ladies? [beauty—
Born. And sing, and dance.—I long to see this
I would fain lose an hundred pounds at dice now—
Thou shalt have another gown and petticoat
To-morrow—Will you sell my running horses?—
We have no Greek wine in the house, I think;
Pray send one of our footmen to the merchant,
And throw the hogshead of March beer into
The kennel, to make room for sack and claret.
What think you to be drunk yet before dinner?
We will have constant music, and maintain
Them and their fiddles in fantastic liveries—
I'll tune my voice to catches—I must have
My dining-room enlarged t' invite ambassadors—
We'll feast the parish in the fields, and teach
The military men new discipline,
Who shall charge all their [great] artillery
With oranges and lemons, boy, to play
All dinner upon our capons.
Kick. He's exalted.
Born. I will do any thing to please my lady,
Let that suffice, and kiss o' the same condition.
I am converted, do not you dispute.
But patiently allow the miracle.
Aret. I am glad to hear you sit in so good tune.
Enter Servant.
Serv. Madam, the painter.
Aret. I am to sit this morning. [sitting's but
Kick. With your favour, we'll wait on you;
A melancholy exercise without
Some company to discourse.
Aret. It does conclude
A lady's morning work; we rise, make fine,
Sit for our picture, and 'tis time to dine.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF CELESTINA.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter Celestina *and her* Steward.

Cel. Fie, what an air this room has?
Stew. 'Tis perfumed. [thrift
Cel. With some cheap stuff: is it your wisdom's
To infect my nostrils thus, or is 't to favour
The gout in your worship's hand? You are afraid
To exercise your pen in your account-book,
Or do you doubt my credit to discharge
Your bills?
Stew. Madam, I hope you have not found
My duty with the guilt of sloth or jealousy
Unapt to your command.
Cel. You can extenuate
Your faults with language, sir; but I expect
To be obey'd. What hangings have we here?
Stew. They are arras, madam.
Cel. Impudence, I know't,
I will have fresher and more rich, not wrought
With faces that may scandalize a Christian,
With Jewish stories, stuff'd with corn and camels;
You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish,
And make a nursery of monsters here,
To fright the ladies come to visit me.
Stew. Madam, I hope——
Cel. I say I will have other,
Good master steward, of a finer loom,
Some silk and silver, if your worship please
To let me be at so much cost: I'll have
Stories to fit the seasons of the year,
And change as often as I please.
Stew. You shall, madam.
Cel. I am bound to your consent forsooth! And is
My coach brought home?
Stew. This morning I expect it.

Cel. The inside, as I gave direction,
Of crimson plush?
Stew. Of crimson camel plush. [ride through
Cel. Ten thousand moths consume 't! Shall I
The streets in penance, wrapt up round in hair-cloth?
Sell 't to an alderman,—'twill serve his wife
To go a feasting to their country house,—
Or fetch a merchant's nurse-child, and come home
Laden with fruit and cheesecakes. I despise it.
Stew. The nails adorn it, madam, set in method
And pretty forms.
Cel. But single-gilt, I warrant
Stew. No, madam.
Cel. Another solecism. O fie!
This fellow will bring me to a consumption
With fretting at his ignorance. Some lady
Had rather never pray than go to church in 't.
The nails not double-gilt!—to market with it!
'Twill hackney out to Mile End, or convey
Your city tumblers to be drunk with cream
And prunes at Islington.
Stew. Good madam, hear me.
Cel. I'll rather be beholding to my aunt,
The countess, for her mourning coach, than be
Disparaged so. Shall any juggling tradesman
Be at charge to shoe his running horse with gold,
And shall my coach-nails be but single-gilt?
How dare these knaves abuse me so!
Stew. Vouchsafe
To hear me speak.
Cel. Is my sedan yet finish'd
As I gave charge?
Stew. Yes, madam, it is finish'd,
But without tilting plumes at the four corners;
The scarlet 's pure, but not embroider'd.
Cel. What mischief were it to your conscience
Were my coach lined with tissue, and my harness
Cover'd with needlework? if my sedan
Had all the story of the prodigal
Embroider'd with pearl?
Stew. Alas, good madam,
I know 'tis your own cost; I'm but your steward,
And would discharge my duty the best way.
You have been pleased to hear me, 'tis not for
My profit that I manage your estate
And save expense, but for your honour, madam.
Cel. How, sir, my honour?
Stew. Though you hear it not,
Men's tongues are liberal in your character
Since you began to live thus high. I know
Your fame is precious to you.
Cel. I were best
Make you my governor! Audacious varlet,
How dare you interpose your doting counsel?
Mind your affairs with more obedience,
Or I shall ease you of an office, sir.
Must I be limited to please your honour,
Or for the vulgar breath confine my pleasures?
I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancy
Here and abroad. My entertainments shall
Be oft'ner, and more rich. Who shall control me?
I live i' the Strand, whither few ladies come
To live and purchase more than fame—I will
Be hospitable then, and spare no cost
That may engage all generous report
To trumpet forth my bounty and my bravery
Till the court envy and remove—I'll have
My house the academy of wits, who shall
Exalt [their genius] with rich sack and sturgeon,
Write panegyrics of my feasts, and praise
The method of my witty superfluities—
The horses shall be taught, with frequent waiting
Upon my gates, to stop in their career [fury;
Toward Charing Cross, spite of the coachman's
And not a tilter but shall strike his plume
When he sails by my window.—My balcony
Shall be the courtiers' idol, and more gazed at
Than all the pageantry at Temple Bar
By my country clients.
Stew. Sure my lady 's mad.
Cel. Take that for your ill manners. [*Strikes him.*
Stew. Thank you, madam:
I would there were less quicksilver in your fingers.
[*Exit.*
Cel. There's more than simple honesty in a servant
Required to his full duty. None should dare
But with a look, much less a saucy language,
Check at their mistress's pleasure. I'm resolved
To pay for some delight, my estate will bear it;
I'll rein it shorter when I please.

ARETINA'S RECEPTION OF HER NEPHEW FREDERICK.

FROM THE SAME.

Persons.—BORNWELL, FREDERICK, *and* Steward.

Enter MR. FREDERICK.

Stew. MR. Frederick, welcome. I expected not
So soon your presence. What 's the hasty cause?
Fred. These letters from my tutor will acquaint
. . . Where's my aunt? [you.
Stew. She's busy about her painting in her closet;
The outlandish man of art is copying out
Her countenance.
Fred. She's sitting for her picture? [hang'd
Stew. Yes, sir; and when 'tis drawn, she will be
Next the French cardinal in the dining-room.
But when she hears you're come, she will dismiss
The Belgic gentleman to entertain
Your worship.
Fred. Change of air has made you witty.
Born. Your tutor gives you a handsome character,
Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure
Commands you from your studies; but I hope
You have no quarrel to the liberal arts?
Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth; honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.
Fred. I never knew more sweet and happy hours
Than I employ'd upon my books. I heard
A part of my philosophy, and was so
Delighted with the harmony of nature,
I could have wasted my whole life upon 't.
Born. 'Tis pity a rash indulgence should corrupt
So fair a genius. She 's here;—I'll observe.
Enter ARETINA, KICKSHAW, LITTLEWORTH.
Fred. My most loved aunt.

Aret. Support me,—I shall faint!
Lit. What ails your ladyship?
Aret. Is that Frederick
In black?
Kick. Yes, madam; but the doublet's satin.
Aret. The boy's undone.
Fred. Madam, you appear troubled.
Aret. Have I not cause? Was I not trusted with
Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee
Home like a very scholar?
Kick. 'Twas ill done,
Howe'er they used him in the university,
To send him home to his friends thus.
Fred. Why, sir, black
(For 'tis the colour that offends your eyesight)
Is not, within my reading, any blemish;
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.
Kick. 'Tis coming from the college thus that makes it
Dishonourable. While you wore it for
Your father it was commendable, or were
Your aunt dead you might mourn and justify.
Aret. What luck* I did not send him into France!
They would have given him generous education,
Taught him another garb, to wear his lock
And shape as gaudy as the summer, how
To dance and wag his feather àlamode,
To compliment and cringe, to talk not modestly,
Like ay forsooth and no forsooth, to blush
And look so like a chaplain; there he might
Have learnt a brazen confidence, and observed
So well the custom of the country, that
He might by this time have invented fashions
For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom;
Preserved our tailors in their wits, and saved
The charge of sending into foreign courts
For pride and antic fashions. Observe
In what a posture he does hold his hat now!
Fred. Madam, with your pardon, you have practised
Another dialect than was taught me when
I was commended to your care and breeding.
I understand not this; Latin or Greek
Are more familiar to my apprehension;
Logic was not so hard in my first lectures
As your strange language.
Aret. Some strong waters,—oh!
Lit. Comfits will be as comfortable to your stomach, madam. [*Offers his box.*
Aret. I fear he's spoil'd for ever: he did name
Logic, and may, for ought I know, be gone
So far to understand it. I did always
Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.
Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge
The mercer? or is Latin a fit language
To court a mistress in? Master Alexander,
If you have any charity, let me
Commend him to your breeding; I suspect
I must employ my doctor first to purge
The university that lies in 's head
To alter 's complexion.
Kick. If you dare
Trust me to serve him—
Aret. Mr. Littleworth,
Be you join'd in commission.
Lit. I will teach him
Postures and rudiments.
Aret. I have no patience
To see him in this shape, it turns my stomach
When he has cast his academic skin,
He shall be yours. I am bound in conscience
To see him bred, his own 'state shall maintain
The charge while he 's my ward. Come hither, sir.
Fred. What does my aunt mean to do with me?
Stew. To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you
Out of your learned language, sir, into
The present Goth and Vandal, which is French.
Born. Into what mischief will this humour ebb?
She will undo the boy; I see him ruin'd.
My patience is not manly, but I must
Use stratagem to reduce her, open ways
Give me no hope.
Stew. You shall be obey'd, madam.
[*Exeunt all but* Frederick *and the* Steward.
Fred. Mr. Steward, are you sure we do not dream?
Was 't not my aunt you talk'd to?
Stew. One that loves you
Dear as her life. These clothes do not become you;
You must have better, sir.
Fred. These are not old. [keep
Stew. More suitable to the town and time. We
No Lent here, nor is 't my lady's pleasure you
Should fast from any thing you have a mind to,
Unless it be your learning, which she would have you
Forget with all convenient speed that may be
For the credit of your noble family.
The case is alter'd since we lived in the country;
We do not [now] invite the poor o' the parish
To dinner, keep a table for the tenants;
Our kitchen does not smell of beef, the cellar
Defies the price of malt and hops; the footmen
And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen
With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays,
With aid of bagpipes, that call'd in the country
To dance and plough the hall up with their hobnails,
Now make my lady merry; we do feed
Like princes, and feast nothing [else] but princes,
And are those robes fit to be seen amongst 'em?
Fred. My lady keeps a court then? Is Sir Thomas
Affected with this state and cost?
Stew. He was not,
But is converted. But I hope you will not
Persist in heresy, but take a course
Of riot to content your friends; you shall
Want nothing. If you can be proud and spend it
For my lady's honour, here are a hundred
Pieces will serve you till you have new clothes;
I will present you with a nag of mine,
Poor tender of my service—please to accept,
My lady's smile more than rewards me for it.
I must provide fit servants to attend you,
Monsieurs for horse and foot.
Fred. I shall submit,
If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be ruled.
My eyes are open'd with this purse already,
And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend it.

* *Luck* evidently means misfortune here.

FROM "CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE."*

The Queen insulting the Wife and Father of the accused Admiral in their misfortunes.

Persons.—The Constable of France, Queen, Wife and Father of CHABOT.

Constable *introducing the* Wife *of* CHABOT.

Cons. SHE attends you, madam.

Queen. This humbleness proceeds not from your heart; [thoughts;
Why, you are a queen yourself in your own
The admiral's wife of France cannot be less;
You have not state enough, you should not move
Without a train of friends and servants.

Wife. There is some mystery
Within your language, madam. I would hope
You have more charity than to imagine
My present condition worth your triumph,
In which I am not so lost but I have
Some friends and servants with proportion
To my lord's fortune; but none within the lists
Of those that obey me can be more ready
To express their duties, than my heart to serve
Your just commands.

Queen. Then pride will ebb, I see;
There is no constant flood of state and greatness;
The prodigy is ceasing when your lord
Comes to the balance; he, whose blazing fires
Shot wonders through the kingdom, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wife. My lord?

Queen. Your high and mighty justicer,
The man of conscience, the oracle
Of state, whose honourable titles [mortal;
Would crack an elephant's back, is now turn'd
Must pass examination and the test
Of law, have all his offices ripp'd up,
And his corrupt soul laid open to the subjects;
His bribes, oppressions, and close sins, that made
So many groan and curse him, now shall find
Their just reward; and all that love their country
Bless Heaven and the king's justice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.

Father. Sir, your pardon.
Madam, you are the queen, she is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous
My son-in-law, now gone to be arraign'd.
The king is just, and a good man; but 't does not
Add to the graces of your royal person
To tread upon a lady thus dejected
By her own grief: her lord's not yet found guilty,
Much less condemn'd, though you have pleased to execute him.

Queen. What saucy fellow 's this?

Father. I must confess
I am a man out of this element.
No courtier, yet I am a gentleman,
That dare speak honest truth to the queen's ear,
(A duty every subject will not pay you,)
And justify it to all the world; there's nothing
Doth more eclipse the honours of our soul
Than an ill-grounded and ill-follow'd passion,
Let fly with noise and license against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Cons. Brave old man! [a woman

Father. 'Cause you are a queen, to trample o'er
Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up;
Strike out a lion's teeth, and pare his claws,
And then a dwarf may pluck him by the beard—
'Tis a gay victory.

Queen. Did you hear, my lord?

Father. I ha' done.

Wife. And it concerns me to begin.
I have not made this pause through servile fear,
Or guilty apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heats and wildness
Has prepossess'd your nature 'gainst our innocence.
You are my queen, unto that title bows
The humblest knee in France, my heart made lower
With my obedience and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use
When just commands of you expect their service;
But were you queen of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt Heaven and us,
That I could reach you with my eyes and voice,
I would shoot both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Queen. So brave?

Wife. So just and boldly innocent.
I cannot fear, arm'd with a noble conscience,
The tempest of your frown, were it more frightful
Than ever fury made a woman's anger, [mony;
Prepared to kill with death's most horrid cere-
Yet with what freedom of my soul I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride. [language?

Queen. Forgive? What insolence is like this
Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgiveness? Dust! how I despise thee!
Can we sin to be object of thy mercy? [stain

Wife. Yes, and have done 't already, and no
To your greatness, madam; 'tis my charity,
I can remit; when sovereign princes dare
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity and their prayers, and 'tis
In the free power of those whom they oppress
To pardon 'em; each soul has a prerogative
And privilege royal that was signed by Heaven.
But though, in th' knowledge of my disposition,
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person, I have no
Commission from my lord to clear you for
The wrongs you have done him, and till he pardon
The wounding of his loyalty, with which life
Can hold no balance, I must talk just boldness
To say—— [ter,

Father. No more! Now I must tell you, daugh-
Lest you forget yourself, she is the queen,
And it becomes you not to vie with her
Passion for passion: if your lord stand fast
To the full search of law, Heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good men's loves.
If you attempt by these unruly ways
To vindicate his justice, I'm against you;
Dear as I wish your husband's life and fame,
Subjects are bound to suffer, not contest

[* As Chapman had certainly the larger share in this tragedy, the specimen should have been placed by Mr. Campbell under Chapman. Gifford at first thought "Chabot" was scarce admissible in a collection of Shirley's Works.]

With princes, since their will and acts must be
Accounted one day to a Judge supreme.
Wife. I ha' done. If the devotion to my lord,
Or pity to his innocence, have led me
Beyond the awful limits to be observed
By one so much beneath your sacred person,
I thus low crave your royal pardon, madam;
[*Kneels.*
I know you will remember, in your goodness,
My life-blood is concern'd while his least vein
Shall run black and polluted, my heart fed
With what keeps him alive; nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born frailty.
My lord, by the king's will, is led already
To a severe arraignment, and to judges
Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state; stay but a little while,
And France shall echo to his shame or innocence.
This suit I beg with tears, I shall have sorrow
Enough to hear him censured foul and monstrous
Should you forbear to antedate my sufferings.
Queen. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To fear he may be worth the law's condemning.
Wife [*rising.*] I sooner will suspect the stars may lose
Their way, and crystal heaven return to chaos;
Truth sits not on her square more firm than he;
Yet let me tell you, madam, were his life
And action so foul as you have character'd
And the bad world expects, though as a wife
'Twere duty I should weep myself to death
To know him fall'n from virtue, yet so much
I, a frail woman, love my king and country,
I should condemn him too, and think all honours,
The price of his lost faith, more fatal to me
Than Cleopatra's asps warm in my bosom,
And as much boast their killing.

DEATH'S CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murm'ring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds;
All hands must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM "SELECT AYRES AND DIALOGUES," BY LAWES. 1659.

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lip could move had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning-rose, that untouch'd stands
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.
Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile;
With sear flowers to be thrown aside,
And I will sigh when some will smile
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

SONG.

From p. 11 of "Cromwell's Conspiracy, a tragi-comedy, relating to our latter Times; beginning at the death of King Charles the First, and ending with the happy Restauration of King Charles the Second. Written by a Person of Quality." 4to, Lond. 1660.

How happy 's the pris'ner that conquers his fate
With silence, and ne'er on bad fortune complains,
But carelessly plays with his keys on the grate,
And makes a sweet concert with them and his chains! [oppress'd,
He drowns care with sack, while his thoughts are
And makes his heart float like a cork in his breast.

[* To this song, which was written by Sir Robert Ayton, Burns gave a *Scots dress*, but failed to improve.]

Then since w' are all slaves who islanders be,
And the world 's a large prison enclosed with the sea,
We will drink up the ocean, and set ourselves free,
For man is the world 's epitome.

Let tyrants wear purple, deep dyed in the blood
Of them they have slain, their sceptres to sway:
If our conscience be clear, and our title be good
To the rags that hang on us, w' are richer than they:
We'll drink down at night what we beg or can borrow,
And sleep without plotting for more the next morrow.
Then since w' are all slaves, &c.

Come, drawer, and fill us a peck of Canary,
One brimmer shall bid all our senses good night.
When old Aristotle was frolic and merry,
By the juice of the grape he turn'd Stagyrite;
Copernicus once in a drunken fit found
By the course of his brains that the world turned round.
Then since w' are all slaves, &c.

'Tis sack makes our faces like comets to shine,
And gives beauty beyond a complexion mask;
Diogenes fell so in love with his wine,
That when 'twas all out he still lived in the cask;
And he so loved the scent of the wainscotted room,
That dying he desired a tub for his tomb.
Then since w'are all slaves, &c.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

FROM THE SAME.

Ascribed to Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof:
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Makes me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdoms had conspired
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like a sophy, that would drown a fish,
I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

Thy cynic hugs his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized Margaret;
Or, like some Great Mogul, or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.....

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coop'd into a cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even there her charming melody doth prove
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

My soul is free as th' ambient air,
Although my baser part's immured,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair,
T' accompany my solitude:
And though immured, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in his person or his coin?
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not mine.
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

UPON AMBITION.

OCCASIONED ON THE ACCUSATION OF THE EARL OF STRAFFORD, IN 1640.

From the "Rump," a collection of poems and songs relating to the times from 1639 to 1661. Lond. 1662.

How uncertain is the state
Of that greatness we adore;
When ambitiously we soar,
And have ta'en the glorious height,
'Tis but ruin gilded o'er,
To enslave us to our fate,
Whose false delight is easier got than kept,
Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With such superstitious care,
To build fabrics in the air;
Or seek safety in that sky,
Where no stars but meteors are
That portend a ruin nigh:
And having reach'd the object of our aim,
We find it but a pyramid of flame.

ALEXANDER BROME.

[Born, 1620. Died, 1666.]

Alexander Brome was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. From a verse in one of his poems, it would seem that he had been sent once in the civil war, (by compulsion no doubt,) on the parliament side, but had stayed only three days, and never fought against the king and the cavaliers. He was in truth a strenuous loyalist, and the bacchanalian songster of his party. Most of the songs and epigrams that were published against the Rump have been ascribed to him. He had, besides, a share in the translation of Horace, with Fanshawe, Holiday, Cowley, and others, and published a single comedy, the Cunning Lovers, which was acted in 1651, at the private house in Drury. There is a playful variety in his metre, that probably had a better effect in song than in reading. His thoughts on love and the bottle have at least the merit of being decently jovial, though he arrays the trite arguments of convivial invitation in few original images. In studying the traits and complexion of a past age, amusement, if not illustration, will often be found from the ordinary effusions of party ridicule. In this view, the Diurnal, and other political satires of Brome, have an extrinsic value as contemporary caricatures.

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
  That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a she;
The only argument can move
  Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
  And may the substance gain!
Then if thou 'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
  That's with Canary lined.

ON CANARY.

Of all the rare juices
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
  There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
  For this is the thing
    That a fancy infuses;
  This first got a king,
    And next the nine Muses:
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
  And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't;
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
  But this was the drink, though they knew not
    the name on't.

Our cider and perry
  May make a man mad, but not merry;
  It makes people windmill-pated,
  And with crackers sophisticated;
    And your hops, yeast, and malt,
  When they're mingled together,
    Make our fancies to halt,
  Or reel any whither;
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yest,
  That if one would write but a verse for a bellman,
He must study till Christmas for an eight-shilling
    jest;
  These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o'erwhelm man.

Our drowsy metheglin
  Was only ordained to inveigle in
  The novice that knows not to drink yet,
  But is fuddled before he can think it;
    And your claret and white
      Have a gunpowder fury;
    They're of the French spright,
      But they won't long endure you.
And your holiday muscadine, Alicant and tent,
  Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't,
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
  But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
  You must with ingredients replenish;
  'Tis a wine to please ladies and toys with;
  But not for a man to rejoice with.
    But 'tis sack makes the sport,
      And who gains but that flavour,
    Though an abbess he court,
      In his high-shoes he'll have her;
'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer:
  Though the father came to town in his hobnails
    and leather,
He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,
  In the town in his chain, in the field with his
    feather.

TO A COY LADY.

I PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high prized;
Love's a princely noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despised.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do 't only for our pleasure;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so.

THE MAD LOVER.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink—
This many and many a year; [think,
And those three are plagues enough, one would
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt; [strove,
And though I have struggled, and struggled and
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain:
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets!
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

[Born, 1591. Died, about 1674.]

HERRICK'S vein of poetry is very irregular; but where the ore is pure, it is of high value. His song beginning, "Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may," is sweetly Anacreontic. Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire, has given the fullest account of his history hitherto published, and reprinted many of his poems, which illustrate his family connections. He was the son of an eminent goldsmith in Cheapside, was born in London, and educated at Cambridge. Being patronized by the Earl of Exeter, he was, in 1629, presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, from which he was ejected during the civil war, and then having assumed the habit of a layman, resided in Westminster. After the Restoration he was replaced in his vicarage. To his Hesperides, or Works Human and Divine,* he added some pieces on religious subjects, where his volatile genius was not in her element.

TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been,
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin like a Spring
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here,
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And, with dishevell'd hair,
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

[* What is "Divine" has much of the essence of poetry; that which is human, of the frailty of the flesh. Some are playfully pastoral, some sweetly Anacreontic, some in the higher key of religion, others lasciviously wanton and unclean. The whole collection seems to have passed into oblivion till about the year 1796, and since then we have had a separate volume of selections, and two complete reprints. His several excellences have preserved his many indecencies, the divinity of his verse (poetically speaking) the dunghill of his obscener moods. Southey, admitting the perennial beauty of many of his poems, has styled him, not with too much severity, "a coarse-minded and beastly writer." *Jones' Attempts in Verse*, p. 85; see also *Quar. Rev.* vol. iv. p. 171.—C.]

[The last and best edition of Herrick was published by H. G. Clarke, London, 1844, in two volumes. The life of Herrick, we are inclined to think, was as licentious as his verse, and both disgraced the church and served well to round the periods of Puritan lamentations and anathemas.—G.]

SONG.

Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd its noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.—TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee!
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove:
Nor, with the lost of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No: thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds:
For well thou know'st 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.

These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leavest them as they feed and fill;
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast;
Thy May-poles too, with garlands graced;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the days themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep that makes more short the night.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick at head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

[Born, 1618. Died, 1667.]

Abraham Cowley was the posthumous son of a grocer in London. His mother, though left a poor widow, found means to get him educated at Westminster School, and he obtained a scholarship at Cambridge. Before leaving the former seminary, he published his Poetical Blossoms. He wrote verses while yet a child; and amidst his best poetry as well as his worst, in his touching and tender as well as extravagant passages, there is always something that reminds us of childhood in Cowley. From Cambridge he was ejected in 1643, for his loyalty; after a short retirement, he was induced by his principles to follow the queen to Paris, as secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and during an absence of ten years from his native country, was employed in confidential journeys for his party, and in deciphering the royal correspondence. The object of his return to England, in 1656, I am disposed to think, is misrepresented by his biographers; they tell us that he came over under pretence of privacy, to give notice of the posture of affairs. Cowley came home indeed, and published an edition of his poems, in the preface to which he decidedly declares himself a quietist under the existing government, abjures the idea of all political hostility, and tells us that he had not only abstained from printing, but had burnt the very copies of

his verses that alluded to the civil wars. "The enmities of fellow-citizens," he continues, "should be like those of lovers, the redintegration of their amity." If Cowley employed this language to make his privacy the deeper pretence for giving secret intelligence, his office may be worthily named that of a spy; but the manliness and placidity of his character render it much more probable that he was sincere in those declarations; nor were his studious pursuits, which were chiefly botanical, well calculated for political intrigue. He took a doctor's degree, but never practised, and was one of the earliest members of the philosophical society. While Butler's satire was unworthily employed in ridiculing the infancy of that institution, Cowley's wit took a more than ordinary stretch of perversion in the good intention of commending it. Speaking of Bacon, he calls him

> the mighty man,
> Whom a wise king and nature chose
> To be the chancellor of both their laws.

At his first arrival in England he had been imprisoned, and obliged to find bail to a great amount. On the death of Cromwell, he considered himself at liberty, and went to France, where he stopped till the Restoration. At that event, when men who had fought under Cromwell were rewarded for coming over to Charles II., Cowley was denied the mastership of the Savoy on pretence of his disloyalty, and the Lord Chancellor told him that his pardon was his reward. The sum of his offence was, that he had lived peaceably under the usurping government, though without having published a word, even in his amiable and pacific preface, that committed his principles. But an absurd idea prevailed that his Cutter of Coleman-street was a satire on his party, and he had published an ode to Brutus! It is impossible to contrast this injured honesty of Cowley with the successful profligacy of Waller and Dryden, and not to be struck with the all-prevailing power of impudence. In such circumstances, it is little to be wondered at that Cowley should have sighed for retirement, and been ready to accept of it even in the deserts of America. Misanthropy, as far as so gentle a nature could cherish it, naturally strengthened his love of retirement, and increased that passion for a country life which breathes in the fancy of his poetry, and in the eloquence of his prose. By the influence of Buckingham and St. Albans, he at last obtained a competence of about 300*l.* a year from a lease of the queen's lands, which enabled him to retire, first to Barnes Elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, on the Thames. But his health was now declining, and he did not long experience either the sweets or inconvenience of rustication. He died, according to Dr. Sprat, in consequence of exposing himself to cold one evening that he stayed late among his labourers. Another account ascribes his death to being benighted in the fields, after having spent too convivial an evening with the same Dr. Sprat.*

THE CHRONICLE, A BALLAD.†

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

[* "Cowley is a writer of great sense, ingenuity, and learning," says Hazlitt, "but as a poet his fancy is quaint, far-fetched and mechanical." The same critic, however, says of his *Anacreontics*, that they are perfect, breathing "the very spirit of love and wine."—G.]

[† "The Chronicle" is a composition unrivalled and alone: such gayety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley. To such a performance, Suckling could have brought the gayety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gayety. —JOHNSON.]

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame;
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

THE COMPLAINT.*

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the morning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a Muse appeared to his closed sight
(The Muses oft in lands of visions play,)
Bodied, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were
That nature or that fancy can create,
That art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air:
In such a dress, in such a well-clothed dream,
She used of old near fair Ismenus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touched him with her harp and raised him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolved t' exalt thy anointed name
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there;
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create:
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy,
Thou thoughtst, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
Behold the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
And thou with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore:
But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All march'd up to possess the promised land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.
As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king;
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then, alas! to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,

[* Written on the rigid censures passed upon his comedy called 'Cutter of Coleman-street.' "He published his pretensions and his discontent," says Johnson, "in an Ode called 'The Complaint;' in which he styles himself *the melancholy Cowley*. This met with the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity."]

For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry hand around,
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said, [led,)
(The men whom thro' long wanderings he had
That he would give them even a heaven of brass:
They look'd up to that heaven in vain, [strain
That bounteous heaven! which God did not re-
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more,
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another, thou didst see,
Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery:
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said:
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit, stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive;
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labour fruitless now; [grow.
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gavest so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heaven desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late,)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.
Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse;
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Makest me sit still and sing when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortune's fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accursed if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou [slow;
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or
Thou! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death!"

FROM FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

A THOUSAND pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease:
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

THE DESPAIR.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this voice in cries,
In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed;
So lust of old the deluge punished.
Ah, wretched youth, said I;
Ah, wretched youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah, wretched youth! the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of love I entertain,
I meet no words but Never, and, In vain:
Never, alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the infernal flame:
Never! my time to come must waste;
In vain! torments the present and the past:

In vain, in vain! said I,
In vain, in vain! twice did I sadly cry;
In vain! in vain! the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields or floods do so,
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this world's noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the sun's busy and impert'nent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

Ah, sottish soul! said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly:
Fool! to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool! to that body to return,
Where it condemn'd and destined is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me!

THE WAITING-MAID.

Thy maid! Ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent,
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The min'st'ring angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty or their face,
For which by men they worshipp'd be,
But their high office and their place,
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

HONOUR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin:
Iö, triumph; enter in.

What is this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose!

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secresy:
Unlike to ev'ry other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

OF WIT.

Tell me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it:
For the first matter loves variety less:
Less women love it, either in love or dress:
A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears:
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.

London, that vends of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more:
For men, led by the colour and the shape
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass,
As through a multiplying-glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis a wit, that greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name;
And wits by our creation they become,
Just so as tit'lar bishops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admired with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet:
All ev'rywhere, like man's must be the soul,
And reason the inferior powers control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceased; and now we see
No towns or houses raised by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.*
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.

[* This is Cowley's very fault: wit to an excess:—
"He more had pleased us had he pleased us less."
He never knew when he had said enough, but ran himself and his reader both out of breath. In a better age Cowley had been a great poet—he is now sunk from his first reputation: for, as Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand.*]

Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
Jests for Dutch men and English boys;
In which who finds out wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostics poetry.
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
The author blush there where the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,
When Bajazet begins to rage;
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree:
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.
Or as the primitive forms of all,
(If we compare great things with small,)
Which without discord or confusion lie,
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

Oh, Solitude! first state of humankind!
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
Even his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one;

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite.
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

THE SWALLOW.

Foolish prater! what dost thou
So very early at my window do
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well it had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys
Free from the stormy season's noise;
Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the woods' poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see:
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can'st bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the spring.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

[Born, 1608. Died, 1666.]

Sir Richard Fanshawe, the son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, remembrancer of the Irish Exchequer, was born at Ware, in Hertfordshire, in 1608. An accomplished traveller, he gave our language some of its earliest and most important translations from modern literature, and acted a distinguished part under the Charleses, in the political and diplomatic history of England.*

THE SPRING, A SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Those whiter lilies which the early morn
Seems to have newly woven of sleaved silk,
To which, on banks of wealthy Tagus born,
Gold was their cradle, liquid pearl their milk.

These blushing roses, with whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.

Both those and these my Cælia's pretty foot
Trod up—but if she should her face display,
And fragrant breast—they'd dry again to the root,
As with the blasting of the midday's ray;
And this soft wind, which both perfumes and cools,
Pass like the unregarded breath of fools.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

[Born, 1605. Died, 1668.]

Davenant's personal history is sufficiently curious without attaching importance to the insinuation of Wood, so gravely taken up by Mr. Malone, that he was the son of Shakspeare. He was the son of a vintner at Oxford, at whose house the immortal poet is said to have frequently lodged.† Having risen to notice by his tragedy of Albovine, he wrote masques for the court of Charles I. and was made governor of the king and queen's company of actors in Drury-lane. In the civil wars we find the theatric manager quickly transmuted into a lieutenant-general of ordnance, knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester, and afterwards negotiating between the king and his advisers at Paris. There he began his poem of Gondibert, which he laid aside for a time for the scheme of carrying a colony from France to Virginia; but his vessel was seized by one of the parliament ships, he was thrown into prison, and owed his life to friendly interference—it is said, to that of Milton, whose friendship he returned in kind. On being liberated, his ardent activity was shown in attempting to restore theatrical amusements in the very teeth of bigotry and puritanism, and he actually succeeded so far as to open a theatre in the Charterhouse Yard. At the Restoration he received the patent of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn, which he held till his death.

Gondibert has divided the critics. It is undeniable, on the one hand, that he showed a high and independent conception of epic poetry, in wishing to emancipate it from the slavery of ancient authority and to establish its interest in the dignity of human nature, without incredible and stale machinery. His subject was well chosen from modern romantic story, and he strove to give it the close and compact symmetry of the drama. Ingenious and witty images and majestic sentiments are thickly scattered over the poem. But Gondibert, who is so formally described, has certainly more of the cold and abstract air of an historical, than of a poetical portrait, and, unfortunately, the beauties of the poem are those of elegy and epigram, more than of heroic fiction. It wants the charm of free and forcible narration; the life-pulse of interest is incessantly stopped by solemn pauses of reflection, and the story works its way through an intricacy of superfluous fancies, some beautiful and others conceited, but all as they are united, tending to divert the interest, like a multitude of weeds upon a stream, that entangle its course while they seem to adorn it.

[* His life by his widow is one of the most agreeable additions to literary history made within the last five-and-twenty years.]

[† There is other testimony to what Malone took up too gravely besides Wood's insinuation—there is the Betterton *belief*, preserved in Spence from Pope's relation.]

FROM "GONDIBERT," CANTO IV.

The Father of Rhodalind offering her to Duke Gondibert, and the Duke's subsequent interview with Birtha, to whom he is attached.

The king (who never time nor power misspent
In subject's bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward councils, who too late consent,)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds:

"If to thy fame, brave youth, I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

* * * *

For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift, my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! who now are she;
And she that heaven where secondly I live.

And richer than the crown (which shall be thine
When life's long progress I have gone with fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame."

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
As young kings show, when by surprise o'erheard,
Moaning to fav'rite ears a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarch's griefs, by which they bashful grow;
And in that shame beholders they forbid; show.
Since those blush most, who most their blushes

And Gondibert, with dying eyes, did grieve
At her vail'd love, (a wound he cannot heal,)
As great minds mourn, who cannot then relieve
The virtuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty died,
But that attendant hope persuades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus replied:

"Victorious king! abroad your subjects are
Like legates, safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer, as by war;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

A king you are o'er subjects so, as wise
And noble husbands seem o'er loyal wives;
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving god.

Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled virtue find) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and Oisel's juice endures;

Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near,
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

Forgive me that I am not what I seem;
But falsely have dissembled an excess
Of all such virtues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confess.

Far in ambition's fever am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and, like the sun,
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

Nor is this now through virtuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjured fear,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when saintly votaries appear.

When she will grace the bridal dignity,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will try
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace-gate
Smile, when great love these royal suitors brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire wait.

Amongst this ruling race she choice may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the mind,
Eyes that in empire's drowsy calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find;

A prince who more enlarges power than lands,
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his where he at full commands,
Not where his coin does pass, but power remains.

Who knows that power can never be too high
When by the good possest, for 'tis in them
The swelling Nile, from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

Thus, princes, you should choose; and you will find,
Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kind)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eyes."

Such was the duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral ears:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his fears.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewails;
And now her hope a weak physician seems;
For hope, the common comforter, prevails
Like common med'cines, slowly in extremes.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This forced excuse as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sudden passion makes,
To hide more joys than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never loved before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poor,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And, kindness so imposed, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orga does the duke to Birtha bring,
Who thus her sorrows to his bosom sends:

"Why should my storm your life's calm voyage
Destroying wholly virtue's race in one; [vex?
So by the first to my unlucky sex,
All in a single ruin were undone.

Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! whilst I,
Your once loved maid, excuse you since I know
That virtuous men forsake so willingly
Long cherish'd life, because to heav'n they go.

Let me her servant be: a dignity,
Which if your pity in my fall procures,
I still shall value the advancement high,
Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

Ere this high sorrow up to dying grew,
The duke the casket open'd, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerful emerald drew;
Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sense.

The thirtieth carract it had doubled twice;
Not ta'en from the Attic silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb:
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake: "This, Birtha, from my male
Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kind heart they did in love prevail,
The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee:

Seven centuries have passed, since it from bride
To bride did first succeed; and though 'tis known
From ancient lore, that gems much virtue hide,
And that the em'rald is the bridal-stone:

Though much renown'd because it chastens loves,
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Show when her absent lord disloyal proves,
By faintness, and a pale decay of life.

Though emeralds serve as spies to jealous brides,
Yet each compared to this does counsel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
Or seems born blind, or feigns a dying sleep.

With this take Orgo, as a better spy,
Who may in all your kinder fears be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artful pencil Birtha drawn,
(With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light,)
He must have fancied first, in early dawn,
A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness fear,
Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vast to be contained in speech)
Thus she a little spake: "Why stoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

Or why do I, when I this plight embrace,
Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
But that your virtue has with angels place,
And 'tis a virtue to aspire to heav'n.

And as tow'rds heav'n all travel on their knees,
So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better please
Than awed obedience led by bolder love?

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
Far from your bosom banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
Or proudly think my chastity desert.

But thus ascending from your humble maid
To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
Till time my duty cancel with my life.

And fruitfully if heav'n e'er make me bring,
Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you can tax the spring
For boasting of those flowers she cannot hide.

Orgo I so received as I am taught
By duty to esteem what'er you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought
Will luckier than his former triumphs prove.

For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
He twice made haste to drown me in my tears;
But now I am above his planet's spite,
And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she: and with fix'd continued sight,
The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight,
Like flowers, still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shunn'd impediment) has sent
To tell the duke, his monarch is in haste:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heaven's joys contain) wisely loved pomp forbears,
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay,
And bids her hope he with the king shall find,
By now appearing forward to obey,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies,
Where she with tears doth Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.*

[* Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert* is not a good poem, if you take it on the whole; but there are a great many good things in it.—POPE *to Spence.*]

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

[Born, 1615. Died, 1668.]

Sir John Denham was born in Dublin, where his father was chief-baron of the Irish Exchequer. On his father's accession to the same office in the English Exchequer, our poet was brought to London, and there received the elements of his learning. At Oxford he was accounted a slow, dreaming young man, and chiefly noted for his attachment to cards and dice. The same propensity followed him to Lincoln's Inn, to such a degree, that his father threatened to disinherit him. To avert this, he wrote a penitentiary Essay on Gaming; but after the death of his father he returned to the vice that most easily beset him, and irrecoverably injured his patrimony. In 1641, when his tragedy of The Sophy appeared, it was regarded as a burst of unpromised genius, In the better and bygone days of the drama, so tame a production would not perhaps have been regarded as astonishing, even from a dreaming young man. He was soon after appointed high-sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king: but being unskilled in military affairs, he resigned his command, and joined his majesty at Oxford, where he published his Cooper's Hill.* In the civil wars he served the royal family, by conveying their correspondence; but was at length obliged to quit the kingdom, and was sent as ambassador, by Charles II. in his exile, to the king of Poland. At the Restoration he was made suveyor of the king's buildings, and knighted with the order of the Bath; but his latter days were imbittered by a second marriage, that led to a temporary derangement of mind.

COOPER'S HILL.†

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those,
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantaged in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud; [flight
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,‡ whose
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise, [crowd,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
Seems at the distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems; [run,
Where, with like haste, though several ways they
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.

[* The earliest edition known was printed at London in 1642.]

[† Denham has been frequently imitated in this kind of *local poetry*, as Johnson calls it, and since *Cooper's Hill* appeared, we have had Waller's *St. James's Park*; Pope's *Windsor Forest*; Garth's *Claremont*; Tickell's *Kensington Garden*; Dyer's *Grongar Hill*; Jago's *Edge-Hill*; Scott's *Amwell*; Michael Bruce's *Lochleven*; and Kirke White's *Clifton Grove*. There are others, but these alone merit notice. Beaumont's *Bosworth Field*, though prior in date to *Cooper's Hill*, is local more in its title than its treatment. Drayton's panoramic plan in his Poly-olbion would have included *Cooper's Hill*, and indeed every corner of the island.]

[‡ Waller.]

A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Though this of old no less contést did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove;)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame;)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore he won,)
And thy Bellona, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son which did the second bring;
Then didst thou found that Order, (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given the skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confined
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretell and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise;
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more;
Were these their crimes? they were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion, in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmovéd lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Can we not wake from that lethartic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotion are!
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what 's past, and this for what 's too near,
My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:*
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's
toil;
But godlike his unweary bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.

[* Originally:

And though his clearer sand no golden veins
Like Tagus or Pactolus' stream contains—

which we quote to make good the couplet in Waller:

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.]

Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love,)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep, horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamoured youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curléd brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmy flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the hornéd host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king,* when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covet his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all is true.
Betray'd in all strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His wingéd heels, and then his arméd head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he ranged alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.

[* Swift has ridiculed the herd of imitators of these noble lines:

"If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray not a word of halcyon days!
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For, know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of 'deep yet clear.'"—*Apollo's Edict.*

In this, one of the earliest of our descriptive poems,

Denham from time to time made great alterations and additions, and every insertion and every change was made with admirable judgment. Pope collated his copy with an early edition, and marked the variations; thinking it, as he said in a note at the end of the volume, "a very useful lesson for a poet to compare the editions, and consider at each alteration how and why it was altered."

The four famous lines on the Thames were an after insertion, and, in Mr. Moore's opinion, one of the happiest of recorded instances.—*Life of Byron*, vol. ii. p. 193.]

[† Originally, *Our Charles.*]

Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was placed
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles
Not thank'd but scorned; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings by grasping more than they could hold
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, raised with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolved, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.*

[* This poem by Denham, though it may have been exceeded by later attempts in description, yet deserves the highest applause, as it far surpasses all that went before it. The concluding part, though a little too much crowded, is very masterly.—GOLDSMITH.]

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, though
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall, [all
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forged by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear [fear,
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms'
While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe;
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake,
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live: [bore
Less seem those facts which treason's nickname
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'scaped, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

JOHN BULTEEL.

[Died, 1669.]

Mr. Ritson, in his collection of English Songs, supposes John Bulteel to have been secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, and to have died in 1669. He was the collector of a small miscellany, published about the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. Park makes a query whether he was not the gentleman mentioned by Wood (Fasti) as having translated from French into English "A General Chronological History of France, before the reign of Pharamond."

SONG.

Chloris, 'twill be for either's rest
Truly to know each other's breast;
I'll make th' obscurest part of mine
Transparent as I would have thine:
If you will deal but so with me,
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are:
And though the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shined;
Yet, if you loved me not, you'd see
I'd value those as you do me.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
My passion should transcend your scorn;
And that your bright, triumphant eyes
Create a flame that never dies;
Yet, if to me you proved untrue,
Those oaths should prove as false to you.

If love I vow'd to pay for hate,
'Twas, I confess, a mere deceit;
Or that my flame should deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your love:
I bragg'd, as cowards use to do,
Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my tenets I have show'd,
If you think them too great a load;
T' attempt your change were but in vain,
The conquest not being worth the pain:
With them I'll other nymphs subdue;
'Tis too much to lose time and you.

GEORGE WITHER.

[Born, 1588. Died, 1667.]

George Wither, the descendant of a family who had for several generations possessed the property of Manydowne, in Hampshire, was born in that county, at Bentworth, near Alton. About the age of sixteen, he was sent to Oxford, where he had just begun to fall in love with the mysteries of logic, when he was called home by his father, much to his mortification, to hold the plough. He was even afraid of being put to some mechanical trade, when he contrived to get to London, and with great simplicity had proposed to try his fortune at court. To his astonishment, however, he found that it was necessary to flatter in order to be a courtier. To show his independence, he therefore wrote his "Abuses whipt and stript," and instead of rising at court, was committed for some months to the Marshalsea.* But if his puritanism excited enemies, his talents and frankness gained him friends. He appears to have been intimate with the poet Browne, and to have been noticed by Selden. To the latter he inscribed his translation of the poem on the Nature of Man, from the Greek of Bishop Nemesius, an ancient father of the church. While in prison, he wrote his "Shepherd's Hunting," which contains perhaps the very finest touches that ever came from his hasty and irregular pen, and, besides those prison eclogues, composed his "Satire to the King," a justification of his former satires, which, if it gained him his liberation, certainly effected it without retracting his principles.

It is not probable that the works of Wither will ever be published collectively, curious as they are, and occasionally marked by originality of thought; but a detailed list of them is given in the "British Bibliographer." From youth to age George continued to pour forth his lucubrations, in prophesy, remonstrance, complaint, and triumph, through good and evil report, through all vicissitudes of fortune: at one time in command among the saints, and at another scrawling his thoughts in jail, when pen and ink were denied him, with red ochre upon a trencher. It is generally allowed that his taste and genius for poetry

* He was imprisoned for his "Abuses whipt and stript;" yet this could not have been his first offence, as an allusion is made to a former accusation. [It was for the *Scourge* (1615) that his first known imprisonment took place. He had dealt, as he tells us in after life, in particulars not in season to be touched upon, and the greatest fault of what he said was that it savoured more of honesty than discretion. Vice in high places was then more than ordinarily sensitive and suspicious, and satire, when dealing in generals, like Hate, Envy, Lust, and Avarice, was always individualised by the reader; and men appropriated, as Lamb says, the most innocent abstractions to themselves. Ben Johnson complains of this in more than one place.]

did not improve in the political contest. Some of his earliest pieces display the native amenity of a poet's imagination; but as he mixed with the turbulent times, his fancy grew muddy with the stream. While Milton in the same cause brought his learning and zeal as a partisan, he left the Muse behind him, as a mistress too sacred to be introduced into party brawlings; Wither, on the contrary, took his Muse along with him to the camp and the congregation, and it is little to be wondered at that her cap should have been torn and her voice made hoarse in the confusion.

Soon after his liberation from prison, he published the Hymns and Songs of the Church, one edition of which is dedicated to King James, in which he declares that the hymns were printed under his majesty's gracious protection. One of the highest dignitaries of the church also sanctioned his performance; but as it was Wither's fate to be for ever embroiled, he had soon after occasion to complain that the booksellers, "those cruel bee-masters," as he calls them, "who burn the poor Athenian bees for their honey," endeavoured to subvert his copyright; while some of the more zealous clergymen complained that he had interfered with their calling, and slanderous persons termed his hymns, needless songs and popish rhyme. From any suspicion of popery his future labours were more than sufficient to clear him. James, it appears, encouraged him to finish a translation of the Psalms, and was kindly disposed toward him. Soon after the decease of his sovereign, on remembering that he had vowed a pilgrimage to the Queen of Bohemia, he travelled to her court to accomplish his vow, and presented her highness with a copy of his Psalms.

In 1639 he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots, and quartermaster-general of his regiment, under the Earl of Arundel. But as soon as the civil wars broke out he sold his estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament, and soon afterward rose to the rank of major. In the month of October of the same year, 1642, he was appointed by parliament, captain and commander of Farnham Castle, in Surrey; but his government was of short duration, for the castle was ceded on the first of December to Sir William Waller. Wither says, in his own justification, that he was advised by his superiors to quit the place; while his enemies alleged that he deserted it. The defence of his conduct which he published, seems to have been more resolute than his defence of the fortress. In the course of the civil war, he was made prisoner by the royalists, and when some of them were desirous of making an example of him, Denham, the poet, is said to have pleaded with his majesty that he would not hang him, for as long as Wither lived he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wood informs us that he was afterward constituted by Cromwell major-general of all the horse and foot in the county of Surrey. In his addresses to Cromwell there is, mixed with his usual garrulity of advice and solemnity of warning, a considerable degree of adulation. His admonitions probably exposed him to little hazard; they were the croakings of the raven on the right hand. It should be mentioned however, to the honour of his declared principles, that in the "National Remembrancer," he sketched the plan of an annual and freely elected parliament, which differed altogether from the shadow of representation afforded by the government of the usurper. On the demise of Cromwell, he hailed the accession of Richard with joyful gratulation. He never but once in his life foreboded good, and in that prophecy he was mistaken.

At the Restoration, the estates which he had either acquired or purchased during the interregnum, were taken from him. But the event which crushed his fortunes could not silence his pen, and he was committed first to Newgate and afterward to the Tower, for remonstrances, which were deemed a libel on the new government. From the multitude of his writings, during a three years' imprisonment, it may be clearly gathered that he was treated not only with rigour, but injustice; for the confiscation of his property was made by forcible entry, and besides being illegal in form, was directly contrary to the declaration that had been issued by Charles the Second before his accession. That he died in prison may be inferred from the accounts, though not clear from the dates, of his biographers; but his last days must have been spent in wretchedness and obscurity.* He was buried between the east door and the south end of the Savoy church, in the Strand.

FROM "THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING."

SEE'ST thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs could heavens raise?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black streams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair?

So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee:
It shall never rise so high
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;

[* He was released from prison on the 27th July, 1663, on his bond to the lieutenant of the Tower for his good behaviour; and died, though not in prison, on the 2d of May, 1667.—See *Willmott's Lives of the Sacred Poets*, vol. i.]

But so much her power may do
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power!
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more;
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with Fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas! my Muse is slow;
For thy pace she flags too low.
Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipp'd of late;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly, where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I would love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will:
Whence she should be driven to,
Were 't in mortals' power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to naught but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them!*

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?

[* The praises of poetry have been often sung in ancient and modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but before Wither, no one had celebrated its power *at home*; the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor.—Lamb.]

Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe—
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

Hence away, thou Siren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charms.)
Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray,
To some more soon-enamour'd swain:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Show not me a painted beauty:
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths may love obtain:
I love her so,
Whose look swears No,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train:
Then stay thy tongue,
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He 's a fool that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb?
No, no, though clowns
Are scared with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain;
And those I'll prove:
So will thy love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty
Where each lustful lad may woo;
Give me her whose sun-like beauty,
Buzzards dare not soar unto:
She, she it is,
Affords that bliss
For which I would refuse no pain:
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu!
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you Siren, leave me:
Seek no more to work my harms:
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

FROM A POEM ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MARRIAGE DAY.

Lord, living here are we
As fast united yet,
As when our hearts and hands by Thee
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For that Thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things,
Which may distract the mind;
Permit not thou, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake;
Or to disturb our true accord.
Or make our hearts to ache.

DR. HENRY KING.

[Born, 1592. Died, 1669.]

[Henry King, D. D., was the eldest son of John King, Bishop of London, and was born in Warnoll, Buckinghamshire, and educated at Oxford. He became chaplain to James I., Archdeacon of Colchester, Dean of St. Paul's, and finally Bishop of Chichester. Besides his polemical works, he published "The Psalms of David turned into Metre," "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets," and "Various Latin and Greek Poems." An edition of his "Poems and Psalms" was published in London in 1843, with a memoir by the Rev. J. Hannah, B. A. Some of his pieces are remarkable for tenderness and elegance.—G.]

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot:
The flight is past—and man forgot.

LIFE.

What is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats the bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.
It is a dream—whose seeming truth;
Is moralized in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamers vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth had laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude
Which doth short joys, long woes include:
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

AN ELEGY.

So soon grown old! hast thou been six years dead?
Poor earth, once by my love inhabited!
And must I live to calculate the time
To which thy blooming youth could never climb,
But fell in the ascent! yet have not I
Studied enough thy losses' history.
How happy were mankind, if Death's strict laws
Consumed our lamentations like the cause!
Or that our grief, turning to dust, might end
With the dissolved body of a friend!
But sacred Heaven! O, how just thou art
In stamping death's impression on that heart,
Which through thy favors would grow insolent
Were it not physick'd by sharp discontent.
If, then, it stand resolved in thy decree,
That still I must doom'd to a desert be,
Sprung out of my lone thoughts, which know no path
But what my own misfortune beaten hath:—
If thou wilt bind me living to a corse,
And I must slowly waste; I then of force
Stoop to thy great appointment, and obey
That will which naught avails me to gainsay.
For whilst in sorrow's maze I wander on,
I do but follow life's vocation.
Sure we were made to grieve: at our first birth,
With cries we took possession of the earth;
And though the lucky man reputed be
Fortune's adopted son, yet only he
Is nature's true-born child, who sums his years
(Like me) with no arithmetic but tears.

SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks! Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow, for thy sake.

DR. ROBERT WILDE

Was a dissenting clergyman. The dates of his birth and death are not given by Jacob. He was author of a poem, entitled "Iter Boreale," and "The Benefice," a comedy.

A COMPLAINT OF A LEARNED DIVINE IN PURITAN TIMES.

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years' reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf.
Into learned rags
I have rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin:
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten.
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended;
I have preach'd, I have printed,
Whate'er I hinted,
To please our English Pope:
I worshipp'd toward the East
But the sun doth now forsake me;
I find that I am falling,
The northern winds do shake me.
Would I had been upright,
For bowing now will break me.
Alas, poor, &c.

At great preferment I aim'd,
Witness my silk,
But now my hopes are maim'd.
I looked lately
To live most stately,
And have a dairy of bell-rope's milk;
But now, alas!
Myself I must flatter,
Bigamy of steeples is a laughing matter;
Each man must have but one,
And curates will grow fatter.
Alas, poor, &c.

Into some country village
Now I must go,
Where neither tithe nor tillage
The greedy patron,
And parched matron,
Swear to the church they owe;

Yet if I can preach
And pray too on a sudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure without studying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Besides a Sunday pudding.
Alas, poor, &c.

All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and human,
Yet all's not worth a shilling.
When the women hear me
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane.
Once I remember
I preached with a weaver;
I quoted Austin,
He quoted Dod and Clever:
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and beaver.
Alas, poor, &c.

Ships, ships, ships I discover,
Crossing the main;
Shall I in and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk or Papist,
To Geneva or Amsterdam?
Bishoprics are void
In Scotland, shall I thither?
Or follow Windebank
And Finch, to see if either
Do want a priest to shrieve them?
O no, 'tis blustering weather.
Alas, poor, &c.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it:
Peace, Goodman fool!
Thou hast a trade will fit it;
Draw thy indenture,
Be bound at a venture
An apprentice to a free-school;
There thou may'st command,
By William Lilly's charter;
There thou may'st whip, strip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the red rod
Both Will, and Tom, and Arthur.
Ay, ay, 'tis hither, hither will I go.

SIR JOHN MENNIS AND JAMES SMITH.

[Born, 1598. Born, 1604.]

Sir John Mennis was born in 1598. He was successively a military and naval commander; a vice-admiral in the latter service, governor of Dover Castle, and chief comptroller of the navy. He composed the well-known ballad on Sir John Suckling's defeat.—Smith was born about 1604: was a military and naval chaplain, canon of Exeter cathedral, and doctor in divinity.

UPON LUTE-STRINGS CAT-EATEN.

FROM "MUSARUM DELICIÆ, OR THE MUSES' RECREATION."

Are these the strings that poets feign
Have clear'd the air and calm'd the main?
Charm'd wolves, and from the mountain crests
Made forests dance, with all their beasts?
Could these neglected shreds you see
Inspire a lute of ivory,
And make it speak? oh then think what
Hath been committed by my cat!
Who, in the silence of the night,
Hath gnawn these cords, and marr'd them quite,
Leaving such relics as may be
For frets, not for my lute, but me.
Puss, I will curse thee! may'st thou dwell
With some dry hermit in a cell,
Where rat ne'er peep'd, where mouse ne'er fed,
And flies go supperless to bed;
Or with some close-pared brother, where
Thou'lt fast each Sabbath in the year;
Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
For butchering a mouse on Sunday.
Or may'st thou tumble from some tower,
And miss to light on all-four,
Taking a fall that may untie
Eight of nine lives, and let them fly.
Or may the midnight embers singe
Thy dainty coat, or Jane beswinge.....
What, was there ne'er a rat nor mouse,
Nor buttery ope; naught in the house
But harmless lute-strings, could suffice
Thy paunch, and draw thy glaring eyes?
Did not thy conscious stomach find
Nature profaned, that kind with kind
Should stanch his hunger? think on that,
Thou cannibal and cyclops cat!
For know, thou wretch, that every string
Is a cat's gut which art doth bring
Into a thread; and now suppose
Dunstan, that snuff'd the devil's nose,
Should bid these strings revive, as once
He did the calf from naked bones;
Or I, to plague thee for thy sin,
Should draw a circle, and begin
To conjure, for I am, look to't,
An Oxford scholar, and can do't.
Then with three sets of mops and mows,
Seven of odd words, and motley shows,
A thousand tricks that may be taken
From Faustus, Lambe, or Friar Bacon;
I should begin to call my strings
My catlings, and my minikins;
And they re-catted, straight should fall
To mew, to purr, to caterwaul;
From puss's belly, sure as death,
Puss should be an engastrumeth.
Puss should be sent for to the king,
For a strange bird or some rare thing.
Puss should be sought to far and near,
As she some cunning woman were.
Puss should be carried up and down,
From shire to shire, from town to town,
Like to the camel lean as hag,
The elephant, or apish nag,
For a strange sight; puss should be sung
In lousy ballads 'midst the throng,
At markets, with as good a grace
As Agincourt, or Chevy Chace.
The Troy-sprung Briton would forego
His pedigree, he chanteth so,
And sing that Merlin (long deceased)
Return'd is in a nine-lived beast.

Thus, puss, thou see'st what might betide thee;
But I forbear to hurt or chide thee.
For't may be puss was melancholy,
And so to make her blithe and jolly,
Finding these strings, she'd have a fit
Of mirth; nay, puss, if that were it,
Thus I revenge me, that as thou
Hast play'd on them, I on thee now;
And as thy touch was nothing fine,
So I've but scratch'd these notes of mine.

JASPER MAYNE.

[Born, 1604. Died, 1672.]

THIS writer has a cast of broad humour that is amusing, though prone to extravagance. The idea in The City Match of Captain Quartfield and his boon companions exposing simple Timothy dead drunk, and dressed up as a sea-monster for a show, is not indeed within the boundaries of either taste or credibility; but amends is made for it in the next scene, of old Warehouse and Seathrift witnessing in disguise the joy of their heirs at their supposed deaths. Among the many interviews of this nature by which comedy has sought to produce merriment and surprise, this is not one of the worst managed. Plotwell's cool impudence is well supported, when he gives money to the waterman, (who tells that he had escaped by swimming at the time the old citizens were drowned,)

> There, friend, there is
> A fare for you: I'm glad you 'scaped; I had
> Not known the news so soon else.

Dr. Mayne was a clergyman in Oxfordshire. He lost his livings at the death of Charles I. and became chaplain to the Earl of Devonshire, who made him acquainted with Hobbes; but the philosopher and poet are said to have been on no very agreeable terms. At the Restoration he was reinstated in his livings, made a canon of Christchurch, Archdeacon of Chichester, and chaplain in ordinary to the king. Besides the comedy of the City Match, he published a tragi-comedy called The Amorous War; several sermons; dialogues from Lucian; and a pamphlet on the Civil Wars.

A SON AND NEPHEW RECEIVING THE NEWS OF A FATHER'S AND AN UNCLE'S DEATH.

FROM "THE CITY MATCH."

Persons.—WAREHOUSE *and* SEATHRIFT, *two wealthy old merchants in disguise;* CYPHER, *the former's factor, disguised as a waterman;* PLOTWELL, *nephew to* WAREHOUSE; TIMOTHY, *son to* SEATHRIFT; CAPTAIN QUARTFIELD, BRIGHT, *and* NEWCUT, *companions of* PLOTWELL.

PLACE:—*A Tavern.*

Cyph. THEN I must tell the news to you, 'tis sad.
Plot. I'll hear't as sadly.
Cyph. Your uncle, sir, and Mr. Seathrift are
Both drown'd, some eight miles below Greenwich.
Plot. Drown'd!
Cyph. They went i' th' tilt-boat, sir, and I was one [us,
O' th' oars that row'd 'em; a coal-ship did o'er-run
I 'scaped by swimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.
Bright. How some men's prayers are heard! We did invoke [took 'em.
The sea this morning, and see the Thames has
Plot. It cannot be; such good news, gentlemen,
Cannot be true.
Ware. 'Tis very certain, sir;
'Twas talk'd upon th' Exchange.
Sea. We heard it too
In Paul's now as we came.
Plot. There, friend, there is
A fare for you; I'm glad you 'scaped; I had
Not known the news so soon else. [*Gives him money.*
Cyph. Sir, excuse me.
Plot. Sir, it is conscience; I do believe you might
Sue me in chancery.
Cyph. Sir, you show the virtues of an heir.
Ware. Are you rich Warehouse's heir, sir?
Plot. Yes, sir, his transitory pelf,
And some twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the hour is come,
You shall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and spoils valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glass. I intend to have
A musket for you, or glass cannon, with
A most capacious barrel, which we'll charge
And discharge with the rich valiant grape
Of my uncle's cellar; every charge shall fire
The glass, and burn itself i' th' filling, and look
Like a piece going off.
Quart. I shall be glad
To give thanks for you, sir, in pottle draughts,
And shall love Scotch-coal for this wreck the better
As long as I know fuel.
Plot. Then my poet
No longer shall write catches, or thin sonnets,
Nor preach in verse as if he were suborn'd
By him that wrote the *Whip*, to pen lean acts,
And so to overthrow the stage for want
Of salt or wit. Nor shall he need torment
Or persecute his muse; but I will be
His god of wine t'inspire him. He shall no more
Converse with the five-yard butler; who, like thunder,
Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it sour:
But shall come forth a Sophocles and write
Things for the buskin. Instead of Pegasus,
To strike a spring with's hoof, we'll have a steel
Which shall but touch a butt, and straight shall
A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon. [flow
Sale. Frank, thou shalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the Life
And Death of two Rich Merchants.
Plot. Gentlemen,
And now i' faith what think you of the fish?
Ware. Why as we ought, sir, strangely.
Bright. But d'you think it is a very fish?
Sea. Yes.
Newc. 'Tis a man.

Plot. This valiant captain and this man of wit
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Mr. Timothy!
Tim. Plague take you, captain.
Plot. What! does your sack work still?
Tim. Where am I?
Plot. Come, y'have slept enough.
Bright. Mr. Timothy!
How in the name of fresh cod came you changed
Into a sea-calf thus?
New. 'Slight, Sir, here be
Two fishmongers to buy you, beat the price;
Now y'are awake yourself.
Tim. How's this! my hands
Transmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Array'd in fins and scales! Are n't you
Ashamed to make me such a monster? Pray
Help to undress me.
Plot. We have rare news for you.
Tim. No letter from the lady, I hope?
Plot. Your father,
And my grave uncle, sir, are cast away.
Tim. How?
Plot. They by this have made a meal
For jacks and salmon: they are drown'd.
Bright. Fall down,
And worship sea-coals, for a ship of them
Has made you, sir, an heir.
Plot. This fellow here
Brings the auspicious news: and these two friends
Of ours confirm it.
Cyph. 'Tis too true, sir.
Tim. Well,
We are all mortal; but in what wet case
Had I been now, if I had gone with him!
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into some pike, you might ha' cheapen'd me
In Fish-street; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance, at the Mermaid. Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain which
Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
[*He feigns to weep.*
Sea. Fie, sir! good truth, it is not manly in you,
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.
Tim. I do not cry for that.
Sea. No?
Tim. No, but to think,
My mother is not drown'd too.
Sea. I assure you,
And that a shrewd mischance.
Tim. For then might I
Ha' gone to th' counting-house, and set at liberty
Those harmless angels, which for many years
Have been condemn'd to darkness.
Plot. You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weigh'd to you.
New. Indeed they say he was a monument of Paul's.
Tim. Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey. I can show
The prints where he sate, holes i' th' logs.
Plot. He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make
A row of new stone-saints, and yet refused
To give to th' reparation.
Bright. I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.
Plot. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch t' apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of tooth-ache. This is
True, Mr. Timothy, is't not?
Tim. Yes: then linen
To us was stranger than to Capuchins.
My flesh is of an order, with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant-bags.
Sea. I'll not endure it;
Let's show ourselves.
Ware. Stay, hear all first.
New. Thy uncle was such another.
Bright. I have heard
He still last left th' Exchange, and would commend
The wholesomeness o' th' air in Moor-fields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.
Plot. Surely myself,
Cypher his factor, and an ancient cat,
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins; swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure
From half an orange. [*They undisguise.*
Ware. Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your cloud. D'you know me, sir?
Plot. My uncle!
Sea. And do you know me, sir?
Tim. My father!
Ware. Nay,
We'll open all the plot, reveal yourself.
Plot. Cyper the waterman!
Quart. Salewit, away!
I feel a tempest coming. [*Ex.* QUART. *and* SALEWIT.
Ware. Are you struck
With a torpedo, nephew?
Sea. Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a fish in earnest?
Bright. It begins to thunder.
New. We will make bold to take our leaves.
Ware. What, is your captain fled?
Sea. Nay, gentlemen, forsake your company!
Bright. Sir, we have business.
Sea. Troth, it is not kindly done.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT, NEW.
Ware. Now, Mr. Seathrift,
You see what mourners we had had, had we
Been wreck'd in earnest. My grieved nephew here
Had made my cellar flow with tears, my wines
Had charged glass-ordnance, our funerals had been
Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.
Sea. And at our graves
Your nephew and my son had made a panegyric,
And open'd all our virtues.
Ware. Ungrateful monster!

Sea. Unnatural villain!
Ware. Thou enemy to my blood!
Sea. Thou worse than parricide!
Ware. Next my sins, I do repent I am thy uncle.
Sea. And I thy father. [father
Ware. Death o' my soul! Did I, when first thy
Broke in estate, and then broke from the Counter,
Where Mr. Seathrift laid him in the hole
For debt, among the ruins of the city,
And trades like him blown up, take thee from dust,
Give thee free education, put thee in
My own fair way of traffic; nay, decree
To leave thee jewels, land, my whole estate,
Pardon'd thy former wildness, and couldst thou sort
Thyself with none but idle gallants, captains,
And poets, who must plot before they eat,
And make each meal a stratagem? Then could
But I be subject of thy impious scoffs? [none
I swoon at sight of meat; I rise a glutton
From half an orange: Wretch, forgetful wretch!
'Fore heaven I count it treason in my blood
That gives thee a relation. But I'll take
A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll first
Adopt a slave, brought from some galley; one
Which laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills with stools, and brass-
pots; [heir.
One who shall first be household-stuff, then my
Or to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
Cypher, go find me Baneswright; he shall straight
Provide me a wife. I will not stay to let
My resolution cool. Be she a wench
That every day puts on her dowry, wears
Her fortunes, has no portion, so she be
Young and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will; this afternoon!
I will about it straight.
Sea. I follow you. [*Ex.* WARE. CYPHER.
And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
The wond'rous Indian fish caught near Peru,
Who can be of both elements, your sight
Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
And in thy room pronounce to make thy sister
My heir; it would be most unnatural
To leave a fish on land. 'Las! sir, one of your
Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack,
Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps;
I know you'll not endure to see my jack
Go empty, nor wear shirts of copperas-bags,
Nor fast in Paul's, you. I do hate thee now,
Worse than a tempest, quicksand, pirate, rock,
Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-seal.
Go let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some ape, ('tis stale
To be a fish twice,) or some active baboon.
And when you can find money out, betray
What wench i' th' room has lost her maidenhead,
Can mount to th' king, and can do all your feats.
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
Th' Exchange, I'll see you; so I leave you.
Plot. Now [*Ex.* SEA.
Were there a dext'rous beam and two-pence
hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himself.
Tim. I have brought myself to a fine pass too.
Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pickrel.

SONG IN "THE AMOROUS WAR."

TIME is the feather'd thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes:

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost; and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE.

[Born, 1588. Died, 1673.]

RICHARD BRATHWAITE, mentioned incidentally by Warton as a pastoral poet, but more valuable as a fluent though inelegant satirist, was the son of Thomas Brathwaite of Warcop, near Appleby, in Westmoreland. When he had finished his education at both universities, his father gave him the estate of Barnside, in Westmoreland, where he held a commission in the militia, and was deputy-lieutenant of the county. His latter days were spent near Richmond, in Yorkshire, where he died, with a highly respectable character. To the list of his pieces enumerated by Wood two have been since added by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Malone, amounting in all to nineteen, among which are two tragi-comedies, Mercurius Britannicus and the Regicidium.

FROM A "STRAPPADO FOR THE DEVIL."*

A MAN there was who had lived a merry life
Till in the end he took to him a wife,
One that no image was, for she could speak,
And now and then her husband's costrel break;
This drove the poor man to a discontent,
And oft and many times did he repent
That e'er he changed his former quiet state;
But 'las! repentance then did come too late,
No cure he finds to heal this malady,
But makes a virtue of necessity.
The common cure for care to every man,
A pot of nappy ale, where he began
To fortify his brains 'gainst all should come,
'Mongst which the clamour of his wife's loud tongue.
This habit grafted in him grew so strong,
That when he was from ale an hour seem'd long,
So well he liked the potion. On a time,
Having staid long at pot—for rule or line
Limits no drunkard—even from morn to night,
He hasted home apace by the moonlight,
Where as he went what phantasies were bred,
I do not know, in his distemper'd head,
But a strange ghost appear'd and forced him stay,
With which perplext he thus began to say:
"Good spirit if thou be, I need no charm,
For well I know thou wilt not do me harm;
And if the devil, sure thou shouldst not hurt!
I wed thy sister, and am plagued for't."

The spirit, well approving what he said,
Dissolved to air and quickly vanished.

JOHN MILTON.

[Born, 1608. *Died*, 1674.]

If the memory of Milton has been outraged by Dr. Johnson's hostility, the writings of Blackburne, Hayley, and, above all, of Symmons, may be deemed sufficient to have satisfied the poet's injured shade. The apologies for Milton have indeed been rather full to superfluity than defective. Dr. Johnson's triumphant regret at the supposed whipping of our great poet at the university, is not more amusing than the alarm of his favourable biographers at the idea of admitting it to be true. From all that has been written on the subject, it is perfectly clear that Milton committed no offence at college which could deserve an ignominious punishment. Admitting Aubrey's authority for the anecdote, and his authority is not very high, it points out the punishment not as a public infliction, but as the personal act of his tutor, who resented or imagined some unkindnesses.

The youthful history of Milton, in despite of this anecdote, presents him in an exalted and amiable light. His father, a man of no ordinary attainments, and so accomplished a musician† as to rank honourably among the composers of his age, intended him for the ministry of the church, and furnished him with a private tutor, who probably seconded his views; but the piety that was early instilled into the poet's mind grew up, with the size of his intellect, into views of religious independence that would not have suited any definite ecclesiastical pale; and if Milton had become a preacher, he must have founded a church of his own. Whilst a boy, the intensity of his studies laid the seeds of his future blindness; and at that period the Latin verses addressed to his father attest not only the prematurity of his attainments, but the endearing strength of his affections.

The few years which he spent at his father's house, at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, after leaving the university, and before setting out on his travels, were perhaps the happiest in his life. In the beautiful scenery of that spot, disinclined to any profession by his universal capacity, and thirst for literature, he devoted himself to study, and wrote the most exquisite of his minor poems. Such a mind, in the opening prime of its genius, enjoying rural leisure and romantic walks, and luxuriating in the production of Comus and the Arcades, presents an inspiring idea of human beatitude.

When turned of thirty he went to Italy, the most accomplished Englishman that ever visited her classical shores. The attentions that were shown to him are well known. We find him at the same time, though a stranger and a heretic, boldly expressing his opinions within the verge of the Vatican. There, also, if poetry ever deigns to receive assistance from the younger art, his imagination may have derived at least congenial impressions from the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and the pictures of Raphael; and those impressions he may have possibly recalled in the formation of his great poem, when

[* There is, perhaps, no work in English which illustrates more fully and amusingly the manners, occupations, and opinions of the time when it was written than Braithwaite's *Strappado;* but it is a strange, undigested and ill-arranged collection of poems, of various kinds and of different degrees of merit, some of them composed considerably before the rest, but few without claims to notice. The principal part consists of satires and epigrams, although the author purposely confounds the distinction between the two: I call't an *Epigram* which is a *Satire.*

He never scruples to use the plainest terms, and though he seldom inserts names, he spares neither rank nor condition.—COLLIER, *Bridge. Cat.* p. 32.]

† Milton was early instructed in music. As a poet he speaks like one habituated to inspiration under its influence, and seems to have attached considerable importance to the science in his system of education.

his eyes were shut upon the world, and when he looked inwardly for "godlike shapes and forms."

In the eventful year after his return from the Continent, the fate of Episcopacy, which was yet undecided, seemed to depend chiefly on the influence which the respective parties could exercise upon the public mind, through the medium of the press, which was now set at liberty by the ordinance of the Long Parliament. Milton's strength led him foremost on his own side of the controversy; he defended the five ministers, whose book was entitled Smectymnus,* against the learning and eloquence of Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher, and became, in literary warfare, the bulwark of his party. It is performing this and similar services, which Dr. Johnson calls Milton's vapouring away his patriotism in keeping a private boarding-house; and such are the slender performances at which that critic proposes that we should indulge in some degree of merriment. Assuredly, if Milton wielded the pen instead of the sword, in public dispute, his enemies had no reason to regard the former weapon as either idle or impotent in his hand. An invitation to laugh on such an occasion, may remind us of what Sternhold and Hopkins denominate "awful mirth;" for of all topics which an enemy to Milton's principles could select, his impotence in maintaining them is the most unpropitious to merriment.

The most difficult passage of his life for his biographers to comment upon with entire satisfaction, is his continued acceptance of Cromwell's wages after Cromwell had become a tyrant. It would be uncandid to deny, that his fear of the return of the Stuarts, the symptoms of his having been seldom at the usurper's court, and the circumstance of his having given him advice to spare the liberties of the people, form some apology for this negative adherence. But if the people, according to his own ideas, were capable of liberty after Cromwell's death, they were equally so before it; and a renunciation of his profits under the despot would have been a nobler and fuller sacrifice to public principles, than any advice. From ordinary men this was more than could be expected; but Milton prescribed to others such austerity of duty, that in proportion to the altitude of his character, the world, which looked to him for example, had a right to expect his practical virtue to be severe.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow;
He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but, O! ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

* From the initial letters of their names.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckow's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both of them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONG

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATICK POET, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.*

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb would wish to die.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,"
I fondly ask? but Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state,
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

SONNET ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

ATHENS.

FROM BOOK IV. OF PARADISE REGAINED.

LOOK once more ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing;
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

SAMSON BEWAILING HIS BLINDNESS AND CAPTIVITY.

(Attendant leading him.)

FROM SAMSON AGONISTES.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on:
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.—
This day a solemn feast the people hold

[* We have copied this title at full length from the poem as it was first printed: "It is true," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Milton descended to upbraid the unfortunate Charles I., that the chosen companion of his private hours was *one William Shakspeare, a player.*" (*Life of Dryden*, p. 9.) Nothing is more untrue, and we quote the passage: "The poets, and some English, have been so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king [Charles I.] might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these, his solitudes, William Shakspeare, who introduces the person of Richard III." &c., speaking such *stuff*, he goes on to say, as the king has written, and deep dissemblers indulge in. What is there in this disrespectful to the "sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child," of his juvenile verses?]

To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind,
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column, charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke.
* * * *
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried: but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

SPEECHES, OF MANOAH THE FATHER OF SAMSON, AND OF THE CHORUS, ON HEARING OF HIS LAST ACHIEVEMENT AND DEATH.

Manoah. SAMSON hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic; on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame,
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream,
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

FROM COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot [care
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted
Confined, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthron'd gods, on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt-flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way [wood,
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine,)
This nymph, that gazed upon his clust'ring locks
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blythe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, [taste,
To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they
(For most do taste, through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in, making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of Day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile, welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,

The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.—
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame!
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright; some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY *Enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller!
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet naught but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that lives unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the Sphere;
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmo-

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling Night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips,

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like a path to heaven,
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

CHASTITY.

FROM THE SAME.

My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

* * * * *

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:
She that has that is clad in cómplete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of Chastity?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to cóngeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal,

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear Honour's sake,
Goddess of the Silver lake,
Listen and save;
Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams, with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

THE DANCES ENDED, THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky;
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SPEECH OF THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD, IN "THE ARCADES."

Stay, gentle swains; for though in this disguise
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcaday ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom, with low reverence, I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;

And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
What shallow searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites,
When Evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of Morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit ev'ry sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless:
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

ANDREW MARVELL.

[Born, 1620. Died, 1678.]

A BETTER edition of Marvell's works than any that has been given, is due to his literary and patriotic character. He was the champion of Milton's living reputation, and the victorious supporter of free principles against Bishop Parker, when that venal apostate to bigotry promulgated, in his Ecclesiastical Polity, "that it was more necessary to set a severe government over men's consciences and religious persuasions, than over their vices and immoralities." The humour and eloquence of Marvell's prose tracts were admired and probably imitated by Swift.* In playful exuberance of figure he sometimes resembles Burke. For consistency of principles, it is not so easy to find his parallel. His few poetical pieces betray some adherence to the school of conceit, but there is much in it that comes from the heart warm, pure, and affectionate.

He was a native of Hull. At the age of fifteen he was seduced from Cambridge by the proselytising Jesuits, but was brought back from London by his father, returned to the university, and continued for ever after an enemy to superstition and intrigue. In 1640 his father, who was a clergyman of Hull, embarked on the Humber in company with a youthful pair whom he was to marry at Barrow, in Lincolnshire. Though the weather was calm when they entered the boat, the old gentleman expressed a whimsical presentiment of danger, by throwing his cane ashore, and crying out, "Ho for heaven!"† A storm came on, and the whole company perished.

In consequence of this catastrophe the gentleman whose daughter was to have been married, adopted young Marvell as his son, conceiving his father to have sacrificed his life in performing an act of friendship. Marvell's education was thus enlarged: he travelled for his improvement over a considerable part of Europe, and was for some time at Constantinople as secretary to the English embassy at that court. Of his residence and employments for several years there is no account, till in 1653 he was engaged by the Protector to superintend the education of a Mr. Dutton, at Eton; and for a year and a half before Milton's death, he was assistant to Milton in the office of Latin Secretary to the Protector. He sat in the Parliament of 1660 as one of the representatives of the city of Hull, and was re-elected as long as he lived. At the beginning of the reign, indeed, we find him absent for two years in Germany and Holland, and on his return, having sought leave from his constituents, he accompanied Lord Carlisle as ambassador's secretary to the Northern Courts; but from the year 1665 till his death, his attendance in the House of Commons was uninterrupted, and exhibits a zeal in parliamentary duty that was never surpassed. Constantly corresponding with his constituents, he was at once earnest for their public rights and for their local interests. After the most fatiguing attendances, it was his practice to send them a minute statement of public proceedings, before he took either sleep or refreshment. Though he rarely spoke, his influence in both houses was so considerable, that when Prince Rupert (who, often consulted him) voted on the popular side, it used to be said that the prince had been with his tutor. He was one of the last members who received the legitimate stipend for attendance,

[* We still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago. *Swift's Apology for A Tale of a Tub.*]

† The story is told differently in the Biographia Britannica; but the circumstance related there, of a beautiful boy appearing to the mother of the drowned lady, and disappearing with the mystery of a supernatural being, gives an air of incredibility to the other account.

and his grateful constituents would often send him a barrel of ale as a token of their regard. The traits that are recorded of his public spirit and simple manners give an air of probability to the popular story of his refusal of a courtbribe. Charles the Second having met with Marvell in a private company, found his manners so agreeable, that he could not imagine a man of such complacency to possess inflexible honesty; he accordingly, as it is said, sent his lord-treasurer, Danby, to him next day, who, after mounting several dark staircases, found the author in a very mean lodging, and proffered him a mark of his majesty's consideration. Marvell assured the lord-treasurer that he was not in want of the king's assistance, and humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton; and having given a dignified and rational explanation of his motives to the minister, went to a friend and borrowed a guinea. The story of his death having been occasioned by poisoning, it is to be hoped, was but a party fable. It is certain, however, that he had been threatened with assassination. The corporation of Hull voted a sum for his funeral expenses, and for an appropriate monument.

THE EMIGRANTS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds received this song.

"What should we do, but sing His praise
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!

"Where he the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

"He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

"He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
* * * *
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

"Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this: nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain:
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.
* * * *
Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well,)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then: I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his Deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled.
This waxed tame while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his Fawn, but took his heart.
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so my idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite
Me to its game; it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they:
It had so sweet a breath. And oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft

And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race:
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring time of the year
It only lovéd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid;
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

* * * *

YOUNG LOVE.

COME, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguiled;
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take
Thee before thy time away:
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate;
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love;
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

THOMAS STANLEY.

[Born, 1625. Born, 1678.]

THOMAS STANLEY, the learned editor of Æschylus, and author of the History of Philosophy. He made poetical versions of considerable neatness from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, and the "Kisses" of Secundus. He also translated from Tristan, Marino, Boscan, and Gongora.

CELIA SINGING.

ROSES in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrow'd ornament:
Nymphs in their wat'ry sphere that move,
Or angels in their orbs above;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night;
The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in a swifter motion run,
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less noise than Celia's breath in sleep.
But if the angel which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul (in) at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubim would chuse,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

SPEAKING AND KISSING.

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
  Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires while thou dost speak,
  And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing ecstacy,
  I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
  Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools! t' inquire
  What numbers do the soul compose;
No harmony can life inspire,
  But that which from these accents flows.

LA BELLE CONFIDANTE.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame
  Whose pale, weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name
  And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create
    An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness angels may admire,
    But cannot emulate.
Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
  Or make the lilies fade,
But all the subtle ways that death doth seek
  Cannot my love invade.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

[Born, 1647. Died, 1680.]

[To tell all the stories that are told of this dissolute but witty nobleman, would be to collect what few would believe, what the good would refrain from reading, and "to fabricate furniture for the brothel." Pepys calls him *an idle rogue;* the excellent Evelyn, *a very profane wit.* He was both, and something more.

Of his sayings many are still on the tongue top, and told,

When the wine-cup shines in light;

while his poems are oftener read for the sake of their indecency than for their wit, though his satire was at all times lively, felicitous, and searching. His "Nothing" is, as Addison says, "an admirable poem on a barren subject." (*Spec.* No. 305.)

"The very name of Rochester," says Hume, "is offensive to modest ears; yet does his poetry discover such energy of style and such poignancy, as give ground to imagine what so fine a genius, had he fallen in a more happy age and had followed better models, was capable of producing. The ancient satirists often used great liberties in their expressions; but their freedom no more resembles the licentiousness of Rochester, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute." (*Hist. of Eng.* ch. lxxi.)

His poems were castrated by Stevens for Johnson's Collection; but this had been done before by Tonson, who while he did much, left very much to do. Could his satire be cleansed from its coarseness, a selection of his best pieces, many of which are still in manuscript, would be a desideratum, and the name of Wilmot would then stand high in the list of British satirists. But indecency is in the very nature of many of his subjects: there is more obscenity than wit in his verse, as was well observed by Walpole, more wit than poetry, more poetry than politeness.

Unwilling to tell one story of diverting or revolting profligacy upon another, Johnson has written the life of Lord Rochester in a few pages, said enough, and has indicated more than he has said. His *Death* has been given us by Bishop Burnet in one of the most readable books in the English language.]

SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
  You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
  'Twere madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
  And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
  Betray a tender story.

SPEAKING AND KISSING.

THE air which thy smooth voice doth break,
Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires while thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

[illegible]

And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;

LA BELLE CONFIDANTE.

YOU earthly souls that court a wanton flame
Whose pale, weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name
And narrow laws of sense,
[illegible]
But no love [illegible]
Can [illegible]

[illegible] WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

SAMUEL BUTLER.

[Born, 1612. Died, 1680.]

THE merit of Hudibras, excellent as it is, certainly lies in its style and execution, and by no means in the structure of the story. The action of the poem as it stands, and interrupted as it is, occupies but three days; and it is clear from the opening line, "When civil dudgeon first grew high," that it was meant to bear date with the civil wars. Yet after two days and nights are completed, the poet skips at once, in the third part, to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then returns to retrieve his hero, and conduct him through the last canto. Before the third part of Hudibras appeared, a great space of time had elapsed since the publication of the first. Charles II. had been fifteen years asleep on the throne, and Butler seems to have felt that the ridicule of the sectaries had grown a stale subject. The final interest of the piece, therefore, dwindles into the widow's repulse of Sir Hudibras, a topic which has been suspected to allude, not so much to the Presbyterians, as to the reigning monarch's dotage upon his mistresses.

HUDIBRAS, PART I. CANTO. I.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum-ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War, as well as Peace:
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write;)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised:
And truly so he was perhaps
Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic:
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure he would do,
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;

Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd:
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was disposed, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out, and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Freewill they one way disavow;
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they loved most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as Monarchy should last:
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech;
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burden, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd, and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt:
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,

In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard th' magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover
By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something.
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd say eye; for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prick'd,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph:
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir;

From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace;
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crook'd
With "To and from my love" it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be
Of gifts that cost them nothing free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle;
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,
What'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The noise of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear;
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd;
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosycrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry 'Rope,' and 'Walk, Knave, walk.'
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sov'reign power to make men wise;
For, dropp'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these (as he profest)
He had First Matter seen undrest;
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied;
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great-grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble;
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger horse to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do;
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods;
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;

Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, in th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies:
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
Cast th' nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guess'd on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves,
What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate;
And out they sallied at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogg'd,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogg'd;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking too familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech:
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a sport more formidable
Had raked together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble rout:
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake and bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain'd much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engaged, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,
As he believed he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too.

PART I. CANTO II.

Hudibras commencing Battle with the Rabble, and leading off Crowdero prisoner.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder;
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charged the Knight;
But he with petronel upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received:
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The crusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then revenged itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For wood, with honour b'ing engaged,
Is so implacably enraged,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amazed stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observed; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.
Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince
As if he'd been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blundering still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel, The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope;
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By flight escaped the fatal blow,
He rallied, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearest foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserved the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:
Like feather bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours fared as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and raged, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflamed, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth which he had saved
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and raved,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It grieved him to the guts that they
For whom he'd fought so many a fray,
And served with loss of blood so long,
Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarged,
Through thickest of his foes he charged,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chased;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strew'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That, hurt i' th' ancle, lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be revenged for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho, (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup,)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house,)
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once,
And now 't was raised to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between:
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of Sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.
This said, he gently raised the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the spirits lodged within;
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espoused cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be disposed as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd;
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Although Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might.
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain 't!
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy if they 'ad their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He stared about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is raised too high; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,

Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?

PART II. CANTO II.

Vicarious Justice exemplified by Ralpho in the case of the Cobbler that killed the Indian.

JUSTICE gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes;
Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happened: In a town
There lived a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel,)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he craved the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolved to spare him: yet, to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

PART III. CANTO III.

Hudibras consulting the Lawyer.

AN old dull sot, who toll'd the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks'-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where in all governments and times,
He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And used to equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engaged the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee:
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Imposed a task on baker's ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend,
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties and his fees:
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interloped and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money placed, for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat,
Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags to 've beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should beforehand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson!
Or, if 't is better to endite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right,
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant
In this case has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action?—Better still.
Then there's a lady too—Ay, marry!
That's easily proved accessary;

A widow who by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combined with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
  Sir, (quoth the lawyer,) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim;
For if they've used you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse:
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands:
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
  I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclined,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Conveys men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus;*
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again like *hiccius doctius.*
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
  For that (quoth he) let me alone;
We've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
  That's well (quoth he,) but *I* should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;
And when you've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel and their souls:
And when ye 're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
  I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause
Against the weathergage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.

ISAAK WALTON.

[Born, 1593. Died, 1683.]

ISAAK WALTON, who in the humble profession of a sempster in London had some of the most eminent men of his age for his intimate friends, was born at Stafford, and made his first settlement in London in a shop which was but seven feet and a half long and five feet wide. His favourite amusement was angling, on which he has left a treatise, together with some interesting biographical memoirs, which have been made well known by many modern and elegant editions.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice;
Sit here and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,
Or a leverock build her nest:
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Or, with my Bryan* and my book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook:

There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to the grave.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

[Born, 1633. Died, 1684-5.]

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was the maternal nephew of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland, educated at Caen in Normandy, travelled into Italy, and, returning to England at the Restoration, was made a captain of the Band of Pensioners. "It may be remarked," says Dr. Warton, "to the praise of Roscommon, that he was the first critic who had taste and spirit enough publicly to praise the Paradise Lost."†

FROM "AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE."

IMMODEST words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
Variety of such is to be found: [choose?
Take then a subject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet, 'tis not all to have a subject good:
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new,)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill:
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;

* Probably his dog.

[† Dryden was before him, but Roscommon was the first to write in imitation of Milton's manner.]

Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame; [came:
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing
But few, oh! few souls, pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envied height.
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast:
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear:
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse; [Muse!
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
What I have instanced only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore!
There sweat, there strain; tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find;
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind:
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng:
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compared.
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast;
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright;
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this through all disguises show;
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.
Words in one language elegantly used,
Will hardly in another be excused;
And some that Rome admired in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold.
Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thought you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest
dress.
Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait:
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly placed,
On even syllables (and still the last)
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.
A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's
praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicensed gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand grenadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they slew:
His name struck everywhere as great a damp,
As Archimedes' through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine stared him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconciled,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd
too:
In this sad case, what could our vermin do?

Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.
I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse;
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse,
The profit 's small and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes;
And panting, Lo! the God, the God, she cries:
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
But though we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspired, ten thousand are possest:
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compared with those whose inspiration shines:
These, nervous, bold; those, languid and remiss;
There cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Saone divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force, urged his impetuous way.

THOMAS OTWAY.

[Born, 1651. Died, 1685.]

FROM "THE ORPHAN."

CHAMONT'S SUSPICIONS OF HIS SISTER.

Persons—ACASTO, *the guardian of* MONIMIA; MONIMIA, *and her brother* CHAMONT.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arrived.
Acas. Go you, and give them welcome and reception.
Cham. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance
In something that concerns my peace and honour.
Acas. Spoke like the son of that brave man I loved:
So freely friendly we conversed together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it.
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.
Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship nor your justice.
Your bounty shown to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!
Acas. Pr'ythee, no more of that; it grates my nature.
Cham. When our dear parents died, they died together, [them:
One fate surprised them, and one grave received
My father with his dying breath bequeathed
Her to my love: my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embraced me, [tears
Then press'd me close, and as she observed my
Kiss'd them away; said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever show'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth,
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour;
Perhaps kind Heaven may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,
Kiss'd me again; so bless'd us and expired.
Pardon my grief.
Acas. It speaks an honest nature.
Cham. The friend Heaven raised was you, you took her up,
An infant, to the desert world exposed,
And proved another parent.
Acas. I've not wrong'd her.
Cham. Far be it from my fears.
Acas. Then why this argument?
Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll
Acas. Go on. [bear it.
Cham. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly:
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where power is wanting, will usurp a little,

And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.
Acas. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?
Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay a debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.
Acas. Then first charge her; and if the offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoiced in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*
Cham. I thank you from my soul.
Mon. Alas, my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face
And clouded brow methinks I see my fate:
You will not kill me!
Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost talk so?
Mon. Look kindly on me, then. I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me:
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing.
But use me gently like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.
Cham. Fear nothing, I will show myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.
You've not forgot our father?
Mon. I shall never.
Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That lived up to the standard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the world, and
He could not have forgiven it to himself: [hidden,
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in it, than if possess'd
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be managed nicely:
Now if by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?
Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!
Cham. I'll tell thee, then: three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seized my limbs:
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortured fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art,
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure:
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted at the phantom, straight it left me;
Then rose and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierced,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.
Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortured waking!
Cham. Have a care.
Labour not to be justified too fast:
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me:
Through a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
And meditated on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crook'd shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her;
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yel-
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness. [low,
I asked her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister: at that word I started.
Mon. The common cheat of beggars every day!
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
Cham. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.
Mon. Hah!
Cham. What, alter'd! does your courage fail you!
Now by my father's soul the witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game.
Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me.
That both have offer'd me their loves, most true.—
Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.
Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio—
Cham. But Castalio!
Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse!
Yes, I confess that he has won my soul
By generous love, and honourable vows;
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.
Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserved
Thy virtue white without a blot untainted?
Mon. When I'm unchaste, may Heaven reject my prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cham. Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet bless'd man:
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee:
I charge thee let no more Castalio soothe thee:
Avoid it as thou wouldst preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

FROM THE SAME.

Chamont finding Monimia in tears, discovering the cause of her grief, and remonstrating with Acasto.

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. In tears, Monimia!
Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my beloved despair.
Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See if my soul has rest till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother!
Cham. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
* * * *
Mon. Oh, shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting, [me;
I'm satisfied, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn
Thou wouldst despise the abject, lost Monimia,
No more wouldst praise this hated beauty; but
When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,
Thou seest me lie; these unregarded locks
Matted like furies' tresses; my poor limbs
Chain'd to the ground, and 'stead of the delights
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
Pr'ythee, have charity and pity for me.
Let me enjoy this thought.
Cham. Why wilt thou rack
My soul so long, Monimia? ease me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into madness first.
Mon. Could you be secret?
Cham. Secret as the grave.
Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? for indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been used
From a near friend: from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.
* * * *
Cham. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cham. How?
Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn?
Mon. He did; and, more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,
Though I still love him with unbated passion.
Cham. What, throw thee from him?
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cham. So may this arm
Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despised;
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee.
* * * *

Enter ACASTO.

Acas. Sure some ill fate is towards me; in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
Each vassal has a wild distracted face;
And looks as full of business as a blockhead
In times of danger: Just this very moment
I met Castalio—
Cham. Then you met a villain.
Acas. Hah!
Cham. Yes, a villain.
Acas. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's fame;
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance.
Villain to thee—
Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!
Acas. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy age,
To be thus used? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance—
Cham. Do.
Acas. I scorn it—
Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the story,
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most—Hah, is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?
Acas. Why dost thou ask it?
Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
Of too much passion; pray, my lord, forgive me.
[*Kneels.*
Acas. Mock me not, youth; I can revenge a wrong.
Cham. I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.
Acas. I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee be more kind.
[*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?
Cham. Indeed I've been to blame,
But I'll learn better; for you've been my father:
You've been her father too—
[*Takes* MONIMIA *by the hand.*
Acas. Forbear the prologue—
And let me know the substance of thy tale.
Cham. You took her up a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and, with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.
Acas. You talk to me in parables; Chamont,
You may have known that I'm no wordy man;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools, that use them, when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament; be plain.
Cham. Your son—
* * * *
Acas. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my sister's
Monimia, my sister, born as high [wrong'd:
And noble as Castalio—Do her justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him
manners.

FROM "VENICE PRESERVED."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belvidera revealing to her Father the secret of the Conspiracy.

Enter PRIULI *solus.*

Pri. WHY, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonour
And deathless infamy are fallen upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.
But then, my only child, my daughter, wedded;
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seized upon my memory,
To make it rot, and stink to after ages.
Cursed be the fatal minute when I got her,
Or would that I'd been any thing but man,
And raised an issue which would ne'er have
wrong'd me.
The miserable creatures, man excepted,
Are not the less esteem'd, though their posterity
Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers;
The vilest beasts are happy in their offsprings,
While only man gets traitors, whores, and villains.
Cursed be the names, and some swift blow from
fate
Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter BELVIDERA, *in a long mourning veil.*

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,
That for three years has left an only child
Exposed to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin—oh!—
Pri. What child of sorrow
Art thou that com'st thus wrapp'd in weeds of
sadness,
And movest as if thy steps were towards a grave?
Bel. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up.
Pri. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted
Would I could help thee. [sorrows;
Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power:
The world too speaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er ask'd alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, sir.
Pri. For what?
Bel. Oh, well regard me; is this voice a strange
Consider too, when beggars once pretend [one?
A case like mine, no little will content them.
Pri. What wouldst thou beg for?
Bel. Pity and forgiveness. [*Throws up her veil.*
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.
Pri. My daughter?
Bel. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms. By all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your trea-
Look kindly on me; in my face behold [sure,
The lineaments of hers you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.
Pri. Thou art my daughter.
Bel. Yes—and you've oft told me,
With smiles of love, and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.
Pri. Oh!
Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues,
I had been too bless'd.
Bel. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression.
For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what
sadness,
Fears, and despairs distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young
one,
To shelter me with a protecting wing
From the black gather'd storm, that's just, just
breaking.
Pri. Don't talk thus.
Bel. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.
I have a husband.
Pri. Damn him.
Bel. Oh! do not curse him;
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deal with me.
Pri. Hah! what means my child?
Bel. Oh! there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and fate; yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave; afford me one kind blessing
Before we part: just take me in your arms,
And recommend me with a prayer to Heaven,
That I may die in peace; and when I'm dead——
Pri. How my soul's catch'd!
Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared
her.
Pri. By Heaven, my aching heart forebodes
much mischief:
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.
Bel. No, I'm contented.
Pri. Speak.
Bel. No matter.
Pri. Tell me.
By yon bless'd heaven, my heart runs o'er with
Bel. Oh! [fondness.
Pri. Utter it.
Bel. Oh my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.
Pri. Kill thee!
Bel. Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this bosom.

I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd, and bless'd me with success;
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest friends,
For promised mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer.
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows to appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood the atone-
Pri. Heavens! [ment.
Bel. Think you saw what past at our last part-
Think you beheld him like a raging lion, [ing;
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw one hand
Fix'd on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threatening dagger: Oh! 'twas thus
We last embraced; when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death; cried out, My friends!
Where are my friends! swore, wept, raged,
threaten'd, loved.
For yet he loved, and that dear love preserved me
To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do the unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promised lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.
Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!
Bel. Will you not, my father!
Weep not, but answer me.
Pri. By Heaven, I will.
Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life:
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewell.
Bel. Go, and remember
'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SONG.

FROM "THE ORPHAN."

COME all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride,
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew;
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind, [bears,
Though bright as heaven whose stamp she
Think on my fate and shun her snares.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

FROM THE LOYAL GARLAND.* EDIT. 1685.

BEAUTY and Love fell once at odds,
And thus reviled each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the gods,
And thou wait'st on my mother;
Thou hadst no power on man at all
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer sweet, or fair,
Than men acknowledge me.

Away, fond boy, then Beauty cried,
We know that thou art blind;
And men of nobler parts they can
Our graces better find:
'Twas I begot the mortal snow,
And kindled men's desires;
I made thy quiver and thy bow,
And wings to fan thy fires.

Cupid in anger flung away.
And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish his proud maid.

So ever since Beauty has been
But courted for an hour;
To love a day is held a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

SEAMAN'S SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

O'ER the rolling waves we go,
Where the stormy winds do blow,
To quell with fire and sword the foe
That dares give us vexation.
Sailing to each foreign shore,
Despising hardships we endure,
Wealth we often do bring o'er,
That does enrich the nation.

Noble-hearted seamen are,
Those that do no labour spare,
Nor no danger shun or fear
To do their country pleasure.
In loyalty they do abound,
Nothing base in them is found;
But they bravely stand their ground
In calm and stormy weather.

In their love and constancy
None above them e'er can be:
As the maidens daily see,
Who are by seamen courted:

* These extracts from the Loyal Garland have been placed among the Specimens according to the date of the edition. Most of the poetry in that miscellany is of a much older date.

Nothing for them is too good
That is found in land or flood;
Nor with better flesh and blood
Has any ever sported.

SONG. TYRANNIC LOVE.*

FROM THE SAME.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
While bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires,
Enough 't undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity:
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the victor is and free.

N. HOOK,

Of Trinity College, Cambridge, published a volume of poems of the date 1685.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED "AMANDA."

I have an eye for her that's fair,
An ear for her that sings;
Yet don't I care for golden hair,
I scorn the portion lech'ry brings
To bawdy Beauty. I'm a churl,
And hate, though a melodious girl,
Her that is naught but air.

I have a heart for her that's kind,
A lip for her that smiles;
But if her mind be like the wind,
I'd rather foot it twenty miles.

* * * *

Is thy voice mellow, is it smart?
Art Venus for thy beauty?
If kind, and tart, and chaste thou art,
I'm bound to do thee duty.
Though pretty Mall or bonny Kate,
Hast thou one hair adulterate,
I'm blind, and deaf, and out of heart.

Amanda, thou art kind, well-bred,
Harmonious, sweetly kind;
If thou wilt wed my virgin bed,
And taste my love, thou'rt to my mind;
Take hands, lips, heart, and eyes,
Are all too mean a sacrifice.

PHILIP AYERS,

Published Lyric Poems, dated 1687, London.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Why, little charmer of the air,
Dost thou in music spend the morn,
While I thus languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn?
Why dost thou sing and hear me cry?
Tell, wanton songster, tell me why.

* * * *

Great to the ear, though small to sight,
The happy lover's dear delight;
Fly to the bowers where such are laid,
And there bestow thy serenade:
Haste thee from sorrow, haste away,
Alas, there's danger in thy stay,
Lest hearing me so oft complain
Should make thee change thy cheerful strain.

* * * *

Then cease, thou charmer of the air,
No more in music spend the morn
With me that languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn;
And do not this poor boon deny,
I ask but silence while I die.

ON THE SIGHT OF HIS MISTRESS'S HOUSE.

FROM THE SAME.

To view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone;
Whence joy and peace are influenced on me,
For 'tis the temple of my deity.

As nights and days an anxious wretch by stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his wealth,
So to this house, that keeps from me my heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.†

[* This song is by Aphra Behn, the Astræa of Pope—

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,"

and is in "Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge."]

[† N. Hook and Philip Ayres are writers very little known, and scarcely meriting a place in these Selections. In no collection of our poets (and our so-called "British Poets" have been made general and mediocre enough), have they ever found a place, in no Biographical Dictionary are their names included, and without Mr. Campbell's *resurrection* of them they must have slept with "Time and with Tom Hearne." A reader may be allowed to smile at Mr. Campbell's very general love for poetry in its essence, and his endeavours to recover and embalm decayed bodies, at his taste, and his general goodnature. Mr. Campbell's criticisms are everywhere distinguished by a discerning and cultivated mind, his selections at times by a kindness for the dead, and an anxiety to give what Mr. Ellis had not given.]

EDMUND WALLER.

[Born, 1605. Died, 1687.]

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play, [voice
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

* * * *

For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find,
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
The royal bird possesses all the boughs, [shields:
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

ON MY LADY DOROTHY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame!
The matchless Sydney, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars placed,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, graced
With such extremes of excellence, compose
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amazed we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practised what he taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

AT PENSHURST.

Had Dorothea lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confused heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth;* when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.†

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry meads
Invoked to testify the lover's care, [meads
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus, thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arm with bays.

[* That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
Ben Johnson, *To Penshurst.*]

[† The French claim this as belonging to them. To whomsoever it belongs, the thought is finely turned.—Goldsmith.]

AT PENSHURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sydney? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of am'rous Sydney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion: now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advised me: "on yon aged tree
Hang up my lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief into the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bless'd in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heaven has heap'd on her.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry passion but fond love
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.
For women (born to be controll'd,)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress
Not kneeling did salute the beast,
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.*

[* The following verse was added by Kirke White in a copy of Waller's Poems:

Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Paved all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing
Which I have known belong to you
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, OR A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright stars and Milky-way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day;

So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
  While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark;
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
  Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
  Yet friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.
  So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

THE NAVAL GLORY OF ENGLAND.

FROM VERSES ON A WAR WITH SPAIN.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

CHARLES COTTON.

[Born, 1630. Died, 1697.]

There is a careless and happy humour in this poet's Voyage to Ireland, which seems to anticipate the manner of Anstey, in the Bath Guide. The tasteless indelicacy of his parody of the Æneid has found but too many admirers. His imitations of Lucian betray the grossest misconception of humorous effect when he attempts to burlesque that which is ludicrous already. He was acquainted with French and Italian; and, among several works from the former language, translated "The Horace" of Corneille, and Montaigne's Essays.

The father of Cotton is described by Lord Clarendon as an accomplished and honourable man, who was driven by domestic afflictions to habits which rendered his age less reverenced than his youth, and made his best friends wish that he had not lived so long. From him our poet inherited an encumbered estate, with a disposition to extravagance little calculated to improve it. After having studied at Cambridge, and returned from his travels abroad, he married the daughter of Sir Thomas Owthorp, in Nottinghamshire. He went to Ireland as a captain in the army, but of his military progress nothing is recorded. Having embraced the soldier's life merely as a shift in distress, he was not likely to pursue it with much ambition. It was probably in Ireland that he met with his second wife, Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, the widow of Lord Cornwall. She had a jointure of £1500 a year, secured from his imprudent management. He died insolvent at Westminster. One of his favourite recreations was angling; and his house, which was situated on the Dove, a fine trout stream which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, was the frequent resort of his friend Isaak Walton. There he built a fishing-house, "Piscatoribus sacrum," with the initials of honest Isaak's name and his own united in ciphers over the door. The walls were painted with fishing scenes, and the portraits of Cotton and Walton were upon the beaufet.

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

CANTO I.

The lives of frail men are compared by the sages
Or unto short journies, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is to their ends (to be plain in my matter);
From whence when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, set folks so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of these people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high steeple,
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventured my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave:
But at forty years old you may (if you please)
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;

Or, had the same humour still run in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose;
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blamed
If I went to the place whereof Nick was ashamed.
O Coryate! thou traveller famed as Ulysses,
In such a stupendous labour as this is,
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,
Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet,
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation.
'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,
And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flower'd tabby gown,
When about some two hours and a half after noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it too soon,
With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tuned up my pipes to sing "*loth to depart*;"
The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument endorse,
Till he groan'd and he f—d under the burden,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden;
And now farewell Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scaled fishes;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.
By pacing and trotting betimes in the even,
Ere the sun had forsaken one-half of the Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and his queen:
But who do you think came to welcome me there?
No worse a man, marry, than good master mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he came;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave of each other in courteous fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
Put on a good nightcap, and straightway to bed.
Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly taken,
(For her king (as 'twas rumour'd) by late pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)
We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid ere we met with a biding;
But there (having over-night plied the tap well)
We now must needs water at place call'd Holmes Chapel:
"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who keeps the house?"
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd been,
A cravat with black ribbon tied under his chin;
Though by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his ear.
Quoth he (with low congé) "What lack you, my lord?"
"The best liquor," quoth I, "that the house will afford."
"You shall straight," quoth he; and then calls out, "Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary."
"Hold, hold, my spruce host! for i' th' morning so early,
I never drink liquor but what's made of barley."
Which words were scarce out, but, which made me admire,
My lordship was presently turn'd into 'squire:
"Ale, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly again,
"What, must it be purl'd?"—"No, I love it best plain."
"Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to the price;
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle."
"Why, faith," quoth I, "friend, if your liquor be such,
For the best ale in England, it is not too much:
Let's have it, and quickly."—"O sir! you may stay;
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in his life."
Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
A curtsey she made, as demure as a sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kissed her:
Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will't please you walk in?"
I thank'd her; but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away.
She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that road,
I would stay there a night, she assured me the nation
Should nowhere afford better accommodation;
Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,
And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;
But I show'd him a screw, which I told my brisk gull
A trepan was for bottles had broken their scull;
Which, as it was true, he believed without doubt,
But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the cork out.

Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smoked, like a new-fired gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
Mine host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no fuller:
"Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap and for colour,
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't;
I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich, to boot."
By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years,
And have drank so much liquor has made me a debtor,
I my days, that I know of, I never drank better:
We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt away roundly;
And then I conceived it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we stay'd t' other noggin.
From thence we set forth with more mettle and spright,
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light;
O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted:
In truth, we pursued might have been by our haste,
And I think Sir George Booth did not gallop so fast,
Till about two o'clock after noon, God be blest,
We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' west.
And now in high time 'twas to call for some meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must eat;
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, mistress Anderton, for a good woman,
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a common;
And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his pains.
And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should she choose?
And if I should farther here spur on my course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my horse:
To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even,
To-morrow to church, and ask pardon of Heaven.
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have penn'd it,
An odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend it:
But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have t' other bout,
And better or worse be't, for murder will out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the story.

CANTO II.

After seven hours' sleep, to commute for pains taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken;
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
Which, ringing to matins all over the town,
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the choir,
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire;
For the two fore-named things had so heated my blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good:
I sent for chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not to be called twice,
But tilted stiletto quite through the vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain;
When having twelve ounces, he bound up my arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him no harm:
But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood;
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter;
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner:
I dined with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer;
When myself having stuff'd than a bagpipe more full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull;
And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it best,
For when belly full is, bones would be at rest:
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O! the delicious dream that I had!
Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now waked me again, chiming all in to vespers;
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizzle;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my sword,
Resolved now to go and attend on the word.
Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been
A most humble obedient servant to sin:
And now in devotion was even so proud,
I scorn'd (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my pace,
As 't were, scorning to kneel but in the best place.
I there made myself sure of good music at least,
But was something deceived, for 'twas none of the best:
But however, I stay'd at the church's commanding
Till we came to the "Peace passes all understanding,"

Which no sooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like boys in a school when they've leave got to play;
All save master mayor, who still gravely stays
Till the rest had left room for his worship and 's mace:
Then he and his brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall, and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we marchéd from pray'r;
The mace before me borne as well as the may'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days:
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my fist,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiss'd;
By which, though thick-skull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderfully kindly he took,
(As I well perceived both b' his gesture and look,)
That to have me dogg'd home he straitway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper;
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation;
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands.
Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander:
And since on such reasons to sup I refused,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excused;
But my quaint repartee had his worship possess'd
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with more impatience he hop'd in his breeches
To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches:
"Go, sirrah!" quoth he, "get you to him again,
And will and require, in his majesty's name,
That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West-Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet minced his message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest,
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his bum,
Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
With that I perceived no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a flail,

I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
And therefore desired him to lead me the way.
We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear,
(For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were there;
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the stairs,
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a mayor's:
But every thing else must be highly commended.
I there found his worship most nobly attended,
Besides such a supper as well did convince,
A may'r in his province to be a great prince;
As he sat in his chair, he did not much vary,
In state nor in face, from our eighth English Harry;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that.
Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like [Indies,
One of those little gentlemen brought from the
And screwing myself into congés and cringes,
By then I was half way advanced in the room,
His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanced a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
I thank'd him in language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.
Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station;
So sweet mistress may'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the other;
By which I perceived, though it seemed a riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle:
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'ress complain'd that the pottage was cold;
"And all long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she.
"Why, what then, Goody Two-Shoes, what if it be?
"Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth he.
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th' discourse,
The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse,
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year:
However 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault:
But this brush being past, we fell to our diet,
And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.

Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken; [chair,
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his
He will'd and required me there to declare
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither:
Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me.
I answer'd, my country was famed Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire;
That of land I had both sorts, some good, and some evil,
But that a great part on't twas pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That, indeed, I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more studied than arts,
And was now to a captain raised by my deserts;
That the bus'ness which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound;
Where his worship's great favour I loud will pro- [claim,
And in all other places wherever I came.
He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist;
When having my fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for some bottles and pipes.
To trouble you here with a longer narration
Of the several parts of our confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,
Where doubtless, the acts of the may'rs are recorded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.
In short, then, we piped and we tippled Canary,
Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart;
And because to great men presents are acceptable,
I presented the may'r, ere I rose from the table,
With a certain fantastical box and a stopper;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning.

CANTO III.

The Sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up 's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I waked,
And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked;
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipp'd to horse, and away.
A guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest:
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spurr-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
And by these the true colour one can no more know,
Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin below,
Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider,
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat:
Even such was my guide and his beast; let them
The one for a horse, and the other an ass. [pass,
But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,
Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten;
And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,
Unless we did mean to encounter the tide;
And then my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
With two up and one down, hopp'd over the sands,
Till his horse, finding the labour for three legs too
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four: [sore,
And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,
Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take shipping;
And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring 'to have hinder'd our journey to Flint;
But we, by good luck, before him got thither,
He else would have carried us, no man knows whither.
And now her in Wales is, saint Taph be her speed,
Gott splutter her taste, some Welsh ale her had need;
For her ride in great haste, and * *
For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a louse,
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his house;
But in a small house near unto 't there was store
Of such ale as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welsh are not wise of their fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we came,
My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,

O'er hills and o'er valleys uncouth and uneven,
Until 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,
More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
We happily came to St. Winifred's well:
I thought it the pool of Bethesda had been,
By the cripples lay there; but I went to my inn
To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
Before I did farther proceed in devotion:
I went into th' kitchen, where victuals I saw,
Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw;
And some on't alive, but soon went to slaughter,
For four chickens were slain by my dame and her daughter;
Of which to saint Win. ere my vows I had paid,
They said I should find a rare fricasée made:
I thank'd them, and straight to the well did repair,
Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r;
Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in,
Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen;
Of which some were fevers of Venus I'm sure,
And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure:
But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,
The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright;
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
Her conscience, her name, nor herself, were more clear.
In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
But streaked with pure red, as the morning with light,
Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
Which I wonder has 'scaped master Oliver's hands;
The floor's not ill paved, and the margin o' th'
Is inclosed with a certain octagonal ring; [spring
From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
To support and uphold from falling to ground
A cupola wherewith the virgin is crown'd.
Now 'twixt the two angles that fork to the north,
And where the cold nymph does her basin pour forth,
Under ground is a place where they bathe, as 'tis said,
And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth hack in their head;
For you are to know, that the rogues and the * *
Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.
But one thing I chiefly admired in the place,
That a saint and a virgin endued with such grace,
Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer
To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills:
I've studied that point much, you cannot guess why,
But the virgin was, doubtless more righteous than I.
And now for my welcome, four, five, or six lasses,
With as many crystalline liberal glasses,
Did all importune me to drink of the water
Of Saint Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to choose.
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,
From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite:
I took the glass from her, and whip, off it went,
I half doubt I fancied a health to the saint:
But he was a great villain committed the slaughter,
For St. Winifred made most delicate water.
I slipp'd a hard shilling into her soft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have profaned;
And giving two more to the poor that were there,
Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
I never ate better meat, that I can tell;
When having half dined, there comes in my host,
A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast:
This man, by his drinking, inflamed the scot,
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot;
But this I remember, 'twas much on 's own life,
And one thing, that he had converted his wife.
But now my guide told me, it time was to go,
For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted:
On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,
Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in;
For underneath Neptune lay skulking to watch us,
And, had we but slipp'd once, was ready to catch us.
Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed:
Redland Castle and Abergoney we past,
And o'er against Connoway came at the last:
Just over against a castle there stood,
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a wood;
'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high water
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape being drowned:
Perhaps though in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis pretti'st Cob-castle e'er I beheld.
The Sun now was going t' unharness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the weeds,
Came in as good time as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea;
And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
O'er god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft;
Where scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the port,
Where another King's Head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the crown.

DR. HENRY MORE.

[Born, 1614. Died, 1687.]

Dr. Henry More was the son of a respectable gentleman at Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He spent the better part of a long and intensely studious life at Cambridge, refusing even the mastership of his college, and several offers of preferment in the church, for the sake of unbroken leisure and retirement. In 1640 he composed his Psychozoia, or Life of the Soul, which he afterward republished with other pieces, in a volume entitled Philosophical Poems. Before the appearance of the former work he had studied the Platonic writers and mystic divines, till his frame had become emaciated, and his faculties had been strained to such enthusiasm, that he began to talk of holding supernatural communications, and imagined that his body exhaled the perfume of violets. With the exception of these innocent reveries, his life and literary character were highly respectable. He corresponded with Des Cartes, was the friend of Cudworth, and as a divine and moralist was not only popular in his own time, but has been mentioned with admiration both by Addison and Blair. In the heat of rebellion he was spared even by the fanatics, who, though he refused to take the covenant, left him to dream with Plato in his academic bower. As a poet he has woven together a singular texture of Gothic fancy and Greek philosophy, and made the Christiano-Platonic system of metaphysics a ground-work for the fables of the nursery. His versification, though he tells us that he was won to the Muses in his childhood by the melody of Spenser, is but a faint echo of the Spenserian tune. In fancy he is dark and lethargic. Yet his Psychozoia is not a common-place production: a certain solemnity and earnestness in his tone leaves an impression that he "*believed the magic wonders which he sung.*"* His poetry is not, indeed, like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite.

THE PRE-EXISTENCY OF THE SOUL.

Rise then, Aristo's son, assist my Muse;
Let that high sprite which did enrich thy brains
With choice conceits, some worthy thoughts infuse
Worthy thy title and the reader's pains.
And thou, O Lycian sage! whose pen contains
Treasures of heavenly light with gentle fire,
Give leave awhile to warm me at thy flames,
That I may also kindle sweet desire
In holy minds that unto highest things aspire.

For I would sing the pre-existency
Of human souls, and live once o'er again,
By recollection and quick memory,
All that is past since first we all began;
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point, and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter. But thou, more than man,
Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear, [were.
Tell me what mortals are—tell what of old they

A spark or ray of the divinity,
Clouded with early fogs, yclad in clay,
A precious drop sunk from eternity,
Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away;
For then we fell when we 'gan first t' assay,
By stealth of our own selves, something to been
Uncentering ourselves from our great stay,
Which fondly we new liberty did ween, [deem.
And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves did

* * * *

Show fitly how the pre-existent soul
Enacts and enters bodies here below,
And then entire unhurt can leave this moul,
And thence her airy vehicle can draw,
In which by sense and motion they may know,
Better than we, what things transacted be
Upon the earth, and when they list may show
Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasie
Moulding their airy orb to gross consistency.

* * * * *

Wherefore the soul possess'd of matter meet,
If she hath power to operate thereon,
Can eath transform this vehicle to sight,
Dight with due colour figuration,
Can speak, can walk, and then dispear anon,
Spreading herself in the dispersed air,
Then, if she please, recall again what's gone:
Those th' uncouth mysteries of fancy are—
Than thunder far more strong, more quick than lightning far.

Some heaving toward this strange activity
We may observe ev'n in this mortal state;
Here health and sickness of the phantasie
Often proceed, which working minds create,
And pox and pestilence do malleate,
Their thoughts still beating on those objects ill,
Which doth the master's blood contaminate,

[*Collins.]

And with foul poisonous impressions fill,
And last, the precious life with deadly dolour kill.

* * * * *

All these declare the force of phantasie,
Though working here upon this stubborn clay;
But th' airy vehicle yields more easily,
Unto her beck more nimbly doth obey,
Which truth the joint confessions bewray
Of damned hags and masters of bold skill,
Whose hellish mysteries fully to display, [o'erspill.
The earth would groan, trees sigh, and horror all

But he that out of darkness giveth light,
He guide my steps in this so uncouth way;
And ill-done deeds by children of the night
Convert to good, while I shall hence assay
The noble soul's condition ope to lay,
And show her empire on her airy sphere,
By what of sprites and spectres stories say;
For sprites and spectres that by night appear
Be or all with the soul, or of a nature near.

Up then, renowned wizard, hermit sage,
That twice ten years didst in the desert won,
With sprites conversing in thy hermitage,
Since thou of mortals didst the commerce shun;
Well seen in these foul deeds that have foredone
Many a bold wit. Up, Marcus, tell again
That story to thy Thrax, who has thee won
To Christian faith; the guise and haunts explain
Of all air-trampling ghosts that in the world [remain.
There be six sorts of sprites: Lelurion
Is the first kind, the next are named from air;
The first aloft, yet far beneath the moon,
The other in this lower region fare;
The third terrestrial, the fourth watery are;
The fifth be subterranean; the last
And worst, light-hating ghosts, more cruel far
Than bear or wolf with hunger hard oppress'd,
But doltish yet, and dull, like an unwieldy beast.

* * * * *

Cameleon-like they thus their colour change,
And size contract, and then dilate again,
Like the soft earth-worm hurt by heedless chance,
Shrinks in herself to shun or ease her pain.
Nor do they only thus themselves constrain
Into less bulk, but if with courage bold, [twain,
And flaming brand, thou strike these shades in
Close quick as cloven air. So sang that wizard old.
And truth he said, whatever he has told,
As even this present age may verify,
If any lists its stories to unfold,
Of Hugo, of hobgoblins, of incubi,
Abhorred dugs by devils sucken dry;
Of leaping lamps, and of fierce flying stones,
Of living wool and such like witchery;
Or proved by sight or self-confessions, [tions.
Which things much credence gain to past tradi-

Wherefore with boldness we will now relate
Some few in brief; as of th' Astorgan lad
Whose peevish mother, in fell ire and hate,
With execration bold, the devil bad
Take him alive. Which mood the boy n' ote bear,
But quits the room—walks out with spirit sad,
Into the court, where lo! by night appear
Two giants with grim looks, rough limbs, black grisly hair.

* * * * *

The walking skeleton in Bolonia,
Laden with rattling chains, that show'd his grave
To the watchful student, who without dismay
Bid tell his wants and speak what he would have,
Thus cleared he the house by courage brave.
Nor may I pass the fair Cerdinian maid
Whose love a jolly swain did kindly crave,
And oft with mutual solace with her staid,
Yet he no jolly swain, but a deceitful shade.

* * * * *

In arctic climes an isle that Thulé hight,
Famous for snowy monts, whose hoary heads
Sure sign of cold; yet from their fiery feet
They strike out burning stones with thunders dread,
And all the land with smoke and ashes spread;
Here wand'ring ghosts themselves have often shown,
As if it were the region of the dead,
And met departed, met with whom they've known,
In seemly sort shake hands, and ancient friendship own.

A world of wonders hither might be thrown
Of sprites and spectres, as that frequent noise
Oft heard upon the plain of Marathon,
Of neighing horses and of martial boys;
The Greek the Persian nightly here destroys
In hot assault embroil'd in a long war;
Four hundred years did last those dreadful toys,
As doth by Attic records plain appear,
The seeds of hate by death so little slaked are.

GEORGE ETHEREGE.

[Born, 1636. Died, 1691?]

GEORGE ETHEREGE first distinguished himself among the libertine wits of the age by his "Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub." He afterward gained a more deserved distinction in the comic drama by his "Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter," a character which has been the model of all succeeding stage petits-maîtres. By his wit he obtained a rich widow and the title of knighthood, and, what was ill-suited to his dissolute habits, the appointment of plenipotentiary at Ratisbon. At that place he had occasion to give a convivial party to some friends, of whom George was politely taking his leave at the door of his house, but having drunk freely, he had the misfortune to conclude the entertainment by falling down stairs and breaking his neck.

SONG.

FROM "LOVE IN A TUB."

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

SONG.

FROM SOUTHERNE'S "DISAPPOINTMENT, OR THE MOTHER IN FASHION."

See, how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her eyes:
In the tender minute prove her;
Shepherd! why so dull a lover
Prithee, why so dull a lover?

In her blushes see your shame,—
Anger they with love proclaim;
You too coldly entertain her:
Lay your pipe a little by;
If no other charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiss,
May be, favours that are greater:
Leave your piping to her fly;
When the nymph for love is nigh,
Is it with a tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! fie, O! fie:
Now your Shepherdess is nigh
Can you pass your time no better?

SONG.

FROM "LOVE IN A TUB."

When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep,
Not one poor lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did go astray,
Then flying to the neighbouring grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,
And to the winds did breathe her love.
She sought in vain
To ease her pain;
The heedless winds did fan her fire;
Venting her grief
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire,
Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolved to die.

SONG.

Tell me no more I am deceived
While Sylvia seems so kind,
And takes such care to be believed,
The cheat I fear to find.

To flatter me should falsehood lie
Conceal'd in her soft youth,
A thousand times I'd rather die
Than see th' unhapy truth.

My love all malice shall outbrave,
Let fops in libels rail;
If she th' appearances will save,
No scandal can prevail.

She makes me think I have her heart.
How much for that is due;
Though she but act the tender part,
The joy she gives is true.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

[Born, 1635. Died, 1688.]

Thomas Flatman, an imitator of Cowley, who had also a respectable talent for painting. Granger says that one of his heads is worth a ream of his pindarics.*

FOR THOUGHTS.

FROM POEMS AND SONGS.

Thoughts! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

When I retire and flee
The busy throngs of company
To hug myself in privacy,
O the discourse, the pleasant talk
'Twixt us, my thoughts, along a lonely walk!
You like the stupefying wine,
The dying malefactors sip,
With shivering lip,
T' abate the rigour of their doom
By a less troublous cut to their long home,

[* His verse was buried with its author in a fourth edition; no one has thought fit to revive it, and in no collection of British Poetry has Flatman found, or is likely to find, a place.]

Make me slight crosses though they piled up lie,
All by th' enchantments of an ecstasy.

Do I desire to see
The throne and majesty
Of that proud one,
Brother and uncle to the stars and sun,
Those can conduct me where such joys reside,
And waft me cross the main, sans wind and tide.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
My thoughts, my thoughts can lay
A shining track there to,
And nimbly fleeting go;
Through all the eleven orbs can shove away;
These too like Jacob's ladder are,
A most angelic thoroughfare.

The wealth that shines
In the oriental mines,
Those sparkling gems which nature keeps
Within her cabinet the deeps,
The verdant fields,
The rarities the rich world yields,
Rare structures, whose each gilded spire
Glimmers like lightning, which while men admire
They deem the neighb'ring sky on fire:
These can I gaze upon, and glut mine eyes
With myriads of varieties,
As on the front of Pisgah I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics spy.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence ne'er can divorce
Our mutual amity,
Or lay so damn'd a curse
As non-addresses 'twixt my thoughts and me;
For though I sigh in irons they,
Use their old freedom, readily obey,
And when my bosom friends desert me stay.

Come then, my darlings, I'll embrace
My privilege; make known
The high prerogative I own
By making all allurements give you place;
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full quivers of my destiny.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

How happy a thing were a wedding,
And a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelvemonth and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for aye,
Till she grow as gray as a cat,
Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

EXTRACT.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying—
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!*

APHRA BEHN.

[Born, 1630? Died, 1689.]

This authoress of many plays, novels, and poems, was the daughter of a Mr. Johnson, who died on his passage to Surinam, of which he had been appointed governor. His family, however, reached the settlement, and there our poetess became acquainted with the famous Indian chief Oroonoko, whose story she has related in one of her novels. On her return to England she married Mr. Behn, a London merchant. After his death the Court of Charles II. employed her to send over intelligence from Antwerp respecting the Dutch, and by the aid of her lover Vander Albert, she gave them a most important warning of De Ruyter's intended descent upon the English coast; but she was treated with ingratitude by the government, and on returning to England was left to subsist by her gallantry and her pen.

SONG, IN THE FARCE OF "THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON."

A curse upon that faithless maid
Who first her sex's liberty betray'd;
Born free as man to love and range,
Till nobler nature did to custom change;
Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtue to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all wanton, gay and young,
Shows by his wings he cannot be
Confined to artless slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glittering courts or shady groves.

Then she that constancy profess'd
Was but a well dissembler at the best;
And that imaginary sway
She seem'd to give in feigning to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art
To deal with greater liberty her heart.

[* Pope has done something more than imitate this in his "Dying Christian to his Soul."]

NATHANIEL LEE.

[Died, 1692.*]

MANY of the Bedlam witticisms of this unfortunate man have been recorded by those who can derive mirth from the most humiliating shape of human calamity. His rant and turgidity as a writer are proverbial; but those who have witnessed justice done to the acting of his Theodosius must have felt that he had some powers in the pathetic. He was the son of a clergyman in Hertfordshire. He was bred at Westminster, under Dr. Busby, and became a scholar on the foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge. From thence he came to London, and attempted the profession of an actor. The part which he performed was Duncan, in Sir William Davenant's alteration of Macbeth. He was completely unsuccessful. "Yet Lee," says Cibber, "was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun, at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, 'Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it?' And yet," continues the laureate, "this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making any profitable figure there." Failing in this object, he became a writer for the stage, and his first tragedy of "Nero," which came out in 1675, was favourably received. In the nine subsequent years of his life he produced as many plays of his own, and assisted Dryden in two; at the end of which period an hereditary taint of madness, aggravated by habits of dissipation, obliged him to be consigned for four years to the receptacle at Bethlem. He recovered the use of his faculties so far as to compose two pieces, the Princess of Cleves, and the Massacre of Paris; but with all the profits of his invention his circumstances were so reduced that a weekly stipend of ten shillings was his principal support toward the close of his life, and to the last he was not free from occasional derangement.

FROM "THEODOSIUS; OR, THE FORCE OF LOVE."

The characters in the following scenes are Varanes, a Persian prince, who comes to visit the Emperor Theodosius; Aranthes, his confidant; Leontine, the prince's tutor; and Athenais, daughter of that philosopher, with whom Varanes is in love. Her father, Leontine, jealous for his daughter's honour, brings his royal pupil to an explanation respecting his designs toward Athenais; and Varanes, in a moment of rash pride, at the instigation of Aranthes, spurns at the idea of marrying the philosopher's daughter and sharing with her the throne of Cyrus. Athenais, however, is seen by the Emperor Theodosius, who himself offers her his hand. The repentance of Varanes for her loss, and the despair of Athenais, form the catastrophe of the tragedy.

Leon. So, Athenais; now our compliment
To the young Persian prince is at an end;
What then remains, but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

Athen. My lord!

Leon. I say, that decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with honour.

Athen. Most true, my lord,

Leon. The court is now at peace,
The emperor's sisters are retired for ever,
And he himself composed; what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to prince Varanes?

Athen. Ah, sir, why will you break my heart!

Leon. I would not;
Thou art the only comfort of my age;
Like an old tree I stand among the storms,
Thou art the only limb that I have left me,
My dear green branch; and how I prize thee, child,
Heaven only knows! Why dost thou kneel and weep? [hope,

Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I
Forgive my fault, who first occasioned it. [prince.

Leon. I charged thee to receive and hear the

Athen. You did, and, oh, my lord! I heard too much!
Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.

Leon. Rise, Athenais! Credit him who bears
More years than thou: Varanes has deceived thee.

Athen. How do we differ then! You judge the prince [ness,
Impious and base; while I take Heaven to witI think him the most virtuous of men:
Therefore, take heed, my lord, how you accuse him,
Before you make the trial.—Alas, Varanes,
If thou art false, there's no such thing on earth
As solid goodness or substantial honour.—
A thousand times, my lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire,
That day I make him master of my heart.

Leon. That day he'll make thee mistress of his power,
Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.
No, Athenais! let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth,
So I may say she's chaste, and died a virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded eyes
Seated upon the throne of Isdigerdes,

[* The period of Lee's decease has not been hitherto ascertained. That he was buried in St. Clement's Danes was a clue to the period, and searching the Burial Register there the other day, for some assistance, we found the following entry:

"6 April, 1692, Nathaniel Lee a man bur."]

The blast of common tongues, the nobles' scorn,
Thy father's curse; that is, * *
Athen. O horrid supposition! how I detest it,
Be witness, Heaven, that sees my secret thoughts!
Have I for this, my lord, been taught by you
The nicest justice, and severest virtue,
To fear no death, to know the end of life,
And, with long search, discern the highest good?
No, Athenais! when the day beholds thee
So scandalously raised, pride cast thee down,
The scorn of honour, and the people's prey?
No, cruel Leontine, not to redeem
That aged head from the descending axe,
Not, though I saw thy trembling body rack'd,
Thy wrinkles about thee fill'd with blood,
Would I for empire to the man I love,
Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.
Leon. O greatly said! and by the blood which warms me,
Which runs as rich as any Athens holds,
It would improve the virtue of the world,
If every day a thousand votaries,
And thousand virgins came from far to hear thee.
Athen. Look down, ye powers, take notice we obey
The rigid principles ye have infused!
Yet oh, my noble father, to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a marriage;
Though with the thought I'm cover'd o'er with blushes.
Not that I doubt the prince,—that were to doubt
The heavens themselves; I know he is all truth:
But modesty,
The virgin's troublesome and constant guest,
That, that alone forbids.
Leon. I wish to heaven
There prove no greater bar to my belief.
Behold the prince; I will retire a while,
And, when occasion calls, come to thy aid.
[*Exit* LEON.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

Vara. To fix her on the throne, to me, seems little;
Were I a god, yet would I raise her higher,
This is the nature of thy prince: But, oh!
As to the world, thy judgment soars above me,
And I am dared with this gigantic honour.
Glory forbids her prospect to a crown,
Nor must she gaze that way; my haughty soul,
That day when she ascends the throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my body pale, and to the stars
Retire in blushes, lost, quite lost for ever,
Aran. What do you purpose, then?
Vara. I know not what:
But, see, she comes, the glory of my arms,

Enter ATHENAIS.

The only business of my instant thought,
My soul's best joy, and all my true repose!—
I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,
These strong impulses, which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy feet.
Athen. What have you found, my lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your griefs?
Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy hand seal my religious vow,
Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
Swept from the book of fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O Athenais,
To all the Persian greatness!
Athen. I believe you
For I have heard you swear as much before. [again!
Vara. Hast thou? O why then did I swear
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion.
Athen. O rise, my lord!
Vara. I will do every thing
Which Athenais bids: if there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whisper it, oh some god, into my ear!
And on her breasts thus to her listening soul
I'll breathe the inspiration! Wilt thou not speak?
What, but one sigh, no more! Can that suffice
For all my vast expense of prodigal love?
Oh, Athenais! what shall I say or do,
To gain the thing I wish?
Athen. What's that, my lord? [hold thee.
Vara. Thus to approach thee still! thus to be-
Yet there is more—
Athen. My lord, I dare not hear you.
Vara. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not know?
'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierced thee;
Yet, as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of honour.
Athen. I must not doubt you, sir: But oh I tremble
To think if Isdigerdes should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a maid
Of no degree, but virtue, in the world—
Vara. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by; far be the noise
Of king and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way!
Free as the forest-birds, we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.
Athen. Ah, prince; no more!
Forbear, forbear to charm me,
Since I am doomed to leave you, sir, for ever.
Vara. Hold, Athenais—
Athen. I know your royal temper,
And that high honour reigns within your breast,
Which would disdain to waste so many hours
With one of humble blood compared to you,
Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love her;
Therefore receive, O prince, and take it kindly,
For none on earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the gift of my eternal love!
'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;
For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine,
No charms but yours, my lord, could e'er have warm'd. [comfort,
Vara. Well have you made amends, by this last

For the cold dart you shot at me before.
For this last goodness, O my Athenais!
(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine,)
I empty all my soul in thanks before you:
Yet oh! one fear remains, like death it chills me;
Why my relenting love did talk of parting!
Athen. Look there, and cease your wonder; I have sworn
To obey my father, and he calls me hence.

Enter LEONTINE.

Vara. Ha, Leontine! by which of all my actions
Have I so deeply injured thee, to merit
The smartest wound revenge could form to end me?
Leon. Answer me now, oh prince! for virtue prompts me,
And honesty will dally now no longer:
What can the end of all this passion be?
Glory requires this strict account, and asks
What you intend at last to Athenais.
Vara. How, Leontine? [loved her;
Leon. You saw her, sir, at Athens; said you
I charged her humbly to receive the honour, [me?
And hear your passion: Has she not, sir, obey'd
Vara. She has, I thank the gods! but whither would'st thou?
Leon. Having resolved to visit Theodosius,
You swore you would not go without my daughter,
Whereon I gave command that she should follow.
Vara. Yes, Leontine, my old remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all philosophers, you did.
Leon. Thus long she has attended, you have seen her,
Sounded her virtues and her imperfections;
Therefore, dread sir, forgive this bolder charge,
Which honour sounds, and now let me demand you—
Vara. Now help, Aranthes, or I'm dash'd for ever.
Aran. Whatever happens, sir, disdain the marriage.
Leon. Can your high thoughts so far forget themselves,
To admit this humble virgin for your bride?
Vara. Ha!
Athen. He blushes, gods! and stammers at the question. [my lord?
Leon. Why do you walk, and chafe yourself,
The business is not much.
Vara. How, Leontine!
Not much? I know that she deserves a crown;
Yet 'tis to reason much, though not to love;
And sure the world would blush to see the daughter
Of a philosopher on the throne of Cyrus.
Athen. Undone for ever!
Leon. Is this your answer, sir? [me to
Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push
The very brink of glory? where, alas!
I look and tremble at the vast descent:
Yet even there, to the vast bottom down,
My rash adventurous love would have me leap,
And grasp my Athenais with my ruin.
Leon. 'Tis well, my lord.
Vara. Why dost thou thus provoke me?
I thought that Persia's court had store of honour
To satisfy the height of thy ambition.
Besides, old man, my love is too well grown,
To want a tutor for his good behaviour;
What he will do, he will do of himself,
And not be taught by you.—
Leon. I know he will not:
Fond tears, away! I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy with his old man's preferment
My daughter * * * *
Vara. Away, I say, my soul disdains the motion!
Leon. The motion of a marriage; yes, I see it;
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it:
I found it at the first. I thank you, sir,
You have at least rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, services;
Yet, let me tell you, sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.
Vara. I think that age and deep philosophy
Have crack'd thy brain: Farewell, old Leontine,
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my Athenais,
And clear the accounts of love, which thou hast blotted. [*Exit.*
Leon. Old Leontine! perhaps I am mad indeed.
But hold, my heart, and let that solid virtue,
Which I so long adored, still keep the reins.
O Athenais! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our actions, and, methinks,
At least a father judges so, it has
Rebuked thee smartly for thy easiness:
There is a kind of mournful eloquence [sorrow.
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous
Athen. Alas! my breast is full of death; methinks
I fear even you—
Leon. Why shouldst thou fear thy father?
Athen. Because you have the figure of a man!
Is there, O speak, a possibility
To be forgiven?
Leon. Thy father does forgive thee,
And honour will; but on this hard condition,
Never to see him more—
Athen. See him! Oh heavens!
Leon. Unless it be, my daughter, to upbraid him:
Not though he should repent and straight return,
Nay, proffer thee his crown—No more of that.
Honour too cries revenge, revenge thy wrongs;
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injured father;
For 'tis revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the world shall praise.
Athen. O give me leave,
For yet I am all tenderness: the woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my breast,
And visits all the warmer mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes!
Cruel Varanes! false, forsworn Varanes!
Leon. Is this forgetting him? Is this the course
Which honour bids thee take?
Athen. Ah, sir, allow
A little time for love to make his way;
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand oaths it cost him;

And, oh! I find he will not be dislodged
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be razed
Without whole floods of grief at his farewell,
Which thus I sacrifice! and oh, I swear,
Had he proved true, I would as easily
Have emptied all my blood, and died to serve him,
As now I shed these drops, or vent these sighs,
To show how well, how perfectly I loved him.
Leon. No woman sure, but thou, so low in fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have grieved, because a prince adored
Nor will it be believed in after times, [her;
That there was ever such a maid in being;
Yet do I still advise, preserve thy virtue;
And since he does disdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be——
Athen. Hold, sir, oh hold, forbear,
For my nice soul abhors the very sound;
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire
Of an immortal name, I am inspired:
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me,
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had loved,
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.

THOMAS SHADWELL.

[Born, 1640. Died, 1692.]

THOMAS SHADWELL, the laureate of William III. and the Mac Flecknoe of Dryden, was born 1640, and died 1692. Rochester said of him, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet. He left seventeen plays, besides other poems.*

FROM "THE RAPE, OR INNOCENT IMPOSTORS."

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue:
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

But oh! the torment to discern
A perjured lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still love on.

How strangely are we fool'd by fate,
Who tread the maze of love;
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

[Born, 1621. Died, 1695.]

HENRY VAUGHAN was a Welsh gentleman, born on the banks of the Usk, in Brecknockshire, who was bred to the law, but relinquished it for the profession of physic. He is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit; but he has some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

FROM "SILEX SCINTILLANS, OR SACRED POEMS."

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world: let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine:

[* Nahum Tate, of all my predecessors, must have ranked the lowest of the laureates, if he had not succeeded Shadwell. *Southey's Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 112.]

Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the first, world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE TIMBER.

FROM THE SAME.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which are now dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Toward the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

* * * *

THE RAINBOW.

FROM THE SAME.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object* of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

* * * *

THE WREATH. (TO THE REDEEMER.)

FROM THE SAME.

Since I in storms most used to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude barren hours?

The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore:

But a twined wreath of grief and praise
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain,
Thy causeless pain; and as sad death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
O not in vain! now beg thy breath,
Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[Born, 1631. Died, 1700.]

CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

FROM "ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL."

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd, in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

* Gen. ch. ix. ver. 16.

In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then sezied with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.*
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

CHARACTER OF GEORGE VILLIERS, THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

FROM THE SAME.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Raising and praising were his usual themes,
And both to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.†

CHARACTER OF DOEG, OR ELKANAH SETTLE.

FROM THE SAME.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody; [thin,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagoted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire:
For still there goes some thinking to ill nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verse is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother,
And call young Absalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.

CHARACTER OF OG, OR SHADWELL.‡

FROM THE SAME.

Og from a treason-tavern rolling home,
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God—but God before cursed him;
And, if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;

[* This last couplet is borrowed from some lines under a portrait of the Sultan Mustapha I., before Knolles' History of the Turks:

Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.]

[† The character of Zimri in my Absalom is in my opinion worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly: but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind-sides and little extravagancies: to which the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn, who began the frolic.—Dryden.]

[‡ Shadwell was very fat—"more fat than bard beseems;" and hence the ludicrous propriety of the name. Og is the Scripture King that ruled over the fat bulls of Basan.]

To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull:
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.*

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green, above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore, [before.
And was that Sappho last, which once it was
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind!
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

* * * *

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?†
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

* * * *

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

DESCRIPTION OF LYCURGUS KING OF THRACE, AND OF EMETRIUS KING OF INDE.

FROM THE FABLE OF "PALAMON AND ARCITE."

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approved in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.
Some wore a breast-plate and a light juppon,
Their horses clothed with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and other shields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;

[* When Dryden wrote, the word *Miss* was applied to ladies of loose character: at a later time Sir Joshua Reynolds's sister, though unmarried, was Mrs. Reynolds; and Parnell's virgin-bride is called, by Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Anne Minchin.]

[† "I know not," says Southey in his Life of Cowper, "that Dryden ever regarded the licentiousness of his Dramatic Works as a sin to be repented of." This beautiful passage, which was written before Collier exposed the obscenities of the stage, has been unnoticed by the poet's biographers; he expresses his regret too fervently to be insincere.]

The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red;
He look'd a lion, with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-boned, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yoked to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds, and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and coursed around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear;
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emerald set.
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun:
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue;
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard,
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.
A laurel wreathed his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily-white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blazed on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TOURNAMENT. IN "PALAMON AND ARCITE."

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May;
Which every soul inspired with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smiled, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confused and high
Even from the heaven was heard a shouting cry,
For Mars was early up, and roused the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepared,
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field,
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold;
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One laced the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance;
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands:
And clowns come crowding on with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order placed,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factious, and favouring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold,
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is placed.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour moved the mind;
And, safe themselves, at other's cost divined.
Waked by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;

And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent;
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent.
He smiled on both, and with superior look
Alike their offered adoration took.
The people press on every side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd.
Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree!
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life;
But issues, ere the fight his dread command,
That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhorsed may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier placed; (nor captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends; the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd,
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread;
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side;
Next after these there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree. [way,
Thus through the southern gate they take their
And at the list arrive ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And wheeling east and west, before their many ride,
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are graced
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies placed.
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd;
The guards and them each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre,
Now changed the jarring noise to whispers low,
And winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is placed aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.
At that self-moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
Waved by the wanton winds, his banner flies
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature fix'd: so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

FROM "CYMON AND IPHIGENIA."

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every Grace, and all the Loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth;
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There lived a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir;
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward show,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were joined.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercised in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus changed his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute,
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loathed to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confined;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.

Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleased with
banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and used not
much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood;
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinghish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified.
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue
her repose.
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierced the native night;
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd.
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumined heaven and earth, and roll'd around
the year.
So reason in his brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepared the future way
To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.

FROM "THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but scarcely printed lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was
wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
green,
In all my progress I had never seen;
And, seized at once with wonder and delight,
Gazed all around me, new to the transporting
sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass,
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day;
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy;
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was placed between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain,
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the
ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight,
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight;
And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there;
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe,
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mused, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh;
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd, and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the
dew;
Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tuned her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleased my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung;

And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood intranced, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'er-power'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise.
At length I waked, and, looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pried on every flower,
If anywhere by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody,
For still methought she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twined,
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long,
(Sitting was more convenient for the song)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove;
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing, were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd;
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place:
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown;
Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music, on the enchanted ground;
An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire,
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind;
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduced the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase;
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind:
In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around;
Their hoods and sleeves the same, and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp; their long descending train,
With rubies edged, and sapphires, swept the plain;
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was graced
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads placed;
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more,
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danced around; but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien,
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as she moved or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclosed her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command:)
Admired, adored by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danced, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She raised her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danced,
They to the middle of the mead advanced,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat awed, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

UPON THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

FROM THE LATIN OF DR. PITCAIRN.

O LAST and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee, survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

[Born, 1639. Died, 1701.]

Sir Charles Sedley in his riper years made some atonement for the disgraces of a licentious youth, by his political conduct in opposing the arbitrary measures of James, and promoting the Revolution. King James had seduced his daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester. "For making my daughter a countess," said Sedley, "I have helped to make his daughter a queen." When his comedy of Bellamira was played, the roof fell in, and he was one of the very few that were hurt by the accident. A flatterer told him that the fire of the play had blown up the poet, house, and all. "No," he replied, "the play was so heavy that it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

SONG IN "BELLAMIRA, OR THE MISTRESS."

Thyrsis, unjustly you complain,
And tax my tender heart
With want of pity for your pain,
Or sense of your desert.

By secret and mysterious springs,
Alas! our passions move;
We women are fantastic things,
That like before we love.

You may be handsome and have wit,
Be secret and well bred:
The person love must to us fit,
He only can succeed.

Some die, yet never are believed;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping ourselves to be deceived,
And proud to be undone.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Ah Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love, as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part,
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.*

SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather toss'd;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

[* From "the Mulberry Garden, a comedy written by the Honourable Sir Charles Sedley," 4to, 1668. This song is commonly printed as the production of "the Right Honourable Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session," and is said to have been composed in 1710. See Motherwell's Ancient Minstrelsy, p. 65; and another Editor of Old Songs has said that these "tender and pathetic stanzas were addressed to Miss Mary Rose, the elegant and accomplished daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock." Ritson commences his collection of English Songs with Sedley's verses; both Ritson and Park were ignorant of their Author; and Mr. Chambers, in his Scottish Songs, starts with it as a genuine production of old Scotland! Burns has ascribed it to Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran. Forbes was born in 1685, seventeen years after the appearance of Sedley's comedy.—See *Songs of England and Scotland*, vol. i. p. 122.]

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear,
In a more cruel shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the wingéd boy,

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

SONG.

PHILLIS, you have enough enjoy'd
The pleasures of disdain;
Methinks your pride should now be cloy'd,
And grow itself again:
Open to love your long-shut breast,
And entertain its sweetest guest.

Love heals the wound that Beauty gives,
And can ill usage slight;
He laughs at all that Fate contrives,
Full of his own delight:
We in his chains are happier far,
Than kings themselves without 'em are.

Leave, then, to tame philosophy
The joys of quietness;
With me into love's empire fly,
And taste my happiness,
Where even tears and sighs can show
Pleasures the cruel never know.

* * *

COSMELIA'S charms inspire my lays
Who, fair in Nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastenbury thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at threescore;
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If e'er, in eager hopes of bliss,
Within her arms you fall,
The plaster'd fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe—through a wall.

JOHN POMFRET.

[Born, 1667. Died, 1703.]

JOHN POMFRET was minister of Malden, in Bedfordshire. He died of the small-pox, in his thirty-sixth year. It is asked, in Mr. Southey's Specimens of English Poetry, why Pomfret's Choice is the most popular poem in the English language: it might have been demanded with equal propriety, why London bridge is built of Parian marble.*

FROM "REASON. A POEM."

CUSTOM, the world's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil'd the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals!
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamined principles may pass! [deceive,
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!

[* Why is Pomfret the most popular of the English Poets? The fact is certain, and the solution would be useful.—*Southey's Specimens*, vol. i. p. 91.

Pomfret's "Choice" exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than *Pomfret's Choice*.—JOHNSON.

Johnson and Southey have written of what was; Mr. Campbell of what is. Pomfret's "Choice" is certainly not now perused oftener than any other composition in our language, nor is Pomfret now the most popular of English poets.]

Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth, [truth:
When once removed, will smooth the way to
To dispossess the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyaged o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that lived long since, our passage stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage, with vast esteem we prize;
He lived long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred;
Errors indeed! for real knowledge staid
With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resembles truth is soon descried,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:
But yet what's worse, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'Tis all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

THOMAS BROWN.

[Died, 1704.]

THOMAS, usually called Tom Brown, the son of a farmer at Shipnel, in Shropshire, was for some time a schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, but left the ungenial vocation for the life of a wit and author, in London. He was a good linguist, and seems rather to have wasted than wanted talent.

SONG.*

To charming Celia's arms I flew,
And there all night I feasted;
No god such transport ever knew,
Or mortal ever tasted.

Lost in sweet tumultuous joy
And bless'd beyond expressing,
How can your slave, my fair, said I,
Reward so great a blessing?

The whole creation's wealth survey,
O'er both the Indies wander,
Ask what bribed senates give away
And fighting monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of earth and air,
The rifled ocean's treasure,
'Tis all too poor a bribe by far,
To purchase so much pleasure.

She blushing cried, My life, my dear,
Since Celia thus you fancy,
Give her—but 'tis too much I fear—
A rundlet of right Nantzy.

[* To this song Burns gave what Mrs. Burns emphatically called *a brushing*.—See *Songs of England and Scotland*, vol. i. p. 149.]

SONG.

WINE, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripes the grape,
And to drinking gives light:
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height;
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines;
The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

[Born, 1637. Died, 1706.]

CHARLES SACKVILLE was the direct descendant of the great Thomas Lord Buckhurst. Of his youth it is disgraceful enough to say, that he was the companion of Rochester and Sedley; but his maturer life, like that of Sedley, was illustrated by public spirit, and his fortune enabled him to be a beneficent friend to men of genius. In 1665, while Earl of Buckhurst, he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and finished his well-known song, "*To all you ladies now at land*," on the day before the sea-fight in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. He was soon after made a gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II., and sent on short embassies to France. From James II. he also received some favourable notice, but joined in the opposition to his innovations, and, with some other lords, appeared at Westminster Hall to countenance the bishops upon their trial. Before this period he had succeeded to the estate and title of the Earl of Middlesex, his uncle, as well as to those of his father, the Earl of Dorset. Having concurred in the Revolution, he was rewarded by William with the office of lord-chamberlain of the household, and with the Order of the Garter; but his attendance on the king eventually hastened his death, for being exposed in an open boat with his majesty, during sixteen hours of severe weather, on the coast of Holland, his health was irrecoverably injured. The point and sprightliness of Dorset's pieces entitle him to some remembrance, though they leave not a slender apology for the grovelling adulation that was shown to him by Dryden in his dedications.

SONG.

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play:
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue!
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,

When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

SONG.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

GEORGE STEPNEY.

[Born, 1663. Died, 1707.]

George Stepney was the youthful friend of Montague, Earl of Halifax, and owed his preferments to that nobleman. It appears, from his verses on the burning of Monmouth's picture, that his first attachment was to the Tory interest, but he left them in sufficient time to be rewarded as a partisan by the Whigs, and was nominated to several foreign embassies. In this capacity he went successively to the Imperial Court, to that of Saxony, Poland, and the States-General; and in all his negotiations is said to have been successful.* Some of his political tracts remain in Lord Somers's collection. As a poet, Dr. Johnson justly characterizes him as equally deficient in the grace of wit and the vigour of nature.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

ENGLISHED FROM A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Bright Star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of Love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night!
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph I'm forced to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

JOHN PHILIPS.

[Born, 1676. Died, 1708.]

The fame of this poet (says the grave doctor of the last century,) will endure as long as Blenheim is remembered, or cider drunk in England. He might have added, as long as tobacco shall be smoked; for Philips has written more meritoriously about the Indian weed, than about his native apple; and his Muse appears to be more in her element amidst the smoke of the pipe than of the battle.

His father was archdeacon of Salop, and minister of Bampton, in Oxfordshire, where the poet was born. He was educated at Winchester, and afterward at Cambridge. He intended to have followed the profession of physic, and delighted in the study of natural history, but seems to have relinquished scientific pursuits when the reputation of his Splendid Shilling, about the year 1703, introduced him to the patronage of Bolingbroke, at whose request, and in whose house, he wrote his poem on the Battle of Blenheim. This, like his succeeding poem on Cider, was extravagantly praised. Philips had the merit of studying and admiring Milton, but he never could imitate him without ludicrous effect, either in jest or earnest. His Splendid Shilling is the earliest, and one of the best of our parodies; but Blenheim is as completely a burlesque upon Milton as the Splendid Shilling, though it was written and read with gravity. In describing his hero, Marlborough,

[* His diplomatic correspondence is now in the British Museum.]

stepping out of Queen Anne's drawing-room, he unconsciously carries the mock heroic to perfection, when he says,

> "His plumy crest
> Nods horrible. With more terrific port
> He walks, and seems already in the fight."

Yet such are the fluctuations of taste, that contemporary criticism bowed with solemn admiration over his Miltonic cadences. He was meditating a still more formidable poem on the Day of Judgment, when his life was prematurely terminated by a consumption.*

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

> "..... Sing, heavenly Muse!
> Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
> A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall† repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endued; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;

[* Fenton, in a letter to the father of the Wartons, makes mention of a copy of verses by Philips against Blackmore. The poem, if recoverable, would be a curiosity.

The fame of Philips will live through his Splendid Shilling and the poetic praises of Thomson and Cowper.]

† Two noted alehouses at Oxford in 1700.

Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and, eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till crusing near
The Lilybean shere, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.*

WILLIAM WALSH.

[Born, 1663. Died, 1709.]

William Walsh was knight for his native county, Worcestershire, in several parliaments, and gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne, under the Duke of Somerset. Though a friend to the Revolution, he was kind to Dryden, who praised him, as Pope must have done, merely from the motive of personal gratitude; for except his encouragement of the early genius of Pope, he seems to have no claim to remembrance.†

SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest.

How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

[* "The Splendid Shilling," has the uncommon merit of an original design, unless it may be thought precluded by the ancient "Centos." But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with some art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect a small part of the praise which Phillips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest.—Johnson.]

[† All we know of Walsh is his Ode to King William, and Pope's epithet of "knowing Walsh."—Byron.]

ANONYMOUS.

"HOLLA, MY FANCY, WHITHER WILT THOU GO?"

FROM A CHOICE COLLECTION OF COMIC AND SERIOUS SCOTS POEMS. ED. 1709.

In melancholy Fancie,
Out of myself,
In the Vulcan dancie,
All the world surveying,
No where staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the top of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees, and valleys, tripping,
Out o'er the ocean, seas, without an oar or shipping:
Holla, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapours;
Why the clouds benight us,
And affright us,
Whilst we travel here below.
Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder;
And what the lightnings be that rent the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are on which we gaze with wonder:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Fain would I know the reason
Why the little ant
All the summer season
Layeth up provision,
On condition
To know no winter's want;
And how these housewives that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful,
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Ships, ships, I will descry you
Amidst the main;
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting.
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
And third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading;
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me.
All the world's a gadding,
Running, madding;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth;
So every man his plot and counterplot deviseth:
Holla, my fancy, &c.

Look, look, what bustling
Here do I espy:
Here another justling,
Every one turmoiling,
The other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head because he's out of fashion,
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Amidst the foamy ocean
Fain would I know
What doth cause the motion,
And returning,
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve;
And how these little fishes that swim beneath salt water,
Do never blind their eyes, methinks it is a matter
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Fain would I be resolved
How things were done,
And where bull was calved
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is
That works to the man in the moon.
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly,
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly,
And where fair Cynthia makes her assemblies nightly:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

FROM THE SAME.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.

But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That it thou might'st elsewhere enthral;
And then how could I but disdain,
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go,
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.*

THE CHURCH-BUILDER.

From Poems for the October Club. Lond. 1711.

A WRETCH had committed all manner of evil,
And was justly afraid of death and the devil;
Being touch'd with remorse, he sent for a priest,
He was wondrous godly, he pray'd and confess'd:
But the father, unmoved with the marks of contrition,
Before absolution imposed this condition:

"You must build and endow, at your own proper charge,
A church," quoth the parson, "convenient and large,
Where souls to the tune of four thousand and odd,
Without any crowding, may sit and serve God."
"I'll do't," cried the penitent, "father, ne'er fear it;
My estate is encumber'd, but if I once clear it,
The beneficed clerks should be sweetly increased—
Instead of one church, I'd build fifty at least."

But ah! what is man? I speak it with sorrow,
His fit of religion was gone by to-morrow;
He then huff'd the doctor, and call'd him to naught,
There were churches to spare, and he'd not give a groat.
When he mention'd his vow, he cried, "D—n me, I'm sober,
But all yesterday I was drunk with October."

ROBERT GOULD.

A DOMESTIC of the Earl of Dorset, and afterward a schoolmaster, who wrote two dramas—"The Rival Sisters," and "Innocence Distressed."

SONG.

FROM "THE VIOLENCE OF LOVE, OR THE RIVAL SISTERS."

FAIR and soft, and gay and young,
All charm—she play'd, she danced, she sung:
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
Ah, why, cried I, and dropp'd a tear,
Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone,
Why was such sweetness made for one?

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and raised me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess;
Ay, fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!

But long she had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms,
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too, will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for one.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

CÆLIA is cruel: Sylvia, thou,
I must confess, art kind;
But in her cruelty, I vow,
I more repose can find.
For, oh! thy fancy at all games does fly,
Fond of address, and willing to comply.

Thus he that loves must be undone,
Each way on rocks we fall;
Either you will be kind to none,
Or worse, be kind to all.
Vain are our hopes, and endless is our care;
We must be jealous, or we must despair.

[* This is by Sir Robert Ayton, and was among the poems of his in the Ayton MS. once in Mr. Heber's hands. See Note also at p. 141.]

DR. WALTER POPE.

[Died, 1714.]

Dr. Walter Pope was junior proctor of Oxford, in 1668, when a controversy took place respecting the wearing of hoods and caps, which the reigning party considered as the relics of popery. Our proctor, however, so stoutly opposed the revolutionists on this momentous point, that the venerable caps and hoods continued to be worn till the Restoration. This affair he used to call the most glorious action of his life. Dr. Pope was, however, a man of wit and information, and one of the first chosen fellows of the Royal Society. He succeeded Sir Christopher Wren as Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College.

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: in a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,—
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

THOMAS PARNELL.

[Born, 1679. Died, 1717?]

The compass of Parnell's poetry is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful: not from mere correctness of expression, to which some critics have stinted its praises, but from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The *curiosa felicitas*, the studied happiness of his diction, does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves, in its cultured state, the natural fragrance of its wilder air.

His ancestors were of Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, who had been attached to the republican party in the civil wars, went to Ireland at the Restoration, and left an estate which he purchased in that kingdom, together with another at Cheshire, at his death, to the poet. Parnell was educated at the university of Dublin, and having been permitted, by a dispensation, to take deacon's orders under the canonical age, had the archdeaconry of Clogher conferred upon him by the bishop of that diocese, in his twenty-sixth year. About the same time he married a Miss Anne Minchin, an amiable woman, whose death he had to lament not many years after their union, and whose loss, as it affected Parnell, even the iron-hearted Swift mentions as a heavy misfortune.

Though born and bred in Ireland, he seems to have had too little of the Irishman in his local attachments. His aversion to the manners of his native country was more fastidious than amiable. When he had once visited London, he became attached to it for ever. His zest or talents for society made him the favourite of its brightest literary circles. His pulpit oratory was also much admired in the metropolis; and he renewed his visits to it every year. This, however, was

only the bright side of his existence. His spirits were very unequal, and when he found them ebbing, he used to retreat to the solitudes of Ireland, where he fed the disease of his imagination, by frightful descriptions of his retirement. During his intimacy with the Whigs in England, he contributed some papers, chiefly Visions, to the Spectator and Guardian. Afterward his personal friendship was engrossed by the Tories, and they persuaded him to come over to their side in politics, at the suspicious moment when the Whigs were going out of power. In the frolics of the Scriblerus club, of which he is said to have been the founder, whenever literary allusions were required for the ridicule of pedantry, he may be supposed to have been the scholar most able to supply them; for Pope's correspondence shows, that among his learned friends he applied to none with so much anxiety as to Parnell. The death of the queen put an end to his hopes of preferment by the Tories, though not before he had obtained, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin. His fits of despondency, after the death of his wife, became more gloomy, and these aggravated a habit of intemperance which shortened his days. He died, in his thirty-eighth year, at Chester, on his way to Ireland,* and he was buried in Trinity church, in that city, but without a memorial to mark the spot of his interment.

A FAIRY TALE, IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shaped he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along,
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolved, the darkling dome he treads
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried,
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanced in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

[* He is said to have died in 1717; but in the parish register the entry of his burial is the 18th October, 1718. See *Goldsmith's Misc. Works by Prior*, vol. iv. p. 512.]

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To sprawl uneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then, screaming, all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place;
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz moved,
The youth of Edith erst approved,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seized the wall;

Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity grant;
For als he been a mister wight,
Betray'd by wandering in the night,
To tread the circled haunt.

"A losell vile," at once they roar;
"And little skill'd of fairy lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revels now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairy laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroked my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."*

[* Never was the old manner of speaking more happily applied, or a tale better told, than this.—Goldsmith.]

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produced by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter 's forced to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipp'd in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation 's yet to make,)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage;
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again!
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red;
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints before the months go round.
But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine:)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that braced it in;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.
"This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done;
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here ignorance and hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round:
Here ignorance and hunger fell:
Two foes in one I sent to hell.
Ye poets, who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me!
Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

Relentless Time! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who givest to every flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh.
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
On newly-born desire.

But now experience shows, the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the power
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons moved my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love increased the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine!

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
To things that used to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life possest
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless have the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from amongst the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then thy draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death 's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead!

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe;

As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.*

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell: the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried,
And hail, my son, the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep,
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

[* The great fault of this piece is, that it is in eight-syllable lines, very improper for the solemnity of the subject; otherwise the poem is natural, and the reflections just.—GOLDSMITH.]

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging ope's an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride
(O strange return!) grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horrors of horrors! what, his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form etherial burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good—

Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow);
The poor fond parent humbled, in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending, left to view;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gazed, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran,
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:

"Where glorious mansions are prepared above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought);
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy muse thy zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis Heaven is thine.
Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm, and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great;
Produced where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds
From glittering pinions, guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flowering greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death:
His bow he sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.

"But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance:
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God.
Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;

I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along my verse.

"Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis God! a present God! through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
Placed on the right. He shows the wounds he bore
(My fervours oft have won him thus before):
How pleased he looks, my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near."

She ceased. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke:
Thou beauteous vision! on the soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipp'd in various lights,
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing
('Tis known in Jewry well); I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

[Born, 1673. Died, 1718.]

Rowe was entered of the Middle Temple at sixteen, but, forsaking the law, commenced his dramatic career at the age of twenty-five. On the accession of George I. he was made poet laureate and land-surveyor of the customs in the port of London.

FROM THE "FAIR PENITENT."

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lucilla conjuring Calista to conquer her passion for Lothario.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy!
If thou wilt soothe me, tell me some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever!

Luc. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd, only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That, bubbling, winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in!

Luc. Alas, for pity!

Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! scorn'd by the women,
And pitied by the men! Oh, insupportable!

Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, though conscious of the danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature;
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you
Never to see this faithless man again:
Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sciolto, the father of Calista, finds her watching the dead body of Lothario by lamp-light, in a room hung round with black.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want power to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they're wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders,
And drown the voice of law, in noise and anarchy.
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
[*Pointing to* Calista.
Like Helen in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it had I died,
And never lost that name!

Sci. That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my prayers to heaven,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours,

A poor imperfect copy of my father,
Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Fill'd up with light belief, and easy fondness;
It was because I loved, and was a woman.
Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dared to meditate on death?
Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.
Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?
Cal. I have turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.
Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.
Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poniard here.
Sci. Oh! truly guess'd—see'st thou this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urged—and thrice the slackening sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd,
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the dagger.*
And know the rest untaught!
Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfied.
[*She offers to kill herself:* SCIOLTO *catches hold of her arm.*
Sci. A moment! give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror!
Cal. Ha! Is it possible! and is there yet
Some little dear remains of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?
Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gavest me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty!
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wondering, bless'd thee—
By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me;
I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, Honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still!
Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.
Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must die!—
Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade! here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.
Sci. I am summon'd hence; ere this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings.—Oh my daughter! [*Exit* SCIOLTO.
Cal. Now think, thou cursed Calista! now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head.
Yet Heaven, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is atoned by penitence and prayer:
Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be received.
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.—
And see, another injured wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of the shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day,
Ah, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee!
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes is dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.
Cal. I know thee well; thou art the injured Altamont,
Thou comest to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I stand upon the brink of life,

And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.
Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevail'd upon revenge.
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishment from heaven;
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had ruled our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.
Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have lived for ages blest,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.
Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that held the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.
Cal. What! in death!
Alt. Then thou art fix'd to die?—But be it so;
We'll go together; my adventurous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings.
Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to wander
In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;
Or whether through the upper air we flit,
And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,
Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.
Cal. Oh, no! Heaven has some other better lot in store
To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long:
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractised heart, that never yet
Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth;
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cried;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died:
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe,
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad, like our maidens, in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.*

[* This by Mr. Rowe is better than any thing of the kind in our language.—GOLDSMITH.]

SAMUEL GARTH.

[Died, 1718.]

SAMUEL GARTH was an eminent physician, an accomplished scholar, and a benevolent man. No feuds, either in politics or literature, estranged him from literary merit where he found it. He was an early encourager of Pope, and at the same time the friend of Addison and Granville; a zealous Whig, but the warm admirer of Dryden, whose funeral oration he pronounced. His Dispensary was written from a more honourable motive than satire generally possesses, viz. the promotion of charity, being intended to ridicule the selfishness of the apothecaries, and of some of the faculty, who opposed an institution that was meant to furnish the poor with medicines gratuitously.* It is an obvious imitation of the Lutrin. Warton blames the poet for making the fury, Disease, talk like a critic. It is certain, however, that criticism is often a disease, and can sometimes talk like a fury.

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued.
Wrapp'd in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanation through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice, why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarsdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.

[* The origin of the Dispensary has not hitherto been explained with sufficient fulness or accuracy; there was a selfish motive on the part of Garth and his associates for this college charity to the poor. Soon after the Restoration, the apothecaries

taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,

ventured out of their assigned walk of life, and to compounding added the art of prescription. This was treading injuriously, it was thought, on the peculiar province of the College of Physicians, who, incensed at the intrusion of the druggist gentry, advertised that they would give advice gratis to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own, for the sale of medicines at their intrinsic value. Hence the hostility so ludicrously depicted in this poem by Garth, and the unexplained allusion of Dryden in his epistle to his Chesterton cousin—

The apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives:
The shopman sells, and by destruction lives.

It appears from the law reports of the time, that the College of Physicians brought a penal action, under its charter, against one Rose, an apothecary, for attending a butcher, and that the Court of Queen's Bench decided in their favour, that the making up and compounding of medicines was the business of an apothecary, but the judging what was proper for the case, and advising what to take for that purpose, was the business of a physician. The House of Lords, in 1703, reversed this decision; and since then, it has been the law of the land that apothecaries may advise as well as administer.]

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will.
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descried,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down, in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams, his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hangs lingering o'er his head.

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn flint engage,
Till, urged by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are ranged in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.

The slumbering god, amazed at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:

How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but cursed, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's adored in Spain.
I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of prayer.

Urim was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillysing the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And soon as the dessert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancied, for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engaged in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes proved the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation disagree,
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious power has tried,
Too oft to own, too much to be denied.
And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doze,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.

Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
The equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose.
Here have I ruled long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.
But now some busy, enterprising brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.

With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
Find envy out; some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what the event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX.

[Born, 1660. Died, 1718.]

THE revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought over many ingenious artists to this country from France; but we should hardly have expected an increase to our poets among them: yet Peter Anthony Motteux, who was born and educated at Rouen in Normandy, was driven to England by the event of that persecution, and acquired so much knowledge of the language as to write a good translation of Don Quixote, and to become a successful writer in our drama. But his end was not so creditable: he was found dead in a disorderly house, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, and was supposed either to have been murdered, or to have met with his death from trying an experiment which is not fit to be repeated. He established himself respectably in trade, and had a good situation in the post-office.

SONG.

FROM "MARS AND VENUS."

SCORN, though Beauty frowns, to tremble;
Lovers, boldly urge your flame;
For a woman will dissemble,
Loves the joy, but hates the name.

Her refusing, your pursuing,
Yield alike a pleasing pain;
Ever curing, and renewing,
Soon appeased to rage again.

If the soldier storms and rages,
Face him with a lovely maid;
This his fury soon assuages,
And the devil soon is laid.

He ne'er conquers but by toiling,
But the fair subdues with ease;
Blood he sheds with hatred boiling,
But the fair can kill and please.

A RONDELEAUX.

IN "THE MOCK MARRIAGE," BY SCOTT.

MAN is for woman made,
And woman made for man:
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As to night the serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
As to cool us is the fan,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd,
* * *
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[Born, 1672. Died, 1719.]

A LETTER FROM ITALY.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source;
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore;
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fired with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the famed river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserved in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That, on its public shows, unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans, deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown; [sued,
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,

[* Few poems have done more honour to English genius than this. There is in it a strain of political thinking that was, at the time, new in our poetry. Had the harmony of this been equal to Pope's versification, it would be incontestably the finest poem in our language; but there is a dryness in the numbers which greatly lessens the pleasure excited by the poet's judgment and imagination.—GOLDSMITH.]

Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure toss'd,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
O Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou makest the gloomy face of nature gay,
Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

AN ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart!
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preservest my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

[Born, 1666. Died, 1771.]

PRIOR was the nephew of the keeper of a tavern at Charing Cross, where he was found by the Earl of Dorset, and sent at his expense to be educated at Cambridge. By the same nobleman's influence he went as secretary with the Earl of Berkeley, our ambassador at the Hague, where King William was so pleased with his conduct as to appoint him one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber. In 1697 he was secretary of legation at the treaty of Ryswick, and the next year held the same office at the court of France. On his return, after having been with the king at Loo, he was made under secretary of state, and on losing his place at the Earl of Jersey's removal, he was made a commissioner of trade.

He sat in the parliament that met in 1701: but in the progress of Queen Anne's war, though he celebrated Blenheim and Ramillies as a poet, he deserted as a politician to the Tories, and accompanying Bolingbroke to Paris for pacific objects, remained there till he rose to the rank of ambassador, the duties of which office he had for some time previously fulfilled. The vindictive Whigs committed him to custody for two years, after his return, on a charge of high treason. At fifty-three years of age he found himself, after all his important employments, with no other means of subsistence than his fellowship at Cambridge; but the publication of his poems by subscription, and the kindness of Lord Harley, restored him to easy circumstances for the rest of his life.

Prior was one of the last of the race of poets who relied for ornament on scholastic allusion and pagan machinery; but he used them like Swift, more in jest than earnest, and with good effect.* In his Alma he contrives even to clothe metaphysics in the gay and colloquial pleasantry, which is the characteristic charm of his manner.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, O the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forced to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey:
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

[* Prior's fictions are mythological. Venus, after the example of the Greek Epigram, asks when she was seen *naked and bathing*. Then Cupid is *mistaken*; then Cupid is *disarmed*; then he loses his darts to *Ganymede*; then *Jupiter* sends him a summons by *Mercury*. Then *Chloe* goes a hunting with *an ivory quiver graceful at her side*; Diana mistakes her for one of her nymphs, and Cupid laughs at the blunder. All this is surely despicable.—JOHNSON.

"When Prior wrote," says Cowper, "Venus and Cupid were not so obsolete as now. His contemporary writers, and some that succeeded him, did not think them beneath their notice. Tibullus, in reality, disbelieved their existence as much as we do; yet Tibullus is allowed to be the prince of all poetical innamaratos, though he mentions them in almost every page. There is a fashion in these things, which the Doctor seems to have forgotten."—*Letter to Unwin, January 5th*, 1782.]

AN ANSWER TO CHLOE.

Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd!
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us even talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping!
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy;
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong:
You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit:
Odd's-life! must one swear to the truth of a [song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child,) the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

PARTIAL FAME.

The sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

Though he, for all his boast, is forced to yield,
Though she can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame;
How partial is the voice of fame!

SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover—
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

AN EPITAPH.

Interr'd beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run,
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning pass'd, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day:
And, having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seem'd just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor tresspass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong: their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they lived, and so they died.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

When poets wrote, and painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor cared to pray, nor dared to fight:
Protogenes, historians note,
Lived there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
Piqued by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes, Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepared to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house,
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'sey low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus; 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they say;
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.
Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, Sir, at present, would you please
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes,
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your master this for me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'sying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, Sir,—at six o'clock.
Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presumed to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus, (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style:
She said; and to his hand restored
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design;
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.*

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;

[* This story, which Prior took in a very plain state from Pliny and enlivened with his own exquisite humour, has been altered by Mason and weakened:—it is not easy to add to Prior when he wrote in his happiest moods.]

And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country shool to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the Hum-drum club;
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champagne among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair: prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

FROM "ALMA; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND."*

CANTO II.

TURN we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rosé and past;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
One people from their swaddling bands
Released their infants' feet and hands;
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.
Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands;
As men reposed their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.
In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
The quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view;
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches
If she be seen without her breeches.
In our fantastic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair;
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-cast looks on T'otta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love:
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.
We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy, ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jet.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*.
At Tonquin, if a prince should die
(As Jesuits write, who never lie,)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who served him most, and loved him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe, 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.
Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry dress'd.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is clothed for life.
Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:

[* What Prior meant by this poem I cannot understand; by the Greek motto to it one would think it was either to laugh at the subject or his reader. There are some parts of it very fine; and let them save the badness of the rest. —GOLDSMITH.
What suggested to Johnson the thought that the Alma was written in imitation of Hudibras I cannot conceive. In former years they were both favourites of mine, and I often read them; but I never saw in them the least resemblance to each other; nor do I now, except that they are composed in verse of the same measure.—COWPER, *Letter to Unwin*, 21*st March*, 1784.]

Before you see, you smell your toast;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes:
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells and gnaws from left to right.
But, show a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserved the last,
An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli,)
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land;
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.
Observe how custom, Dick, compels,
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behaved herself amongst the men:
Pleased with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace.

To close this point we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy shouldst thou take,
From Tiber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t' other side a river.
Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—
The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.

DR. GEORGE SEWELL.

[Died, Feb. 8, 1726.]

Dr. George Sewell, author of "Sir Walter Raleigh, a tragedy;" several papers in the fifth volume of the Tattler, and ninth of the Spectator; a life of John Philips; and some other things. There is something melancholy in this poor man's history. He was a physician at Hampstead, with very little practice, and chiefly subsisted on the invitations of the neighbouring gentlemen, to whom his amiable character made him acceptable; but at his death not a friend or relative came to commit his remains to the dust! He was buried in the meanest manner, under a hollow tree, that was once part of the boundary of the churchyard of Hampstead. No memorial was placed over his remains.

VERSES,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF, WHEN HE WAS IN A CONSUMPTION.

Why, Damon, with the forward day,
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noon-day walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?

Thou and the worm are brother-kind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The beau-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet,
Exhaling with an evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
(For vanity 's in little seen)
All must be left when death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow,
But rosemary will with thee go.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

[Born, 1666. Died, 1726.]

Sir John Vanbrugh,* the poet and architect, was the oldest son of Mr. Giles Vanbrugh, of London, merchant; he was born in the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook, 1666. He received a very liberal education, and at the age of nineteen was sent by his father to France, where he continued several years. In 1703, he was appointed Clarencieux King of Arms, and in 1706 was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the order of the garter to King George the First, then at Hanover. He was also made comptroller-general of the board of works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. In 1714, he received the order of knighthood, and in 1719 married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Yarborough. Sir John died of a quinsey at his house in Scotland-yard, and is interred in the family vault under the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook. He left only one son, who fell at the battle of Fontenoy.†

FABLE, RELATED BY A BEAU TO ESOP.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a lady's heart together.
The Band, in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talked of management,
What wond'rous blessings heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry:
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powder'd wigs, and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his soul!)
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one, who labour'd all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me,)
Steps out, sir, from behind the skreen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Look you, old gentlemen,—in short
He quickly spoil'd the statesman's sport.

It proved such sunshine weather
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leap'd about his neck,
And off they went together.

[* The family of Sir John Vanbrugh is stated, in the Biographia Dramatica, to have come originally from France; but my friend, the Rev. George Vanbrugh, rector of Aughton, in Lancashire, the only surviving descendant of the family, informs me that his ancestors were eminent merchants of Antwerp, and fled out of Flanders when the Duke of Alva tried to establish the inquisition in those provinces. They first took refuge in Holland, and from thence came over to England to enjoy the protestant protection of Queen Elizabeth.

[† No man who has been satirized by Swift, and praised by Reynolds, could have much chance of being forgotten; but the fame of him who was at once the author of "The Relapse" and "The Provoked Wife," and the architect of Castle Howard and Blenheim, stands independent of even such subsidiaries.—Allan Cunningham's *Lives of British Artists*, vol. iv. p. 253.]

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

[Born, 1669. Died, 1729.]

FROM "THE MOURNING BRIDE."

Almeria meeting her husband Alphonso, whom she had imagined to be dead, now disguised as the captive Osmyn, at the tomb of his father Anselmo.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hush'd.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen——
Leon. Hark! [dreadful!
Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.*
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb, [earth,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse,
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again,
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.
Leon. I go; but Heaven can tell with what regret.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HELI.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure tis the voice
Of one complaining—there it sounds! I'll follow it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Opening, discovers a place of Tombs: one Monument, fronting the view, greater than the rest.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb,
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? Oh, Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves! [me;
Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone [weary
Shall rest; shows me the grave where nature,
And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burthen down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold, clayey breast! My father, then,
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia, too,
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs, and milky-ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss,
To my Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great!
Oh, ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call; to thee, Alphonso;
Oh, Alphonso!

OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?
Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!
Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up Alphonso?
Alm. Mercy! providence! Oh, speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me, Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!
Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers,
[*Coming forward.*
That, motionless, I may be still deceived!
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls:
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade!

[* This is the passage that Johnson admired so much. "Congreve," he said, "has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects without any intermixture of moral notions, which produced such an effect."—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii. p. 86. "If I were required," he says, in his life of Congreve, "to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to this. He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before; but he feels it with a great increase of sensibility: he recognises a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty and enlarged with majesty." Mr. Croker had much improved his edition of Boswell, if he had illustrated Johnson's conversation by his own writings.]

'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, it is my wife!

Enter HELL.

Leon. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes!
He, too, is fainting——Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.
Hel. Ah! 'tis he? and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?
Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold, and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; show me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine—'Tis she, I am not deceived:
I taste her breath, I warm her and am warmed.
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband!
Alm. I have sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why do ye force me?
Is this a father?
Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso. [me?
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot
Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?
Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,
That, seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?
Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice—I know him now, I know him all.
Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
Oh, how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this;
That, thus, relenting, they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?
Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer, how or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means, by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.
Alm. Stay awhile——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.
Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.
Alm. Yes.
Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?
Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again in such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.
Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!
Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heaven, what are we?
Oh, my strain'd heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art changed!
Osm. Not in my love.
Alm. No, no! thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.
Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.
No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
My arms which ache to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart!
Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have married me; but I had sworn
To Heaven and thee, and sooner would have died—
Osm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!
Alm. Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I could speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a saint;
And thou hast heard my prayer; for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which Heaven
Could only, by restoring thee, have cured.
Osm. Grant me but life, good Heaven, but length of days,
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence;
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarn'd:
Then, then 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have pass'd all æras then
Of yet unmeasured time; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompense of love and matchless truth.
Alm. 'Tis more than recompense to see thy face.
If Heaven is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say?
I have a thousand things to know and ask,
And speak—That thou art here beyond all hope,
All thought; and all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
Is such surprise, such mystery, such ecstasy,
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise?
Osm. I did: and thou, my love, didst call me; thou. [thou alone?
Alm. True; but how camest thou there? Wert
Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
I thought I saw thee too; but, Oh, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——
Alm. But still, how camest thou thither? How thus?——Ha?
What's he, who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen?

Osm. Where? Ha! What do I see, Antonio?
I am fortunate indeed—my friend, too, safe!
Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.
Alm. More miracles! Antonio escaped!
Osm. And twice escaped; both from the rage of seas
And war: for in the fight I saw him fall.
Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free; hither I came,
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.
Osm. There are no wonders; or else all is wonder.
Heli. I saw you on the ground and raised you up,
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.
Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.
Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Osm. What means the bounty of all gracious Heaven,
That persevering, still, with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I am deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle;
Who, by their pointing, seem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.
Heli. Zara and Selim, sir; I saw and know them:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?
Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee.
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus;
How I am not called Alphonso, now, but Osmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——
Alm. Sure we shall meet again——
Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence!
[*Exeunt* ALM. LEON. *and* HELI.
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.
Oh, impotence of sight! Mechanic sense!
Which to exterior objects owest thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Not what they would, but must; a star, or toad;
Just as the hand of chance administers.
Not so the mind, whose undetermined view
Resolves, and to the present adds the past,
Essaying farther to futurity;
But that in vain. I have Almeria here
At once, as I before have seen her often——

SONG.

TELL me no more I am deceived,
That Chloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believed)
She was a very woman:
As such I liked, as such caress'd;
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancied you the man,
And what care I a farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

ELIJAH FENTON.

[Born, 1683. Died, 1730.]

ELIJAH FENTON was obliged to leave the university on account of his non-juring principles. He was for some time secretary to Charles, Earl of Orrery; he afterward taught the grammar-school of Sevenoaks, in Kent; but was induced, by Bolingbroke, to forsake that drudgery for the more unprofitable state of dependence upon a political patron, who, after all, left him disappointed and in debt. Pope recommended him to Craggs as a literary instructor, but the death of that statesman again subverted his hopes of preferment; and he became an auxiliary to Pope in translating the Odyssey, of which his share was the first, fourth, nineteeth, and twentieth books. The successful appearance of his tragedy of Mariamne on the stage, in 1723, relieved him from his difficulties, and the rest of his life was comfortably spent in the employment of Lady Trumbull, first as tutor to her son, and afterward as auditor of her accounts. His character was that of an amiable but indolent man, who drank, in his great chair, two bottles of port wine a day. He published an edition of the poetical works of Milton and of Waller.*

[* Fenton wrote nothing equal to his Ode to the Lord Gower, which is, says Joseph Warton, written in the true spirit of lyric poetry. It has received too the praises of Pope and Akenside, but is better in parts than as a whole.]

AN ODE TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD GOWER.
WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1716.

O'ER winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty Spring prevails;
And swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy Hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn;
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awaked, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses!* deign
For me, the meanest of your train,
Unblamed t' approach your blest retreat:
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string;
Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invoked, where Thames's fruitful tides,
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day;
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright, harmonious nymphs, repair
To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So, with aspiring ardours warm'd
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the Pole on hills of Snow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede†
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the Victor-Cross shall fly.

But here, no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires;
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train,)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caused his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There secret in her sapphire cell,
He with the Nais wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow
He gave the mantling vine to grow,
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her beauties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away:
The past is all by death possest;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live To-Day.

O Gower! through all the destined space,
What breath the Powers allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
United and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient English faith!
Pursue th' unbeaten Patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone;
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud Pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse, the temple grace;
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

[* Borrow'd from Milton's minor poems, whence, in 1716, one might steal with safety.] † Charles XII.

EDWARD WARD.

[Born, 1667. Died, 1731.]

EDWARD (familiarly called Ned) Ward was a low-born, uneducated man, who followed the trade of a publican. He is said, however, to have attracted many eminent persons to his house by his colloquial powers as a landlord, to have had a general acquaintance among authors, and to have been a great retailer of literary anecdotes. In those times the tavern was a less discreditable haunt than at present, and his literary acquaintance might probably be extensive. Jacob offended him very much by saying, in his account of the poets, that he kept a public-house in the city. He publicly contradicted the assertion as a falsehood, stating that his house was not in the city, but in Moorfields. Ten thick volumes attest the industry, or *cacoethes*, of this facetious publican, who wrote his very will in verse. His favourite measure is the Hudibrastic. His works give a complete picture of the mind of a vulgar but acute cockney. His sentiment is the pleasure of eating and drinking, and his wit and humour are equally gross; but his descriptions are still curious and full of life, and are worth preserving, as delineations of the manners of the times.

SONG.

O GIVE me, kind Bacchus, thou god of the vine,
Not a pipe or a tun, but an ocean of wine;
And a ship that's well-mann'd with such rare merry fellows,
That ne'er forsook tavern for porterly ale-house.
May her bottom be leaky to let in the tipple,
And no pump on board her to save ship or people;
So that each jolly lad may suck heartily round,
And be always obliged to drink or be drown'd!
Let a fleet from Virginia, well laden with weed,
And a cargo of pipes, that we nothing may need,
Attend at our stern to supply us with guns,
And to weigh us our funk, not by pounds, but by tuns.
When thus fitted out we would sail cross the line,
And swim round the world in a sea of good wine;
Steer safe in the middle, and vow never more
To renounce such a life for the pleasures on shore.
Look cheerfully round us and comfort our eyes
With a deluge of claret inclosed by the skies;
A sight that would mend a pale mortal's complexion,
And make him blush more than the sun by reflexion.
No zealous contentions should ever perplex us,
No politic jars should divide us or vex us;
No presbyter Jack should reform us or ride us;
The stars and our whimsical noddles should guide us.
No blustering storms should possess us with fears,
Or hurry us, like cowards, from drinking to prayers,
But still with full bowls we'd for Bacchus maintain
The most glorious dominion o'er the clarety main;
And tipple all round till our eyes shone as bright
As the sun does by day, or the moon does by night.
Thus would I live free from all care or design,
And when death should arrive I'd be pickled in wine;
That is, toss'd over-board, have the sea for my grave,
And lie nobly entomb'd in a blood-colour'd wave;
That, living or dead, both my body and spirit
Should float round the globe in an ocean of claret,
The truest of friends and the best of all juices,
Worth both the rich metals that India produces:
For all men we find, from the young to the old,
Will exchange for the bottle their silver and gold,
Except rich fanatics—a pox on their pictures!
That make themselves slaves to their prayers and their lectures;
And think that on earth there is nothing divine,
But a canting old fool and a bag full of coin.
What though the dull saint make his standard and sterling
His refuge, his glory, his god, and his darling;
The mortal that drinks is the only brave fellow,
Though never so poor he's a king when he's mellow;
Grows richer than Crœsus with whimsical thinking,
And never knows care whilst he follows his drinking.

JOHN GAY.*

[Born, 1688. Died, 1732.]

GAY'S Pastorals are said to have taken with the public, not as satires on those of Ambrose Philips, which they were meant to be, but as natural and just imitations of real life and of rural manners. It speaks little, however, for the sagacity of the poet's town readers, if they enjoyed those caricatures in earnest, or imagined any truth of English manners in Cuddy and Cloddipole contending with Amabœan verses for the prize or song, or in Bowzybeus rehearsing the laws of nature. If the allusion to Philips was overlooked, they could only be relished as travesties of Virgil, for Bowzybeus himself would not be laughable unless we recollected Silenus.†

Gay's Trivia seems to have been built upon the hint of Swift's Description of a City Shower.‡ It exhibits a picture of the familiar customs of the metropolis that will continue to become more amusing as the customs grow obsolete. As a fabulist he has been sometimes hypercritically

[* Gay is now best known as the author of The Beggars' Opera, which, in spite of its passed political tendency, still keeps, by its music chiefly, its hold upon the stage; and as the author of Black Eyed Susan, which when sung, as it often is, with feeling, brings to remembrance or acquaintance a once familiar name. The multitude know nothing of Trivia; to a Londoner even, it is a dead-letter; and few of the many have read or even heard of The Shepherd's Week. The stage and the convivial club have essentially assisted in preserving his fame. The works of Gay are on our shelves, but not in our pockets—in our remembrance, but not in our memories.

His Fables are as good as a series of such pieces will in all possibility ever be. No one has envied him their production; but many would like to have the fame of having written The Shepherd's Week, Black-Eyed Susan, and the ballad that begins:

"'Twas when the seas were roaring."

Had he given his time to satire he had excelled, for his lines on Blackmore are in the extreme of bitterness.]

[† That in these pastorals Gay has hit, undesignedly perhaps, the true spirit of pastoral poetry, was the opinion of Goldsmith: "In fact," he adds, "he more resembles Theocritus than any other English pastoral writer whatsoever." Yet he will not defend, he says, the antiquated expressions.]

[‡ Gay acknowledges, in the prefatory Advertisement, that he owes several hints of it to Dr. Swift.]

blamed for presenting us with allegorical impersonations. The mere naked apologue of Æsop is too simple to interest the human mind, when its fancy and understanding are past the state of childhood or barbarism. La Fontaine dresses the stories which he took from Æsop and others with such profusion of wit and *naïveté*, that his manner conceals the insipidity of the matter. "*La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson.*" Gay, though not equal to La Fontaine, is at least free from his occasional prolixity; and in one instance, (the Court of Death,) ventures into allegory with considerable power. Without being an absolute simpleton, like La Fontaine, he possessed a *bonhomie* of character which forms an agreeable trait of resemblance between the fabulists.

MONDAY; OR, THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

L. Clout. THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cuddy. Ah, Lobbin Clout! I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belie not, thou hast proved the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree;
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me. [half,

L. Clout. Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by
Than does their fawns, or cows, the new-fallen calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal!

Cuddy. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithesome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learn to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

L. Clout. See this tobacco-pouch, that's lined with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch that's tied with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager that the prize shall be my due. [slouch!

Cuddy. Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

L. Clout. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

Cuddy. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May. [near;

L. Clout. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cuddy. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Even noontide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days, I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

L. Clout. As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
She wiped her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cuddy. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroked her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss: at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

L. Clout. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind;
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

Cuddy. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L. Clout. As once I play'd at blindman's buff,
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt. [it hapt,
I miss'd the swains, and seized on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

Cuddy. As at hot cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.
L. Clout. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung;
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.
Cuddy. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself poised against the tottering maid:
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell.
L. Clout. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain:
"What flower is that which bears the virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same?"
Cuddy. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight:
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?"
Cloddipole. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
When first the year I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought:
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
"This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do;)
Thee first I spied: and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound;)
I seized the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if aright can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L;*
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanced to see,
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew; [in
The latch moved up, when, who should first come
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surprised the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight;
So may again his love with mine unite!
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
"Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best."

He leaves my hand; see, to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town,
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
I pare this pippin round and round again.
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen,
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last:
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee,
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tie the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!"
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As I was wont, I trudged last market-day,
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light,
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears,
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
O dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

SATURDAY; OR THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow,
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill:
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the resin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus, who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus, who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung;
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night;
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example, Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke:
"To you my lads, I'll sing my carol o'er,
As for the maids—I've something else in store."
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd,
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet, and loud;
Nor parish clerk, who calls the psalm so clear
Like Bowzybeus, soothes the attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below;
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;
How will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed—
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend;)
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;

How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose;
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.)
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung, "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smiled;
Their little corpse the robin red-breasts found,
And strew'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)
For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly tailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he raised his voice to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befel,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Essex" next he chants,
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of "Taffey Welsh," and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero," and the "Irish Trot."
Why should I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant Moore;
"The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "grass now grows where Troy town stood!"
His carols ceased: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose: and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE "POLLIO" OF VIRGIL.

Ye sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite:
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase;
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See, the pleased tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode, the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells how the stag through three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tired seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch!
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.
Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame,)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young squire forestall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land;
On famed St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his grovelling honour lies;
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay:
Mayst thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.
The time shall come when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!
Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year:
Brew'd, or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd!
The state is censured, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.
Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

A FABLE.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanced, and for the wand address'd.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd,
A most tenacious, stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."
Stone urged his over-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure though slow."
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand,
Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite!
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout and all the rest,
(Whom wary men as foes detest,)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE "WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT."

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.*

[* What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the "What-d'ye-call-it,"—"'Twas when the seas were roaring." I have been well informed that they all contributed.—Cowper *to Unwin, Aug.* 4, 1783.]

BARTON BOOTH.

[Born, 1681. Died, 1733.]

An excellent man and an eminent actor.

SONG.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows;
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring her notes renew;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe control,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

MATTHEW GREEN.

[Born, 1696. Died, 1737.]

MATTHEW GREEN was educated among the Dissenters; but left them in disgust at their precision, probably without reverting to the mother church. All that we are told of him, is, that he had a post at the Custom House, which he discharged with great fidelity, and died at a lodging in Nag's-head court, Gracechurch-street, aged forty-one.* His strong powers of mind had received little advantage from education, and were occasionally subject to depression from hypochondria; but his conversation is said to have abounded in wit and shrewdness. One day his friend Sylvanus Bevan complained to him that while he was bathing in the river he had been saluted by a waterman with the cry of "Quaker Quirl," and wondered how he should have been known to be a Quaker without his clothes. Green replied, "By your swimming against the stream."

His poem, "The Spleen," was never published during his lifetime. Glover, his warm friend, presented it to the world after his death; and it is much to be regretted, did not prefix any account of its interesting author. It was originally a very short copy of verses, and was gradually and piecemeal increased. Pope speedily noticed its merit, Melmoth praised its strong originality in Fitzosborne's Letters, and Gray duly commended it in his correspondence with Walpole, when it appeared in Dodsley's collection. In that walk of poetry, where Fancy aspires no further than to go hand in hand with common sense, its merit is certainly unrivalled.†

FROM "THE SPLEEN."

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;

[* He was a clerk in the Custom House, on, it is thought, a small salary; but the writer of this note has hunted over official books in vain for a notice of his appointment, and of obituaries for the time of his death.]

[† There is a profusion of wit everywhere in Green; reading would have formed his judgment and harmonized his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music.—GRAY.]

They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts that round them fly.
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forced by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (its all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here Nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser Nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age.
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctured glass to cheat his eyes.

Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw;
Through fields unknown nor madly stray
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands, forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, fit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought:
But conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In One, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state:
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know.
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposèd to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepared to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.*

[Born, 1667. Died, 1735.]

SONG.

Love is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely graced in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjured creature;
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's blest or dies;
Visions of mighty pain or pleasure,
Imagined want, imagined treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

[* A noble imitator, in its aristocratic sense, of Waller; and better known as Granville *the polite* than Granville *the poet.*]

GEORGE LILLO.

[Born, 1693. Died, 1743.]

GEORGE LILLO was the son of a Dutch jeweller, who married an English woman, and settled in London. Our poet was born near Moorfields, was bred to his father's business, and followed it for many years. The story of his dying in distress was a fiction of Hammond, the poet; for he bequeathed a considerable property to his nephew, whom he made his heir. It has been said that this bequest was in consequence of his finding the young man disposed to lend him a sum of money at a time when he thought proper to feign pecuniary distress, in order that he might discover the sincerity of those calling themselves his friends. Thomas Davies, his biographer and editor, professes to have got this anecdote from a surviving partner of Lillo. It bears, however, an intrinsic air of improbability. It is not usual for sensible tradesmen to affect being on the verge of bankruptcy, and Lillo's character was that of an uncommonly sensible man. Fielding, his intimate friend, ascribes to him a manly simplicity of mind, that is extremely unlike such a stratagem.

Lillo is the tragic poet of middling and familiar life. Instead of heroes from romance and history, he gives the merchant and his apprentice; and the Macbeth of his "*Fatal Curiosity*" is a private gentleman, who has been reduced by his poverty to dispose of his copy of Seneca for a morsel of bread. The mind will be apt, after reading his works, to suggest to itself the question, how far the graver drama would gain or lose by a more general adoption of this plebeian principle. The cares, it may be said, that are most familiar to our existence, and the distresses of those nearest to ourselves in situation, ought to lay the strongest hold upon our sympathies, and the general mass of society ought to furnish a more express image of man than any detached or elevated portion of the species.

Lillo is certainly a master of potent effect in the exhibition of human suffering. His representation of actual or intended murder seems to assume a deeper terror from the familiar circumstances of life with which it is invested. Such indeed is said to have been the effect of a scene in his "Arden of Feversham," that the audience rose up with one accord and interrupted it. The anecdote, whether true or false, must recall to the mind of every one who has perused that piece, the harrowing sympathy which it is calculated to excite. But notwithstanding the power of Lillo's works, we entirely miss in them that romantic attraction which invites to repeated perusal of them. They give us life in a close and dreadful semblance of reality, but not arrayed in the magic illusion of poetry. His strength lies in conception of situations, not in beauty of dialogue, or in the eloquence of the passions. Yet the effect of his plain and homely subjects was so strikingly superior to that of the vapid and heroic productions of the day, as to induce some of his contemporary admirers to pronounce that he had reached the acmè of dramatic excellence, and struck into the best and most genuine path of tragedy. George Barnwell, it was observed, drew more tears than the rants of Alexander. This might be true, but it did not bring the comparison of humble and heroic subjects to a fair test; for the tragedy of Alexander is bad, not from its subject, but from the incapacity of the poet who composed it. It does not prove that heroes drawn from history or romance are not at least as susceptible of high and poetical effect as a wicked apprentice, or a distressed gentleman pawning his movables. It is one question whether Lillo has given to his subjects from private life the degree of beauty of which they are susceptible. He is a master of terrific, but not of tender impressions. We feel a harshness and gloom in his genius even while we are compelled to admire its force and originality.

The peculiar choice of his subjects was happy and commendable as far as it regarded himself, for his talents never succeeded so well when he ventured out of them. But it is another question, whether the familiar cast of those subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine, or only a subordinate, walk in tragedy. Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

> "let gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall come sweeping by."

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life are more picturesque

and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest, not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not in general fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.

FROM "THE FATAL CURIOSITY."

ACT II. SCENE I.

Persons—MARIA, CHARLOTTE, *and* YOUNG WILMOT.

Enter CHARLOTTE, *thoughtful; and soon after* MARIA, *from the other side.*

Mar. MADAM, a stranger in a foreign habit
Desires to see you.
Char. In a foreign habit——
'Tis strange, and unexpected—But admit him.
[*Exit* MARIA.
Who can this stanger be? I know no foreigner,

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Nor any man like this.
Y. Wilm. Ten thousand joys!
[*Going to embrace her.*
Char. You are rude, sir—Pray forbear, and let me know
What business brought you here, or leave the place.
Y. Wilm. She knows me not, or will not seem to know me. [*Aside.*
Perfidious maid! Am I forgot or scorn'd?
Char. Strange questions from a man I never knew!
Y. Wilm. With what aversion and contempt she views me!
My fears are true; some other has her heart:
—She's lost—My fatal absence has undone me.
[*Aside.*
O! Could thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlotte?
Char. Ha! Wilmot! say! what do your words import?
O gentle stranger! ease my swelling heart
That else will burst! Canst thou inform me aught?—
What dost thou know of Wilmot?
Y. Wilm. This I know,
When all the winds of heaven seem'd to conspire
Against the stormy main, and dreadful peals
Of rattling thunder deafen'd every ear,
And drown'd th' affrighten'd mariners' loud cries,
While livid lightning spread its sulph'rous flames
Through all the dark horizon, and disclosed
The raging seas incensed to his destruction;
When the good ship in which he was embark'd,
Unable longer to support the tempest,
Broke, and o'erwhelm'd by the impetuous surge,
Sunk to the oozy bottom of the deep,
And left him struggling with the warring waves;
In that dread moment, in the jaws of death,
When his strength fail'd and every hope forsook him,
And his last breath press'd t'wards his trembling lips,
The neighbouring rocks, that echoed to his moan,
Return'd no sound articulate, but Charlotte!
Char. The fatal tempest whose description strikes
The hearer with astonishment is ceased;
And Wilmot is at rest. The fiercer storm
Of swelling passions that o'erwhelms the soul,
And rages worse than the mad foaming seas
In which he perish'd, ne'er shall vex him more.
Y. Wilm. Thou seem'st to think he's dead: enjoy that thought;
Persuade yourself that what you wish is true,
And triumph in your falsehood—Yes, he's dead;
You were his fate. The cruel winds and waves,
That cast him pale and breathless on the shore,
Spared him for greater woes—to know his Charlotte,
Forgetting all her vows to him and heaven,
Had cast him from her thoughts—Then, then he died;
But never must have rest. Even now he wanders,
A sad, repining, discontented ghost,
The unsubstantial shadow of himself,
And pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears,
And stalks, unseen before thee.
Char. 'Tis enough——
Detested falsehood now has done its worst.
And art thou dead?—And wouldst thou die, my Wilmot!
For one thou thought'st unjust?—Thou soul of truth!
What must be done?—which way shall I express
Unutterable woe? Or how convince
Thy dear departed spirit of the love,
Th' eternal love, and never-failing faith
Of thy much injured, lost, despairing Charlotte?
Y. Wilm. Be still my flutt'ring heart; hope not too soon; [*Aside.*
Perhaps I dream, and this is all illusion.
Char. If, as some teach, the mind intuitive,
Free from the narrow bounds and slavish ties
Of sordid earth that circumscribe its power
While it remains below, roving at large,
Can trace us to our most conceal'd retreat,
See all we act, and read our very thoughts;
To thee, O Wilmot! kneeling, I appeal,
If e'er I swerved in action, word or thought,
From the severest constancy and truth,
Or ever wish'd to taste a joy on earth
That centred not in thee, since last we parted;
May we ne'er meet again, but thy loud wrongs
So close the ear of mercy to my cries,
That I may never see those bright abodes

Where truth and virtue only have admission,
And thou inhabit'st now.
Y. Wilm. Assist me, Heaven!
Preserve my reason, memory, and sense!
O moderate my fierce tumultuous joys,
Or their excess will drive me to distraction.
O Charlotte! Charlotte! lovely, virtuous maid!
Can thy firm mind, in spite of time and absence,
Remain unshaken, and support its truth;
And yet thy frailer memory retain
No image, no idea of thy lover?
Why dost thou gaze so wildly? Look on me;
Turn thy dear eyes this way; observe me well.
Have scorching climates, time, and this strange habit,
So changed and so disguised thy faithful Wilmot,
That nothing in my voice, my face, or mien,
Remains to tell my Charlotte I am he?

[*After viewing him some time, she approaches weeping, and gives him her hand; and then turning towards him, sinks upon his bosom.*]

Why dost thou weep? Why dost thou tremble thus?
Why doth thy panting heart and cautious touch
Speak thee but half convinced? Whence are thy fears?
Why art thou silent? Canst thou doubt me still?
Char. No, Wilmot! no; I'm blind with too much light:
O'ercome with wonder and oppress'd with joy;
The struggling passions barr'd the doors of speech.
But speech enlarged, affords me no relief.
This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description:
But for one sorrow, one sad scene of anguish,
That checks the swelling torrent of my joys,
I could not bear the transport.
Y. Wilm. Let me know it:
Give me my portion of thy sorrow, Charlotte!
Let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee.
Char. Alas! my Wilmot! these sad tears are thine;
They flow for thy misfortunes. I am pierced
With all the agonies of strong compassion,
With all the bitter anguish you must feel,
When you shall hear your parents—
Y. Wilm. Are no more.
Char. You apprehend me wrong.
Y. Wilm. Perhaps I do:
Perhaps you mean to say, the greedy grave
Was satisfied with one, and one is left
To bless my longing eyes—But which, my Charlotte?
—And yet forbear to speak, 'till I have thought—
Char. Nay, hear me, Wilmot!
Y. Wilm. I perforce must hear thee:
For I might think 'till death, and not determine,
Of two so dear which I could bear to lose.
Char. Afflict yourself no more with groundless fears:
Your parents both are living. Their distress,
The poverty to which they are reduced,
In spite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd,
And that in helpless age, to them whose youth
Was crown'd with full prosperity, I fear,
Is worse, much worse, than death.
Y. Wilm. My joy's complete.
My parents living, and possess'd of thee!—
From this blest hour, the happiest of my life,
I'll date my rest. My anxious hopes and fears,
My weary travels, and my dangers past,
Are now rewarded all. Now I rejoice
In my success, and count my riches gain.
For know, my soul's best treasure! I have wealth
Enough to glut ev'n avarice itself:
No more shall cruel want, or proud contempt,
Oppress the sinking spirits, or insult
The hoary heads of those who gave me being.
Char. 'Tis now, O riches, I conceive your worth:
You are not base, nor can you be superfluous,
But when misplaced in base and sordid hands.
Fly, fly, my Wilmot! leave thy happy Charlotte!
Thy filial piety, the sighs and tears
Of thy lamenting parents call thee hence.
Y. Wilm. I have a friend, the partner of my voyage,
Who, in the storm last night, was shipwreck'd with me.
Char. Shipwreck'd last night!—O ye immortal pow'rs!
What have you suffer'd—How was you preserved!
Y. Wilm. Let that, and all my other strange escapes
And perilous adventures, be the theme
Of many a happy winter night to come.
My present purpose was t' intreat my angel,
To know this friend, this other better Wilmot;
And come with him this evening to my father's:
I'll send him to thee.
Char. I consent with pleasure.
Y. Wilm. Heavens, what a night!—How shall I bear my joy!
My parents, yours, my friends, all will be mine,
And mine, like water, air, or the free splendid
The undivided portion of you all. [sun,
If such the early hopes, the vernal bloom,
The distant prospect of my future bliss,
Then what the ruddy autumn? what the fruit?
The full possession of thy heavenly charms.
The tedious, dark, and stormy winter o'er,
The hind, that all its pinching hardships bore,
With transport sees the wecks appointed bring
The cheerful, promised, gay, delightful spring:
The painted meadows, the harmonious woods,
The gentle zephyrs, and unbridled floods,
With all their charms, his ravish'd thoughts employ,
But the rich harvest must complete his joy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A street in Penryn.*

Enter RANDAL.

Rand. Poor, poor and friendless; whither shall I wander,
And to what point direct my views and hopes?
A menial servant? No. What! shall I live,

Here in this land of freedom, live distinguish'd,
And mark'd the willing slave of some proud subject,
And swell his useless train for broken fragments—
The cold remains of his superfluous board!
I would aspire to something more and better—
Turn thy eyes then to the prolific ocean,
Whose spacious bosom opens to thy view:
There deathless honour, and unenvied wealth
Have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils.
This is the native uncontested right,
The fair inheritance, of ev'ry Briton
That dares put in his claim—My choice is made:
A long farewell to Cornwall, and to England!
If I return—But stay, what stranger's this,
Who, as he views me, seems to mend his pace?

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Y. Wilm. Randal! the dear companion of my youth!
Sure lavish fortune means to give me all
I could desire, or ask for, this blest day,
And leave me nothing to expect hereafter. [earth,
Rand. Your pardon, sir; I know but one on
Could properly salute me by the title
You're pleased to give me, and I would not think
That you are he—That you are Wilmot—
Y. Wilm. Why? [ment
Rand. Because I could not bear the disappoint-
Should I be deceived.
Y. Wilm. I'm pleased to hear it:
Thy friendly fears better express thy thoughts
Than words could do.
Rand. O, Wilmot! O, my master!
Are you return'd?
Y. Wilm. I have not yet embraced
My parents—I shall see you at my father's.
Rand. No, I'm discharged from thence—O, sir, such ruin—
Y. Wilm. I've heard it all, and hasten to relieve 'em:
Sure Heaven hath blest me to that very end:
I've wealth enough; nor shalt thou want a part.
Rand. I have a part already—I am blest
In your success and share in all your joys.
Y. Wilm. I doubt it not—But tell me, dost thou think,
My parents, not suspecting my return,
That I may visit them, and not be known?
Rand. 'Tis hard for me to judge. You are already
Grown so familiar to me, that I wonder
I knew you not at first: yet it may be;
For you're much alter'd, and they think you dead.
Y. Wilm. This is certain: Charlotte beheld me long,
And heard my loud reproaches and complaints
Without rememb'ring she had ever seen me.
My mind at ease grows wanton: I would fain
Refine on happiness. Why may I not
Indulge my curiosity, and try
If it be possible by seeing first
My parents as a stranger, to improve
Their pleasure by surprise!
Rand. It may, indeed,
Enhance your own, to see from what despair
Your timely coming, and unhoped success,
Have given you power to raise them.
Y. Wilm. I remember,
E'er since we learn'd together you excell'd
In writing fairly, and could imitate
Whatever hand you saw with great exactness:
Of this I'm not so absolute a master.
I therefore beg you'll write, in Charlotte's name
And character, a letter to my father;
And recommend me, as a friend of hers,
To his acquaintance.
Rand. Sir, if you desire it——
And yet—
Y. Wilm. Nay, no objections—'Twill save time,
Most precious with me now. For the deception,
If doing what my Charlotte will approve,
'Cause done for me and with a good intent,
Deserves the name, I'll answer it myself.
If this succeeds, I purpose to defer
Discov'ring who I am till Charlotte comes,
And thou, and all who love me. Ev'ry friend
Who witnesses my happiness to-night,
Will, by partaking, multiply my joys.
Rand. You grow luxurious in your mental pleasures:
Could I deny you aught, I would not write
This letter. To say true, I ever thought
Your boundless curiosity a weakness.
Y. Wilm. What canst thou blame in this?
Rand. Your pardon, sir;
I only speak in general: I'm ready
T' obey your orders.
Y. Wilm. I am much thy debtor,
But I shall find a time to quit thy kindness.
O Randal! but imagine to thyself
The floods of transport, the sincere delight
That all my friends will feel, when I disclose
To my astonish'd parents my return;
And then confess, that I have well contrived
By giving others joy t' exalt my own.
As pain, and anguish, in a gen'rous mind,
While kept conceal'd and to ourselves confined,
Want half their force; so pleasure, when it flows
In torrents round us, more ecstatic grows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room in Old Wilmot's House.*

OLD WILMOT *and his Wife* AGNES.

O. Wilm. Here, take this Seneca, this haughty pedant,
Who governing the master of mankind,
And awing power imperial, prates of—patience;
And praises poverty—possess'd of millions:
—Sell him, and buy us bread. The scantiest meal
The vilest copy of his book e'er purchased,
Will give us more relief in this distress,
Than all his boasted precepts.—Nay, no tears;
Keep them to move compassion when you beg.
Agn. My heart may break, but never stoop to that.
O. Wilm. Nor would I live to see it.—But despatch. [*Exit* AGNES.
Where must I charge this length of misery,

That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
And must at last o'erwhelm me; but on hope,
Vain, flattering, delusive, groundless hope;
A senseless expectation of relief
That has for years deceived me?—Had I thought
As I do now, as wise men ever think,
When first this hell of poverty o'ertook me,
That power to die implies a right to do it,
And should be used when life becomes a pain,
What plagues had I prevented.——True, my wife
Is still a slave to prejudice and fear——
I would not leave my better part, the dear
[*Weeps.*
Faithful companion of my happier days,
To bear the weight of age and want alone.
——I'll try once more——

Enter AGNES, *and after her* YOUNG WILMOT.

O. Wilm. Return'd, my life, so soon?——
Agn. The unexpected coming of this stranger
Prevents my going yet.
Y. Wilm. You're, I presume,
The gentleman to whom this is directed.
[*Gives a letter.*
What wild neglect, the token of despair,
What indigence, what misery appears
In each disorder'd, or disfurnish'd room
Of this once gorgeous house! What discontent,
What anguish and confusion fill the faces
Of its dejected owners! [*Aside.*]
O. Wilm. Sir, such welcome
As this poor house affords, you may command.
Our ever friendly neighbour——Once we hoped
T' have call'd fair Charlotte by a dearer name——
But we have done with hope—I pray excuse
This incoherence—we had once a son. [*Weeps.*
Agn. That you are come from that dear virtuous
Revives in us the mem'ry of a loss, [maid,
Which though long since, we have not learn'd to
bear.
Y. Wilm. [*Aside.*] The joy to see them, and the
bitter pain
It is to see them thus, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief, that will o'erflow.
My bosom heaves and swells, as it would burst;
My bowels move, and my heart melts within me.
——They know me not, and yet, I fear, I shall
Defeat my purpose and betray myself.
O. Wilm. The lady calls you here her valued
friend;
Enough, though nothing more should be implied,
To recommend you to our best esteem,
—A worthless acquisition!——May she find
Some means that better may express her kindness!
But she, perhaps, hath purposed to enrich
You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
For one whom death alone can justify
For leaving her so long. If it be so,
May you repair his loss, and be to Charlotte
A second, happier Wilmot. Partial nature,
Who only favours youth, as feeble age
Were not her offspring, or below her care,
Has seal'd our doom: no second hope shall spring
From my dead loins, and Agnes' sterile womb,
To dry our tears, and dissipate despair.
Agn. The last and most abandon'd of our kind,
By heaven and earth neglected or despised,
The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son,
And all our joys in him, must be our refuge.
Y. Wilm. Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted
fiends,
Fear without hope, and wail in such sad strains;
But grace defend the living from despair.
The darkest hours precede the rising sun;
And mercy may appear when least expected.
O. Wilm. This I have heard a thousand times
repeated,
And have, believing, been as oft deceived.
Y. Wilm. Behold in me an instance of its truth.
At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey
Of lawless pirates; by the Arabs thrice
Surprised, and robb'd on shore; and once reduced
To worse than these, the sum of all distress
That the most wretched feel on this side hell,
Ev'n slavery itself: yet here I stand,
Except one trouble that will quickly end,
The happiest of mankind.
O. Wilm. A rare example
Of fortune's caprice; apter to surprise
Or entertain, than comfort, or instruct.
If you would reason from events, be just,
And count, when you escaped, how many perish'd;
And draw your inf'rence thence.
Agn. Alas! who knows
But we were render'd childless by some storm,
In which you, though preserved, might bear a part.
Y. Wilm. How has my curiosity betray'd me
Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness;
And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon 'em,
Proclaim myself their son, kiss and embrace 'em
Till their souls, transported with the excess
Of pleasure and surprise, quit their frail mansions,
And leave 'em breathless in my longing arms.
By circumstances then, and slow degrees,
They must be let into a happiness
Too great for them to bear at once, and live:
That Charlotte will perform: I need not feign
To ask an hour for rest. [*Aside.*] Sir, I entreat
The favour to retire where, for a while,
I may repose myself. You will excuse
This freedom, and the trouble that I give you:
'Tis long since I have slept, and nature calls.
O. Wilm. I pray, no more: believe we're only
troubled
That you should think any excuse were needful.
Y. Wilm. The weight of this is some incum-
brance to me;
[*Takes a casket out of his bosom, and gives it to his mother.*]
And its contents of value: if you please
To take the charge of it 'till I awake,
I shall not rest the worse. If I should sleep
Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may,
I beg that you would wake me.
Agn. Doubt it not:
Distracted as I am with various woes,
I shall remember that. [*Exit.*
Y. Wilm. Merciless grief!
What ravage has it made! how has it changed
Her lovely form and mind! I feel her anguish,

And dread I know not what from her despair.
My father too——O grant 'em patience, heaven!
A little longer, a few short hours more,
And all their cares, and mine, shall end for ever.
[*Aside.*
How near is misery and joy allied!
Nor eye nor thought can their extremes divide:
A moment's space is long, and lightning slow,
To fate descending to reverse our woe,
Or blast our hopes, and all our joys o'erthrow.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The Scene continued. Enter AGNES *alone, with the casket in her hand.*

Agn. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand—
His confidence amazes me—Perhaps
It is not what he says—I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see—No, let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into th' affairs of others,
Who have t' employ my thoughts, so many cares
And sorrows of my own?—With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright 's the lustre,
How immense the worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty, and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world——Possess'd of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
—A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought—I saw and touch'd
The bright temptation, and I see it yet——
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession——
——Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want?——
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?——
Retain it then——But how? there is a way——
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrill'd with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

O. Wilm. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
Already——Happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest!
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierced me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and—Dost thou hear me?—
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well——
This casket was deliver'd to you closed:
Why have you open'd it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!
Agn. And who shall know it?
O. Wilm. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves; which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintain'd and cherish'd to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shows sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice. [sense!
Agn. Shows sovereign madness, and a scorn of
Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die,—I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compell'd. [sun
O. Wilm. To chase a shadow, when the setting
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused—But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.
Agn. Nor live, I hope.
O. Wilm. There is no fear of that.
Agn. Then we'll live both.
O. Wilm. Strange folly! where's the means!
Agn. The means are there; those jewels——
O. Wilm. Ha!——Take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed——
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some conditions may be brought t' approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flatt'ring opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
Agn. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.
O. Wilm. Th' inhospitable murder of our guest!—
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?
Agn. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life, than end our own.
O. Wilm. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss——And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
——O! what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd
To plead the cause of vile assassination!
Agn. You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
O. Wilm. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,

I am betrayed within: my will's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Does it to be o'ercome.
Agn. Then nought remains,
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.
We must despatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.
O. Wilm. True; his strength
Single is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Gen'rous, unhappy man! O what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish?
Agn. By what means?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
O. Wilm. Why, what a fiend!——
How cruel, how remorseless and impatient
Have pride and poverty made thee!
Agn. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest intreaties, agonies and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote, inhospitable land——
The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnat'ral father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man,
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou'st made me.
O. Wilm. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffer'd much: so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy pur-
The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim, [pose.
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash,
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms
Against himself. Which shall I use?
Agn. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.
O. Wilm. No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt——steal to the door,
And bring me word; if he be still asleep.
[*Exit* AGNES.
Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are with'ring in their bloom——But, thought extinguish'd,
He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment——Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: To die well pleased,
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch, is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done——Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He's to be envied, if compared with me.

THOMAS TICKELL.

[Born, 1686. Died, 1740.]

THOMAS TICKELL, the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, was born at Bridekirk, in Cumberland, studied at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship, which he vacated by marrying about his fortieth year. Though he sung the praises of peace when the Tories were negotiating with France, he seems, from the rest of his writings, and his close connexion with Addison, to have deserved the epithet of Whiggissimus, which Swift bestowed on him. His friendship with Addison lasted for life; he accompanied him to Ireland in the suite of Lord Sunderland, became his secretary when Addison was made Secretary of State, was left the charge of publishing his works, and prefixed to them his excellent elegy. He was afterward secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, a place which he held till his death.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.*

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, O judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?

[* This Elegy by Mr. Tickell is one of the finest in our language. There is so little new that can be said upon the death of a friend, after the complaints of Ovid and the Latin Italians in this way, that one is surprised to see so much novelty in this to strike us, and so much interest to affect.—GOLDSMITH. Of this Elegy, which is indirectly preferred by Johnson to the Lycidas of Milton, Steele has said with uncharitable truth, that it is only "prose in rhyme."]

How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid:
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue;
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or raised some serious song:
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge,) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds,)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:

Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask'd cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke; she died; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.*

JAMES HAMMOND.

[Born, 1710. Died, 1742.†]

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:
While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply bless'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

[* Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way.—Goldsmith.

I always thought Tickell's ballad the prettiest in the world.—Gray *to Walpole.*]

[† The best criticism on Hammond has been anticipated by Cowley, that "he served up the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated and new set-forth."

"Sure Hammond has no right," says Shenstone, "to the least inventive merit. I do not think that there is a single thought in his Elegies of any eminence, that is not literally translated. I am astonished he could content himself with being so little an original." "I question," he adds in another place, "whether they had taken without the interest of his genteel acquaintance, or indeed if the author had not died precedently." What has been said of Kirke White, that consumption and Southey have been the salvation of his verse, is more true when said of Hammond, of disease and Lord Chesterfield.]

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

* * * *

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her, a goatherd, climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep!

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others' loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part;

Let them extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state;
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

JOHN OLDMIXON.

[Born, 1673. Died, 1742.]

Ridiculed in the Tatler under the name of Omikron, the unborn poet, and one of the heroes of the Dunciad, who mounts the side of a lighter in order to plunge with more effect. His party virulence was rewarded with the place of collector of the customs at the port of Bridgewater.

SONG.

FROM HIS POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF ANACREON.

I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she's kind,

Love, descending from his state,
On my festivals shall wait;
Love among my slaves shall shine,
And attend to fill me wine.

Swift as chariot wheels we fly,
To the minute we must die;
Then we moulder in an urn,
Then we shall to dust return.

Then in vain you'll 'noint my tomb
With your oils and your perfume;
Rather let them now be mine,
Roses round my temples twine.

You who love me now I live,
Give me what you have to give;
Let Elysium be my care,
When the gods shall send me there.

ON HIMSELF.

FROM ANACREON.

Underneath a myrtle shade,
On a bank of roses laid,
Let me drink, and let me play,
Let me revel all the day.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

[Born, 1692. Died, 1742.]

WILLIAM SOMERVILE was born at Edston, in Warwickshire, of an ancient and illustrious family. He possessed an estate of £1500 a year,* was amiable and hospitable, and united elegant and refined pursuits with the active amusements which he has celebrated in his poem of the Chase; but from deficiency in economy and temperance was driven, according to Shenstone's account, to drink himself into pains of body in order to get rid of those of the mind.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

A TALE.

"FOR shame," said Ebony, "for shame!
Tom Ruby, troth, you're much to blame,
To drink at this confounded rate,
To guzzle thus, early and late."
Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surprised and thunder-struck, would fain
Make his escape, but, oh! in vain
Each blush that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,
To palliate the foul offence.
"I own (said he) I'm very bad—
A sot—incorrigibly mad—
But, sir—I thank you for your love,
And by your lectures would improve:
Yet, give me leave to say, the street
For conference is not so meet.
Here, in this room—nay, sir, come in—
Expose, chastise me for my sin;
Exert each trope, your utmost art,
To touch this senseless, flinty heart.
I'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,
But yet I know my frailty too;
A slight rebuke will never do,
Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
Let not my soul be cast away."
Wise Ebony, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he could
These first appearances of grace,
Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.
The bottle and the crust appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.
"My duty, sir!"—"Thank you, kind Tom."—
"Again, an't please you."—"Thank you: Come."
"Sorrow is dry—I must once more—"
"Nay, Tom, I told you at the door
I would not drink—what! before dinner?
Not one glass more, as I'm a sinner—
Come, to the point in hand; is't fit
A man of your good sense and wit
Those parts which Heaven bestow'd should drown,
A butt to all the sots in town?
Why, tell me, Tom—what fort can stand
(Though regular, and bravely mann'd)
If night and day the fierce foe plies
With never-ceasing batteries;
Will there not be a breach at last?"—
"Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what's past."
"But if nor interest, nor fame,
Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
Of an hereafter? dear are bought
These sensual pleasures."—"I relent,
Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
Which as his hurried spirits sunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony stuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
Till intervening hiccups broke
The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home;
That preaching still, this still repenting,
Both equally to drink consenting,

[* Somervile's estate was part in Warwickshire and part in Gloucestershire. He must have been born before 1692, if there is any truth in the assertions of song, for among his works is an epistle to Aikman the painter, "*on his painting a full-length portrait of the author in the decline of life, carrying him back, by the assistance of another portrait, to his youthful days,*" wherein he says that he is then passed his zenith, and

> All the poor comfort that I now can share,
> Is the soft blessing of an elbow-chair—

which if his biographers tell the truth must have been said of himself when thirty-eight, for Aikman was dead early in 1731. Shenstone, moreover, imputes his foibles to age: the foibles of fifty are not the foibles of age. "The Chase," the monument to his name, was first published in the May of 1735. His portrait is at Lord Somerville's, and engraved before the Memoirs of the Somerville's—a very extraordinary performance; a portion of the debt due by the public to Sir Walter Scott. He was, we are told by Lady Luxborough, "of a very fair complexion," and he describes himself in one of his rhyming effusions to Ramsay, as

> A squire well-born and six foot high.

"Whatever," says Shenstone, "the *world* might esteem in poor Somerville, I really find upon critical inquiry, that I loved him for nothing so much as his flocci-nauci-nihili-pili-fication of money." A happiness of expression used more than once by its author.]

Till both, brimful, could swill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.

Bacchus, the jolly god, who sate
Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,
Close by the window side, from whence
He heard this weighty conference;
Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:
"Frail mortals, know, reason in vain
Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
See there the sophister o'erthrown,
With stronger arguments knock'd down
Than e'er in wrangling schools were known!
The wine that sparkles in this glass
Smoothes every brow, gilds every face:
As vapours when the sun appears,
Far hence anxieties and fears:
Grave ermine smiles, lawn sleeves grow gay,
Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
And cardinals and popes obey:
Even Cato drank his glass, 'twas I
Taught the brave patriot how to die
For injured Rome and liberty;
'Twas I who with immortal lays
Inspired the bard that sung his praise.
Let dull unsociable fools
Loll in their cells, and live by rules;
My votaries, in gay delight
And mirth, shall revel all the night;
Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
And make each moment worth an age."

RICHARD WEST.

[Born, 1716. Died, 1742.

Richard West, the lamented friend of Gray, who died in his twenty-sixth year.

AD AMICOS.*

Yes, happy youths, on Camus's sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleased along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines gave back the image of my heart)
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their hearts with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern Power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart:
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed,
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head;

* An imitation of Elegy V. 3d book of Tibullus.—This poem was written by this interesting youth at the age of twenty. [West's poems are very few in number, and those few are chiefly exercises in Latin. There is a fine vein of tender feeling throughout this poem, and though the thoughts are from Tibullus and Pope, yet they are borrowed in no common way; with that kind of liberality which gives a return for what it steals. We may add here what is not at all generally known, that Tom Hearne's Reply to Time is one of young West's felicitous effusions.]

Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine! Does life deserve my sigh;
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not: though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Loved in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere.

JAMES EYRE WEEKES.

FROM POEMS PRINTED AT CORK, 1743.

THE FIVE TRAITORS.

A SONG.

THERE's not a sense but still betrays,
Like bosom-snakes, their master;
Where'er my various fancy strays,
It still brings some disaster;
For all my different senses move
To the same centre—fatal love!

My rebel eyes betray my heart,
And ruin me by gazing,
Like burning glasses flames impart,
And set me all a blazing:
These treachrous twins, which should protect,
Like fatal stars my peace have wreck'd.

My simple ears my soul betray,
By listening to the syren;
They who should guard th' important way,
With sounds my heart environ;
Bribed, they admit such potent foes
As rob me of my sweet repose.

My smell, too, plays a traitor's part,
Her fragrant breath admitting;
Her perfumed sighs sharp stings impart,
My simple soul outwitting:
Poor I am led thus by the nose,
And find the nettle in the rose.

My taste the dangerous nectar sips,—
Such nectar gods ne'er tasted;
And sucks ambrosia from her lips;
With ruin thus I'm feasted;
My palate, which should be my cook,
Destroys me with the poison'd hook.

My touch—oh, there contagion lies!
Whene'er I touch I tremble;
Through all my frame the enchantment flies,
An aspen I resemble;
My lips deluding me with bliss,
Betray their master with a kiss.

Whate'er I see, or hear, or smell,
Or taste, or touch, delighted,
By all together, like a spell,
Am I to love invited:
And other things their ruin shun,
But I am by myself undone.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

[Born, 1696-7. Died, 1743.]

Son of the unnatural Anne Countess of Macclesfield, by Earl Rivers, was born in 1696–7, and died in a jail at Bristol, 1743.

THE BASTARD.*

INSCRIBED, WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE, TO MRS. BRETT, ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

In gayer hours,† when high my fancy ran,
The Muse exulting, thus her lay began.
"Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stamp'd in nature's mint of ecstacy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face:
His daring hope no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
"Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul;
Loosed to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescribed no duty, and assign'd no name,
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
"O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due;
You unenslaved to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharged my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
"What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confined,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat by chance my own.
"Far nobler blessings wait the bastard's lot;
Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day."
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspired,
I sung: gay fluttering hope my fancy fired:
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
Rashly deceived, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what painted cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now exposed, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why didst thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not;
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall,
Yet thou repeat'st and multiply'st them all.
Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purposed malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance vails his rage, but swells his fate;
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way?

[* Almost all things written from the heart, as this certainly was, have some merit. The poet here describes sorrows and misfortunes which were by no means imaginary; and thus there runs a truth of thinking through this poem, without which it would be of little value, as Savage is, in other respects, but an indifferent poet.—GOLDSMITH.]

[† The reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.—SAVAGE.]

He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved,
He might have saved some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
Oh fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain,
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not time to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before;
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic mother of a kneeling state!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[Born, 1688. Died, 1744.]

The faults of Pope's private character have been industriously exposed by his latest editor and biographer,* a gentleman whose talents and virtuous indignation were worthy of a better employment. In the moral portrait of Pope which he has drawn, all the agreeable traits of tender and faithful attachment in his nature have been thrown into the shade, while his deformities are brought out in the strongest, and sometimes exaggerated colours.

The story of his publishing a character of the Duchess of Marlborough, after having received a bribe to suppress it, rests on the sole authority of Horace Walpole: but Dr. J. Warton, in relating it, adds a circumstance which contradicts the statement itself. The duchess's imputed character appeared in 1746, two years after Pope's death; Pope, therefore, could not have himself published it; and it is exceedingly improbable that the bribe ever existed.† Pope was a steady and fond friend. We shall be told, perhaps, of his treachery to Bolingbroke, in publishing the Patriot King. An explanation of this business was given by the late Earl of Marchmont to a gentleman still living, (1820,) the Honourable. George Rose, which is worth attending to. The Earl of Marchmont's account of it, first published by Mr. A. Chalmers, in the Biographical Dictionary, is the following.

"The essay on the Patriot King was undertaken at the pressing instance of Lord Cornbury, very warmly supported by the earnest entreaties of Lord Marchmont, with which Lord Bolingbroke at length complied. When it was written it was shown to the two lords and one other confidential friend, who were so much pleased with it that they did not cease their importunities to have it published, till his lordship, after much hesitation, consented to print it, with a positive determination, however, against a publication at that time; assigning as his reason, that the work was not finished in such a way as he wished it to be before it went into the world. Conformably to that determination some copies of the essay were printed, which were distributed to Lord Cornbury, Lord Marchmont, Sir W. Wyndham, Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Pope, and Lord Chesterfield. Mr. Pope put his copy into the hands of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, stating to him the injunction of Lord Bolingbroke; but that gentleman was so captivated with it as to press Mr. Pope to allow him to print a small impression at his own expense, using such caution as should effectually prevent a single copy getting into the possession of any one till the consent of the author should be obtained. Under a solemn engagement to that effect, Mr. Pope very reluctantly consented: the edition was then printed, packed up, and deposited in a separate warehouse, of which Mr. Pope had the key. On the circumstance being made known to Lord Bolingbroke, who was then a guest in his own house at Battersea with Lord Marchmont, to whom he had lent it for two or three years, his lordship was in great indignation, to appease which, Lord Marchmont sent Mr. Grevenkop, (a German gentleman who had travelled with him, and was afterward in the household of Lord Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant of Ireland,) to bring out the whole edition, of which a bonfire was instantly made on the terrace of Battersea."

[* The Rev. W. L. Bowles: but Mr. William Roscoe is his latest editor and biographer.]

[† That the bribe was paid, and the character in print, the publication of the Marchmont Papers since this was written has proved beyond all question.]

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!*
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly:
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.†

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl,‡ Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage!
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whisper said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Of virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below;
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead.
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive,
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shape they please,
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friends, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,

[* See Flatman's verses, ante p. 351.]

[† This seems to be Mr. Pope's most finished production, and is, perhaps, the most perfect in our language. It exhibits stronger powers of imagination, more harmony of numbers, and a greater knowledge of the world, than any other of this poet's works; and it is probable, if our countrymen were called upon to show a specimen of their genius to foreigners, this would be the work fixed upon.—GOLDSMITH.]

[‡ Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II.; and author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a Comedy, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*. He first suggested the subject of this poem to the author.]

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your Grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
Beware of all, but most beware of man!
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' etherial plain,
The sun rises first o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous Baron* the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay;
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

[* Lord Petre.]

He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shroud aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed:
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your grief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brilliante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine,

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Fall's undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Clubs' black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;

Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach-and-six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial powers of Troy:
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel!

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power:—Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs.
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.

[* A book full of court and party scandal, written by Mrs. Manley.]

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! replied)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I then your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honour shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised: and thus she said:
For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am I not the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye!
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam!
Oh, had I staid, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat Mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what even thy rapine spares:
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angel's call'd and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux!
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing to use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose!
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul,

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack; [crack:
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And brass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"*—was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair.
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears, each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall, (he cried,) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock, she cries, and all around,
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens with- [drew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view:)
A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake,
This Partridge† soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

[* From a song in the once favourite opera of Camilla, with which Vanbrugh opened his new house in the Haymarket.]

[† The famous Almanack-maker, the Lily, Gadbury, and Murphy of his day.]

JONATHAN SWIFT.*

[Born, 1667. Died, 1744.]

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.†

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1706.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What art?
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain: for a superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:

[* Mr. Campbell's silence upon Swift is less to be regretted, as we seem now, with the narratives of Lord Orrery, Sheridan, Delany, Mr. Swift, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Mitford, Sir Walter Scott, and the collected circumstances of Monck Mason and Dr. Barret, to know enough of Cadenus or the Dean, who gains on our dislike rather than our esteem by additional acquaintance. The life of this hateful fellow was one continuous growl of discontent. His loves, if loves they were, a series of shuffles, to be accounted for alone by a charitable supposition, that the malady which overthrew his intellect, touched his heart, before he became "The driveller and the show," of Johnson's verses; "The solitary idiot" of Byron's Letters.

"His Muse," says Smollet, "was mere misanthropy," he might have added,—and nastiness. He is as obscene and outspoken as Lord Rochester, and writes rather in the style of the stews than the pulpit. "Almost all his works," says Jeffrey, "are libels, generally upon individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature." No one's writings need castration more. This done, and the clergyman and his beastliness forgotten, how indignant and admirable is his satire, how pleasant and pointed his humour! He lived to verify the prediction of Dryden, and was not a poet but a wit: a word which in this signification merits revival.

For some sensible remarks on Swift see Lord Mahon's *Hist. of Eng.* vol. i. p. 68.]

[† This poem is very fine.—GOLDSMITH.

At Addison's suggestion, in the short poem of Baucis and Philemon, Swift struck out forty verses, added forty verses, and altered the same number.—*Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift*, p. 430.]

The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
He smoked his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors:—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout! quoth the man: what's this you tell us!
I hope you don't believe me jealous;
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really, yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till once a Parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbled, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

—•—

ON POETRY.*

A RHAPSODY. 1708.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's Universal Passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;

[* Here follows one of the best versified poems in our language, and the most masterly production of its author. The severity with which Walpole is here treated, was in consequence of that minister's having refused to provide for Swift in England, when applied to for that purpose, in the year 1725, if I remember right. The severity of a poet, however, gave Walpole very little uneasiness. A man whose schemes, like this minister's, seldom extended beyond the exigency of the year, but little regarded the contempt of posterity.—GOLDSMITH.]

While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot:
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter.
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,

And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologues sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learn'd commentators view
In Homer, more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:

You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
And A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar or bench;
A duchess, or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marsh
To moorland of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's* defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in The Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom:
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop:
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case,)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu;
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)†
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous;*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.

[* Sir Robert Walpole, who employed the scurrility, not the genius of his age, to defend his administration, and patronized, not the poets, but the rhymers, the Mitchells and Oldmixons of his times.]

[† This is one of Swift's many flings at Dryden, that thread and disgrace his writings.]

Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur;
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,*
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
Tigellius, placed in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.†
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When Death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the Hollow Tree.‡

[* The ancient name of London.]

[† Young disgraced his talents, and lowered his reputation, by the mean flattery with which he stuffed his dedications to great men; and Swift, with his usual acuteness, has touched this foible of his character:

And Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

J. W. Croker, *Suffolk Papers*, vol. i. p. 285.]

[‡ Lord Grimston was the author of this celebrated performance, of which he was afterward so much ashamed as to buy up all the copies. The malignity of the Duchess of Marlborough disconcerted his purpose, by reprinting it.—Sir Walter Scott.]

But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees,
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance, when you rashly think
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The Laureate* leaves him far behind.
Concanen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
Oh, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood:
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the *minister of state*,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court;
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing;
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of your peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be laced so strait?
I'll give my monarch better weight,
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

[* Colley Cibber—originally "That Fielding," &c.; meaning the novelist.]

JAMES BRAMSTON.

[Died, 1744.]

I HAVE applied to many individuals for information respecting the personal history of this writer, but have not been able to obtain it, even from the quarters where it was most likely to be found. He was born, probably, about the year 1700; was of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of A. M.; and was finally vicar of Starting, in Sussex. Besides The Man of Taste, he wrote a political satire, entitled The Art of Politics, and The Crooked Sixpence, in imitation of Philips's Splendid Shilling.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

WHOE'ER he be that to a taste aspires,
Let him read this and be what he desires.
In men and manners versed, from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.
But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its taste applaud.
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût;
Books or the world, the many or the few.
True taste to me is by this touchstone known,
That's always best that's nearest to my own.
To show that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold;
He a dramatic poet, she a scold.
Her tragic Muse could countesses affright,
His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
I squalled in distichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waste,
Happy in an hereditary taste.
Writing ne'er cramped the sinews of my thumb,
Nor barbarous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech:
Since these declined, those undeclined they call,
I thank my stars that I declined them all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
I trust to mother wit and father sense.
Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor; I was a poet born.
Yet is my goût for criticism such,
I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.
Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-critics are as good again.
Though Blackmore's works my soul with rapture fill,
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.
The Boghouse-Miscellany's well designed
To ease the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court;
Thomson, write blank! but know that for that reason
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.
Had Cibber's self The Careless Husband wrote,
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote;
But for his epilogues and other plays,
He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.
It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for play-house prose;
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat.
Long live old Curll! he ne'er to publish fears
The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.
How oft has he a public spirit shown,
And pleased our ears regardless of his own?
But to give merit due, though Curll's the fame,
Are not his brother booksellers the same?
Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
While that sells best that's most against the law?
Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,
And sessions-papers tragedize my style.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,*
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with just propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By prebends buried, and by generals kept.
T'improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As Pasaran directs, I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.

[* Mrs. Oldfield the actress. The sting of severity is in its truth, and here satire is in its strength.]

Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.
But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial smattering at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints, [prints.
Knows more than Budgell writes, or Roberts
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From Hyde-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones! [Jones,
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?
I reckon Covent-Garden church a barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul?
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanbrugh's structures that my fancy strike:
Such noble ruins every pile would make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcomed home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James's hospital may serve for kings.
Buildings so happily I understand,
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.
From out my honest workmen I'll select
A bricklayer, and proclaim him architect;
First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;
Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent;
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my villa too, a sweet abode,
Its situation shall be London road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like cit's balconies,
Which Bentley calls the gardens of Adonis.
I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vie
With all the angles of a Christmas-pie.
Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink, and what is low to raise?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,
And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
Expense and alteration shows a taste.
In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price.
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But choose my pictures by a skilful friend,
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.
My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesley Shovel's is my favourite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city-magistrate in wood!
I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view, through London as I pass,
Some broad Sir Baalam in Corinthian brass:
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman what a king's denied.
Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true;
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have em too,
But among friends, if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.
Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,
To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars show,
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
A copper Otho, or a Scotch bawbee.
Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere;
Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.
Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,
I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
And Scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.
Let Sensino sing what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Esther came,
And oratario was a lucky name.
Thou, Heidegger! the English taste hast found,
And rulest the mob of quality with sound.
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call 'em ridottos, and they still go down.
Go on, prince Phiz! to please the British nation,
Call thy next masquerade a convocation.
Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philosophical Transactions read.
Next lodge I'll be Free-mason, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.
I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of every useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleased with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies;
Dishes I choose, though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.
Pigs' heads, with hair on, much my fancy please;
I love young cauliflow'rs if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling servants to my table come,
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.
Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,
And of lost hospitality complain.
Say, thou that dost thy father's table praise,
Was there mahogany in former days?
Oh, could a British barony be sold!
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try if any pleasure could be found
In tossing up for twenty thousand pound:

Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone;
My debts of honour I'd discharge the first;
Let all my lawful creditors be cursed:
My title would preserve me from arrest,
And seizing hired horses is a jest.
I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman Dick;
A footman I would be in outward show,
In sense and education truly so.
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear
At once a periwig and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dress and talk of dressing more than they.
I'll please the maids of honour if I can;
Without black velvet breeches, what is man?
I will my skill in button-holes display,
And brag how oft I shift me every day.
Shall I wear clothes in awkward England made?
And sweat in cloth to help the woollen trade?
In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace,
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.
I would convince the world by tawdry clothes,
That belles are less effeminate than beaux,
And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.
To boon companions I my time would give;
With players, pimps, and parasites, I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough-riders give my choicest wine;
I would caress some stableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My evenings all I would with sharpers spend,
And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend;
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night.
Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill.
I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead;
But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
I'd turn off Misaubin and take a nurse.
How oft when eminent physicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail! [years,
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with
Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.
Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And choose a female doctor for the gout.
Thus would I live, with no dull pedants cursed;
Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
Back to your universities, ye fools!
And dangle arguments on strings in schools:
Those schools which universities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all.
With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supplied by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compared to Haymarket and Covent-garden;
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,
Turn players all, and take your 'squire's degrees.
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd seats! the theatres have more:
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges, be dumb;
A single eunuch gets a larger sum.
Have some of you three hundred by the year?
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.
Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join
A year's rack-rent and arbitrary fine,
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.
I am a politician too, and hate,
Of any party, ministers of state:
I'm for an act, that he, who sev'n whole years
Has served his king and country, lose his ears.
Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of taste to human kind.
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books and buildings, politics and dress.
This is true taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

WILLIAM MESTON.

[Born, 1688. Died, 1745.]

William Meston was born in the parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire. He received a liberal education at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and was for some time one of the teachers in the High School of that city. He removed from that situation to be preceptor to the young Earl of Marshal, and to his brother, who was afterward the celebrated Marshal Keith, and by the interest of the family was appointed professor of philosophy in the Marischal College. On the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715, he followed the fortunes of his misguided patrons, who made him governor of Dunotter Castle. After the battle of Sherriff-Muir, till the act of indemnity was passed, he lurked with a few fugitive associates, for whose amusement he wrote several of the burlesque poems to which he gave the title of Mother Grim's Tales. Not being restored to his professorship, he lived for some time on the hospitality of the Countess of Marshal, and after her death established an academy successively at Elgin, Turiff, Montrose, and Perth, in all of which places he failed, apparently from habits of careless expense and conviviality. The Countess of Elgin supported him during the decline of his latter days, till he removed to Aberdeen, where he died of a languishing distemper. He is said to have been a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation, and of considerable attainments in classical and mathematical knowledge.

THE COBBLER. AN IRISH TALE.

FROM MOTHER GRIM'S TALES.

Sages and moralists can show
Many misfortunes here below;
A truth which no one ever miss'd,
Though neither sage nor moralist.
Yet all the troubles notwithstanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen,
Tortured with vapours and with spleen,
Transform'd, at least in their own eyes,
To China, glass, or mutton pies;
Others will to themselves appear
Stone dead as Will the Conqueror.

* * * *

There lived a gentleman, possess'd
Of all that mortals reckon best;
A seat well chosen, wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospect fair;
His land from debt and jointure free,
His money never in South Sea;
His health of body firm and good,
Though past the hey-day of his blood;
His consort fair, and good, and kind,
His children rising to his mind;
His friends ingenuous and sincere,
His honour, nay, his conscience, clear:
He wanted naught of human bliss
But power to taste his happiness.
Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry Cobbler had a stall;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red and jerkin blue;
Cheerful at working as at play,
He sung and whistled life away.
When rising morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark on high;
When evening shades the landscape veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Though pence came slow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still;
Though patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd and cast away old care.
The rich man view'd with discontent
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment;
With envy grudged, and pined to see
A beggar pleasanter than he;
And by degrees to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man,
Who haunted him like any sprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.
It chanced as once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the Cobbler at his sport,
And on a sudden to cut short.
Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of morning smoke,
The squire suspected, being shrewd,
This silence boded him no good;
And 'cause he nothing saw or heard,
A Machiavelian plot he fear'd.
Straight circumstances crowded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous brain;
Trembling, in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and staring eyes;
And straining, lustful, both his ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the stairs;
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue;
Who, with a running jump, he thought,
Leapt plumb directly down his throat,
Laden with tackle of his stall,
Last, ends and hammer, strap and awl.
No sooner down, than, with a jerk,
He fell to music and to work.
If much he grieved our Don before,
When but o' th' outside of the door,
How sorely must he now molest,
When got the inside of his breast!
The waking dreamer groans and swells,
And pangs imaginary feels:
Catches and scraps of tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his ears;
Ill-savour'd smells his nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese:
He feels him when he draws his breath,
Or tugs the leather with his teeth,
Or beats the sole, or else extends
His arm to the utmost of his ends;
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The ribs of any mortal side.
Is there no method, then, to fly
This vile intestine enemy!
What can be done in this condition,
But sending instant for physician!
The doctor, having heard the case,
Burst into laughter in his face,
Told him he need no more than rise,
Open his windows and his eyes,
Whistling and stitching, there to see
The Cobbler as he used to be.
"Sir," quoth the patient, "your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses.
How should I rise! the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot.
Though seeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth you know.
I feel him in my sides, I tell ye;
Had you a Cobbler in your belly,
You scarce could stir as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh! I tell you, sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir.
Thou quack, that never hadst degree
In either University;
Thou mere licentiate without knowledge,
The shame and scandal of the college;
I'll call my servants if you stay;
So, doctor, scamper while you may!"
One thus despatch'd, a second came,
Of equal or of greater fame,
Who swore him mad as a March hare;
For doctors, when provoked, will swear,
To drive such whimsies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window straight;

But jilting fortune can devise
To baffle and outwit the wise.
The Cobbler, ere exposed to view,
Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
To sit in fresco in his shirt.
"Oh," quoth the patient, with a sigh,
"You know him not so well as I.
The man that down my throat is run,
Has got a true blue jerkin on."
In vain the doctor raved and tore,
Argued and fretted, stamp'd and swore;
Told him he might believe as well,
The giant of Pantagruel
Did oft, to break his fast, and sup,
For potch'd eggs swallow windmills up;
Or that the Holland dame could bear
A child for every day o' th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and sly,
Mistook for truth each rapping lie,
And drew conclusions such as these,
Resistless from the premises.
"I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a stall:
And since the lady brought alive,
Children three hundred sixty-five,
Why should you think there is not room
For one poor Cobbler in my womb?"
Thus, every thing his friends could say,
The more confirmed him in his way;
Further convinced by what they tell,
'Twas certain, though impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
Was grown, and almost desperate;
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old physician, sly and shrewd,
With management of face endued,
Heard all his tale, and ask'd, with care,
How long the Cobbler had been there;
Noted distinctly what he said,
Lift up his eyes and shook his head;
And, grave, accosts him in this fashion,
After mature deliberation,
With serious and important face:
"Sir, yours is an uncommon case;
Though I've read Galen's Latin o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like disease
In stories of Hippocrates."
Then, after a convenient stay,
"Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
My life for yours, I'll set you free
From this same two-legg'd tympany.
* * * Your throat, you know, is wide,
And scarcely closed since it was tried.
The same way he got in, 'tis plain,
There's room to fetch him back again.
I'll bring the forked worm away
Without a dysenteria.
Emetics strong will do the feat,
If taken *quantum sufficit*.
I'll see myself the proper dose,
And go hypnotics to compose."

The wretch, though languishing and weak,
Revived already by the Greek,
Cries, "What so learn'd a man as you
Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do."
The vomit speedily was got,
The Cobbler sent for to the spot,
And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But first the operator wise
Over his eyes a bandage ties,
For vomits always strain the eyes.
"Courage! I'll make you disembogue,
Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
I'll drench the rascal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there."
Warm water down he makes him pour,
Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more;
Which, doubly swoln, as you may think,
Both with the Cobbler and the drink,
What they received against the grain,
Soon paid with interest back again.
"Here comes his tools: he can't be long
Without his hammer and his thong."
The Cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carried on the joke;
As he heard named each single matter,
He chuck'd it souse into the water;
And then, not to be seen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The sick man now takes breath awhile,
Strength to recruit for further toil:
Unblinded, he, with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there espies;
Fully convinced with his mind,
The Cobbler would not stay behind,
Who to the alehouse still would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do;
Nor could he like his present place,
He ne'er loved water in his days.
At length he takes a second bout,
Enough to turn him inside out:
With vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's brains.
"Ah! here the Cobbler comes, I swear!"
And truth it was, for he was there;
And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd, with his foot, the vomit down.
The patient, now grown wondrous light,
Whipt off the napkin from his sight;
Briskly lift up his head, and knew
The breeches and the jerkin's hue;
And smiled to hear him grumbling say,
As down the stairs he ran away,
He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more:
No, while he lived, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.
Our patient thus (his inmate gone)
Cured of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful, his gratitude expresses,
With thousand thanks and hundred pieces;
And thus, with much of pains and cost,
Regain'd the health—he never lost.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.*

[Born, 1659. Died, 1746.]

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF THE "FATAL MARRIAGE."

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Isabella meeting with Biron after her marriage with Villeroy.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. MADAM, the gentleman's below. [him.
Isabella. I had forgot; pray let me speak with
[*Exit* Nurse.
This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so, he's dead, and this ring left
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again.
[BIRON *introduced*—Nurse *retires.*
That's all I have to trust to—
My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all:
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
Biron. Have you forgot me quite?
Isa. Forgot you! [fortunes,
Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my mis-
My Isabella!
[*He goes to her; she shrieks, and falls into a swoon.*
Isa. Ha!
Bir. Oh, come again!
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Once I had charms to wake thee:
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Isa. My husband! Biron!
Bir. Excess of love, and joy for my return
Has overpower'd her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared:
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstasy has made my welcome more
Than words could say: words may be counterfeit,
False-coin'd, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep
him from me?
I know his voice; my life upon the wing,
Here's the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man!
My true-loved husband! Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again? Can I believe it?
Nothing but you could work so great a change:
There's more than life itself in dying here;
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms!
Isa. But pardon me—
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul:
The joy, the strange surprising joy, of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me——
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again! Oh, satisfy
The impatience of my heart! I long to know
The story of your sufferings. You would think
Your pleasures sufferings, so long removed
From Isabella's love. But tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure, all. [of Candy—
Isa. We thought you dead; kill'd at the siege
Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave:
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee, too——
Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented, but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou couldst not help me! [done;
Isa. You do not know how much I could have
At least, I'm sure I could have suffer'd all:
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants——
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now too late I find.
[*Aside.*
Bir. No more, my love. Complaining of the
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price [past,
Of all my pains that thus we meet again—
I have a thousand things to say to thee—
Isa. Would I were past the hearing! [*Aside.*
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father
I hear he's living still. [too?
Isa. Well both, both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none!
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,
Have mourn'd with me——
Bir. And all my days behind
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions,—Can't I see my boy?
Isa. He's gone to bed, I'll have him brought
to you!
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him: I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

[* In all debates where critics bear a part.
Not one but nods and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakspeare's nature and of Cowley's wit:
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But for the passions, Southerne sure and Rowe.—POPE.
Southerne and Rowe possessed these parts with Lee and Otway; they touched the passions and expressed them.]

Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?
Bir. Nothing but rest, my love! To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time:
To-morrow will do better.
Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you would have it. [*Exit.*
Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends.
And let me then forget her, if I can!
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father, and his fortune, for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons;
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this my heart-felt happiness!
[*Bursts into tears.*
What has she, in my absence, undergone!
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

ISABELLA *returns.*

Isa. I have obey'd your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.
Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love; I shall sleep sound.
Isa. Shall I attend you?
Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after—— [*Goes in.*
Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give, I have enjoy'd; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long line of woe.
Yet I may shorten it——
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband,
To follow him to bed——my husband! ha!
What then is Villeroy! But yesterday
That very bed received him for its lord,
Yet a warm witness of my broken vows.
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner,
I would have follow'd thee through beggary,
Through all the chances of this weary life;
Wander'd the many ways of wretchedness
With thee, to find an hospitable grave;
For that's the only bed that's left me now!
[*Weeping.*
——What's to be done?—for something must be done.
Two husbands! yet not one! By both enjoy'd,
And yet a wife to neither! Hold my brain——
This is to live in common! Very beasts,
That welcome all they meet, make just such wives.
My reputation! Oh, 'twas all was left me!
The virtuous pride of an uncensured life;
Which the dividing tongues of Biron's wrongs,
And Villeroy's resentments, tear asunder,
To gorge the throats of the blaspheming rabble.
This is the best of what can come to-morrow,
Besides old Baldwin's triumph in my ruin!
I cannot bear it——
Therefore no morrow: Ha: a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm—no matter what can come.
'Tis but a flow—yet I will see him first—
Have a last look to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.—

BIRON *meets her.*

Bir. Despair, and rest for ever, Isabella!
These words are far from thy condition,
And be they ever so! I heard thy voice,
And could not bear thy absence: come, my love!
You have staid long; there's nothing, nothing sure
Now to despair of in succeeding fate.
Isa. I am contented to be miserable,
But not this way: I have been too long abused,
And can believe no more.
Let me sleep on to be deceived no more.
Bir. Look up, my love! I never did deceive
Nor never can; believe thyself, thy eyes, [thee,
That first inflamed, and lit me to my love;
Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys—
Isa. And me to my undoing; I look round,
And find no path, but leading to the grave.
Bir. I cannot understand thee.
Isa. My good friends above,
I thank them, have at last found out a way
To make my fortune perfect; having you,
I need no more; my fate is finish'd here.
Bir. Both our ill fates, I hope.
Isa. Hope is a lying, fawning flatterer,
That shows the fair side only of our fortunes,
To cheat us easier into our fall;
A trusted friend, who only can betray you;
Never believe him more. If marriages
Are made in heaven, they should be happier:
Why was I made this wretch?
Bir. Has marriage made thee wretched?
Isa. Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.
Bir. Do I live to hear thee say so?
Isa. Why, what did I say?
Bir. That I have made thee miserable.
Isa. No: you are my only earthly happiness:
And my false tongue belied my honest heart,
If it said otherwise.
Bir. And yet you said,
Your marriage made you miserable.
Isa. I know not what I said:
I have said too much, unless I could speak all.
Bir. Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my heart,
Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd

In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it:
Now I perceive it plain——
Isa. You will tell nobody—— [*Distractedly.*
Bir. Thou art not well.
Isa. Indeed I am not; I knew that before;
But where's the remedy?
Bir. Rest will relieve thy cares: come, come,
I'll banish sorrow from thee. [no more;
Isa. Banish first the cause.
Bir. Heaven knows how willingly!
Isa. You are the only cause. [tunes!
Bir. Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfor-
Isa. The fatal, innocent cause of all my woes.
Bir. Is this my welcome home! this the reward
Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,
And pining wants of wretched slavery,
Which I have outlived, only in hopes of thee!
Am I thus paid at last for deathless love,
And call'd the cause of thy misfortunes now?
Isa. Inquire no more; 'twill be explain'd too soon. [*She is going off.*
Bir. What! canst thou leave me too?
[*He stays her.*
Isa. Pray let me go:
For both our sakes, permit me.
Bir. Rack me not with imaginations
Of things impossible——Thou canst not mean
What thou hast said——Yet something she must mean.—
'Twas madness all——Compose thyself, my love!
The fit is past; all may be well again:
Let us to bed.
Isa. To bed! You have raised the storm
Will sever us for ever. Oh, Biron!
While I have life, still I must call you mine.
I know I am, and always was, unworthy
To be the happy partner of your love;
And now must never, never share it more.
But oh! if ever I was dear to you,
As sometimes you have thought me, on my knees
(The last time I shall care to be believed,)
I beg you, beg to think me innocent,
Clear of all crimes, that thus can banish me
From this world's comforts, in my losing you.
Bir. Where will this end?
Isa. The rugged hand of fate has got between
Our meeting hearts, and thrusts them from their joys,
Since we must part——
Bir. Nothing shall ever part us.
Isa. Parting's the least that is set down for me:
Heaven has decreed, and we must suffer all.
Bir. I know thee innocent; I know myself so:
Indeed we both have been unfortunate;
But sure misfortunes ne'er were faults in love.
Isa. Oh! there's a fatal story to be told;
Be deaf to that, as Heaven has been to me!
And rot the tongue that shall reveal my shame:
When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been wrong'd,
How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,
Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,
And throw me like a poisonous weed away!
Can I bear that? bear to be curst and torn,
And thrown out of thy family and name,
Like a disease? Can I bear this from thee?
I never can: no, all things have their end.
When I am dead, forgive and pity me. [*Exit.*
Bir. Stay, my Isabella——
What can she mean? These doubtings will distract me:
Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light;
I cannot bear it——I must be satisfied——
'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.
She shall—if the sad tale at last must come.
She is my fate, and best can speak my doom.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Enter* BIRON. Nurse *following him.*

Bir. I know enough: the important question
Of life or death, fearful to be resolved,
Is clear'd to me: I see where it must end,
And need inquire no more—Pray let me have
Pen, ink and paper. I must write awhile,
And then I'll try to rest——to rest for ever!
[*Exit* Nurse.
Poor Isabella! now I know the cause,
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder
That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.
Oh, any curse but this might be removed!
But 'twas the rancorous malignity
Of all ill stars combined, of heaven and fate—
Hold, hold, my impious tongue—Alas! I rave:
Why do I tax the stars, or heaven, or fate?
They are all innocent of driving us
Into despair; they have not urged my doom;
My father and my brother are my fates
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear
My Isabella—Oh, my wife no more!
How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,
With a malicious silent joy, stood by,
And saw her give up all my happiness,
The treasure of her beauty to another;
Stood by, and saw her married to another.
Oh, cruel father! and unnatural brother!
Shall I not tell you that you have undone me!
I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,
And then to fall forgotten—Sleep or death
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains:
Either is welcome; but the hand of death
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.
[*Exit* BIRON.

* * * *

SCENE II.—*Draws, shows* BIRON *asleep on a couch.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Asleep so soon! Oh, happy, happy thou,
Who thus can sleep! I never shall sleep more—
If then to sleep be to be happy, he
Who sleeps the longest is the happiest:
Death is the longest sleep—Oh, have a care!
Mischief will thrive apace.—Never wake more.
[*To* BIRON.
If thou didst ever love thy Isabella,
To-morrow must be doomsday to thy peace.
The sight of him disarms even death itself.

The starting transport of new quickening life
Gives just such hopes: and pleasure grows again
With looking on him—Let me look my last—
But is a look enough for parting love!
Sure I may take a kiss—Where am I going!
Help, help me Villeroy! Mountains and seas
Divide your love, never to meet my shame!
[Throws herself upon the floor; after a short pause she raises herself upon her elbow.
What will this battle of the brain do with me!
This little ball, this ravaged province, long
Cannot maintain——The globe of earth wants room
And food for such a war—I find I am going—
Famine, plagues, and flames,
Wide waste and desolation, do your work
Upon the world, and then devour yourselves!
The scene shifts fast—[*She rises*]—and now 'tis better with me;
Conflicting passions have at last unhinged
The great machine! the soul itself seems changed!
Oh, 'tis a happy revolution here!
The reasoning faculties are all deposed;
Judgment, and understanding, common sense,
Driven out as traitors to the public peace.
Now I am revenged upon my memory!
Her seat dug up, where all the images
Of a long mis-spent life were rising still,
To glare a sad reflection of my crimes,
And stab a conscience through them! You are safe,
You monitors of mischief! What a change!
Better and better still! This is the infant state
Of innocence, before the birth of care.
My thoughts are smooth as the Elysian plains,
Without a rub: the drowsy falling streams
Invite me to their slumbers.
Would I were landed there——[*Sinks into a chair.*
What noise was that? A knocking at the gate!
It may be Villeroy——No matter who.

Bir. Come, Isabella, come.——

Isa. Hark! I am call'd!

Bir. You stay too long from me. [there?

Isa. A man's voice! in my bed! How came he
Nothing but villainy in this bad world! [*Rises.*
Coveting neighbours' goods, or neighbours' wives:
Here's physic for your fever.
[Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.
Breathing a vein is the old remedy.
If husbands go to heaven,
Where do they go that send them?—This to try——
[Just going to stab him, he rises; she knows him, and shrieks.
What do I see!

Bir. Isabella, arm'd!

Isa. Against my husband's life!
Who, but the wretch, most reprobate to grace,
Despair e'er harden'd for damnation,
Could think of such a deed—Murder my husband!

Bir. Thou didst not think it.

Isa. Madness has brought me to the gates of hell,
And there has left me. Oh, the frightful change
Of my distractions! Or is this interval
Of reason but to aggravate my woes,
To drive the horror back with greater force
Upon my soul, and fix me mad for ever?

Bir. Why dost thou fly me so?

Isa. I cannot bear his sight; Distraction, come,
Possess me all, and take me to thyself!
Shake off thy chains, and hasten to my aid;
Thou art my only cure——Like other friends,
He will not come to my necessities;
Then I must go to find the tyrant out—
Which is the nearest way? [*Running out.*

Bir. Poor Isabella! she's not in a condition
To give me any comfort, if she could:
Lost to herself——as quickly I shall be
To all the world——Horrors come fast around me;
My mind is overcast—the gathering clouds
Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,
And soon must leap the precipice! Oh, heaven!
While yet my senses are my own, thus kneeling,
Let me implore thy mercies on my wife:
Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,
O'erwhelm'd with miseries, sink before the tempest,
Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me!
[*Rises.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Sir, there is somebody at the door must needs speak with you; he will not tell his name.

Bir. I come to him. [*Exit* Nurse.
'Tis Belford, I suppose; he little knows
Of what has happen'd here; I wanted him,
Must employ his friendship, and then—— [*Exit.*

SONG.

IN SIR ANTHONY LOVE, OR THE RAMBLING LADY.

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
Still richer in variety
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
Inviting from our golden coast
The wand'ring rovers to our land:
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly play another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
In ignorance, our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery:
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

THOMAS WARTON.

[Born, 1687. Died, 1745.]

THOMAS WARTON, the elder, father of Joseph and Thomas Warton, was of Magdalen College, Oxford, vicar of Basingstoke and Cobham, and twice chosen Poetry Professor.

RETIREMENT. AN ODE.

ON beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning, on the bending stem,
Hangs the round and glittering gem,
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,
Of nature's various charms I sing:
Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu,
For what has joy to do with you?

Joy, rose-lipt dryad, loves to dwell
In sunny field or mossy cell;
Delights on echoing hills to hear
The reaper's song, or lowing steer;
Or view, with tenfold plenty spread,
The crowded corn-field, blooming mead;
While beauty, health, and innocence,
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

Not fresco'd roofs, not beds of state,
Not guards that round a monarch wait;
Not crowds of flatterers can scare,
From loftiest courts, intruding Care.
'Midst odours, splendours, banquets, wine,
While minstrels sound, while tapers shine,
In sable stole sad Care will come,
And darken the sad drawing-room.

Nymphs of the groves, in green array'd,
Conduct me to your thickest shade;
Deep in the bosom of the vale,
Where haunts the lonesome nightingale;
Where Contemplation, maid divine,
Leans against some aged pine,
Wrapt in solemn thought profound,
Her eyes fix'd steadfast on the ground.

Oh, virtue's nurse, retired queen,
By saints alone and hermits seen,
Beyond vain mortal wishes wise,
Teach me St. James's to despise;
For what are crowded courts, but schools
For fops, or hospitals for fools;
Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
Meet to adore some calf of gold?

VERSES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE.

FROM beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return, unenvious of the great:
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill;
Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale-lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

AN AMERICAN LOVE ODE.

FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

STAY, stay, thou lovely, fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake:
But let me oft thy charms review,
Thy glittering scales, and golden hue;
From thee a chaplet shall be wove,
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then ages hence, when thou no more
Shalt creep along the sunny shore,
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;
Thy red and azure mix'd with green,
In mimic folds thou shalt display:—
Stay, lovely, fearful adder, stay.

ROBERT BLAIR.

[Born, 1699. Died, 1746.]

ROBERT BLAIR was minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. His son, who died not many years ago, was a very high legal character in Scotland. The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of The Grave. It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque. The latest editor of the poets has, with singularly bad taste, noted some of this author's most nervous and expressive phrases as vulgarisms, among which he reckons that of friendship "the solder of society." Blair may be a homely and even a gloomy poet in the eye of fastidious criticism; but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dullness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty.*

[* Blair was a great favourite with Burns, who quotes from "The Grave," very frequently in his letters.
"Blair's Grave," says Southey, "is the only poem I can call to mind which has been composed in imitation of the Night Thoughts."—*Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 143.]

FROM "THE GRAVE."

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;—
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.——Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.——The Grave—dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.——Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.——The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon, (as fame reports,)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.——Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of Night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossipping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft, in the lone church-yard, at night I've seen
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows:
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

* * * *

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress——Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

* * * *

Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expunged,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared.——For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?

To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

* * * *

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

* * * *

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you
Tell us what 'tis to die? do the strict laws [not
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The sot has walked with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch, he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

* * * *

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds
Just ready to expire——scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind. [short!
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!——To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes! [joy'd
Thus fared it with our sire:—Not long h' en-
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.——And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.

* * * *

* * * Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs

To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more. [on,
Nor shall it hope in vain:——The time draws
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: And what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.——Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, 'at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

JAMES THOMSON.

[Born, 1700. Died, 1748.]

It is singular that a subject of such beautiful unity, divisibility, and progressive interest as the description of the year, should not have been appropriated by any poet before Thomson.* Mr. Twining, the translator of Aristotle's Poetics, attributes the absence of poetry devoted to pure rural and picturesque description among the ancients, to the absence or imperfections of the art of landscape painting. The Greeks, he observes, had no Thomsons because they had no Claudes. Undoubtedly they were not blind to the beauties of natural scenery; but their descriptions of rural objects are almost always what may be called sensual descriptions, exhibiting circumstances of corporeal delight, such as breezes to fan the body, springs to cool the feet, grass to repose the limbs, or fruits to regale the taste and smell, rather than objects of contemplative pleasure to the eye and imagination. From the time of Augustus, when, according to Pliny, landscape painting was first cultivated, picturesque images and descriptions of prospects seem to have become more common. But on the whole there is much more studied and detailed description in modern than in ancient poetry. There is besides in Thomson a pure theism, and a spirit of philanthropy, which, though not unknown to classic antiquity, was not familiar to its popular breast. The religion of the ancients was beautiful in fiction, but not in sentiment. It had revealed the most voluptuous and terrific agencies to poetry, but had not taught her to contemplate nature as one great image of Divine benignity, or her creatures as the objects of comprehensive human sympathy. Before popular poetry could assume this character, Christianity, philosophy, and freedom, must have civilized the human mind.

Habits of early admiration teach us all to look back upon this poet as the favourite companion of our solitary walks, and as the author who has first or chiefly reflected back to our minds a heightened and refined sensation of the delight which rural scenery affords us. The judgment of cooler years may somewhat abate our estimation of him, though it will still leave us the essential features of his poetical character to abide the test of reflection. The unvaried pomp of his diction suggests a most unfavourable comparison with the manly and idiomatic simplicity of Cowper; at the same time the pervading spirit and feeling of his poetry is in general more bland and delightful than that of his great rival in rural description. Thomson seems to contemplate the creation with an eye of unqualified pleasure and ecstasy, and to love its inhabitants with a lofty and hallowed

* Even Thomson's extension of his subject to the whole year seems to have been an after-thought, as he began with the last of the seasons. It is said† that he conceived the first design of his Winter, from a poem on the same subject by a Mr. Rickleton. Vide the *Censura Literaria*, vol. iii. where there is an amusing extract from the first and second edition of Thomson's Winter. I have seen an English poem, entitled The Seasons, which was published earlier (I think) than those of Thomson; but it is so insignificant that it may be doubted if Thomson ever heard of it.

[† He tells us so himself in one of his early letters. See Memoir of Thomson in Aldine Poets, p. xvii. The recovery of Rickleton's poem would be an addition to our poetry, for Thomson speaks of its many masterly strokes.]

feeling of religious happiness; Cowper has also his philanthropy, but it is dashed with religious terrors, and with themes of satire, regret, and reprehension. Cowper's image of nature is more curiously distinct and familiar. Thomson carries our associations through a wider circuit of speculation and sympathy. His touches cannot be more faithful than Cowper's, but they are more soft and select, and less disturbed by the intrusion of homely objects. Cowper was certainly much indebted to him; and though he elevates his style with more reserve and judgment than his predecessor, yet in his highest moments he seems to retain an imitative remembrance of him.* It is almost stale to remark the beauties of a poem so universally felt; the truth and genial interest with which he carries us through the life of the year; the harmony of succession which he gives to the casual phenomena of nature; his pleasing transition from native to foreign scenery; and the soul of exalted and unfeigned benevolence which accompanies his prospects of the creation. It is but equal justice to say, that amidst the feeling and fancy of the Seasons, we meet with interruptions of declamation, heavy narrative, and unhappy digression—with a parhelion eloquence that throws a counterfeit glow of expression on common-place ideas—as when he treats us to the solemnly ridiculous bathing of Musidora; or draws from the classics instead of nature; or, after invoking Inspiration from her hermit-seat, makes his dedicatory bow to a patronizing Countess, or Speaker of the House of Commons.† As long as he dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the druid; and perhaps to the general experience is rather imposing; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common costume of expression. Between the period of his composing the Seasons and the Castle of Indolence, he wrote several works, which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and maturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production. To the Castle of Indolence he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art, of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the Fairy Queen: and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.‡ There he redeemed the jejune ambition of his style, and retained all its wealth and luxury without the accompaniment of ostentation. Every stanza of that charming allegory, at least of the whole of the first part of it, gives out a group of images from which the mind is reluctant to part, and a flow of harmony which the ear wishes to hear repeated.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM, WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

CANTO I.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green

[* Thomson was admirable in description; but it always seemed to me that there was somewhat of affectation in his style, and that his numbers are sometimes not well harmonised. I could wish too, with Dr. Johnson, that he had confined himself to this country; for when he describes what he never saw, one is forced to read him with some allowances for possible misrepresentation. He was, however, a true poet, and his lasting fame has proved it.—COWPER, *Letter to Mrs. King*, June 10th, 1788.

Thomson was an honour to his country and to mankind, and a man to whose writings I am under very particular obligations: for if I have any true relish for the beauties of nature, I may say with truth, that it was from Virgil and from Thomson that I caught it.—BEATTIE *to R. Arbuthnot.*

The love of nature seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellowmen along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.—COLERIDGE.]

[† This is too true; but Thomson, we learn from Smollett, intended, had he lived, to have withdrawn the whole of these dedications—not from their poetic impropriety, however, but from the ingratitude of his patrons. To the Castle of Indolence, his latest, chastest, but not his best work, there is no dedication.]

[‡ He had slight obligations also to Alexander Barclay's Castle of Labour, and to a poem of Mitchell's on Indolence, which, with his own lazy way of life, gave occasion to this delightful allegorical poem, in which the manner he professed to imitate is perhaps the most perfect without servility ever made of any author. There is no imitation of Spenser to approach it in genius and in manner. Gilbert West has Spenser's style and his style only.]

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of 'noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, as they chaunced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove—
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

"Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the furthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds:
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down:
They who are pleased themselves must always please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweetn'd by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across th' enlighten'd skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease, as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust, the too fair spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state:
Though, feeble wretch, he seem'd of sallow hue:
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their varnish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep:
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew: [drew,
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleased and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made.
"Ye sons of Indolence do what you will;
And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another's stay'd;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area.
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd.
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses pluin,)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro; [show.
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering!
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my molted wing?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shall sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shall tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head; [bed.
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling

And everywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart;
Or, looking tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed,
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behooves no more,
But, sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined:
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, The Harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings, so fine!
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breathed in tender musings through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store:
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore:
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all:
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure etherial space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display.
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land;
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon her nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain,
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy, mixt woe the heart.

Or are you sportive—bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air.
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care.
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backward and forward: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age:
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark, how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met; [rear'd
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most show'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea, many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:*
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involved, not dark,
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they pass'd:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone;
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is done."†

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practised been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunced into these halls to rove
A joyous youth,‡ who took you at first sight;

[* Patterson, the poet's friend, and the author of Arminius, a tragedy.]
[† Dr. Armstrong.]
[‡ Young John Forbes of Culloden, the only son of Duncan Forbes.]

Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was,* of sense refined,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad;
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

"Come, dwell with us, true son of virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age;†
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restored him to the stage,
And roused him like a giant from his sleep,
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes
Yet quits not natures bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now, with well-urged sense, th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard becomes;‡
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks great plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,§
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunced to trippen by;
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat eve'ry nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-faced court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort:
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow.
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw.
Where hours and hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown;
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

[* Lord Lyttleton.]
[† Quin, whom a quarrel with Garrick had driven temporarily off the stage.]
[‡ Thomson himself. This stanza was written by Lord Lyttleton.]
[§ The Rev. Patrick Murdoch, the poet's friend and biographer. His sleek, rosy visage, and roguish eye, are preserved on canvas at Culloden.]

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest*
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft, swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,†
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro; [cry,
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
And here the tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

TO FORTUNE.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part.

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone!

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For pomp and noise, and senseless show,
To make us Nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetter on!

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves!"

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shall flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main:
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves!"

[* The four last verses were written by Armstrong at Thomson's desire. Thomson, however, made a few verbal alterations.]

[† In Armstrong and in the first edition of the poem:
And here a moping mystery did sit.]

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

[Born, 1671, Died, 1749.]

AMBROSE PHILIPS, the pastoral rival of Pope, was educated at Cambridge, and distinguished for many years in London as a member of clubs witty and political, and as a writer for the Whigs.* By the influence of that party he was put into the commission of the peace soon after the accession of George I., and, in 1717, was appointed one of the commissioners of the lottery. When his friend Dr. Boulter was appointed primate of Ireland, he accompanied the prelate, received considerable preferments, and was elected member for Armagh in the Irish Commons. He returned to England in the year 1748, and died in the following year, at his lodgings near Vauxhall. The best of his dramatic writings is the Distrest Mother, a translation of Racine's Andromache. His two other tragedies, the Briton, and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, are not much better than his pastorals.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.†

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass:
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field. [yield,
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the drooping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads.
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

A HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O VENUS, Beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess, hear me now.

[* The Freethinker, in which A. Philips wrote, began its career on Monday, March 24, 1718, was published twice a week, and terminated with the 159th paper, Monday, September 28th, 1719. Dr. Drake speaks in praise of its easy and perspicuous diction, and thinks a very interesting selection might be made from it.—*Essay on Periodical Papers.*]

[† The opening of this poem is incomparably fine. The latter part is tedious and trifling.—GOLDSMITH.]

Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I called you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what care to be assuaged?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more,
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Bless'd as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.*

ISAAC WATTS.

[Born, 1674. Died, 1748.]

Dr. Watts's devotional poetry was for the most part intentionally lowered to the understanding of children. If this was a sacrifice of taste, it was at least made to the best of intentions. The sense and sincerity of his prose writings, the excellent method in which he attempted to connect the study of ancient logic with common sense, and the conciliatory manner in which he allures the youthful mind to habits of study and reflection, are probably remembered with gratitude by nine men out of ten, who have had proper books put into their hands at an early period of their education. Of this description was not poor old Percival Stockdale, who in one of his lucubrations gives our author the appellation of "*Mother Watts.*" The nickname would not be worth mentioning if it did not suggest a compassionate reflection on the difference between the useful life and labours of Dr. Watts, and the utterly useless and wasted existence of Percival Stockdale. It might have been happy for the frail intellects of that unfortunate man, if they had been braced and rectified in his youth by such works as Watts's Logic and Improvement of the Mind. The study of them might possibly have saved even him from a life of vanity, vexation, and oblivion.†

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Say, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

[* Joseph Warton thinks that Addison lent a helping hand to Philips in these translations. He was fond of rendering such assistance, and may have done so; but it is idle to indulge in conjectures and plausible perhapses.]

[† Of Watts's poetry one can praise the design but not the execution, though Cowper professed to find excellent poetry in his verse. The author of the Olney Hymns, which are about the level of Watts's, may be pardoned for such natural blindness.]

Not sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy;
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

LEONARD WELSTED.

[Born, 1688. Died, 1746-7.]

LEONARD WELSTED, a victim of Pope's satire, whose verses did not always deserve it.

FROM HIS "SUMMUM BONUM."

SMILE, my Hephestion, smile, no more be seen
This dupe to anger, and this slave to spleen;
No more with pain ambition's trappings view;
Nor envy the false greatness, nor the true.
Let dull St. Bevil dream o'er felons' fates,
Bright Winnington in senates lead debates,
Vain Bulbo let the sheriff's robe adorn,
And Holles* wake to bless the times unborn.
* * * *
The palm excels that trembles o'er the brooks,
The bastard rose not half so gaudy looks,
The myrrh is worth, that scents Arabia's sky,
An hundred gourds, yet rises not so high.
This not disturbs you, nor your bliss alloys,
Then why should fortune's sports and human toys?
What is't to us if Clod the self-same day
Trolls in the gilded car and drives the dray?
If Richvil for a Roman patriot pass,
And half the livery vote for Isinglass?
With grateful mind let's use the given hour,
And what's our own enjoy and in our power.
To his great chiefs the conqueror Pyrrhus spoke,
Two moons shall wane, and Greece shall own our yoke.
'Tis well, replied the friend; admit it so,
What next? Why next to Italy I'll go,
And Rome in ashes lay.—What after that?
Waste India's realms.—What then? Then sit and chat;
Then quaff the grape, and mirthful stories tell.—
Sir, you may do so now, and full as well.
Look through but common life, look o'er mankind,
A thousand humbler madmen there you'll find;
A thousand heroes of Epirus view;
Then scorn to beat this hackney'd path anew.
In search of fancied good forget to roam,
Nor wander from your safer, better home.
* * * *
See Heartgood, how he tugs for empty praise;
He's got the vine, yet scrambles for the bays:
A friendly neighbour born, his vain desire
Prompts him to get a little cubit higher;
When all unvex'd, untroubled, he might live,
And all that nature ask'd, his farm would give.
Colville and Madge one field, one cow possess'd,
Had dwelt unanxious many years and blest;
A quiet conscience, and their neighbours' praise
They held—It was in Friar Bacon's days.
No thief alarm'd the lowly cottage roof,
And pride and base contention kept aloof.
At length the rumour all about was flown
They monk had found the philosophic stone.
Quoth Colville, be't—in comfort, peace we live,
For his arcanum not a hair I'll give;
To me all wealth contentment does impart,
I have this chemic secret in my heart.

[* Welsted's great patron, the Duke of Newcastle.]

Let Munich bow the haughty Othman crest,
Among my humble teams I'll be as blest;
Let the great Schach o'er trembling Ganges ride,
I'll boast more conquests by my chimney side.
What post you stand in, trust me, my Hephestion,
The part you bear in life is not the question;
But how you act it, how your station grace,
There is the matter; that's the point in case.
All one if peer or pedlar you sustain,
A laurel'd victor be or shepherd swain;
For social weal alike each state was made,
And every calling meant the others' aid;
Together all in mystic numbers roll,
All in their order act, and serve the whole,
Who guard the laws, or bid the orchat bloom,
Who wield the sceptre, and who guide the loom.
* * * *
An easy and contented mind is all,
On whom and where it will let glory fall;
Let us the soul in even balance bear,
Content with what we have and what we are.
* * * *
On rapt'rous visions long had Berkley fed,
The lemon groves were ever in his head;
He hangs on Waller,* and the landscape aids,
Sees in Bermuda blooming Ida's shades.
'Tis said—'tis done—the project quick prevails;
He gets the promised freight—he weds—he sails.
The storms loud rattle, but on storms he smiles,
They will but waft me to Bermuda's isles.
At length the port he gains, when all his dreams
He vanish'd views, and owns the airy schemes:
The orange branch had lost its fragrant load,
The cedar waved not, nor the citron blow'd;
In Eden's stead he sees a desert stand,
For figs and vines a poor unpeopled land;
For balmy breezes, and for cloudless skies,
He hears around the whistling tempest rise.
And is this all? said the good Dean of Down,
Is this the end, my hope and labour's crown?
Too blest the swain o'er Ormond's flowery dales
Who roves at ease, or sleeps in Derry's vales.
Henceforth I'll gratulate my native shore.
In search of bright delusions range no more,
Content to be, to cure this rambling itch,
An humble Bishop, and but barely rich.

AMHURST SELDEN.

Of the history of this author I am sorry that I can give no account. His poem of Love and Folly was published in April, 1749. It seemed to me to be somewhat better than that which is generally condemned to oblivion. If the extracts should appear to be tedious, the only apology I can offer is, the difficulty of making short specimens of a story at all intelligible.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

ARRAIGNMENT AND TRIAL OF CUPID.

The gods, in senate to debate,
And settle high affairs of state,
Where vast Olympus' summits rise,
Descended from the azure skies:
As their great sire and lord revered,
Their cloud-compelling Jove, appear'd;
Calm in his lap the thunders lay,
The symbols of imperial sway,
While Heaven's high power sat round the throne,
And deck'd it like a splendid zone:
There Juno and the Paphian Queen,
The Graces in their train, were seen;
Amidst her father's radiant race,
The chaste Diana took her place;
Without his helmet, sword, or car,
There frown'd the haughty God of War;
There joyous smiled the God of Wine,
With numbers more of birth divine;
Metis, who prudent counsels guides,
And o'er the letter'd world presides;
Themis, who Heaven's dread laws attends,
And Truth's deserted cause defends;
Sage Vesta through the earth renown'd,
And Cybele with turrets crown'd;
Neptune, the Ocean's awful lord;
Pluto, by Hell's dark realms adored;
Pan, to whose altars shepherds bow;
Ceres, inventress of the plough;
And last sat down old gay Silenus,
With Vulcan, spouse and slave to Venus.
Grand was the pomp, for thither all
Attended on the Thunderer's call;
The heavens themselves were in a blaze;
Phœbus was there, bedeck'd with rays,
Yet scarcely, though he look'd so bright,
Was seen 'midst such a flood of light,
Where each with beams celestial shone,
Beyond the splendour of the sun;
Together by great Jove convened,
To hear the God of Love arraign'd.
Solemn the session, high the cause,
For Love had broke through all their laws,
And made the deities obey,
As vassals, his tyrannic sway;
Enslaved, they dragg'd his galling chain,
And mourn'd his power, but mourn'd in vain.
Kindling his flames in every breast,
He never gave th' immortals rest,

[* Waller's poem on the Summer Islands.]

But, fond their weakness to expose,
Involved them in a thousand woes.
While Jove's despised omnipotence
Against his arts found no defence.
This haughty treatment had o'erthrown
Their empire, though it raised his own;
For, with his all-subduing bow,
He sunk their power and fame so low,
And, ever since his fatal birth,
Ruled so supreme o'er heaven and earth,
That mortals now to Cupid paid
The chief oblations which they made,
And slighting every name above,
Adored no other god but Love.
Besides, to men of worth and sense
His shameless conduct gave offence:
He drank, he wench'd, he gamed, he swore,
His life with crimes was blotted o'er;
He scorn'd good Hymen's sacred ties,
And made a trade of vows and lies;
Fair Virtue's praise, and honour'd fame,
He laugh'd at as an empty name;
By which example all the nations
Lay quite exposed to great temptations,
And, doating on their lewd amours,
Had turn'd Religion out of doors.

* * *

Silence proclaim'd, th' assessors wait,
Anxious for Love's impending fate,
When Themis, watching Dian's eyes,
Straight to th' etherial court applies,
And, like intrepid Yorke,* demands
Impartial justice at their hands;
That no mean bias warp their hearts
To Cupid's treacherous charms and arts,
While they, by long establish'd laws,
Decide the great approaching cause;
That on their votes depended all
Which they could dear or sacred call;
In heav'n their peace, on earth their fame,
Their endless glory or their shame;
That e'en their temples, priests, and power,
Hung on this one decisive hour.

* * *

Therefore, in right and truth's support,
She humbly moved a rule of court,
That Hermes might his prisoner bring
Before his peers and Heaven's high King,
To hear, by their decree, his crimes
Condemn'd to late succeeding times,
And heaven and earth at once set free
From such a traitor's tyranny.
High Jove, who on th' imperial throne,
Sceptred and throned, was placed alone,
Looks awful round th' assenting gods,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and nods.
Straight Hermes, at his sire's command,
His wreath'd caduceus in his hand,
From his close ward the caitiff brings,
With hands unbound, but pinion'd wings:
While at his back his bow, unstrung,
Tied to his feather'd quiver hung.

By Dian's order Momus bore
The mace, and solemn stalk'd before;
When Hermes, with obeisance low,
Show'd to the gods their daring foe:
But such a foe, so wond'rous fair,
Each grace of Venus in his air.

* * *

So bloom'd his ever youthful years,
So moving were his silent tears,
That half heaven's powers, with all their zeal,
Some tender pangs began to feel,
Lest such a god, indulging all
Their pleasures, should unpitied fall,
And turning things from bad to worse,
Make imortality a curse.
Venus, who saw them much amazed,
While piteous on his form they gazed,
Straight pray'd the court with humble pray'r,
Her son might be allow'd a chair,
Who was infirm, and scarce had slept
One hour since Jove——She paused and wept;
The God seem'd moved, and though he guess'd
Her foes the motion would contest,
Glad their mean malice to prevent,
Nods from the throne his kind assent;
As jurors, whom the world believes
Great rogues, oft sit on petty thieves,
He knew some led amidst the sky,
Worse lives than him they were to try;
And, loth poor love to treat too ill,
Grants him a seat against their will.
Thus loll'd at ease the little thief,
When Dian rose, and from her brief
Show'd, with just truth and cogent reason,
Why she impeach'd him there of treason.

* * *

Before you comes arraign'd
A wretch that has our shrines profaned,
That basely labours to o'erthrow
Our bliss above, our power below.

* * *

Shall Heav'n alone
Calm see this wretch its Gods disown,
And bear the scorn with which he treats
The rulers of these sacred seats?
Apollo's bow, and Neptune's trident,
He tramples on, and takes a pride in't;
Ev'n Mars, who leads the radiant files
Of war, is vanquish'd by his wiles;
From Bacchus he his thyrsis wrests,
And of his bolts high Jove divests;
From Hermes charms the magic rod,
And strips of all his wings the God;
Pluto to him, and Proserpine,
Were forced their empire to resign,
And, humbled, found infernal fires
Less violent than Love's desires:
These crimes are vouch'd by flagrant facts,
And treason by an hundred acts.

* * *

These are his deeds above; on earth
What mischiefs owe to him their birth!
There, while his frantic slaves he tames,
His rage the suffering world inflames;

[* The Lord High Chancellor.]

He shoots around his fatal darts,
To rack and torture all their hearts;
The base deceiver there eludes
The vestal vows, the prayers of prudes;
E'en those weak souls he deigns to bless,
He strives with anguish to distress;
He triumphs o'er the racking pain
In which his vassals drag his chain;
Fear, joy, grief, hope, desire, despair,
By turns their wretched bosoms tear.

* * *

Frequent divides the dearest friends,
And breaks all laws to gain his ends;
Rapes, murders, treasons, he commits,
False, true, kind, cruel, all by fits:
Various and changing as the wind,
He parts whom Hymen's rites had join'd;
And whispers in the husband's ears
A thousand cruel doubts and fears,
For strife and mischief are his joy.
Such, Venus, is your lovely boy!
Who, though he boasts that Jove's high blood
Rolls in his veins its sacred flood,
Yet has his mother's milk o'erflown
The tide, and made the mass her own.

* * *

Quick let the wretch his sins atone,
And Jove at last resume his throne!
Doom, doom him 'midst the shades below,
To shoot his darts and bend his bow;
There let him labour to destroy
The little peace the damn'd enjoy.
She ceased: while half the powers around
Assented first with sighs profound,
Then with her generous ardour moved,
A loud applause her zeal approved.

* * *

Straight, Cupid, rising from his place,
Smiled placid with enchanting grace;
Silent he paused, and to the skies.
Though blushing, raised his beauteous eyes,
Then sigh'd, and round the radiant crowd,
Saluting, with respect he bow'd:
One coward tear was stealing down,
But quick he check'd it with a frown;
And while with matchless charms he shone,
Thus to the court his plea begun.
'Tis said that Love, whene'er he pleads,
With easy eloquence succeeds:
But that, ye powers, I'll never try,
Nor on vain rhetoric rely;
'Tis by the force of truth I come
To strike my false accusers dumb.

* * *

To dear integrity I trust,
As I am guiltless, you are just;
While that I make my sole defence,
I laugh at envy's impotence.

* * *

Let those (and those, I hope, are few,)
Let those who ne'er his treasures knew,
Brand with all crimes unhappy Love,
He's better known to you and Jove.
And if I've made the Gods employ.
Some days in that transcendant joy.
I trust my greatest fault will be,
Their bliss was not prolong'd by me.
Whilst absence, fate, or time control
That noblest passion of the soul,
Let each Celestial here declare
If aught like Love deserves their care.

* * *

What joys can match fond lovers' pains,
What freedom's equal to their chains!
What transports swell their hopes and fears,
What softness, sweetness, in their tears!
Such tenderness, when fond they mourn,
Such ecstasy when hopes return;
Such longing for th' enchanting bliss,
Such raptures in a smile or kiss,
Are secrets which the gods conceal,
And none but lovers know or feel.
If joys like these you treason call,
I own I have produced them all:
Contrived and plann'd by me alone,
The great foundation of my throne;
And hard, great Deities, it were,
If mortal men such bliss should share,
And yet th' eternal choir above
Be quite denied the sweets of Love.

* * *

In heaven, on earth, above, below,
Whate'er is pleasing I bestow.

* * *

Old Time and all the laughing hours,
Watch o'er my gifts and nurse my powers;
Mirth, Joy, and all th' inspired throng
Of Muses, tune for me their song;
And if they fan my fires, I bring
Sweetness and force to all they sing.

* * *

Men's talents raised by me improve,
For wisdom springs and grows with Love;
By me adorn'd, the human mind
Is soften'd, polish'd, and refined.

* * *

I melt and mould mankind with ease,
To gentle manners form'd to please;
A love of honour, truth, and fame,
Are kindled by my generous flame;
Sublimed by me, the soul pursues
Exalted thoughts and noble views.
Life lies as in a lethargy,
Till, roused and raised, it turns to me;
Till Love enliv'ning thoughts inspires,
Has neither business nor desires,
Or such as only torment give,
Men when they love begin to live.
Life's a dull blank, and useless quite,
As dials in the gloom of night,
Till Love's gay sun its splendour pours,
And marks and gilds the brighten'd hours.

* * *

These gifts, ye powers, from you I hold,
By your decree assign'd of old:
'Tis your behests I strive to do,
Then why must I for mercy sue,
At this high court impeach'd, and brought
To answer for each lover's fault!

* * *

If maids to men inconstant prove,
And scorn the sacred laws of Love,
Charge not their broken vows to me,
But their own horrid perfidy.
* * *
Must I be doom'd, if human kind
In love disclose an impious mind?
With oaths, and death, and falsehood play,
Whilst perjured vows the heart betray.
If Heaven's despised—if all their aim
Be wealth or lust—am I to blame?
No, mighty powers! you know too well,
In spite of heaven, in spite of hell,
Of slighted love and reason too,
And all that pitying Love can do,
Men, to indulge their passions prone,
Owe to themselves their crimes alone.
Yet, cruel gods, if you decree
To spare mankind and punish me;
If I must be their victim made,
I am not for myself afraid,
But for the woes my wretched fate
Will soon in either world create:
While heaven and earth my fall o'erturns,
And nature my destruction mourns.
For what can stand, if Love contemn'd
To shades infernal be condemn'd?
Yet since your gloomy frowns declare
My only refuge is despair,
Not thus to leave you all in woe,
Take this last boon before I go;
Take it, and feeling Love's sweet pain,
Ere you condemn me think again."
He spoke, and secret cast his darts,
Snatch'd from his quiver, at their hearts.
* * *
Upsprung the gods, with wounds distress'd;
Jove had a dozen in his breast.
* * *
Mars lost an eye, and Bacchus two;
Hermes, the god of Eloquence,
Had his tongue sliced, and ever since
An oratory has declined
To noise, phrase, figures, words, and wind.
* * *
Never in heaven was such a scene.
* * *
While all with troubled hearts debate,
How the dear rebel they should treat.
* * *
Their rage soft pity straight controls,
And wav'ring thoughts distract their souls.
This Venus guess'd, and soon begun
To hope she might retrieve her son.
While tears roll'd down her crimson'd cheeks,
And her swell'd heart with anguish breaks.
* * *
"Oh hear, and spare my beauteous son,
Or Venus—nay, the world's undone.
Alas! I would not, cannot hide
His weakness, rashness, spleen, or pride.
I see the faults I can't defend,
Which oft I've fondly strove to mend;
And had restored his fame and bliss
Long since, but that he keeps a Miss,
On whom, poor boy, he doats to rage,
So much her charms his soul engage.
* * *
This nymph, on whom I said he doats,
He loved when in his petticoats;
She's called Moria, though you know
Folly's her fav'rite name below:
The creature's handsome, and, indeed,
Has beauties which all praise exceed;
And yet this nymph, possess'd of charms
To tempt a Phœbus to her arms,
Is still so giddy, wild, and weak,
Half idiot, half coquet and rake;
Is such a rattle, such a romp,
So fond of cards, tea-tattle, pomp,
Of feasts, balls, visits, drums, and park,
And little frolics in the dark,
That as with willing dotage sway'd,
Love's ruled by this deluding maid;
'Tis plain by her, and her alone,
The glory of my son's o'erthrown.
She sets him on a world of freaks,
She makes him herd with cheats and rakes;
She brings him into brawls and scrapes,
And mischief in a thousand shapes;
And what's the most perplexing thought,
Keeps him from settling as he ought.
Till he was led by her, my boy
Gave me and every being joy.
* * *
Now fool'd by her, he acts a part
That shocks all heaven, and breaks my heart.
* * *
The cause thus shown of his ill carriage,
Next comes the cure—in short, 'tis marriage.
There is a Goddess sitting there,
That might reclaim him by her care;
And, with her pardon, I must name
Sage Metis, that transcendant dame,
Whose aid the gods sometimes implore,
And men by Wisdom's name adore."
Up blush'd good Metis to the eyes,
But show'd more pleasure than surprise:
Joy, mix'd with wonder, secret stole
Warm'd to her heart, and fill'd her soul;
Some virgin fears about her hung,
While modest shame tied up her tongue;
Yet silent all her thoughts were seen,
And glad went on the Paphian Queen.
* * *
"This sweet adviser, thus assign'd,
Will make him wise, and form his mind.
* * *
Send, send them with me home; my car
Will hold us all, and 'tis not far:
And happy may their nuptials be
To gods and men, to them and me."
She ceased * *
* The relenting senate vow'd
Her proffer'd terms should be allow'd,
As the best method to reform
Her son, and calm the present storm;
So pitying much her hapless state,
Pass'd her petition on debate,

While Love and Wisdom gave their hands,
And vow'd to join in Hymen's bands.
* * *

CANTO II.

Preparations in Cyprus for the marriage of Cupid and Metis; his froward conduct, and relapse into the dominion of Folly.

* * *

This Cyprus found: where all the swains
Rejoiced around her fertile plains,
Metis and Love to meet, who came
To join true wisdom with his flame:
Young girls, old maidens, widows, wives,
Were ne'er more jocund in their lives,
Finding the god no more distress'd,
And with so sage a tut'ress bless'd,
Would lead a married life unblamed.
* * *
Making the subject world perceive,
What blessings Love and prudence give.
Large were the preparations made,
For Venus understood her trade,
To make her palace wond'rous fine,
And crown their nuptials and design;
Sage Metis, like a girl of sense,
Would fain have saved the vast expense:
But Venus, who affected show,
Scorn'd management as vile and low.
* * *
"And as for money, I can seize,
From my rich temples, what I please;
There, my gold statues I'll purloin,
And turn them all to ready coin."
So said, so done: from Cnidos four
She took, from Cyprus many more;
Expending such a mint of gold
As scarce all Lombard-street could hold:
And as for each new-fashion'd thing
Her mind was ever on the wing,
Her wit and money she employs,
Like high-bred dames, to purchase toys;
For pomp her passion to display,
Fond she postponed the wedding-day;
Crowds of artificers were brought,
And night and day incessant wrought;
Mahogany laid all her floors,
Gold locks and hinges deck'd her doors;
With Indian screens and China jars,
Her house was graced, like heaven with stars.
* * *
Although she never read or pray'd,
She form'd a study for parade;
And a fine chapel, near her stairs,
Was placed for nothing else but airs.
Round the vast dome a corridore
By the best hands was painted o'er;
Through all th' apartments Parian stone
In columns and in friezes shone;
In splendid utensils profuse,
Chased vessels served for common use;
As taste and luxury never plann'd
Saloons so fine, or rooms so grand,
So all, from top to bottom seen,
Look'd great, and like the Paphian Queen.
But * * *
* * 'midst this state hid sorrows, sprung
From Cupid's pranks, o'er Metis hung;
For though she saw all things agreed,
The house set out, and lawyer's fee'd
For drawing up the deeds of dower,
For hastening Hymen's happy hour,
She knew not what to think on't still,
The God behaved himself so ill.
* * *
Besides, as through the smallest hole
Men spy the day-light, so the soul,
In every little habitude,
With penetrating eye she view'd,
And saw appearances at least,
Which all her anxious doubts increased.
Oft when the lover's part he play'd,
His looks a soul unmoved betray'd:
For, when he courted her, the wretch
Would yawn, and sigh, and gape, and stretch;
And what the Goddess scarce could bear,
Would call her wise, but never fair.
In temper giddy as a child,
He fawn'd and quarrel'd, frown'd and smiled;
This day all ice, the next he burns,
Like agues, hot and cold by turns.
Now dress'd like country squires and plain,
He'd ride about in dirt and rain;
And as a proof of unfeign'd loving,
Put on the husband and the sloven:
Then, all those boorish whims abhorr'd,
He'd go as fine as any lord:
Grown fond of Metis to excess,
Would prove his passion by his dress;
And proud to show his love and clothes,
Swear over all his vows and oaths;
Then tired of that, he'd quite forsake
The Goddess, and affect the rake;
And fond of girls, and wine, and play,
Would scarce speak to her twice a day:
So fickle, that no weather-glass
Could through more variations pass.
* * *
In short, his conduct was so bad,
That grave good people thought him mad.
And mad he was as any hare
In March, while grieved he sought his fair;
For whom the wretch was all this while
Scouring by night the Cyprian isle,
Where, of the Goddesses afraid,
He heard they hid his charming maid.*
Venus, poor soul, now storm'd, now wept,
To get him in some order kept,
And took the truant oft aside,
And urged how much he shock'd his bride.
* * *
Then she would mingle bitter taunts
About his uncles and his aunts,
And beg he would not thus disgrace
Himself and his celestial race,

[* Moria.]

But lead a life like one that knew
What was to them and Metis due.
  Thus things went on: poor Venus rail'd,
He promised to grow good—and fail'd.
And when she told him of his Miss,
He laugh'd and stopt her with a kiss:
He own'd he liked the nymph, but swore
He liked as well a thousand more;
Yet hoped when married he should fix,
And lay aside his rambling tricks.
Thus with false prattle he amused
The Goddess, and her faith abused.
* * *
For Love, like many a senseless elf,
Thought his best counsellor himself.
  But all this while a secret fear
Was buzzing Metis in the ear,
What ways or measures she should take:
She loved the God, but loathed the rake.
For though his person pleased the eye,
His actions gave his looks the lie:
When like a friend she blamed his pranks,
She found she got but little thanks;
For spite of all her wise discourse,
The little wretch show'd no remorse;
Would vow her ignorance and zeal
Struck fire, when join'd, like flint and steel.
* * *
Frequent he'd answer all she said
With, "Pray, no chiding till we're wed;
Or, prythee do not think me rude,
To tell you plainly you're a prude:
Directing me looks something odd—
If you're a Goddess, I'm a God."
  The truth is, Metis, though so wise,
Was much addicted to advise;
No pedant more inclined to teach,
No deacon better pleased to preach.
* * *
This talk of Metis and his mother
Went in at one ear, out at t'other.
* * *
Yet though his heart, where'er he went,
Was on his bright Moria bent,
He seldom fail'd his court to pay
To prudent Metis, day by day.
* * *
At length the happy morn appears
To crown the long revolving years,
Assign'd to join their plighted hands
For ever in the nuptial bands;
And sums immense were thrown away
To grace the triumph of the day.
* * *
Their silk, their lace, their modes of dress,
We leave for courtly dames to guess;
In robes how Venus gorgeous shone,
And all bedizen'd out her son;
How his grave bride with gems look'd bright,
As stars adorn a frosty night,
The song omits—for it would tire
Bright Cowley's wit, great Shakspeare's fire.
* * *
Graced with bright rays which shone afar,
Seated with Venus in her car,
The heavenly pair, while clarions sound,
With blessings hail'd, with glory crown'd,
* * *
In state approach the temple's gates,
Where half the Cyprian nation waits,
Till the high-priest their hands should tie
In bands which time and death defy.
  The gates unfold, they enter in,
And soon the hallow'd rites begin;
With hallow'd fires the altars blaze,
The priest the bellowing victim slays;
The hymn to Juno while he spoke,
The nuptial cake in form was broke:
But oh, amazing! as their hands
Were joining in the nuptial bands,
As Love prepared to give the ring,
And the high-priest began to sing,
Forth sprung Moria from the crowd,
And, bold, forbade the banns aloud:
"The God is mine, is mine," she cries,
"Both by divine and human ties.
* * *
By solemn oaths our hearts are knit,
Two hearts that best each other fit.
Speak, Cupid, art thou mine alone?
Speak, and thy fond Moria own:
This infant which I go with claims,
You'll vow it sprung from heavenly flames."
  Instant, enchanted with her face,
Rush'd Cupid to her loved embrace;
Ravish'd to meet her, and amazed,
Upon her witching charms he gazed,
And cried, "Bright nymph, I'm wholly thine,
And you, and only you, are mine."
The pontiff stared, and dropped his book.
* * *
Dismay'd stood Venus—to the skies
She held her hands and raised her eyes;
Sunk Wisdom to the earth forlorn,
Her soul with struggling passions torn;
And pierced with grief, and stung with pride,
The false perfidious God she eyed;
Then fainting with disdain away,
Closed her grieved eyes and loathed the day.
Meanwhile, neglectful of their woes,
Love with triumphant Folly goes,
Drawn by his mother's cooing doves,
To sunny Caria's citron groves.
* * *
Ravish'd that Metis could not curb
Their dotage, or their peace disturb.
* * *
Meantime poor Metis kept her bed,
Much troubled with an aching head;
And as she never was a toast,
Look'd pale and meagre as a ghost:
Though strong, too weak to ward the blow;
Though sage, too fond to slight the wo:
Love proud, like death, to level all,
The wise like fools before him fall.
* * *
Venus, who still sat near her, press'd
Her head upon her snowy breast;
She kiss'd away the tears she shed,
With her own hands she dress'd her bed;

She brought her cordials, made her tea
Of the best hyson or bohea;
To drive away each fretful thought,
She told what news the papers brought;
Whate'er in heaven or earth was done,
She told, but never named her son.
Ambrosia was her daily fare,
With nectar'd drams to doze despair;
She managed her with great address,
Made her play cards, backgammon, chess.
She got her out, and every morn
Around the skies would take a turn,
To try, while in their car they flew,
What air and exercise might do.
Whene'er her pain relax'd, she vow'd
No cure was like a brilliant crowd:
So, in the eve of each good day,
Coax'd her abroad to see the play.
Thus, like fine belles, she idly sought,
By vain delights to banish thought.
* * *
Her head she dress'd, her hair she curl'd,
And made her visit half the world.
* * *
In short, she was in perfect pain
The fair to comfort—but in vain.
* *

Venus despatches a messenger to remonstrate with Cupid, and to bring him back to Wisdom.

Swift through the air Irene pass'd,
And finds deluded love at last,
Gazing on Folly's beauteous face,
Feasting his eyes on every grace,
And thunders in his ears a peal
Of bold plain truths, with honest zeal:
Tells him the dreadful news she brings,
And the plain consequence of things;
Show'd all his mother's letters to him,
And vow'd Moria would undo him;
Said twice as much as Venus bid her,
And begg'd of Cupid to consider,
How his vile pranks and broken vows
Would Jove's insulted vengeance rouse;
Then adding threats, vow'd o'er and o'er,
The Gods would be deceived no more:
In short, she made his conduct look
So black, like aspen leaves he shook.
* * *

FROM CANTO IV.

Folly, after the departure of Irene, holds a long dialogue with Love, in which she argues her own superiority over Wisdom, and the beneficial influence which she exercises in the world, pretty much in the manner of Erasmus's Praise of Folly. She perceives, however, that Cupid is so sadly terrified by the threats lately held out to him, that her empire over him is still in danger.

INTRANCED in sleep while Cupid lies,
And downy slumbers seal his eyes,
* * *
Distracting cares Moria's breast
Disturb'd, and banish'd balmy rest;
She saw her charmer's fluttering heart
Was almost on the wing to part.
* * *
She doubted fear might banish love,
As frights will ague-fits remove.
* * *
Rack'd with despair, she rose and walk'd,
And wildly to herself she talk'd.
* * *
Till roused at last her deluged eyes,
Charm'd with a great design she tries:
Flush'd with the thought, she wings her flight
To the dun goddess of the Night:
She found her on a mountain's side,
Where rocks her palace portals hide;
Walls of thick mist its precincts close,
No groves, lodge, cawing rooks, or crows,
But solemn Silence, still as Death,
Lay slumbering on th' extended heath:
Old Nature built it under ground,
Shut from the day, remote from sound;
Its outstretch'd columns arch'd inclose
Vast voids devoted to repose,
Form'd of huge caverns so obscure,
As 'twere of light the sepulture.
* * *
Stretch'd on her couch the Queen she found,
Her head with wreaths of poppy crown'd,
Each sense dissolved in soft repose.
* * *
While storms of grief her bosom swell,
Prostrate the nymph before her fell,
And thus the slothful power address'd:
"Wake, Night's great Goddess, give me rest,
Assist your child—my birth I owe
To you and Erebus below;*
With millions made to me a prey,
I've throng'd the gloomy realms you sway;
Yet Love, who gods and men deceives,
Moria soon perfidious leaves;
Unless your skill divine can find
Some means to keep him true and kind."
* * *
* * Slow the yawning Goddess sighs,
And, half asleep, with pain replies:
"As I saw Love was false as fair,
Know, child, I made your peace my care:
While fond to fix his fickle heart,
I've form'd this masterpiece of art:
Here, take this phial, which I've fill'd
With oils from female tears distill'd.
* * *
Warm'd with your sighs, bedew it round
His eye-lids, seal'd in trance profound,
And by loved Erebus I swear,
The God your chains shall raptured wear:
Haste, use it—leave me to my rest."
She sunk, with dozing fumes oppress'd.
* * *
So quick as airy Fancy flies,
Or beamy light shoots round the skies,
To Cupid's couch she wings her way,
Where, sunk in sleep, the dreamer lay;

[* Erebus, the infernal deity, was married to Nox, the goddess, as all mythologists agree; and even Cicero tells us this is his 3d book of the Nature of the Gods. This marriage produced a crowd of horrid children, such as Deceit, Fear, Labour, Envy, and many others, among whom Folly is set down as one.]

Warm'd with her sighs, the oil, in rills,
Soft round his eye-lids she distils,
Then unperceived to bed she stole,
While joys enraptured swell'd her soul.
Wake, wretched Cupid, haste, arise,
Or never shall thy radiant eyes
Nature's fair face again survey,
Or the bright sun's delightful ray;
For by the magic arts of Night
Folly will rob thee of thy sight,
And by mad fondness, undesign'd,
Will make thee senseless, dark, and blind.
And now the virgin Light had rear'd
Her head, and o'er the mountains peer'd,
When Folly, glad her grand design
Was near the springing, like a mine,
Impatient for the great event
Of her dread mother's liniment,
Drew the bed-curtains, wild with joy,
To rouse the soul-subduing boy,
And cried, "Awake, my dear, the sun
Already has its course begun;
Whole nature smiles, while thus we use
The morn, fresh bathed in limpid dews."
Pleased he awakes; his ears rejoice
To hear her sweet bewitching voice,
And, fond, to see her turn'd his eyes,
But, starting, found, with deep surprise,
Though in their own warm melting rain
He bathed and rubb'd them long in vain:
Their powers of vision die away,
While dimm'd, nor conscious of the day;
Fruitless they roll their shining orbs,
Which the dark gloom of night absorbs.
"O Heaven!" he cries, "the Gods, I find,
The cruel Gods, have struck me blind;
Or rather Metis, in despite,
Has by some art destroy'd my sight.
* * *
Fair charmer, I no more shall see
The sun, nor, what's more cruel, thee."
* * *
Stood fond Moria quite distress'd,
She clapt her hands, she smote her breast;
She sighs, * *
* * sinks down, and, cold as clay,
Kisses his feet, and faints away.
* * *
At length her pulse begun to beat,
And life renews its genial heat;
Her heaving lungs expanded play,
Again her eyes behold the day.
"Bright charmer!" cries the God, "your grief
Distracts, but gives me no relief;
Try to assist me: quick arise,
And couch this film which veils my eyes:
Here, take this dart, raze off, with care,
This speck, and lay the pupil bare."
* * *
While grief and shame her face o'erspread,
Upon her knee she lean'd his head;
Then points the dart, and with her hands
The crystal rooted film expands;
But oh! the rack was so intense,
So twinged the nerve, and shock'd the sense,
He begg'd her, yelling with despair,
The fruitless torture to forbear.
* * *
Withal the little subtle dart
Quick through his eye so pierced his heart,
Enkindling there such raging fires;
* * *
They made the God his nymph adore,
And, fond to dotage, love her more.
His pain abates, but this fresh flame
So shoots into his vital frame,
* * *
He, drunk with love and joy, forgets
His blindness and his mother's threats.
"My life!" says he, "I here discard
For this distress the least regard:
Methinks I feel my flames renew;
My life's not only yours—but you;
While, like a graft fed by the tree,
I live absorb'd and sunk in thee.
* * *
Lend me your hand; a God shall bear,
Unmoved those woes which mortals share.
Yes! since the evil I endure
Is past thy art and mine to cure,
Thou now o'er me and men shalt reign.
* * *
Unchanged as fate, the world shall find,
While Folly's faithful, I'll be kind;
And ages yet unborn shall see
How firm my soul is link'd to thee."
* * *
Thus the gay hours delightful fly,
Till Folly's own good hour draws nigh,
When, twinged and pain'd, her labour came,
She sends for many a Carian dame;
By great Lucina's help and theirs,
To ease the burthen which she bears.
Great was her danger; for the fright
She took when Cupid lost his sight,
And the dread horror of her crime,
Had made her come before her time:
Yet blest with what she thought a treasure,
A girl at last was born, call'd Pleasure,
Of a weak, sickly, tender make,
Tall, thin, and slender as a rake;
So slight, it scarce would handling bear,
Fainting in spite of Folly's care:
For, as the sensitive plant, it seem'd
To shrink at every touch, and scream'd
Like mandrakes, when their tender shoots
Are torn upward by the roots.
* * *
Withal it had the loveliest face,
With such enchanting mien and grace,
No infant destined for a toast
Could such a set of features boast.
* * *
Could Venus see it, they believed
Her favour might be yet retrieved.
* * *
Full of these views, their harness'd doves
Bear them from Caria's fragrant groves,
And though o'ertaken by the night,
Safely near Paphos they alight;

There, in a villa housed, they sent
To Venus with a compliment,
On a gilt card, ill-spelt, and writ
With modern cant and awkward wit,
To tell her they were come to pay
Their duty, and they hoped to stay.
* * *

Venus, with much entreaty, permits her Son to introduce his Mistress and Child to her. The sight of the beautiful infant Pleasure completes her reconcilement. As the apprehension of the Lovers, however, is not yet quieted respecting the anger of the Celestials, Venus appeases the lamentations of Folly, and prepares to set out for Olympus, whither Metis had gone before to prefer her suit against her betrayer and her rival.

* * *

Venus distracted with their cries,
* * *
"Come, dry your tears," says she, "I'll try
My interest yet in yonder sky:
Make ready straight my car and doves;
Get on your riding-coats and gloves:
Although my power may prove but faint,
When weigh'd with Metis's complaint,
And all my eloquence too weak,
When injured Wisdom comes to speak,
Yet these poor charms perhaps may plead
With Jove, unless your doom's decreed."
* * *
They reach'd, each storm and danger past,
The mansions of the Gods at last.
* * *
Love's cause already was come on,
And Metis had in form begun
A huge philippic on her son.
Alarm'd with this, in haste they dress'd,
And Venus on her snowy breast
The magic cestus secret placed,
And walk'd, with heavenly glory graced.
Love follow'd with his brilliant girl,
Trick'd out with jewels, lace, and pearl;
Within her fost'ring arms convey'd,
Pleasure her infant charms display'd;
When, all perfumed with civet, came
Where Jove in judgment sat supreme;
There they heard Metis just concluding
A long harangue of Love's eluding
The powers above, and all the vows
He swore, of making her his spouse.

Venus, in reply to Metis, addresses Jove in her Son's behalf and pleads for permitting Moria to be his bride.

* * *
She* ceased—the cestus did the rest,
And roused soft pity in his† breast:
He sigh'd, and, with a pensive air,
Saw Metis wise, and Folly fair;
And, secret, in his breast divine,
Conceived a glorious great design.
* * *
He paused: and thus each Hour that waits
To guard high Heaven's resplendent gates,
Bespoke, and, with a gracious mien,
Shook his ambrosial curls serene.
"Proclaim a solemn banquet—call
The Gods to our etherial hall,
Where I'll promulgate a decree
To bind both heaven, and earth, and me;
Where Love and Metis both shall own,
Justice and mercy found my throne."
* * *
At once the swift-wing'd couriers rise,
And sound a banquet through the skies;
The Gods the thunderer's call attend,
And, pleased, the etherial hall ascend:
As Jove, they heard, would now decide,
Which lady should be Cupid's bride;
If Love would suit with Wisdom best,
Or happier live in Folly blest.
* * *
Each, fond to hear the sentence past,
To settle heaven and earth at last,
Put on their gayest robe and face,
The banquet and the God to grace.
* * *
The grand repasts of pompous kings,
Compared to this, are sordid things.
* * *
Sat all the Deities elate,
They ate and drank in golden plate.
* * *
Wine cheers their hearts, yet, calm and cool,
Each mused how Jove the cause would rule;
And, when they took the cloth away,
Watch'd the great business of the day.
Straight Jove, all Heaven in silence hush'd,
His will pronouncing, laugh'd and blush'd;
And placing Folly at his side,
Decrees her Cupid's fittest bride;
He shows his reasons, (but too long
They would protract the faithful song,)
Then toasts her health; the nectar'd bowl
He gives her to enlarge her soul:
She drank so deep, an air divine
O'er all her features seem'd to shine.
"That draught,"‡ says Jove, (and, pleased, he smiled,
Midst all his thunders, sweet and mild,)
"Has raised thee, fair Moria, high
As the bright daughters of the sky;
Thou'rt now immortal grown, and fit
Great Love's embraces to admit:
Together calm the frantic earth,
Allay men's woes, augment their mirth;
Sweeten their cares and let them see,
If they're unbless'd, 'tis not from me."
He joins their hands for endless ages,
And bids them scorn censorious sages.
"Let none," says Jove, "while thus they're tied,
Sweet Folly and fond Love divide.
* * *
Accursed be his atrocious crime,
Who parts you through the rounds of time;

* Venus. † In Jupiter's.

‡ Apuleius represents Jupiter (in his 6th book) making Psyche immortal in this manner, by making her drink out of the bowl which he reached to her.

And let fair Pleasure always be
Beloved by men, by gods, and me.
Yet, prudent Metis, don't despair,
For thou art mine, by Styx I swear,*
My chosen wife, whose counsels still
Shall rule my heart and guide my will,
And with eternal charms control
The fond affections of my soul."

WILLIAM CRAWFURD.†

[Born, 1708? Died, 1750?]

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare:
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on smooth-winding Tay
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me:
Though, thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

ON MRS. A. H., AT A CONCERT.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures;
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

* The goddess Metis, or Wisdom, in Hesiod's Theogonia, is set down as one of the wives whom Jupiter married.—Vide Nat. Com. 1, 2, p. 90, cap. 2.

[† A merchant in Glasgow, one of the sweetest of our lyrical writers, and one of the ingenious young gentlemen that assisted Allan Ramsay in his Tea Table Miscellany. He was alive in 1748, and certainly dead in 1758, having suffered for many years "the most torturing pains of body with an unalterable cheerfulness of temper." It is said that he was drowned crossing over from France to Scotland, but this is very questionable.]

AARON HILL.

[Born, 1685. Died, 1750.]

WAS born in 1685, and died in the very minute of the earthquake of 1750, of the shock of which, though speechless, he appeared to be sensible. His life was active, benevolent, and useful: he was the general friend of unfortunate genius, and his schemes for public utility were frustrated only by the narrowness of his circumstances. Though his manners were unassuming, his personal dignity was such, that he made Pope fairly ashamed of the attempt to insult him, and obliged the satirist to apologize to him with a mean equivocation.

VERSES WRITTEN WHEN ALONE IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

TWENTY lost years have stolen their hours away,
Since in this inn, even in this room, I lay:
How changed! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!
Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And, life advancing, fancy fades her light?
Ah, no!—nor yet is day so far declined,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.
'Tis that I miss the inspirer of that youth;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.
Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
Prospects that, view'd with her, inspired before,
Now seen without her can delight no more.
Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.
Pensive and cold this room in each changed part
I view, and shock'd, from ev'ry object start:
There hung the watch, that beating hours from day,
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name;
'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame.
That glass she dress'd at, keeps her form no more;
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor.
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here!
I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell.
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight.
But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms around.
O life!—deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast)
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath,
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life!
Is it for this, that toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year?
Oh take me, death! indulge desired repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.
Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copied mind.
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
Busied for them I yet forego release,
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace.
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

ALEXIS, OR POPE.

FROM A CAVEAT.*

TUNEFUL ALEXIS, on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' plaything, and the Muses' pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy though vain; and elegant though light:
Desiring and deserving others' praise,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.
This, to the juniors of his tribe, gave pain,
For mean minds praise but to be praised again.
Henceforth, renouncing an ungracious Baal,
His altars smoke not, and their offerings fail:
The heat his scorn had raised, his pride inflamed,
Till what they worshipp'd first they next defamed.
* * * *

[* These lines are in Hill's best manner, and excellent of themselves. He makes his individual case, which is true enough, generally true, which it is not; Pope however felt their sting, and has left a writhe in writing. Hill could hardly expect to receive what Prior and Thomson failed in finding—a return in kind for their poetic commendations.]

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

[Born, 1704. Died, 1754.]

WILLIAM HAMILTON, of Bangour, was of an ancient family in Ayrshire. He was liberally educated, and his genius and delicate constitution seemed to mark him out for pacific pursuits alone; but he thought fit to join the standard of rebellion in 1745, celebrated the momentary blaze of its success in an ode on the battle of Gladsmuir, and finally escaped to France, after much wandering and many hardships in the Highlands. He made his peace however with the government, and came home to take possession of his paternal estate; but the state of his health requiring a warmer climate, he returned to the Continent, where he continued to reside till a slow consumption carried him off at Lyons, in his 50th year.

The praise of elegance is all that can be given to his verses. In case any reader should be immoderately touched with sympathy for his love sufferings, it is proper to inform him, that Hamilton was thought by the fair ones of his day to be a very inconstant swain. A Scotch lady, whom he teased with his addresses, applied to Home, the author of Douglas, for advice how to get rid of them. Home advised her to affect to favour his assiduities. She did so, and they were immediately withdrawn.*

FROM "CONTEMPLATION; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE."

O VOICE divine whose heavenly strain
No mortal measure may attain,
O powerful to appease the smart,
That festers in a wounded heart,
Whose mystic numbers can assuage
The bosom of tumult'ous rage,
Can strike the dagger from despair,
And shut the watchful eye of care.
Oft lured by thee, when wretches call,
Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;
Expell'd by thee, and dispossest,
Envy forsakes the human breast,
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to earth, to heaven aspires,
How nobly lost! with thee to rove
Through the long deep'ning solemn grove,
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To silence trust some plaintive tale,
Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose;
Or where some holy aged oak,
A stranger to the woodman's stroke,
From the high rock's aërial crown
In twisting arches bending down,
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream,
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all-prevailing good.
Go forth invoked, O voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine.
* * *
* * Ascending heaven's height,
Contemplation, take thy flight:
Behold the sun, through heaven's wide space,
Strong as a giant, run his race:
Behold the moon exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night:
Behold the sister starry train,
Her bridemaids, mount the azure plain.
See where the snows their treasures keep;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep;
Where the collected rains abide
Till heaven set all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of show'r:
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth,
And give the tender fruits a birth.
See where thunder springs his mine;
Where the paths of lightning shine.
Or tired those heights still to pursue,
From heaven descending with the dew,
That soft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thousand flowers exalt the head,
Mark how nature's hand bestows
Abundant grace on all that grows,
Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,
The grass that clothes the valley green;
Or spreads the tulip's parted streaks,
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,
Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.
Ah! haunting spirit, art thou there!
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.
I thought, O Love! thou wouldst disdain
To mix with wisdom's black staid train;
But when my curious searching look
A nice survey of nature took,
Well pleased the matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untried
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of love?
To friendship's sacred force apply,
That source of tenderness and joy;
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain:

[* It has not hitherto been noticed that the first translation from Homer in blank verse was made by Hamilton.]

Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortured mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tie, that binds
In equal chains two sister minds:
Not such as servile int'rests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflamed desires;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed;
Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;
But such as judgment long has weigh'd,
And years of faithfulness have tried;
Whose tender mind is framed to share
The equal portion of my care;
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;
With whom in raptures I may stray
Through study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of flatt'ry, mirth, all false and vain;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights insure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, heaven, if heaven means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.

* * *

Contemplation, baffled maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?
Helpless and weary must thou yield
To love supreme in ev'ry field?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Rev'rend, hoary-mantled sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away:
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.
Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps, O Sibyl, lead,
Through the dominions of the dead:
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes;
Where meritorious Want no more
Shiv'ring begs at Grandeur's door;
Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mould'ring purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
And see a tomb, its gates display'd,
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants! that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
Oh say! for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding-place?
And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know,
What known will but afflict with wo;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.
Oh words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good heaven retard (for thine the power)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.
Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
Why start the interdicted tears?
Love, dost thou tempt again? depart,
Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bower, and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair;
Yet thou overtak'st me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone state of human kind?
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale:
Hoped I for these thou wouldst remove!
How near akin is grief to love?
Then no more I strive to shun
Love's chains: O heaven! thy will be done.
The best physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary sufferer room;
No more a slave to love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
In full satiety of wo:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,
Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
The tyrant's love commands unblest;
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye,
The form beloved shall ever fly.
The tyranny of love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

SONG.

Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!
The every look and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

GILBERT WEST.

[Born, 1703. Died, 1755.]

The translator of Pindar was the son of the Rev. Dr. West, who published an edition of the same classic at Oxford. His mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterward Lord Cobham. Though bred at Oxford with a view to the church, he embraced the military life for some time, but left it for the employment of Lord Townshend, then Secretary of State, with whom he accompanied the king to Hanover. Through this interest he was appointed clerk extraordinary to the privy council, a situation which however was not immediately profitable. He married soon after, and retired to Wickham, in Kent, where his residence was often visited by Pitt and Lord Lyttleton. There he wrote his Observations on the Resurrection, for which the University of Oxford made him a doctor of laws. He succeeded at last to a lucrative clerkship of the privy council, and Mr. Pitt made him deputy-treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; but this accession to his fortune came but a short time previous to his death, which was occasioned by a stroke of the palsy.*

ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION OF VERTÙ.

FROM "THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING."

So on he passed, till he comen hath
To a small river, that full slow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its watry path
For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,
So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her ancient greatness still be seen,
Still from her ruins proved the world's imperial queen.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
The boast of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian brass, Egyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And set before the eye of sober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All these and many more that may not here be told.

There in the middest of a ruin'd pile,
That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy placed;
Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
Urns, broken friezes, statues half defaced,
And pedestals with antique imagery
Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

Aloft on this strange basis was ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye smiling with self-bred delight,
In careless pride reclined a lady fair,
And to soft music lent her idle ear;
The which with pleasure so did her enthral,
That for aught else she had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

Als by her side in richest robes array'd,
An eunuch sate, of visage pale and dead,
Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely sted,
Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
And oft, to soothe her vain and foolish ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty Kesars bear.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
For she was vain of her great ancestry,
But vainer still of that prodigious store
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treasury.
These she to strangers oftentimes would show,
With grave demean and solemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

[* That West had a yearly pension of two hundred and fifty pounds, is a fact new to our literary history. Southey has spoken of him as the founder or originator of the school of Akenside, Mason, Gray, and the Wartons: "His poems," says Coleridge, with far more justice, "have the merit of chaste and manly diction: but they are cold, and, if I may so express it, only *dead-coloured*."]

Vertù she was yclept, and held her court
With outward shows of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort,
But men of base and vulgar industry.
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copied of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And generous purpose to adorn the breast
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names and coins away do bear.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
The studious sons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet,
Her venerable reliques to adore,
And load their bosom with the sacred store,
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
But sithence she declined from wisdom's lore,
They left her to display her pompous toys
To virtuosi vain and wonder-gaping boys.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

[Born, 1720. Died, 1759.]

Collins published his Oriental Eclogues while at college, and his lyrical poetry at the age of twenty-six. Those works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty. If they have rather less exuberant wealth of genius, they exhibit more exquisite touches of pathos. Like Milton, he leads us into the haunted ground of imagination; like him, he has the rich economy of expression haloed with thought, which by single or few words often hints entire pictures to the imagination. In what short and simple terms, for instance, does he open a wide and majestic landscape to the mind, such as we might view from Benlomond or Snowden, when he speaks of the hut

> "That from the mountain's side
> Views wilds and swelling floods."

And in the line "Where faint and sickly winds for ever howl around," he does not merely seem to describe the sultry desert, but brings it home to the senses.

A cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feelings. The absence of even this speck of mysticism from his Ode on the Passions is perhaps the happy circumstance that secured its unbounded popularity. Nothing is commonplace in Collins. The pastoral eclogue, which is insipid in all other English hands, assumes in his a touching interest, and a picturesque air of novelty. It seems that he himself ultimately undervalued those eclogues, as deficient in characteristic manners; but surely no just reader of them cares any more about this circumstance than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.*

In his Ode to Fear he hints at his dramatic ambition, and he planned several tragedies. Had he lived to enjoy and adorn existence, it is not easy to conceive his sensitive spirit and harmonious ear descending to mediocrity in any path of poetry; yet it may be doubted if his mind had not a passion for the visionary and remote forms of imagination too strong and exclusive for the general purposes of the drama. His genius loved to breathe rather in the preternatural and ideal element of poetry, than in the atmosphere of imitation, which lies closest to real life; and his notions of poetical excellence, whatever vows he might address to the manners, were still tending to the vast, the undefinable, and the abstract. Certainly, however, he carried sensibility and tenderness into the highest regions of abstracted thought: his enthusiasm spreads a glow even among "the shadowy tribes of mind," and his allegory is as sensible to the heart as it is visible to the fancy.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe the modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede etherial wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

[* "These eclogues by Mr. Collins," says Goldsmith, "are very pretty: the images, it must be owned, are not very local; for the pastoral subject could not well admit of it. The description of Asiatic magnificence and manners is a subject as yet unattempted among us, and, I believe, capable of furnishing a great variety of poetical imagery." Of eastern imagery our poetry is now nearly stuffed full—thanks to Collins, Sir William Jones, Mr. Southey, and Mr. Moore.]

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky vail.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name![*]

ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

Inscribed to Mr. John Home.

1749.

Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering, with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future day
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.[†]

Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth[‡]
Whom, long endear'd, thou leavest by Lavant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destined bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-lived bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

Even yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father to his listening son,
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,[§]
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met to prove each other's arms.

[* It has not been observed that to the three last verses of this beautiful Ode, Burns was indebted for the idea of his Address to the Shade of Thomson. He had been reading Collins at the time.]

[† How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!]

[‡ A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins. [Barrow had been *out in the forty-five* with Home.]]

[§ A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.]

'Tis thine to sing how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodged in the wintery cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the wat'ry strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop,
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destined glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear,* some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,†
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crown'd!
They raved! divining through their second sight,‡
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!
Illustrious William!§ Britain's guardian name!
One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose:
Let not dank Will‖ mislead you to the heath:
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs!
His fierce-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats a pale and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep!
With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:

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* SUPPLEMENTAL LINES BY MR. MACKENZIE.

"Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie;
And hear the first faint rustling pennons sweep.
Or in the arched cave, where, deep and dark,
The broad unbroken billows heave and swell,
In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
The lab'ring moon; or list the nightly yell
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark, its destined prey.
Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
O'er the dire whiripool, that, in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The falling breeze within its reach hath placed—
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway.
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog, or fen,
Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
When witched darkness shuts the eye of day,
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
And leads him floundering on and quite astray."

[Other verses were written by the late Lord Kinnedder, which Sir Walter Scott, in all the partiality of friendship, thought equal to the original. To add to an unfinished poem one must write with the same genius which the author wrote: and Collins, as Pope said of Akenside, was no every day-writer.]

[† The Northern Lights.]

‡ Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

§ The Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

‖ A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lanthorn, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's* wrath, nor e'er shall
aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile† which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade up-
throws,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd
ground!
Or thither,‡ where beneath the show'ry west
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign
power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny
gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintery main.
With sparing temperance at the needful time
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's§ nest.
Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur
there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes
engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, th' historic page.
There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland
crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colours bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful
verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's
stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents
spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong and
clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' har-
monious ear!

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan‖ fill'd, or past'ral Tay,‖
Or Don's‖ romantic springs, at distance hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens,¶ o'erhung with spreading
broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson** sat in Drummond's classic
shade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's
laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains,†† at-
tend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my
absent friend!

* The water fiend.

† One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; where it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

‡ Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

§ An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

‖ Three rivers in Scotland. ¶ Valleys.

** Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

†† Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

COLLEY CIBBER.

[Born, 1671, Died, 1757.]

SONG. THE BLIND BOY.

O say! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

EDWARD MOORE.

[Born, 1712. Died, 1757.]

Edward Moore was the son of a dissenting clergyman at Abingdon, in Berkshire, and was bred to the business of a linen-draper, which he pursued, however, both in London and Ireland, with so little success, that he embraced the literary life (according to his own account) more from necessity than inclination. His Fables (in 1744) first brought him into notice. The Right Honourable Mr. Pelham was one of his earliest friends; and his Trial of Selim gained him the friendship of Lord Lyttelton. Of three works which he produced for the stage, his two comedies, the "Foundling" and "Gil Blas," were unsuccessful; but he was fully indemnified by the profits and reputation of the "Gamester." Moore himself acknowledges that he owed to Garrick many popular passages of his drama; and Davies, the biographer of Garrick, ascribes to the great actor the whole scene between Lewson and Stukely, in the fourth act; but Davies's authority is not oracular. About the year 1751, Lord Lyttelton, in concert with Dodsley, projected the paper of the "World," of which it was agreed that Moore should enjoy the profits, whether the numbers were written by himself or by volunteer contributors. Lyttelton's interest soon enlisted many accomplished coadjutors, such as Cambridge, Jenyns, Lord Chesterfield, and H. Walpole. Moore himself wrote sixty-one of the papers. In the last number of the "World" the conclusion is made to depend on a fictitious incident which had occasioned the death of the author. When the papers were collected into volumes, Moore, who superintended the publication, realized this jocular fiction by his own death, whilst the last number was in the press.*

THE DISCOVERY. AN ODE.

Vir bonus est quis?—Hor.

Take wing, my muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell!

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the sensual sons of Earth
In Pleasure's thoughtless train:
Nor yet where sanctity's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain.

Her social heart alike disowns
The race, who, shunning crowds and thrones,
In shades sequester'd doze;
Whose sloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot, like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In senseless, vile repose.

With these she shuns the factious tribe,
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till Discord Havoc cries,
In hopes, like Catiline, to rise
On anarchy to power!

Ye wits, who boast from ancient times
A right divine to scourge our crimes,

[* Mr. Moore was a poet who never had justice done him while living. There are few of the moderns who have a more correct taste, or a more pleasing manner of expressing their thoughts. It was upon his Fables he chiefly founded his reputation; yet they are by no means his best production.—Goldsmith.]

Is it with you she rests?
No. Int'rest, slander are your views,
And Virtue now, with every Muse,
Flies your unhallow'd breasts.

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduced by play,
When beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the soft Desires,
The furies light forbidden fires,
To Love and her unknown.

From these th' indignant goddess flies,
And where the spires of Science rise,
A while suspends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every spring.

Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The Muse observed the wand'rer stray,
And mark'd her last retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Esher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll,
Amidst Elysian ground:
There through the winding of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And strews her sweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grot repair,
Her secret steps to meet:
"Nor thou," she cries, "these shades forsake,
But come, loved consort, come and make
The husband's bliss complete."

Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
My Pelham's ardent breast;
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation bless'd.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When Valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And raised her languid head.

Now by thy strong assisting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
Against whose solid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudest most tempestuous rage
Of angry war shall beat.

And grieve not if the sons of Strife
Attempt to cloud thy spotless life,
And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches by kindness unsubdued,
Who see, who share the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

Like these, the metaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heavenly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

How blest has my time been! what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oftimes am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

JOHN DYER.

[Born, 1700. Died, 1758.]

DYER was the son of a solicitor at Aberglasney, in Caermarthenshire. He was educated at Westminster school, and returned from thence to be instructed in his father's profession, but left it for poetry and painting; and, having studied the arts of design under a master, was for some time, as he says, an itinerant painter in Wales. Dividing his affections, however, between the sister Muses he indited (1726) his Grongar Hill amidst those excursions. It was published about his twenty-seventh year.* He afterward made the tour of Italy in the spirit both of an artist and poet, and, besides studying pictures and prospects, composed a poem on the Ruins of Rome. On his return to England he married a lady of the name of Ensor, a descendant of Shakspeare, retired into the country, and entered into orders. His last preferment was to the living of Kirkely on Bane. The witticism on his "Fleece," related by Dr. Johnson, that its author, if he was an old man, would be buried in woollen, has, perhaps, been oftener repeated than any passage in the poem itself.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow.
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around, beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutal dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

[* In Lewis' Miscellanies, 1726.]

Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.*
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.†
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings:
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

[Born, 1686. Died, 1757.]

THE personal history of Allan Ramsay is marked by few circumstances of striking interest; yet, independently of his poetry, he cannot be reckoned an insignificant individual who gave Scotland her first circulating library, and who established her first regular theatre. He was born in the parish of Crawford Moor, in Lanarkshire, where his father had the charge of Lord Hopeton's lead-mines. His mother, Alice Bower, was the daughter of an Englishman who had emigrated to that place from Derbyshire. By his paternal descent the poet boasts of having sprung from "a Douglas loin;" but, owing to the early death of his father, his education was confined to a parish-school, and at the age of fifteen he was bound apprentice to the humble business of a wig-maker. On this subject one of his Scottish biographers refutes, with some indignation, a report which had gone abroad, that our poet was bred a barber, and carefully instructs the reader, that in those good times, when a fashionable wig cost twenty guineas, the employment of manufacturing them was both lucrative and creditable.‡ Ramsay, however, seems to have

[* See Byron's remark on this passage. *Life and Works*, vol. vi. p. 365.]

[† Lord Byron asks, (vol. vi. p. 366,) "Is not this the original of Mr. Campbell's far-famed,

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue?"

We answer for Mr. Campbell, decidedly not!]

‡ Apropos to this delicate distinction of the Scottish biographer may be mentioned the advertisement of a French perruquier in the Palais Royal, who ranks his business among the "imitative arts." A London artist in the same profession had a similar jealousy with the historian of Ramsay's life, at the idea of mere "trimmers of the human face" being confounded with "genuine perruquiers." In advertising his crop-wigs he alluded to some wig-weaving competitors, whom he denominated "mere hair-dressers and barbers;" and "shall a barber (he exclaims) affect to rival these crops?" "Barbarus has segetes."—VIRGIL.

felt no ambition either for the honours or profits of the vocation, as he left it on finishing his apprenticeship. In his twenty-fourth year he married the daughter of a writer, or attorney, in Edinburgh. His eldest son* rose to well-known eminence as a painter. Our poet's first means of subsistence after his marriage, were to publish small poetical productions in a cheap form, which became so popular, that even in this humble sale he was obliged to call upon the magistrates to protect his literary property from the piracy of the hawkers. He afterward set up as a bookseller, and published, at his own shop, a new edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with two cantos of his own subjoined to the ancient original, which is ascribed to James I. of Scotland. A passage in one of those modern cantos of Ramsay's describing a husband fascinated homewards from a scene of drunkenness by the gentle persuasions of his wife, has been tastefully selected by Wilkie, and been made the subject of his admirable pencil.

In 1724 he published a collection of popular Scottish songs, called the Tea-Table Miscellany, which speedily ran through twelve impressions. Ruddiman assisted him in the glossary, and Hamilton of Bangoor, Crawfurd, and Mallet were among the contributors to his modern songs. In the same year appeared his Evergreen, a collection of pieces from the Bannatyne MSS. written before the year 1600. Here the vanity of adorning what it was his duty to have faithfully transcribed led him to take many liberties with the originals; and it is pretty clear that one poem, viz. the Vision, which he pretended to have found in ancient manuscript, was the fruit of his own brain. But the Vision, considered as his own, adds a plume to his poetical character which may overshade his defects as an editor.

In 1726 he published his Gentle Shepherd. The first rudiments of that pleasing drama had been given to the public in two pastoral dialogues, which were so much liked that his friends exhorted him to extend them into a regular play. The reception of this piece soon extended his reputation beyond Scotland. His works were reprinted at Dublin, and became popular in the colonies. Pope was known to admire The Gentle Shepherd; and Gay, when he was in Scotland, sought for explanations of its phrases, that he might communicate them to his friend at Twickenham. Ramsay's shop was a great resort of the congenial fabulist while he remained in Edinburgh; and from its windows, which overlooked the Exchange, the Scottish poet used to point out to Gay the most remarkable characters of the place.

A second volume of his poems appeared in 1728; and in 1730 he published a collection of fables. His epistles in the former volume are generally indifferent; but there is one addressed to the poet Somervile, which contains some easy lines. Professing to write from nature more than art, he compares, with some beauty, the rude style which he loved and practised, to a neglected orchard.

> I love the garden wild and wide,
> Where oaks have plum-trees by their side,
> Where woodbines and the twisting vine
> Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
> Where mixt jonquils and gowans† grow,
> And roses midst rank clover blow,
> Upon a bank of a clear strand,
> Its wimplings led by nature's hand;
> Though docks and brambles here and there,
> May sometimes cheat the gard'ner's care,
> Yet this to me's a Paradise,
> Compared to prime cut plots and nice,
> Where nature has to art resign'd,
> And all looks stiff, mean, and confined.

Of original poets he says, in one expressive couplet:

> The native bards first plunged the deep,
> Before the artful dared to leap.

About the age of forty-five he ceased to write for the public. The most remarkable circumstance of his life was an attempt which he made to establish a theatre in Edinburgh. Our poet had been always fond of the drama, and had occasionally supplied prologues to the players who visited the northern capital. But though the age of fanaticism was wearing away, it had not yet suffered the drama to have a settled place of exhibition in Scotland; and when Ramsay had, with great expense, in the year 1736, fitted up a theatre in Carubber's Close, the act for licensing the stage, which was passed in the following year, gave the magistrates of Edinburgh a power of shutting it up, which they exerted with gloomy severity. Such was the popular hatred of playhouses in Scotland at this period, that, some time

* This son of the poet was a man of literature as well as genius. The following whimsical specimen of his poetry is subjoined as a curiosity. The humorous substitution of the kirk-treasury man for Horace's wolf, in the third stanza, will only be recognised by those who understand the importance of that ecclesiastical officer in Scotland, and the powers with which he is invested for summoning delinquents before the clergy and elders, in cases of illegitimate love.

HORACE'S "INTEGER VITÆ," &c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY, JUN.

A man of no base (John) life or conversation,
Needs not to trust in, coat of mail nor buffskin,
Nor need he vapour, with the sword and rapier,
Pistol, or great gun.

Whether he ranges, eastward to the Ganges,
Or if he bends his course to the West Indies,
Or sail the Sea Red, which so many strange odd
Stories are told of.

For but last Monday, walking at noon-day,
Conning a ditty, to divert my Betty,
By me that son's Turk (I not frighted) our Kirk-
Treasurer's man pass'd,

And sure more horrid monster in the torrid-
Zone ne'er was found, Sir, though for snakes renown'd, Sir,
Nor can great Peter's empire boast such creatures,
Th'of bears the wet nurse.

Should I buy hap land on the coast of Lapland,
Where there no fir is, much less pears and cherries,
Where stormy weather's sold by hags, whose leather-
faces would fright one.

Place me where tea grows, or where sooty negroes,
Sheep's guts round tie them, lest the sun should fry them,
Still while my Betty smiles and talks so pretty,
I will adore her.

† Daisies.

afterward, the mob of Glasgow demolished the first playhouse that was erected in their city; and though the work of destruction was accomplished in daylight by many hundreds, it was reckoned so godly, that no reward could bribe any witness to appear or inform against the rioters. Ten years from the date of this disappointment, Ramsay had the satisfaction of seeing dramatic entertainments freely enjoyed by his fellow-citizens; but in the mean time he was not only left without legal relief for his own loss in the speculation (having suffered what the Scotch law denominated a "*damnum sine injuria*,") but he was assailed with libels on his moral character, for having endeavoured to introduce the "*hell-bred playhouse comedians.*"

He spent some of the last years of his life in a house of whimsical construction, on the north side of the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, where the place of his residence is still distinguished by the name of Ramsay garden.

A scurvy in his gums put a period to his life in his seventy-second year. He died at Edinburgh, and was interred in Grey Friars church-yard. Ramsay was small in stature, with dark but expressive and pleasant features. He seems to have possessed the constitutional philosophy of good-humour. His genius gave him access to the society of those who were most distinguished for rank and talents in his native country; but his intercourse with them was marked by no servility, and never seduced him from the quiet attention to trade by which he ultimately secured a moderate independence. His vanity in speaking of himself is often excessive, but it is always gay and good-natured. On one occasion he modestly takes precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public.—"But ha'd,* proud Czar (he says) I wad no niffer† fame." Much of his poetry breathes the subdued aspirations of Jacobitism. He was one of those Scotsmen who for a long time would not extend their patriotism to the empire in which their country was merged, and who hated the cause of the Whigs in Scotland, from remembering its ancient connection with the leaven of fanaticism. The Tory cause had also found its way to their enthusiasm by being associated with the pathos and romance of the lost independence of their country. The business of Darien was still "alta mente repostum." Fletcher's eloquence on the subject of the Union was not forgotten, nor that of Belhaven, who had apostrophised the Genius of Caledonia in the last meeting of her senate, and who died of grief at the supposed degradation of his country. Visionary as the idea of Scotland's independence as a kingdom might be, we must most of all excuse it in a poet whose fancy was expressed, and whose reputation was bound up, in a dialect from which the Union took away the last chance of perpetuity.

Our poets miscellaneous pieces, though some of them are very ingenious,‡ are upon the whole of a much coarser grain than his pastoral drama. The admirers of the Gentle Shepherd must perhaps be contented to share some suspicion of national partiality, while they do justice to their own feeling of its merit. Yet as this drama is a picture of rustic Scotland, it would perhaps be saying little for its fidelity, if it yielded no more agreeableness to the breast of a native than he could expound to a stranger by the strict letter of criticism. We should think the painter had finished the likeness of a mother very indifferently, if it did not bring home to her children traits of indefinable expression which had escaped every eye but that of familiar affection. Ramsay had not the force of Burns; but neither, in just proportion to his merits, is he likely to be felt by an English reader. The fire of Burns' wit and passion glows through an obscure dialect by its confinement to short and concentrated bursts. The interest which Ramsay excites is spread over a long poem, delineating manners more than passions; and the mind must be at home both in the language and manners, to appreciate the skill and comic archness with which he has heightened the display of rustic character without giving it vulgarity, and refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity. The Gentle Shepherd stands quite apart from the general pastoral poetry of modern Europe. It has no satyrs, nor featureless simpletons, nor drowsy and still landscapes of nature, but distinct characters and amusing incidents. The principal shepherd never speaks out of consistency with the habits of a peasant; but he moves in that sphere with such a manly spirit, with so much cheerful sensibility to its humble joys, with maxims of life so rational and independent, and with an ascendancy over his fellow swains so well maintained by his force of character, that if we could suppose the pacific scenes of the drama to be suddenly changed into situations of trouble and danger, we should, in exact consistency with our former idea of him, expect him to become the leader of the peasants, and the Tell of his native hamlet. Nor is the character of his mistress less beautifully conceived. She is represented, like himself, as elevated, by a fortunate discovery, from obscure to opulent life, yet as equally capable of being the ornament of either. A Richardson or a D'Arblay, had they continued her history, might have heightened the portrait, but they would not have altered its outline. Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the Gentle Shepherd is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs; and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes.

* Hold. † Exchange.

‡ Particularly the tale of the Monk and the Miller's Wife. This story is, unhappily, unfit for a popular collection like the present, but it is well told. It is borrowed from an old poem attributed to Dunbar.

FROM "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD."

ACT I. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm[d] between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,[e]
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

Jenny. COME, Meg, let 's fa' to work upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water 's clear, the lift[f] unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy. Gae farrer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow:
Between twa birks out o'er a little linn,[g]
The water fa's, and makes a singin' din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly caller on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll we say,
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae?—that jeering fellow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, "Haith, lasses, ye're no blate."[h]

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the hight;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I;
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie[i] he wears a thought a-jee,[j]
And spreads his garters diced beneath his knee,
He falds his owrelay[k] down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d'ye!"—or, "There's a bonny day."

Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
Wha likes a dorty[l] maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean[m] that rarrows at its meat,[n]
That for some feckless[o] whim will orp[p] and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, Jenny! think, and dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I: but love in whispers lets us ken
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs[q] and sighs, and I can guess the cause:
But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways: for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh! lass, how can ye lo'e that rattle-skull?
A very deil, that ay maun have his will!
We soon will hear what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lay my head.
There he may kiss as lang as kissing 's good,
And what we do there's none dare call it rude.
He's get his will; why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as your newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake,
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be in his barchoods,[r] ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as that want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath.
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.[s]
There's nane af a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music through my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gentle rave,
And jest at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads feil[t] books that teach him meikle skill;
He is—but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coos compared with my dear Pate:
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature hefts in sauls are weak and poor.

Jenny. Hey, "bonny lass of Branksome!" or 't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

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[d] The level low ground on the banks of a stream.—[e] Clothes.—[f] Sky.—[g] A pool beneath a waterfall.—[h] Modest.—[i] Sprucely.—[j] To one side.—[k] Cravat.—[l] Pettish.—[m] Spoilt child.—[n] Pettishly refuses its food.—[o] Silly.—[p] Fret.

[q] Stares.—[r] Cross-moods.—[s] Harm.—[t] Many.

O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride!
Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous[a] din:
To make them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, and scads itself wi' brue,[b]
Ane breaks his shin, anither ties his shoe:
The "Deil gaes o'er John Wabster:"[c] hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.
Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?
Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.[d]
Your nowt may die; the speat[e] may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rocks of hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes;
A dyvour[f] buys your butter, woo', and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees;
With gloomin' brow the laird seeks in his rent,
'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent;
His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?—
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows[g] to be a married wife.
Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required—let heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For healsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo',
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and rowth[h] we thro' the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and two bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?
Peggy. Nae mair of that:—dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind;
They'll reason caulmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks[a] at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething'-pot 's be ready to take aff;
Clean hag-abag[d] I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford:
Good-humour, and white begonets[e] shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.
Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozins[f] down to nane, as fowk grow auld.
Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind,
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some ears syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single, (a state sae liked by you,)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airt[g] maun bow.
Jenny. I've done,—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield,
Your better sense has fairly won the field.
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.
Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner!—Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing take the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.
Jenny. Anither time's as good; for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie us a wicked rant;
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] Troublesome.—[b] Scalds itself with broth.—[c] A Scotch proverb when all goes wrong.—[d] Empty.—[e] Land-flood.—[f] Bankrupt.—[g] It is no slight calamity.—[h] Plenty.

[a] Mates.—[d] Hunchback.—[e] Linen caps or coifs.—[f] Dwindles.—[g] Quarter.

SONG.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day been:
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more!

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind:
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave:
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

[Born, 1709. Died, 1759.]

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS was the son of John Hanbury, Esq., a South Sea Director. He sat in several parliaments, was, in 1744, installed a knight of the Bath, and was afterward minister at the courts of Berlin and Petersburgh.*

ODE.

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN, NEWLY MADE.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From Heaven, of Britain's truest friends:
O Muse! attend my call!
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are golden times!
I shall get money for my rhymes;
And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in,
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to Carteret fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the King,
Yet careless how you use him;
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will but promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describes the man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for power to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
Each party tried to 'ave won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
Who at the long'd-for money-board
Sits first, but does not lead:
His younger brethren all things make;
So that the Treasury's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head.

Why did you cross God's good intent?
He made you for a President;
Back to that station go;
Nor longer act this farce of power,
We know you miss'd the thing before,
And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham, valorous Stair,
Britain's two thunderbolts of war,
Now strike my ravish'd eye:
But oh! their strength and spirits flown,
They, like their conquering swords, are grown
Rusty with lying by.

Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have changed their face,
You'll give opposing o'er:
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

[* Since this was written, an edition of Sir Charles H. Williams's works, in 3 vols. 8vo, has been printed, of which a properly bitter critique appeared in the 55th number of the Quarterly Review,—it is said from the pen of Mr. Croker.]

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
But not in flattery, Samuel Sandys;
For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took
Judiciously from plough:
So we, (but at a pinch thou knowest)
To make the highest of the lowest,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
Did they not make your brains go round?
Did they not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And, since he's made Vice Treasurer,
Grows taller by some inches;
See Tweedale follow Carteret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The black funereal Finches.

And see with that important face
Berenger's clerk, to take his place,
Into the Treasury come:
With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh, my poor Country, is this all
You've gain'd by the long labour'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools?
He was a knave indeed—what then?
He'd parts—but this new set of men
A'nt only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
Demands: Oh! Chesterfield, Argyll,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all hearts, appease each storm;
'Tis yours such actions to perform,
My pride shall be to sing 'em.*

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

[Born, 1705. Died, 1760.]

Isaac Hawkins Browne was born at Burton-upon-Trent, educated at Westminster and Cambridge, and studied the law at Lincoln's Inn; but his fortune enabled him to decline the pursuit of business long before his death. He sat in two parliaments for Wenlocke, in Shropshire.†

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

IN IMITATION OF SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.‡

IMITATION I.—COLLEY CIBBER.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

Laudes egregii Cæsaris——
Culpa deterere ingeni. Hor.

RECITATIVO.

Old Battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this!

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring;
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasures which a Pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the wine and orange boast,
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd:
E'en restless faction finds itself most free,
Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

[* This is sorry stuff, but Williams did not always write this way. Witness his famous quatrain on Pulteney:

When you touch on his Lordship, &c.
Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enrol the fair deeds of his youth!
When you mention the acts of his age—
Leave a blank for his honour and truth!]

[† Browne was an entertaining companion when he had drunk his bottle, but not before; this proved a snare to him, and he would sometimes drink too much; but I know not that he was chargeable with any other irregularities. He had those among his intimates, who would not have been such had he been otherwise vicieusly inclined:—the Duncombes, in particular, father and son, who were of unblemished morals.—Cowper, *Letter to Rose*, 20 May, 1789.]

[‡ Mr. Hawkins Browne, the author of these, had no good original manner of his own, yet we see how well he succeeds when he turns an imitator; for the following are rather imitations, than ridiculous parodies.—Goldsmith.]

AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
British sons no longer now
Hurl the bar or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.—AMB. PHILIPS.

Tenues fugit ceu fumus in auras.—VIRG.

LITTLE tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket full of play,)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III.*—JAMES THOMSON.

——Prorumpit ad æthera nubem
Turbine, fumantem piceo. VIRG.

O THOU, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of *limpid truth*,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Su arms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns:
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with *plastic virtue* form'd,
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill,
From Pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed,
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbibed
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires; I all the while,
Lolling at ease, *inhale* the breezy balm.
But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join,*
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh be thou still *my great inspirer*, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

IMITATION IV.—DR. YOUNG.

——Bullatis mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat—dare pondus idonea fumo.—PERS.

CRITICS avaunt! Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is——a puff:
Lord Foplin smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but show their ignorance; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at Tobacco, though it makes him——spit.
Citronia vows it has an odious stink;
She will not smoke (ye gods!)—but she will drink:

[* "Browne," said Pope to Spence," is an excellent copyist, and those who take it ill of him are very much in the wrong." This appears to have been said with an eye to Them on, who, soon after the "Pipe" appeared, published in the papers of the day what Armstrong has called "a warm copy of verses" by way of reply! These we have the good luck to recover; they are altogether unnoticed and unknown, and as such, not from their merit, may find a place here.

THE SMOKER SMOKED.†

Still from thy pipe, as from dull Tophet, say,
Ascends the smoke, for ever and for aye?
No end of nasty impoetic breath?
Foh! dost thou mean to stink the town to death?
Wilt thou confound the poets, in thine ire,
Thou man of mighty smoke but little fire!
Apollo bids thee from Parnassus fly,
Where not one cloud e'er stain'd his purest sky.
Hence! and o'er fat Bœotia roll thy streams;
Nor spit and spawl about the Muses' streams.
These maids celestial, like our earthly fair,
Could never yet a filthy smoker bear.

Were to the dusky tribe Parnassus free,
What clamb'ring up, what crowding should we see?
Against the tuneful god what mortal sin?
Good lord! what parsons would come bustling in?
What foggy politicians, templars, cits!
What-coffee-house, what ale-house muddy wits?
Take this plain lesson, imitating Zany!
First learn to write, before you write like any.
Be cautious, mortal! whom you imitate,
And wise, remember vain Salmoncus' fate;
Through Grecian cities he, through Elis, drove;
And, flashing torches, deem'd himself a Jove:
Madman! to think for thunder thus to pass
His chariot rattling o'er a bridge of brass.
Wrathful at this, from deep surrounding gloom,
Th' almighty father seized the forky doom;
(No firebrand that, emitting smoky light,
But with impatient vengeance fiercely bright;)
He seized, and hurl'd it on the thundering elf,
Who straight vile ashes fell, his thunders and himself.]

[† Gent.'s Mag. for 1736, p. 743.]

And chaste Prudella (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are used by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
Fame, of our actions universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—everything.

IMITATION V.—MR. POPE.

——Solis ad ortus
Vanescit fumus. LUCAN.

BLEST leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To Templars modesty, to parsons sense;
So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic own thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcised by kings.

IMITATION VI.—DEAN SWIFT.

Ex fumo dare lucem.—HOR.

BOY! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the vicar be my guest:
Let all be placed in manner due,
A pot wherein to spit or spew,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton
Of use to light a pipe or * *
* * * *
* * * *
This village, unmolested yet
By troopers, shall be my retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for * * *
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
In sweet oblivion lulls the land;
Of all which at Vienna passes,
As ignorant as * * Brass is:
And scorning rascals to caress,
Extol the days of good Queen Bess,
When first Tobacco blest our isle,
Then think of other queens—and smile.
Come, jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and song;
The merry catch, the madrigal,
That echoes sweet in City Hall;
The parson's pun, the smutty tale
Of country justice o'er his ale.
I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain, to compass Britain's ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go
Where Tobacco loves to grow.

JOHN BYROM.

[Born, 1691. Died, 1763.]

JOHN BYROM was the son of a linen-draper at Manchester. He was born at Kersal, and was educated at Merchant Tailors' School, and at Cambridge. Dr. Bentley, the father of the Phœbe of his pastoral poem, procured him a fellowship at the University, which he was obliged, however, to vacate, as he declined to go into the church. He afterwards supported himself by teaching short-hand writing in London, till by the death of an elder brother, he inherited the family estate, and spent the close of his life in easy circumstances.*

A PASTORAL.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day,
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart——I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:

[* The poems of this ingenious and singular good man are properly included in Chalmers's General Collection; *properly*, because they have the great and rare merit of originality.—SOUTHEY. *Cowper*, vol. vii. p. 304.]

But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah;" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too:
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

[Born, 1714. Died, 1768.]

William Shenstone was born at the Leasowes, in Hales Owen. He was bred at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he applied himself to poetry, and published a small miscellany in 1737, without his name. He had entertained thoughts, at one period, of studying medicine; but on coming of age he retired to a property at Harborough, left him by his mother, where, in an old romantic habitation, haunted by rooks, and shaded by oaks and elms, he gave himself up to indolence and the Muses. He came to London for the first time in 1740, and published his "Judgment of Hercules." A year after appeared his "Schoolmistress." For several years he led a wandering life of amusement, and was occasionally at Bath, London, and Cheltenham; at the last of which places he met with the Phyllis of his pastoral ballad. The first sketch of that ballad had been written under a former attachment to a lady of the name of Graves; but it was resumed and finished in compliment to his new flame. Dr. Johnson informs us that he might have obtained Phyllis, whoever the lady was, if he had chosen to ask her.

In the year 1745 the death of his indulgent uncle, Mr. Dolman, who had hitherto managed his affairs, threw the care of them upon himself and he fixed his residence at the Leasowes, which he brought, by improvements, to its far-famed beauty. In these improvements his affectionate apologist, Mr. Greaves, acknowledges that he spent the whole of his income, but denies the alleged poverty of his latter days, as well as the rumour that his landscapes were haunted by

[* This Goldsmith justly preferred to any of Shenstone's pastorals.]

duns and bailiffs. He states, on the contrary, that he left considerable legacies to his servants.

The Frenchman who dedicated a stone in his garden to the memory of Shenstone,* was not wholly wrong in ascribing to him a "*taste natural*," for there is a freshness and distinctness in his rural images, like those of a man who had enjoyed the country with his own senses, and very unlike the descriptions of

"A pastoral poet from Leadenhall street,"

who may have never heard a lamb bleat but on its way to the slaughter-house. At the same time there is a certain air of masquerade in his pastoral character as applied to the man himself; and he is most natural in those pieces where he is least Arcadian. It may seem invidious, perhaps, to object to Shenstone making his appearance in poetry with his pipe and his crook, while custom has so much inured us to the idea of Spenser feigning himself to be Colin Clout, and to his styling Sir Walter Raleigh the "Shepherd of the Ocean"—an expression, by the way, which is not remarkably intelligible, and which, perhaps, might not unfairly be placed under Miss Edgeworth's description of English bulls. Gabriel Harvey used also to designate himself Hobbinol in his poetry; and Browne, Lodge, Drayton, Milton, and many others, describe themselves as surrounded by their flocks, though none of them probably ever possessed a live sheep in the course of their lives. But with respect to the poets of Elizabeth's reign, their distance from us appears to soften the romantic license of the fiction, and we regard them as beings in some degree characterized by their vicinity to the ages of romance. Milton, though coming later, invests his pastoral disguise (in Lycidas) with such enchanting picturesquesness as wholly to divert our attention from the unreal shepherd to the real poet. But from the end of the seventeenth century pastoral poetry became gradually more and more unprofitable in South Britain, and the figure of the genuine shepherd swain began to be chiefly confined to pictures on china, and to opera ballets. Shenstone was one of the last of our respectable poets who affected this Arcadianism, but he was too modern to sustain it in perfect keeping. His entire poetry, therefore, presents us with a double image of his character; one impression which it leaves is that of an agreeable, indolent gentleman, of cultivated taste and refined sentiments: the other that of Corydon, a purely amatory and ideal swain. It would have been so far well, if those characters had been kept distinct, like two impressions on the opposite sides of a medal. But he has another pastoral name, that of Damon, in which the swain and the gentleman are rather incongruously blended together. Damon has also his festive garlands and dances at wakes and may-poles, but he is moreover a disciple of vertu:

"his bosom burns
With statues, paintings, coins, and urns."

"He sighs to call one Titian stroke his own;" expends his fortune on building domes and obelisks, is occasionally delighted to share his vintage with an old college acquaintance, and dreams of inviting Delia to a mansion with Venitian windows.

Apart from those ambiguities, Shenstone is a pleasing writer, both in his lighter and graver vein. His genius is not forcible, but it settles in mediocrity without meanness. His pieces of levity correspond not disagreeably with their title. His "Ode to Memory" is worthy of protection from the power which it invokes. Some of the stanzas of his "Ode to Rural Elegance" seem to recall to us the country-loving spirit of Cowley, subdued in wit, but harmonized in expression. From the commencement of the stanza in that ode, "O sweet disposer of the rural hour," he sustains an agreeable and peculiarly refined strain of poetical feeling. The ballad of "Jemmy Dawson," and the elegy on "Jessy," are written with genuine feeling. With all the beauties of the Leasowes in our minds, it may be still regretted, that instead of devoting his whole soul to clumping beeches, and projecting mottos for summer-houses, he had not gone more into living nature for subjects, and described her interesting realities with the same fond and *naïve* touches which give so much delightfulness to his portrait of the "School-mistress."

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.†

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies:
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy;
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,

* Mons. Girardin at his estate of Ermenonville, formed a garden in some degree on the English model, with inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone, one of which, dedicated to Shenstone himself, ran thus:

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

[† This poem is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which any way approaches it in merit; and though I dislike the imitations of our English poets in general, yet, on this minute subject, the antiquity of the style produces a very ludicrous absurdity.—GOLDSMITH.

The Schoolmistress is excellent of its kind and masterly. —GRAY *to Walpole.*]

There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the pow'r of this relentless dame:
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown:
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, ne doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And her trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where, edged with gold, its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!

Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forfend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree,)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace!
Or what device his loud laments explain!
The form uncouth of his disguised face!
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain!
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain!
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair:
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting, does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His eyes besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,

Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul: more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit:

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor sweeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit the Aonian field:
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work: and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here!"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door:
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck-and-drake to play;
Thilk to the huckster's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-'brie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scattering, like blooming maid, their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.*

[* "When I bought Spenser first," says Shenstone, "I read a page or two of 'The Fairie Queene,' and cared not to proceed. After that Pope's 'Alley,' made me consider him ludicrously; and in that light, I think one may read him with pleasure." We owe the Schoolmistress to this ill-taste and this complete misconception of Spenser.

Mr. Disraeli has an entertaining paper on Shenstone, but has omitted to mention that the first sketch of the Schoolmistress, in twelve stanzas, is in Shenstone's first publication.]

ELEGY,

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye? [shine?
That eye where mirth, where fancy used to
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodged in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scaped this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admired;
In Fortune's train the syren Flattery smiled,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspired.

Of folly studious, even of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chased the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I clothed each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seized the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline!
Assured that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matured her growing shame:
Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatized by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find, this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry, [turn?
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And tinged a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy, we are pure.

Ye flowers that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare!
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee:
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu:
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave what love refused to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precepts from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave:
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows raged, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!

FROM "RURAL ELEGANCE."

AN ODE TO THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.*

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire!
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes, that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urged by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry!
See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey:
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown;
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain!

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleased ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleased the spring her flowery robe resume:
Unmoved the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse;
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd, nor yet, ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refined;
Lo! not a hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purpled heath is tinged, in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Even thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

* * * *

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admired carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfumed to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? For use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of humankind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

* * *

ODE TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by Time;
And suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preservest the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd;
And to my raptured ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:

[* The Lady Hertford of Thomson's Spring.]

Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume thy beauties not their own!

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breathed in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;

Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleased, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But, ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

HENRY CAREY.

[Died, Oct. 1743.]

HENRY CAREY was a musician by profession, and author both of the words and melody of the pleasing song of "Sally in our Alley." He came to an untimely death by his own hands.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.*

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
(I love her so sincerely,)
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But, let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

[* Carey in the third Edition of his Poems, published in 1729, before "the Ballad of Sally in our Alley," has placed this note:—

THE ARGUMENT.

"A vulgar error having long prevailed among many persons, who imagine Sally Salisbury the subject of this ballad, the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very name at the time this Song was composed. For as innocence and virtue were ever the boundaries to his Muse, so in this little poem he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life. The real occasion was this: a Shoomaker's-Prentice making holiday with his Sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing-pie-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuff'd beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the Author dodged them, (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship,) from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation," p. 127. There was some attempt to rob Carey of his right to his ballad, as there was to rob Denham, Garth, and Akenside, but it did not succeed then, though it occasioned uneasiness to the author, nor will it now, when it can affect him no more.]

When Christmas comes about again,
  Oh then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
  I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
  Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
  A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
  O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
  But not in our alley.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

[Born, 1731. Died, 1764.]

He was the son of a respectable clergyman, who was curate and lecturer of St. John's, Westminster. He was educated at Westminster school, and entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, but not being disposed

"O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
Or cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,"

he left the university abruptly, and coming to London made a clandestine marriage in the Fleet.* His father, though much displeased at the proceeding, became reconciled to what could not be remedied, and received the imprudent couple for about a year under his roof. After this young Churchill went for some time to study theology at Sunderland, in the north of England, and having taken orders, officiated at Cadbury, in Somersetshire, and at Rainham, a living of his father's in Essex, till upon the death of his father, he succeeded in 1758 to the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Westminster. Here he conducted himself for some time with a decorum suitable to his profession, and increased his narrow income by undertaking private tuition. He got into debt, it is true; and Dr. Lloyd, of Westminster, the father of his friend the poet, was obliged to mediate with his creditors for their acceptance of a composition; but when fortune put it into his power, Churchill honourably discharged all his obligations. His Rosciad appeared at first anonymously, in 1761, and was ascribed to one or other of half the wits in town; but his acknowledgment of it, and his poetical "Apology," in which he retaliated upon the critical reviewers of his poem, (not fearing to affront even Fielding and Smollett,) made him at once famous and formidable. The players, at least, felt him to be so. Garrick himself, who though extolled in the Rosciad was sarcastically alluded to in the Apology, courted him like a suppliant; and his satire had the effect of driving poor Tom Davies, the biographer of Garrick, though he was a tolerable performer, from the stage.† A letter from another actor, of the name of Davis, who seems rather to have dreaded than experienced his severity, is preserved in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, in which the poor comedian deprecates the poet's censure in an expected publication, as likely to deprive him of bread. What was mean in Garrick might have been an object of compassion in this humble man; but Churchill answered him with surly contempt, and holding to the plea of justice, treated his fears with the apparent satisfaction of a hangman. His moral character, in the mean time, did not keep pace with his literary reputation. As he got above neglect he seems to have thought himself above censure. His superior, the Dean of Westminster, having had occasion to rebuke him for some irregularities, he threw aside at once the clerical habit and profession, and arrayed his ungainly form in the splendour of fashion. Amidst the remarks of his enemies, and what he pronounces the still more insulting advice of his prudent friends upon his irregular life, he published his epistle to Lloyd, entitled Night, a sort of manifesto of the impulses, for they could not be called principles, by which he professed his conduct to be influenced. The leading maxims of this epistle are, that prudence and hypocrisy in these times are the same thing! that good hours are but fine words; and that it is better to avow faults than to conceal them. Speaking of his convivial enjoyments he says

"Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day."

In the same description he somewhat awkwardly introduces

[* Mr. Southey believes that his marriage took place previous to his entering the university of Cambridge. —*Life of Cowper*, vol. i. p. 70.]

† Nichols, in his Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, vol. vi. p. 424, gives this information of Tom Davies's being driven off the stage by Churchill's satire on the authority of Dr. Johnson. This Davies was the editor of Dramatic Miscellanies, and of the Life and Works of Lillo. The name of the other poor player who implored Churchill's mercy was T. Davis, his name being differently spelt from that of Garrick's biographer. Churchill's answer to him is also preserved by Nichols.

"Wine's gay God, with TEMPERANCE by his side,
———Whilst HEALTH attends."

How would Churchill have belaboured any fool or hypocrite who had pretended to boast of health and temperance in the midst of orgies that turned night into day.

By his connexion with Wilkes he added political to personal causes of animosity, and did not diminish the number of unfavourable eyes that were turned upon his private character. He had certainly, with all his faults, some strong and good qualities of the heart; but the particular proofs of these were not likely to be sedulously collected as materials of his biography, for he had now placed himself in that light of reputation when a man's likeness is taken by its shadow and darkness. Accordingly, the most prominent circumstances that we afterward learn respecting him are, that he separated from his wife, and seduced the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster. At the end of a fortnight, either from his satiety or repentance, he advised this unfortunate woman to return to her friends; but took her back again upon her finding her home made intolerable by the reproaches of a sister.* His reputation for inebriety also received some public acknowledgments. Hogarth gave as much celebrity as he could to his love of porter, by representing him in the act of drinking a mug of that liquor in the shape of a bear;† but the painter had no great reason to congratulate himself ultimately on the effects of his caricature. Our poet was included in the general warrant that was issued for apprehending Wilkes. He hid himself, however, and avoided imprisonment. In the autumn of 1764 he paid a visit to Mr. Wilkes at Boulogne, where he caught a miliary fever, and expired in his thirty-third year.‡

Churchill may be ranked as a satirist immediately after Pope and Dryden, with perhaps a greater share of humour than either. He has the bitterness of Pope, with less wit to atone for it; but no mean share of the free manner and energetic plainness of Dryden.§ After the Rosciad and Apology he began his poem of the Ghost, (founded on the well-known story of Cocklane,) many parts of which tradition reports him to have composed when scarce recovered from his fits of drunkenness. It is certainly a rambling and scandalous production, with a few such original gleams as might have crossed the brain of genius amidst the bile and lassitude of dissipation. The novelty of political warfare seems to have given a new impulse to his powers in the Prophecy of Famine, a satire on Scotland, which even to Scotchmen must seem to sheath its sting in its laughable extravagance. His poetical Epistle to Hogarth is remarkable, amidst its savage ferocity, for one of the best panegyrics that was ever bestowed on that painter's works. He scalps indeed even barbarously the infirmities of the man, but, on the whole, spares the laurels of the artist. The following is his description of Hogarth's powers.

"In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age."

There are two peculiarly interesting passages in his Conference. One of them, expressive of remorse for his crime of seduction, has been often quoted. The other is a touching description of a man of iudependent spirit reduced by despair and poverty to accept of the means of sustaining life on humiliating terms.

"What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.
Once,—at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal.
* * * * * *
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan:

[* The only laudable part of Churchill's conduct during his short career of popularity was, that he carefully laid by a provision for those who were dependent on him. This was his meritorious motive for that greediness of gain with which he was reproached: as if it were any reproach to a successful author, that he doled out his writings in the way most advantageous for himself, and fixed upon them as high a price as his admirers were willing to pay! He thus enabled himself to bequeath an annuity of sixty pounds to his widow, and of fifty to the more unhappy woman, who, after they had both repented of their guilty intercourse, had fled to him again for the protection, which she knew not where else to seek. And when these duties had been provided for, there remained some surplus for his two sons. Well would it be if he might be as fairly vindicated on other points.—SOUTHEY, *Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 160.]

[† Mr. Campbell has missed the point of the picture. Churchill is represented as a bear in clerical bands that are torn, and ruffled paws.]

[‡ "Only a day before that event took place," says Southey, "he made his will, wherein it is mournful to observe there is not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope."

His body was brought from Boulogne to Dover, and interred in the church of St. Martin, where his grave is distinguished by what Mr. Southey calls an epicurean line from one of his own poems:

Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies.

See also Byron's poem entitled "Churchill's Grave:"

I stood before the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season.

(*Works*, vol. x. p. 287) and Scott's note.]

[? Is he not rather an excellent Oldham? His poetical character, however, has been given by Cowper, in a few sententious lines,—see his *Table Talk*. Churchill, with his many excellencies, never rises to the poetical heights of Pope and Dryden. He is coarse, vigorous, surly, and slovenly:

full of gall
Wormwood and sulphur, sharp and toothed withal.
Ben Johnson.

And has *a swing* of versification peculiarly his own.]

Once, awed by fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd:
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith."

But without enumerating similar passages, which may form an exception to the remark, the general tenor of his later works fell beneath his first reputation. His *Duellist* is positively dull; and his *Gotham*, the imaginary realm of which he feigns himself the sovereign, is calculated to remind us of the proverbial wisdom of its sages.* It was justly complained that he became too much an echo of himself, and that before his short literary career was closed, his originality appeared to be exhausted.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE ROSCIAD."

Roscius deceased, each high aspiring player
Push'd all his interest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage!
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humble to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserved mishaps,
And their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And show where honour bled in every scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed who best can pay:
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit force of bribes.

What can an actor give? In every age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of every player,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef they only know the tune:
But what they have they give: could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat;
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be
In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson at second hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, interest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well-chosen, or a patch misplaced,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court as Garrick for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave: and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent age found out that he was young:
For Murphy some few pilfering wits declared,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom stared.

CHARACTER OF A CRITICAL FRIBBLE.

FROM THE SAME.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;

[* Cowper was of another opinion. "Gotham," he says, "is a noble and beautiful poem: making allowance (and need of the same indulgence) for an unwarrantable use of Scripture, it appears to me to be a masterly performance." —Southey's *Cowper*, vol. i. p. 91.]

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares:
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on: to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannel'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female, neither and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause,
Then with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smiled, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by nature there
Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

CHARACTERS OF QUIN, TOM SHERIDAN, AND GARRICK.

FROM THE SAME.

Quin, from afar, lured by the scent of fame,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play!
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Received with joyful murmurs of applause
Their darling chief, and lined his favourite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily praised, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accident of time and place;
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
A universal fame on partial ground!
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who when the stage they tread
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confined
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleased, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit; that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight.

Was speech-famed Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social powers of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie;
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll:
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit 's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic—"Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause."
For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only used in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul 's portray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.
Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleased;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleased with nature, must be pleased with thee.
Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout!
How ev'ry claimant, tortured with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.
"If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfined;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show;
Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

FROM THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.*

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes,
Where, from their youth, inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
Jockey, whose manly high-boned cheeks to crown
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With mickle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.

[* Heartily as Churchill hated the Scotch, he was himself of the half-blood. This appears from a passage in The Prophecy of Famine, remarkable also for containing an equivocal intimation that he had renounced not only his orders, but his belief, v. 217–234.—SOUTHEY'S *Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 358.]

Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.*
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares without entangling briars spread,
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loathe, and to be loathed by man,
Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here,—for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
A native blast, which arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,—
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day take keep,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

Jock. Sith to this cave, by tempest we're confined,
And within ken our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid among yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by Shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

Saw. Ah, Jockey, ill adviseet thou, I wis,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

Jock. Still have I known thee for a silly swain:
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cured,
So Donald right areeds, must be endured.

Saw. Full silly swain, I wot, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

Jock. O she was bonny! All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found? [round
Nore precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue. [ear,

Saw. Whether with pipe or song to charm the
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer!
Cursed be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seized and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

Jock. Full sorely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray,
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms!

Saw. Mention it not—There saw I strangers
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid, [clad
Saw the ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! cursed those which still
To mourn fifteen renew'd in forty-five. [survive,
Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,

[* The severity of satire is in its truth; and however treeless her clime may be, or cold her hills, or naked her inhabitants—her streams are as clear as crystal, and dance, and bicker to a music all their own.]

[† The Pretender's birth-day.]

Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror loved to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pined,
She oped, and, cursing, swallow'd naught but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.
Cease, cried the goddess, cease despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown among the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves,
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
Long have we born this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship int'rest and our track pursue,
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.
For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep;
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach,
For us their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach;
Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

[Born, 1708. Died, 1764.]

It is creditable to the memory of Pope to have been the encourager of this ingenious man, who rose from the situation of a footman to be a very eminent bookseller. His plan of republishing "Old English Plays" is said to have been suggested to him by the literary amateur Coxeter; but the execution of it leaves us still indebted to Dodsley's enterprise.

SONG.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double;
Who would trust to such weak eyes?
Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences
Lost in error, lives and dies.

SONG.

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear,
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

ROBERT LLOYD.

[Born, 1733. Died, 1764.]

Robert Lloyd was the son of one of the masters of Westminster school. He studied at Cambridge, and was for some time usher at Westminster, but forsook that employment for the life of an author and the habits of a man of pleasure. His first publication that attracted any notice was the "Actor," the reputation of which stimulated Churchill to his "Rosciad." He contributed to several periodical works; but was unable by his literary efforts to support the dissipated life which he led with Colman, Thornton, and other gay associates. His debts brought him to the Fleet; and those companions left him to moralize on the instability of convivial friendships. Churchill, however, adhered to him, and gave him pecuniary relief to prevent him from starving in prison. During his confinement he published a volume of his poems; wrote a comic opera, "The Capricious Lovers;" and took a share in translating the Contes Moraux of Marmontel. When the death of Churchill was announced to him, he exclaimed, "I shall follow poor Charles!" fell into despondency, and died within a few weeks. Churchill's sister, to whom he was betrothed, died of a broken heart for his loss.*

CHIT CHAT. AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

Idyll. XV. Ἐν δοῖ Πραξινόα, &c.

Mrs. B. Is Mistress Scot at home, my dear?
Serv. Ma'am, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My missess, though resolved to wait,
Is quite unpatient—'tis so late.
She fancied you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, ma'am—Mrs. Brown.
Mrs. S. Your servant, madam. Well, I swear
I'd given you over.—Child, a chair.
Pray, ma'am, be seated.
Mrs. B. Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such a scrouging and such squeeging,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the wagons, carts, and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides, the walk is so immense—
Not that I grudge a coach expense,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear?
Its quite a journey to come here.
Mrs. S. Lard! ma'am, I left it all to him,
Husbands, you know, will have their whim.
He took this house.—This house! this den.—
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live quite out of all the world.
Husband, indeed!
Mrs. B. Hist! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks—
Mrs. S. Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.
Mrs. B. See how the urchin holds his hands!
Upon my life he understands.
—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
Will Jacky have a sugar-plum?
Mrs. S. This person, madam, (call him so
And then the child will never know,)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the Crown,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.
Mrs. B. My good man, too—Lord bless us!
Are born to lead unhappy lives, [wives
Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,

[* To Lloyd and Churchill, Mr. Southey has given, in his Life of Cowper, an undue though interesting importance.

Lloyd's best productions are his two Odes, to Obscurity and Oblivion, written in ridicule of Gray; and in which the elder Colman had an uncertain share.]

Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That I have not a gown to wear;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your cardinal? make haste.
The king, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach-and-eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the queen—
Mrs. S. Ay, ay, you know,
Great folks can always make a show.
But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the queen.
Mrs. B. Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve I vow.
Mrs. S. Kitty, my things,—I'll soon have done;
It's time enough, you know, at one.
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here to wash my hands.
—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!
—Look how the drawling dawdle creeps.
That basin there—why don't you pour?
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the hussy down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown,
—Bring me my ruffles—canst not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heaven be praised—this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.
Mrs. B. That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,
But you've a charming taste in dress.
What might it cost you, madam?
Mrs. S. Guess.
Mrs. B. Oh! that's impossible—for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.
Mrs. S. I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it should be gone—
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.
Mrs. B. Indeed you bargain'd with success,
For it's a most delightful dress.
Besides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis sloped with such an air.
Mrs. S. I'm glad you think so,—Kitty, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take you abroad! Indeed not I;
For all the bugaboes to fright ye—
Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;
With such a mob about the street,
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet!
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber than be lame.
Kitty, I say, here, take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to Kitty—there's a man.
Call in the dog, and shut the door.
Now, ma'am.
Mrs. B. Oh lard!
Mrs. S. Pray go before.
Mrs. B. I can't indeed, now.
Mrs. S. Madam, pray.
Mrs. B. Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.
Mrs. S. Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How shall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,
—Pray, sir, take care—your horse will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.
Mrs. B. Don't be afraid, my dear, come on;
Why don't you see the guards are gone?
Mrs. S. Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almost scared to death;
For where a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half;
They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.
Mrs. B. Come you from Palace-yard, old dame?
Old Woman. Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?
Mrs. B. Was it much crowded when you came?
Mrs. S. And is his Majesty gone by?
Mrs. B. Can we get in, old lady, pray,
To see him robe himself to-day?
Mrs. S. Can you direct us, dame?
Old Woman. Endeavour.
Troy could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, Troy, was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.
Mrs. B. Go thy ways, Proverbs—well, she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks press on before,
And throng impatient at the door.
Mrs. S. Perdigious! I can hardly stand,
Lord bless me, Mrs. Brown, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise, and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.
Lard, I shall faint—O lud—my breast—
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me—I have dropp'd my fan,
——Pray, did you see it, honest man?
Man. I, madam, no!—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—
Why, don't you see the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.
Mrs. S. You're very kind, sir; truly few
Are half so complaisant as you.
We shall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,

And you'll be always sure to meet
A welcome, sir, in—Lard! the street
Bears such a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
Pray is the king a coming, sir?
Man. No—don't you hear the people shout?
'Tis Mr. Pitt, just *going out.*
Mrs. B. Ay, there he goes, pray heaven bless him!
Well may the people all caress him.
—Lord, how my husband used to sit,
And drink success to honest Pitt,
And happy, o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, "you shall pledge this toast, my dear."
Man. Hist—silence—don't you hear the drum-ming?
Now, ladies, now, the king's a coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?
Mrs. B. Which is the king?
Mrs. S. Which is the coach?
Scotchman. Which is the noble earl of Bute?
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan,*
Troth he's a *bonny muckle man.*
Man. Here comes the coach so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.
Mrs. S. Upon my word, its monstrous fine!
Would half the gold upon 't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts one's eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.
Mrs. B. So painted, gilded, and so large.
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.
Man. Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do,
Could they a *body*-coachmen get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.
Mrs. S. Lard! what are those two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the queen?
Man. Oh! they are gods, ma'am, which you see,
Of the Marine Society,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.
Mrs. S. Gods d'ye call those filthy men!
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these Tritons do on land?
Mrs. B. And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?
Man. Oh, they are gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers;
Creatures, which seldom come ashore,
Nor seen about the king before.
For show, they wear the yellow hue,
Their proper colour is true-blue.
Mrs. S. Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks hollow, hiss, and hoot!
Well—Heaven preserve the Earl of Bute!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do—give us shelter, honest man.
Mrs. B. I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

DAVID MALLET.

[Born, 1700. Died, 1765.]

Of Mallet's birth-place and family nothing is certainly known; but Dr. Johnson's account of his descent from the sanguinary clan of Mac Gregor is probably not much better founded than what he tells us of his being janitor to the High-School of Edinburgh. That officer has, from time immemorial, lived in a small house at the gate of the school, of which he sweeps the floors, and rings the bell.* Mallet, at the alleged time of his being thus employed, was private tutor in the family of Mr. Home, of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. By a Mr. Scott he was recommended to be tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, and after travelling on the Continent with his pupils, and returning to London, made his way, according to Dr. Johnson, into the society of wits, nobles, and statesmen, by the influence of the family in which he had lived.†

[* And is an office always intrusted, we believe, to men technically called up in years.]

[† He had no fixed salary at Mr. Home's; at the Duke of Montrose's his encouragement was an allowance yearly of thirty pounds. He was educated at Aberdeen under Professor Ker, through whose influence Mr. Scott so successfully interested himself about him. Mallet left Edinburgh for London in August, 1723, and did not go abroad with the Montrose family. He had gained the friendship of Young in 1725, and in 1726 had changed his name from Malloch to Mallet, for he found no Englishmen who could pronounce the original.]

Perhaps the mere situation of a nobleman's tutor would not have gained such access to a diffident man; but Mallet's manners and talents were peculiarly fitted to make their way in the world. His ballad of "William and Margaret," in 1724, first brought him into notice. He became intimate with Pope, and had so much celebrity in his day as to be praised in rhyme both by Savage and Lord Chesterfield. In time [June, 1742] he was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales. Some of his letters in the earlier part of his life express an interest and friendship for the poet Thomson, which do honour to his heart; but it cannot be disguised that his general history exhibits more address than principle, and his literary career is unimportant. Some years before his death he was appointed keeper of the book of entries for the port of London, and enjoyed a pension for an address to the public, which contributed to hasten the execution of Byng—a fact for which, if true, his supposed ancestors, the MacGregors, might have been ashamed to acknowledge him.*

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour
When night and morning meet;†
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

[* This account is very meagre, and Mallet's life deserves to be written at some length; for it would afford a curious history, such as literary lives too seldom offer. The materials, though scattered, are various and ample. It was to Mallet's house that Gibbon the historian went after his removal from College.

Mallet is the only instance of an author who has written so much and so variedly, and at such different periods of life, whose first productions are still considered his best. William and Margaret is indeed a beautiful ballad, and the Banks of Endermay, another early attempt, very elegant and very pleasing.]

[† The two introductory lines, says Percy, (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep, &c.

For a character of Mallet's ballads, see Scott's Essay on Imitations, *Poet. Works*, vol. iv. p. 27. The ballad before us Percy has called one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language. *Rel.* vol. iii. p. 165.]

SONG.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters love no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay.

EDWARD YOUNG.

[Born, 1681. Died, 1765.]

YOUNG'S satires have at least the merit of containing a number of epigrams, and as they appeared rather earlier than those of Pope, they may boast of having afforded that writer some degree of example. Swift's opinion of them, however, seems not to have been unjust, that they should have either been more merry or more angry.* One of his tragedies is still popular on the stage; and his Night Thoughts have many admirers both at home and abroad. Of his lyrical poetry he had himself the good sense to think but indifferently. In none of his works is he more spirited and amusing than in his Essay on Original Composition, written at the age of eighty.

The Night Thoughts have been translated into more than one foreign language; and it is usual for foreigners to regard them as eminently characteristic of the peculiar temperament of English genius. Madame de Stael has indeed gravely deduced the genealogy of our national melancholy from Ossian and the Northern Scalds, down to Dr. Young. Few Englishmen, however, will probably be disposed to recognise the author of the Night Thoughts as their national poet by way of eminence. His devotional gloom is more in the spirit of St. Francis of Asisium than of an English divine: and his austerity is blended with a vein of whimsical conceit that is still more unlike the plainness of English character. The Night Thoughts certainly contain many splendid and happy conceptions, but their beauty is thickly marred by false wit and overlaboured antithesis: indeed his whole ideas seem to have been in a state of antithesis while he composed the poem. One portion of his fancy appears devoted to aggravate the picture of his desolate feelings, and the other half to contradict that picture by eccentric images and epigrammatic ingenuities. As a poet he was fond of exaggeration, but it was that of the fancy more than of the heart. This appears no less in the noisy hyperboles of his tragedies, than in the studied melancholy of the Night Thoughts, in which he pronounces the simple act of laughter to be half immoral. That he was a pious man, and had felt something from the afflictions described in the Complaint, need not be called in question,† but he seems covenanting with himself to be as desolate as possible, as if he had continued the custom ascribed to him at college, of studying with a candle stuck in a human skull; while, at the same time, the feelings and habits of a man of the world, which still adhere to him, throw a singular contrast over his renunciations of human vanity. He abjures the world in witty metaphors, commences his poem with a sarcasm on sleep, deplores his being neglected at court, compliments a lady of quality by asking the moon if she would choose to be called the "*fair Portland of the skies*"—and dedicates to the patrons of "*a much indebted muse*," one of whom (Lord Wilmington‡) on some occasion he puts in the balance of antithesis as a counterpart to heaven. He was, in truth, not so sick of life as of missing its preferments, and was still ambitious not only of converting Lorenzo, but of shining before this utterly worthless and wretched world as a sparkling, sublime, and witty poet. Hence his poetry has not the majestic simplicity of a heart abstracted from human vanities, and while the groundwork of his sentiments is more darkly shaded than is absolutely necessary either for poetry or religion, the surface of his expression glitters with irony and satire, and with thoughts sometimes absolutely approaching to pleasantry. His ingenuity in the false sublime is very peculiar. In Night IX. he concludes his description of the day of judgment by showing the just and the unjust consigned respectively to their "*sulphureous or ambrosial seats*," while

"Hell through all her glooms
Returns in groans a melancholy roar;"

this is aptly put under the book of Consolation.

[* The Universal Passion is indeed a very great performance. It is said to be a series of epigrams.

Young's species of satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gayety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays indeed only on the surface of life; he never penetrates the recesses of the mind, and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhausted by a single perusal; his conceits please only when they surprise.—JOHNSON.]

† It appears, however, from Sir Herbert Croft's account of his life, [in Johnson's Poets,] that he had not lost the objects of his affection in such rapid succession as he feigned, when he addresses the "Insatiate archer (Death) whose shaft flew thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

[‡ The Lord Wilmington of Thomson's "Winter."]

But instead of winding up his labours, he proceeds through a multitude of reflections, and amidst many comparisons assimilates the constellations of heaven to gems of immense weight and value on a ring for the finger of their Creator. Conceit could hardly go farther than to ascribe finery to Omnipotence. The taste of the French artist was not quite so bold, when in the picture of Belshazzar's feast, he put a ring and ruffle on the hand that was writing on the wall.

Here, however, he was in earnest comparatively with some other passages, such as that in which he likens Death to Nero driving a phaeton in a female guise, or where he describes the same personage, Death, borrowing the "*cockaded brow of a spendthrift*," in order to gain admittance to "*a gay circle*." Men, with the same familiarity, are compared to monkeys before a looking-glass; and, at the end of the eighth book, Satan is roundly denominated a "*dunce*:"* the first time, perhaps, that his abilities were ever seriously called in question.†

Shall we agree with Dr. Johnson when he affirms of the Night Thoughts that particular lines are not to be regarded, that the power is in the whole, and that in the whole there is a magnificence like that which is ascribed to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity? Of a Chinese plantation few men have probably a very distinct conception; but unless that species of landscape be an utterly capricious show of objects, in which case even extent and variety will hardly constitute magnificence, it must possess amusement and vicissitude, arising from the relation of parts to each other. But there is nothing of entertaining succession of parts in the Night Thoughts. The poem excites no anticipation as it proceeds. One book bespeaks no impatience for another, nor is found to have laid the smallest foundation for new pleasure when the succeeding Night sets in. The poet's fancy discharges itself on the mind in short *ictuses* of surprise, which rather lose than increase their force by reiteration; but he is remarkably defective in progressive interest and collective effect. The power of the poem, instead of "*being in the whole*," lies in short, vivid, and broken gleams of genius; so that if we disregard particular lines, we shall but too often miss the only gems of ransom which the poet can bring as the price of his relief from surrounding tedium. Of any long work, where the power really lies in the whole, we feel reluctant to hazard the character by a few short quotations, because a few fragments can convey no adequate idea of the architecture; but the directly reverse of this is the case with the Night Thoughts, for by selecting particular beauties of the poem we should delight and electrify a sensitive reader, but might put him to sleep by a perusal of the whole. This character of detached felicities, unconnected with interesting progress or reciprocal animation of parts, may be likened to a wilderness, without path or perspective, or to a Chinese plantation (if the illustration be more agreeable;) but it does not correspond with our idea of the magnificence of a great poem, of which it can be said that the power is in the whole. After all, the variety and extent of reflection in the Night Thoughts is to a certain degree more imposing than real. They have more metaphorical than substantial variety of thought. Questions which we had thought exhausted and laid at rest in one book, are called up again in the next in a Proteus metamorphosis of shape, and a chamelion diversity of colour. Happily the awful truths which they illustrate are few and simple. Around those truths the poet directs his course with innumerable sinuosities of fancy, like a man appearing to make a long voyage, while he is in reality only crossing and recrossing the same expanse of water.

He has been well described in a late poem, as one in whom

> "Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day
> Of genuine poetry."

The above remarks have been made with no desire to depreciate what is genuine in his beauties. The reader most sensitive to his faults must have felt, that there is in him a spark of originality which is never long extinguished, however far it may be from vivifying the entire mass of his poetry. Many and exquisite are his touches of sublime expression, of profound reflection, and of striking imagery. It is recalling but a few of these to allude to his description, in the eighth book, of the man whose *thoughts are not of this world*, to his simile of the traveller at the opening of the ninth book, to his spectre of the antediluvian world, and to some parts of his very unequal description of the conflagration; above all, to that noble and familiar image,

> "When final Ruin fiercely drives
> Her ploughshare o'er creation."

It is true that he seldom, if ever, maintains a flight of poetry long free from oblique associations; but he has individual passages which Philosophy might make her texts, and Experience select for her mottos.

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* "Nor think this sentence is severe on thee,
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce."
Concluding lines of Night 8th.

[† The Night Thoughts are spoken of differently, either with exaggerated applause or contempt, as the reader's disposition is either turned to mirth or melancholy.—GOLDSMITH.]

[* A passage imitated by Burns in his Poem "To the Daisy:"

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

Burns was a great reader of Young, as the Scotch indeed universally are.]

FROM NIGHT I.

Introduction to the Night Thoughts—Uncertainty of human happiness—Universality of human misery.

TIRED nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe,
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world,
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought!
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder he who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise to proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal;
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore that are not lost!
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:

How populous, how vital, is the grave! -
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free,
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself:
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul,
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night-visions may befriend: (as sung above)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

* * * *

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot:
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children than sure heirs of pain.
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour saved,
If so, the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicits the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure; since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give and reduce
Surfeit's dominion over you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance,
And punishment the guiltless, and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns:
And his guard falling crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish,
How distant oft the thing we doat on most
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities;
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

FROM NIGHT II.

Apology for the seriousness of the subject.

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo; tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason in the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes

Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there!
Will toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be
toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

FROM THE SAME.

Madness of men in pursuit of amusement.

Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children, babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
(For nature's voice unstifled would recall,)
Drives headlong toward the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death thus more dreadful
made:
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when pass'd by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds!
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

FROM THE SAME.

Blessedness of the son of foresight.

Where shall I find him? Angels! tell me
where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers!
Your golden wings, how hovering o'er him, shed
Protection: now are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight;
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like passion for eternals quench'd;
All relish of realities expired;
Renounced all correspondence with the skies:
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
changed;
Though we from earth; ethereal they that fell.

FROM THE SAME.

Society necessary to happiness.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives,
The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import, joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluck'd by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

FROM NIGHT III.

Complaint for Narcissa.

O Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent and pain, a menace and a blow,
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen than of prey.
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate, (who loves a lofty mark,)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious. All its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,

Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies as all
We guess of heaven: and these were all her own.
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most
Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest—
As bodies grow more ponderous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy,
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
Our tears indulged indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me!
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun: the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair!

* * * *

So man is made; nought ministers delight
By what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish after rapture, how severe!
Rapture! Bold man! who tempt'st the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While here, presuming on the rights of heaven,
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo! At thy friend's expense be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—thought repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smiled!
And when high-flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion steel'd;
While nature melted, superstition raved;
That mourn'd the dead, and this denied a grave.
Their sighs incensed; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tiger suck'd, outraged the storm.
For, oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurst,
In blind infallibility's embrace,
The sainted spirit, petrified the breast;
Denied the charity of dust to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succour! What resource? [re-
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
I whisper'd what should echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, bless'd shade! of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man while I his God adored;
Sore grudged the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the cursed soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

FROM NIGHT IV.

Comparison of the soul viewing the prospects of immortality to the prisoner enlarged from a dungeon.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hope immortal, and affects the skies.

FROM NIGHT V.

The danger to virtue of infection from the world.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something, we thought, is blotted; we resolved,
Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange; light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad; thought, outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation; quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

FROM NIGHT VI.

Insufficiency of genius without virtue.

Genius and Art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, Fame's flight is glory's fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright and base,
Of towering talents and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft and envy rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

FROM NIGHT VIII.

Description of the man whose thoughts are not of this world.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing less an angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right!
The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame, his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities,
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

FROM HIS SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

The love of praise.

What will not men attempt for sacred praise!
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart;
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

SATIRE V.

Propensity of man to false and fantastic joys.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

* * *

* * Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoys but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted arts depraved allurements choose.

CHARACTERS OF WOMEN—THE ASTRONOMICAL LADY.

FROM THE SAME.

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance!
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

THE LANGUID LADY.

FROM THE SAME.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid,
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil:
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help, oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin, it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve;
But chew she must herself! ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

THE SWEARER.

FROM THE SAME.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear,
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She on the Christian system is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A lady? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

THE WEDDED WIT.

FROM THE SAME.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit:
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they lived in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On D'Urfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

JOHN BROWN.

[Born, 1715, Died, 1765.]

Dr. Brown, author of the tragedies of Athelstan and Barbarossa, and of several other works, was born at Rothbury, in Northumberland, where his father was curate. He studied at Cambridge, obtained a minor canonry and lectureship in the cathedral of Carlisle, and was afterward preferred to the living of Morland, in Westmoreland. The latter office he resigned in disgust at being rebuked for an accidental omission of the Athanasian creed. He remained for some years in obscurity at Carlisle, till the year of the Rebellion, when he distinguished himself by his intrepidity as a volunteer at the siege of the castle. His Essay on Satire introduced him to Warburton, who exhorted him to write his Remarks on Shaftesbury's Characteristics, as well as to attempt an epic poem on the plan which Pope had sketched. Through Warburton's influence he

obtained the rectory of Horkesly, near Colchester; but his fate was to be embroiled with his patrons, and having quarrelled with those who had given him the living in Essex, he was obliged to retire upon the vicarage of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle. A latent taint of derangement had certainly made him vain and capricious; but Warburton seems not to have been a delicate doctor to his mind's disease. In one of his letters he says, "Brown is here, rather perter than ordinary, but no wiser. You cannot imagine how tender they are all of his tender places, and *with how unfeeling a hand I probe them.*" The writer of this humane sentence was one whom Brown had praised in his Estimate as the Gulliver and Colossus of a degenerate age. When his Barbarossa came out, it appears that some friends, equally tender with the Bishop of Gloucester, reproved him for having any connection with players. The players were not much kinder to his sore feelings. Garrick offended him deeply by a line in the prologue which he composed for his Barbarossa, alluding to its author, "*Let the poor devil eat—allow him that.*"

His poetry never obtained, or indeed deserved much attention; but his "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the times" passed through seven editions, and threw the nation into a temporary ferment. Voltaire alleges that it roused the English from lethargy by the imputation of degeneracy, and made them put forth a vigour that proved victorious in the war with France. Dr. Brown was preparing to accept of an invitation from the Empress of Russia to superintend her public plans of education, when he was seized with a fit of lunacy, and put a period to his own existence.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "BARBAROSSA."

ACT II.

Selim, the son of the deceased Prince of Algiers, admitted in disguise into the palace of the usurper Barbarossa, and meeting with Othman, his secret friend.

Persons—BARBAROSSA, SELIM, OTHMAN.

Bar. MOST welcome, Othman.
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen: for he hath news
Worthy her ear, from her departed son;
Such as may win her love—Come, Aladin!
The banquet waits our presence: festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
Illumined by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. [*Exeunt* BAR. *and* ALA.
Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy labouring breast?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
That riots through the palace?
Oth. Darest thou tell me
On what dark errand thou art here?
Selim. I dare.
Dost not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage? Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury?—I am Selim's murderer.
Oth. Selim's murderer!
Selim. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood——
Why this amazement? [should be——
Oth. Amazement!—No—'Tis well—'Tis as it
He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.
Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not so?
Why dost thou pause? What passion shakes thy frame?
Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble!——
Can I, unmoved, behold the murdering ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood!—Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his power; that, tired with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.
Selim. What, didst thou love this Selim?
Oth. All men loved him.
He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
That envy, at his praise, stood mute, nor dared
To sully his fair name! Remorseless tyrant!
Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lovest him,
I have deceived this tyrant Barbarossa:
Selim is yet alive.
Oth. Alive!
Selim. Nay more——
Selim is in Algiers.
Oth. Impossible! [hither straight.
Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him
Oth. Not for an empire!
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tiger's den.
Selim. But I'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise as shall deride
Suspicion, though she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not even thyself couldst know him.
Oth. Yes, sure: too sure to hazard such an awful Trial!
Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.
Oth. No time can blot
The memory of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! besides, he wears,
A mark indellible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which rushing on his mother, Selim slew.
Selim. A scar!
Oth. Ay, on his forehead.
Selim. What! like this? [*Lifting his turban.*
Oth. Whom do I see!—am I awake!—my prince!
My honour'd, honour'd king! [*Kneels.*
Selim. Rise, faithful Othman.
Thus let me thank thy truth! [*Embraces him.*
Oth. O happy hour! [my hand?
Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp
And why that ardent gaze! Thou canst not doubt me!

Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in every line.—
How did my prince escape the murderer's hand!
Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him, and gave back
That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet:—"Take this ring," he cried,
"The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accursed attempt: this pledge restored,
Will prove thee slain! Safe may'st thou see Algiers,
Unknown to all." This said, the assassin died.
Oth. But how to gain admittance thus unknown!
Selim. Disguised as Selim's murderer I come:
The accomplice of the deed: the ring restored,
Gain'd credence to my words.
Oth. Yet ere thou camest, thy death was rumour'd here.
Selim. I spread the flattering tale, and sent it hither,
That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme——
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness!
Oth. Still: in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, though with impious threats
Of death or violation.
Selim. May kind heaven
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, Othman?
Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.
Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue: 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?
Oth. Yet think—should Barbarossa——
Selim. Dread him not—
Thou know'st by his command I see Zaphira;
And wrapt in this disguise, I walk secure,
As if from heaven some guarding power attending,
Threw ten-fold night around me.
Oth. Still my heart
Forebodes some dire event!—O quit these walls!
Selim. Not till a deed be done, which every tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter OTHMAN *and* SADI *friend to* OTHMAN.

Selim. Honour'd friends!
How goes the night?
Sadi. 'Tis well-nigh midnight.
Oth. What—In tears, my prince!
Selim. But tears of joy: for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast:
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends!
They have but harmonized my soul; and waked
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril or death.—What tidings from the city?
Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confederate friends
Burn with impatience, till the hour arrive.
Selim. What is the signal of the appointed hour?
Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting;
And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.
Selim. Speed, speed, ye minutes!
Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm! Scarce two hours hence—
Sadi. Scarce more than one.
* * * *
Selim. But is the city quiet?
Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty streets,
Nor voice, nor sound. As if the inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds, that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd the impending uproar.
Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too,
That pleases me: a general pause through nature:
The winds are hush'd—
Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore:
No star peeps through the firmament of heaven—
Selim. And, lo! where eastward, o'er the sullen wave
The waning moon, deprived of half her orb,
Rises in blood: her beam, well-nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness— [*Bell tolls.*
Hark!—what meant
That tolling bell?
Oth. It rings the midnight watch.
Sadi. This was the signal—
Come, Othman, we are call'd: the passing minutes
Chide our delay; brave Othman, let us hence.
Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but, crown'd with glory,
We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember,
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy!
Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood!
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,
Not to destroy, but save! nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence! or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his blest abode,
Would wish that we should spare.
Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us!
Selim. Farewell, friends!
Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell!
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* SADI.

SELIM'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE THE INSURRECTION.

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted sentinel
Now takes his lonely stand; and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see!
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
From outward things descend into thyself!
Search deep my heart! bring with thee awful conscience,
And firm resolve! that, in the approaching hour

Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.
Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.
You with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired,
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe;
You penn'd what exiled Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you stray'd,
When death snatch'd his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay,
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighbouring poplars' height
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.
With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

* * *

The remainder of this ode, which is rather tedious, has been omitted.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER,

[Born, 1722. Died, 1769.]

Was of an ancient family in Nottinghamshire, and possessed the estate of Thurgarton Priory, where he exercised the active and useful duties of a magistrate. He resided, however, occasionally in London, and was a great promoter of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. He died at his house in May-Fair, after a long and excruciating illness, occasioned by the stone. He was a zealous pupil of the Shaftesbury school; and published, besides his Poems, a Life of Socrates, Letters on Taste, and Epistles to the Great from Aristippus in retirement.

FROM "LOCHLEVEN."

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy; now, sweating, glides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.
Fair from his hand, behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The street resounds with labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
Their gray-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene,
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks
Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air
With music grateful to the master's ear:
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

JAMES GRAINGER.

[Born, 1721.* Died, 1766.]

Dr. James Grainger, the translator of Tibullus, was for some time a surgeon in the army; he afterward attempted, without success, to obtain practice as a physician in London, and finally settled in St. Kitt's, where he married the governor's daughter. The novelty of West Indian scenery inspired him with the unpromising subject of the Sugar-cane, in which he very poetically dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "*Swains.*"† He died on the same island, a victim to the West Indian fever.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,‡
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place,)
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,

[* See Prior's Life of Goldsmith, vol. i. p. 237.]

[† If Grainger has invoked the Muse to sing of rats, and metamorphosed, in Arcadian phrase, negro slaves into swains, the fault is in the writer not in the topic. The arguments which he has prefixed are indeed ludicrously flat and formal.—Southey, *Quar. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 489.

Dr. Grainger's Sugar-cane is capable of being *rendered* a good poem.—Shenstone, *Works*, vol. iii. p. 343.]

[‡ Johnson praised Grainger's Ode to Solitude, and repeated with great energy the exordium, observing, "This, sir, is very noble."—Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 50.

What makes the poetry in the image of the *marble waste of Tadmor*, in Grainger's "Ode to Solitude," so much admired by Johnson? Is it the *marble* or the *waste*, the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The *waste* is like all other *wastes;* but the *marble* of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.—Lord Byron, *Works*, vol. vi. p. 359.

This was said by Byron in the great controversy these Specimens gave rise to between Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles the poet,—the Art and Nature squabble. Surely the poetry of the passage does not depend upon a single word:

'Tis not a lip or eye, we beauty call.

"In this fine Ode," says Percy, "are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature."—*Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 352.]

May I, through life's uncertain tide,
Be still from pain exempt!
May all my wants be still supplied,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt!

But should your providence divine
A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design,
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine,)
Be centred in a friend!

WILLIAM FALCONER.

[Born, 1730. Died, 1769.]

WILLIAM FALCONER was the son of a barber in Edinburgh, and went to sea at an early age in a merchant vessel of Leith. He was afterward mate of a ship that was wrecked in the Levant, and was one of only three out of her crew that were saved, a catastrophe which formed the subject of his future poem. He was for some time in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of Lexiphanes, when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation, and when the latter distinguished himself as a poet, used to boast that he had been his scholar. What he learned from Campbell it is not very easy to ascertain. His education, as he often assured Governor Hunter, had been confined to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, though in the course of his life he picked up some acquaintance with the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. In these his countryman was not likely to have much assisted him; but he might have lent him books, and possibly instructed him in the use of figures. Falconer published his "Shipwreck" in 1762, and by the favour of the Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, obtained the appointment of a midshipman in the Royal George, and afterward that of purser in the Glory frigate. He soon afterward married a Miss Hicks, an accomplished and beautiful woman, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness-yard. At the peace of 1763, he was on the point of being reduced to distressed circumstances by his ship being laid up in ordinary at Chatham, when, by the friendship of Commissioner Hanway, who ordered the cabin of the Glory to be fitted up for his residence, he enjoyed for some time a retreat for study without expense or embarrassment. Here he employed himself in compiling his Marine Dictionary, which appeared in 1769, and has been always highly spoken of by those who are capable of estimating its merits. He embarked also in the politics of the day, as a poetical antagonist to Churchill, but with little advantage to his memory. Before the publication of his Marine Dictionary he had left his retreat at Chatham for a less comfortable abode in the metropolis, and appears to have struggled with considerable difficulties, in the midst of which he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller,* to join him in the business which he had newly established, The cause of his refusing this offer was, in all probability, the appointment which he received to the pursership of the Aurora, East Indiaman. In that ship he embarked for India, in September 1769, but the Aurora was never heard of after she passed the Cape, and was thought to have foundered in the Channel of Mozambique; so that the poet of the "Shipwreck" may be supposed to have perished by the same species of calamity which he had rehearsed.

The subject of the Shipwreck, and the fate of its author, bespeak an uncommon partiality in its favour. If we pay respect to the ingenious scholar who can produce agreeable verses amidst the shades of retirement, or the shelves of his library, how much more interest must we take in the "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," cherishing refined visions of fancy at the hour which he may casually snatch from fatigue and danger. Nor did Falconer neglect the proper acquirements of seamanship in cultivating poetry, but evinced considerable knowledge of his profession, both in his Marine Dictionary and in the nautical precepts of the Shipwreck. In that poem he may be said to have added a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the language; at least, we had no previous poem of any length of which the characters and catastrophe were purely naval.

The scene of the catastrophe (though he followed only the fact of his own history) was poetically laid amidst seas and shores where the mind easily gathers romantic associations, and where it supposes the most picturesque vicissitudes of scenery and climate. The spectacle of a majestic British ship on the shores of Greece brings as strong a reminiscence to the mind, as can well be imagined, of the changes which time has wrought in transplanting the empire of arts and civilization. Falconer's characters are few; but the calm sagacious commander, and the rough obstinate Rodmond, are well contrasted. Some part of the love-story of "Palemon" is rather swainish and protracted, yet the effect of his being involved in the calamity, leaves a deeper sympathy in the mind for the daughter of Albert, when we conceive her at once deprived both of a father and a lover. The incidents of the "Shipwreck," like those of a well-wrought tragedy, gradually deepen, while they yet leave a suspense of hope and fear to the imagination. In the final scene there is something that deeply touches our compassion

[* The father of the publisher of this work.]

in the picture of the unfortunate man who is struck blind by a flash of lightning at the helm. I remember, by the way, to have met with an affecting account of the identical calamity befalling the steersman of a forlorn vessel in a similar moment, given in a prose and veracious history of the loss of a vessel on the coast of America. Falconer skilfully heightens this trait by showing its effect on the commiseration of Rodmond, the roughest of his characters, who guides the victim of misfortune to lay hold of a sail.

"A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gazed upon the blind.
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries:
Thy only succour on the mast relies!"

The effect of some of his sea-phrases is to give a definite and authentic character to his descriptions; but that of most of them, to a landsman's ear, resembles slang, and produces obscurity.* His diction, too, generally abounds with commonplace expletives and feeble lines. His scholarship on the shores of Greece is only what we should accept of from a seaman; but his poem has the sensible charm of appearing a transcript of reality, and leaves an impression of truth and nature on the mind.

FROM "THE SHIPWRECK."

CHARACTER OF THE OFFICERS.

O'ER the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienced Albert held the chief command;
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confess'd the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just, the calm, domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd; [known,
Or point her devious track, through climes un-
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave
And into motion charm th' expanding tide; [glide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inured to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous ocean's roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar and shelf the watery path they sound,
With dextrous arm; sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclined.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul! [shore,
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollute the shrine where mercy loves to dwell;
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew:
Unskill'd to argue; in dispute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised:
Yet though full oft to future perils blind.
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms,
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower;
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea,

[* The first edition has this title: "The Shipwreck. A Poem in Three Cantos. By a Sailor:" and in the prefatory Advertisement, Falconer says that he was forced to explain the sea-phrases, for he could recommend no Marine Dictionary, "without forfeiting his claim to the capacity assumed in the title page, of which he is much more tenacious than of his character as a poet." The poem as first published though in three cantos, its present number, is not one-third in extent of what it now is. There is nothing of Albert and Rodmond, Palemon and Anna—it is simply a descriptive poem. The alterations defy enumeration, and are everywhere for the better.]

With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.
In vain!—for rude adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye bless'd Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill fated swain!*
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.
This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.
  Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd course by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.—
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
  Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breathed alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learn'd, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute the generous soil:
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.

Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuked th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy:
He sooth'd and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting music fail'd,
And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assumed an harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

[* Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!
Pleasures of Hope.]

FROM THE SAME.

Evening described—Midnight—The ship weighing anchor and departing from the haven.

The sun's bright orb declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While all above a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night,
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
"All hands unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous cry:
"All hands unmoor!" the cavern rocks reply.
Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
The order given, up-springing with a bound
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round:
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
Erom east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stu'n sails now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud:
Through the wide atmosphere condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass placed to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then through the chiliads' triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconciled,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguiled.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Msjestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas,
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone,
Britannia riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er she moved the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident graced her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into union, yoked in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved.
Looze floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figured scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung,
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptured prow, from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

* * * *

High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:

Then tower'd the masts, the canvas swell'd on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day;
Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

FROM THE SAME.

Distress of the vessel—heaving of the guns overboard.

No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart, the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood; the stern aërial war,
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath their metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

FROM THE SAME.

Council of officers—Albert's directions to prepare for the last extremities.

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figured plane attentive bends!
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas, his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged isle be found bound;
Within her drift, with shelves, and breakers
For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft the head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower;
Black melancholy ruled the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command, deliberate to advise;
Expert in action, and in council wise;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd:
Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know,
The hour, th' occasion, all your skill demands;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds,
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more;
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.
These only in our power are left to try:
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign;
Forbid it, Heaven, that in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.
He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happiest skill descried.

Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.
Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chased by this tempest and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to present death we haste;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near,
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon:
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease: the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.—
Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran,
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.
And now the senior-pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matured his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still shunning cafe with secret hate,
In patient Indolence resign'd to fate.

But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling soul.
With fix'd attention pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combin'd:
While here we linger in the pass of fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With waters through a hundred leaks distill'd;
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight;
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
Stripp'd and defenceless floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At every pitch the o'erwhelming billows bend,
Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit end.
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our power th' increasing leak defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the wat'ry tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
'Tis urged indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.
But haply Falconera we may shun;
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear;
Even then the wearied storms as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride,
With lengthen'd cables on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.
He said:—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved.
High beat his bosom; with such fear subdued;
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards' breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved;
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!——

With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceived,
Palemon's drooping spirit he revived,
For consolation oft, with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.
Now had the pilots all the events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late,
Ye! who unmoved behold this angry storm
Its terrors all the rolling deep deform,
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purposed to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.
Perhaps even then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here;
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.

But if, determined by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.

And first let all our axes be secured,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepared,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft the alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
Then each, secured by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next assail each mast!
And booms, and oars, and rafts to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know among you some full oft have view'd,
With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless, plunder'd crew,
Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown;
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land:
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.
Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty all revered.

No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!—
O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warring elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just."

FROM THE SAME.

The vessel going to pieces—death of Albert.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain;
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

* * * *

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen inclosed:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinging joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

MARK AKENSIDE.

[Born, 1721. Died, 1770.]

It may be easy to point out in Akenside a superfluous pomp of expression; yet the character which Pope bestowed on him, "that he was not an every day writer,"* is certainly apparent in the decided tone of his moral sentiments, and in his spirited maintenance of great principles. His verse has a sweep of harmony that seems to accord with an emphatic mind. He encountered in his principal poem the more than ordinary difficulties of a didactic subject.

> "To paint the finest features of the mind,
> And to most subtle and mysterious things
> Give colour, strength, and motion."—Book i.

The object of his work was to trace the various pleasures which we receive from nature and art to their respective principles in the human imagination, and to show the connection of those principles with the moral dignity of man, and the final purposes of his creation. His leading speculative ideas are derived from Plato, Addison, Shaftesbury, and Hutchinson. To Addison he has been accused of being indebted for more than he acknowledged; but surely in plagiarisms from the Spectator it might be taken for granted, that no man could have counted on concealment; and there are only three passages (I think) in his poem where his obligations to that source are worthy of notice.† Independent of these, it is

[* While he was yet unknown.]

† Viz., his comparison of the Votary of Imagination to a Knight Errant in some enchanted paradise, Pleasures of Imagination, book iii. 1, 507; in his sketch of the village matron, book i. 1, 255; and in a passage of book iii. at line 379, beginning "But were not nature thus endowed at large." His ideas of the final cause of our delight in the vast and illimitable, is the same with one expressed in the Spectator, No. 413. But Addison and he borrowed it in common from the sublime theology of Plato. The leading hint of his well-known passage, "Say, why was man so eminently raised," &c., is avowedly taken from Longinus.

rue that he adopted Addison's threefold division of the sources of the pleasures of the imagination; but in doing so he properly followed a theory which had the advantage of being familiar to the reader; and when he afterward substituted another, in recasting his poem, he profited nothing by the change. In the purely ethical and didactic parts of his subject he displays a high zeal of classical feeling, and a graceful development of the philosophy of taste. Though his metaphysics may not always be invulnerable, his general ideas of moral truth are lofty and prepossessing. He is peculiarly eloquent in those passages in which he describes the final causes of our emotions of taste: he is equally skilful in delineating the processes of memory and association; and he gives an animated view of Genius collecting her stores for works of excellence. All his readers must recollect with what a happy brilliancy he comes out in the simile of art and nature, dividing our admiration when he compares them to the double appearance of the sun distracting his Persian worshipper. But "*non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.*" The sweetness which we miss in Akenside is that which should arise from the direct representations of life, and its warm realities and affections. We seem to pass in his poem through a gallery of pictured abstractions rather than of pictured things. He reminds us of odours which we enjoy artificially extracted from the flower instead of inhaling them from its natural blossom. It is true that his object was to teach and explain the nature of mind, and that his subject led him necessarily into abstract ideas, but it admitted also of copious scenes, full of solid human interest, to illustrate the philosophy which he taught. Poetry, whatever be its title, should not make us merely contemplate existence, but feel it over again. That descriptive skill which expounds to us the nature of our own emotions, is rather a sedative than a stimulant to enthusiasm. The true poet renovates our emotions, and is not content with explaining them. Even in a philosophical poem on the imagination, Akenside might have given historical tablets of the power which he delineated; but his illustrations for the most part only consist in general ideas fleetingly personified. There is but one pathetic passage (I think) in the whole poem, namely, that in which he describes the lover embracing the urn of his deceased mistress. On the subject of the passions, in book ii., when our attention evidently expects to be disengaged from abstraction, by spirited draughts illustrative of their influence, how much are we disappointed by the cold and tedious episode of Harmodius's vision, an allegory which is the more intolerable, because it professes to teach us resignation to the will of Heaven, by a fiction which neither imposes on the fancy nor communicates a moral to the understanding. Under the head of "Beauty" he only personifies Beauty herself, and her image leaves upon the mind but a vague impression of a beautiful woman, who might have been anybody. He introduces indeed some illustrations under the topic of ridicule, but in these his solemn manner overlaying the levity of his subjects unhappily produces a contrast which approaches itself to the ridiculous. In treating of novelty he is rather more descriptive; we have the youth breaking from domestic endearments in quest of knowledge, the sage over his midnight lamp, the virgin at her romance, and the village matron relating her stories of witchcraft. Short and compressed as those sketches are, they are still beautiful glimpses of reality, and it is expressly from observing the relief which they afford to his didactic and declamatory passages, that we are led to wish that he had appealed more frequently to examples from nature. It is disagreeable to add, that unsatisfactory as he is in illustrating the several parts of his theory, he ushers them in with great promises, and closes them with self-congratulation. He says,

> "Thus with a faithful aim have we presumed
> Adventurous to delineate nature's form:"

when, in fact, he had delineated very little of it. He raises triumphal arches for the entrance and exit of his subject, and then sends beneath them a procession of a few individual ideas.

He altered the poem in maturer life, but with no accession to its powers of entertainment. Harmodius was indeed dismissed, as well as the philosophy of ridicule; but the episode of Solon was left unfinished, and the whole work made rather more dry and scholastic; and he had even the bad taste, I believe, to mutilate some of those fine passages, which, in their primitive state, are still deservedly admired and popular.*

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION."

BOOK I.

The subject proposed—Difficulty of treating it poetically—The ideas of the Divine mind the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination—Variety of mental constitutions—The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures it affords.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle Powers
Of Musical Delight! and while I sing

[* Akenside holds a high place among British Poets. He had all the qualities natural and acquired of a great poet. His mind was imbued with classic lore—with lofty conceptions, and that love and knowledge of nature which no book can communicate. His ear was correct, and his blank verse deserves to be studied by all who would excel in this truly English measure. Of his smaller poems the Hymn to the Naiads stands pre-eminent, breathing as it does the very spirit of Callimachus and antiquity. His inscriptions are among the best in our language, and Southey and Wordsworth have profited largely by them. His Odes are tame productions; that to the Earl of Huntingdon has most admirers: it is good, but it is not excellent.]

Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breath at large
Ethereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From Heaven my strains begin; from Heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant Sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vaults of night
The Moon suspended her serener lamp; [globe,
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then lived the Almighty One: then, deep retired
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant Sun, the Moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful Moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destined; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The Moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently soothed away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! listen to my song;

And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn;
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring.
Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, [burns
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might,
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of Earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the Sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

FROM THE SAME.

Final cause of our pleasure in Beauty.

Then tell me, for ye know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from Heaven
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them; and they in her
With like participation.

FROM THE SAME.

Mental Beauty.

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and
The living fountains in itself contains [Heaven!)
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,

Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just!
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

FROM BOOK II.

All the natural passions, grief, pity, and indignation, partake of a pleasing sensation.

Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of Heaven and Earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst Ambition: when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-age
Of regal Envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defaced,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself—I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear!—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world!
Defiled to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effaced the image of its sire.

FROM BOOK III.

Enjoyments of genius in collecting her stores for composition.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of Memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,

Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic Art,
Their largest choice; like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens
With fairer semblance; not the sculptured gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he, whose birth the sister powers of Art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of Nature. There alone unchanged,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear, [chord
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,
The child of Fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate; the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From Earth to Heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From Heaven to Earth. Anon then thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of Earth,
From Ocean's bed they come: the eternal Heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark Abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now
Enlarges and extenuates by turns; [divides,
Opposes ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy Earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom and the joyful Sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethean art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featured rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of Nature's great original we scan
The lively child of Art; while line by line,
And feature after feature, we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice
Inclosed and obvious to the beaming Sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the Heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

FROM BOOK III.

Conclusion.

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid
Of Luxury, the syren! not the bribes [songs
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights [all
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasures only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home

To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men [self
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God him-
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale Misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble Quiet: ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of Sport and Pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other; "This was Shakspeare's form:
Who walk'd in every path of human life;
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[Born, Nov. 20, 1752. Died, Aug. 25, 1770;

AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS, NINE MONTHS, AND A FEW DAYS.*]

THOMAS CHATTERTON was the posthumous child of the master of a free-school in Bristol. At five years of age he was sent to the same school which his father had taught; but he made so little improvement that his mother took him back, nor could he be induced to learn his letters till his attention had been accidentally struck by the illuminated capitals of a French musical MS. His mother afterward taught him to read from an old black-letter Bible. One of his biographers has expressed surprise that a person in his mother's rank of life should have been acquainted with black-letter. The writer might have known that books of the ancient type continued to be read in that rank of life long after they had ceased to be used by persons of higher station. At the age of eight he was put to a charity-school in Bristol, where he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. From his tenth year he discovered an extraordinary passion for books; and before he was twelve, had perused about seventy volumes, chiefly on history and divinity. The prematurity of his mind, at the latter period, was so strongly marked in a serious and religious cast of thought, as to induce the bishop to confirm him, and admit him to the sacrament at that early age. His piety, however, was not of long duration. He had also written some verses sufficiently wonderful for his years, and had picked up some knowledge of music and drawing, when, at the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a Mr. Lambert, a scrivener, in his native city. In Mr. Lambert's house his situation was very humble; he ate with the servants, and slept in the same room with the footboy; but his employments left him many hours of leisure for reading, and these he devoted to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language, which, together with his poetical ingenuity, proved sufficient for his Rowleian fabrications.

It was in the year 1768 that he first attracted attention. On the occasion of the new bridge of Bristol being opened, he sent to Farley's Journal, in that city, a letter, signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis, containing an account of a procession of friars, and of other ceremonies which had taken place, at a remote period, when the old bridge had been opened. The account was said to be

[* O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
DRYDEN *of Oldham.*]

taken from an ancient MS. Curiosity was instantly excited; and the sages of Bristol, with a spirit of barbarism which the monks and friars of the fifteenth century could not easily have rivalled, having traced the letter to Chatterton, interrogated him, with *threats*, about the original. Boy as he was, he haughtily refused to explain upon compulsion; but by milder treatment was brought to state, that he had found the MS. in his mother's house. The true part of the history of those ancient papers, from which he pretended to have derived this original of Farley's letter, as well as his subsequent poetical treasures, was, that in the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the "Cofre" of Mr. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727 those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority: some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining MSS. left exposed, as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley, (the friend of Canynge,) a priest of the fifteenth century. The rumour of his discoveries occasioned his acquaintance to be sought by a few individuals of Bristol, to whom he made presents of vellum MSS. of professed antiquity. The first who applied to him was a Mr. Catcott, who obtained from him the Bristowe Tragedy, and Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's ancestor. Mr. Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a history of Bristol, was also presented with some of the poetry of Rowley; and Mr. Burgum, a pewterer, was favoured with the "Romaunt of the Knyghte," a poem, said by Chatterton to have been written by the pewterer's ancestor, John de Berghum, about 450 years before. The believing presentees, in return, supplied him with small sums of money, lent him books, and introduced him into society. Mr. Barret even gave him a few slight instructions in his own profession. Chatterton's spirit and ambition perceptibly increased; and he used to talk to his mother and sisters of his prospects of fame and fortune, always promising that they should be partakers in his success.*

Having deceived several incompetent judges with regard to his MSS. he next ventured to address himself to Horace Walpole, to whom he sent a letter, offering to supply him with an account of a series of eminent painters, who had flourished at Bristol. Walpole returned a polite answer, desiring further information; on which Chatterton transmitted to him some of his Rowleian poetry, described his own servile situation, and requested the patronage of his correspondent. The virtuoso, however, having shown the poetical specimens to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them to be forgeries, sent the youth a cold reply, advising him to apply to the business of his profession. Walpole set out soon after for Paris, and neglected to return the MSS. till they had been twice demanded back by Chatterton; the second time in a very indignant letter. On these circumstances was founded the whole charge that was brought against Walpole, of blighting the prospects, and eventually contributing to the ruin of the youthful genius. Whatever may be thought of some expressions respecting Chatterton, which Walpole employed in the explanation of the affair which he afterward published, the idea of taxing him with criminality in neglecting him was manifestly unjust. But in all cases of misfortune the first consolation to which human nature resorts, is, right or wrong, to find somebody to blame, and an evil seems to be half cured when it is traced to an object of indignation.†

In the mean time Chatterton had commenced a correspondence with the Town and Country Magazine in London, to which he transmitted several communications on subjects relating to English antiquities, besides his specimens of Rowley's poetry, and fragments, purporting to be translations of Saxon poems, written in the measured prose of Macpherson's style. His poetical talent also continued to develope itself in several pieces of verse, avowedly original, though in a manner less pleasing than in his feigned relics of the Gothic Muse. When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a "local habitation and a name," we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages from Rowley, and the delight which he took to con-

[* Nothing can be more extraordinary than the delight which Chatterton appears to have felt in executing these numberless and multifarious impositions. His ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet who depends upon the opinion of others for its gratification, but the stoical pride of talent, which felt nourishment in the solitary contemplation of superiority over the dupes who fell into his toils. He has himself described this leading feature of his character in a letter to Mr. Barret: "It is my pride, my damned, native, unconquerable pride, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that 19-20ths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave—a servant—have no will of my own which I may fairly declare as such, or die."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Misc. Works*, vol. xvii. p. 231.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy:
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
WORDSWORTH.]

[† Mr. Alexander Chalmers, the literary hack of London for many a long year, has written, in his edition of the English Poets, a blackening life of Chatterton. "Horace Walpole," says Southey, "has been frequently inveighed against by the ardent admirers of Chatterton, with more severity than justice; we recommend Mr. Chalmers to them in future as a proper subject for any castigation which they may be pleased to bestow in prose or rhyme.' —*Quar. Rev.* vol. xl. p. 496.]

template the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination. The romance of his character is somewhat disenchanted, when we find him in his satire of "*Kew Gardens*," which he wrote before leaving Bristol, indulging in the vulgar scandal of the day, upon the characters of the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute; whatever proofs such a production may afford of the quickness and versatility of his talents.

As he had not exactly followed Horace Walpole's advice with regard to moulding his inclinations to business, he felt the irksomeness of his situation in Mr. Lambert's office at last intolerable; and he vehemently solicited and obtained the attorney's consent to release him from his apprenticeship. His master is said to have been alarmed into this concession by the hints which Chatterton gave of his intention to destroy himself; but even without this fear, Mr. Lambert could have no great motive to detain so reluctant an apprentice, from the hopes of his future services.

In the month of April, 1770, Chatterton arrived in London, aged seventeen years and five months. He immediately received from the booksellers, with whom he had already corresponded, several important literary engagements. He projected a History of England, and a History of London, wrote for the magazines and newspapers, and contributed songs for the public gardens. But party politics soon became his favourite object; as they flattered his self-importance, and were likely to give the most lucrative employment to his pen. His introduction to one or two individuals, who noticed him on this account, seems to have filled his ardent and sanguine fancy with unbounded prospects of success. Among these acquaintances was the Lord Mayor Beckford, and it is not unlikely, if that magistrate had not died soon after, that Chatterton might have found a patron. His death, however, and a little experience, put an end to the young adventurer's hopes of making his fortune by writing in hostility to government; and with great accommodation of principle he addressed a letter to Lord North, in praise of his administration. There was perhaps more levity than profligacy in this tergiversation:* though it must be owned that it was not the levity of an ingenuous boy.

During the few months of his existence in London his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for while apparently exchanging his shadowy visions of Rowley for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw every thing in exaggerated colours. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage, and the profits of literary labour. The abortive attempt which he made to obtain the situation of a surgeon's mate on board an African vessel, shows that he had abandoned the hopes of gaining a livelihood by working for the booksellers, though he was known to have shrewdly remarked, that they were not the worst patrons of merit. After this disappointment his poverty became extreme, and though there is an account of a gentleman having sent him a guinea within the few last days of his life, yet there is too much reason to fear that the pangs of his voluntary death were preceded by the actual sufferings of want. Mrs. Angel, a sack-maker, in Brook-street, Holborn, in whose house he lodged, offered him a dinner the day before his death, knowing that he had fasted a long time; but his pride made him refuse it with some indignation. On the 25th of August he was found dead in his bed, from the effects of poison, which he had swallowed. He was interred in a shell in the burial-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse.

The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved, is little to be envied for its tranquillity; but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery, and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand he would probably have ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for severe study, temperance, and natural affection. His Rowleian forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame, it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius, it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party or a country, of a name which was its pride and ornament.†

[* Mr. Campbell has borrowed the expression from Chalmers's Life. "To call," says Mr. Southey, "Chatterton's boyish essays, in political controversy, political tergiversation, is as preposterous an abuse of language, as it would be to call Mr. Chalmers a judicious critic or a candid biographer."—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xl. p. 494.]

[† Nor is Chatterton's imposition reprehensible like Ireland's forgeries, for no real name or fame suffered as Shakspeare's might have suffered. A real Rowley, such as Chatterton gave birth to, never existed till he wrote, and no poet between Chaucer and Spenser but might own with pride the productions of the boy "of Bristowe." Lauder's imposture went to degrade a great author, Ireland's to make another write as only an Ireland could have written, but Chatterton's to make a new poet to advance the glory of his native city and of his nation at large. "The deception," says Southey, "was not intended to defraud or injure one human being."]

Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers, whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a Methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity that is not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice, when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those, who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them. If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. In the striking passage of the martyr Bawdin standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward, who beheld him from the window, when

"The tyrant's soul rush'd to his face,"

and when he exclaimed,

"Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
He's greater than a king;"

in these, and in all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

"Summ'd the actions of the day,
Each night before he slept."

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy! The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favourite maxim, pushed it might be to hyperbole, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy.* No English poet ever equalled him at the same age.†

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR,

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lighte eclypse the greie,
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt tyght," quod he, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthroned on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wyth a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-full of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charlesses lyfe.

"O, goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle; before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkin flye,
Hee hath upponn hys honour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles,
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I'm prepared:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to-daie,
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Though I shoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

* In the verses which Tasso sent to his mother when he was nine years old. [One of his juvenile productions is a Hymn for Christmas-day, which, if really written about the age of eleven, bears ample testimony to the premature powers of the author; and when the harmony and ease of expression are contrasted with the author's boyhood, inexperience, and want of instruction, appears almost miraculous.—SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Misc. Works*, vol. xvii. p. 218.]

† No place in Bristol is sought out with such anxiety as St. Mary's Redcliffe; not so much from the beauty of its architecture, as from its Chatterton associations. The very place seems to speak of the marvellous boy: we tread where he trod and see what he saw—the muniment room and its empty coffers, the tomb of "Maister Canynge," and its curious inscriptions. Nor is the grave in the churchyard of the poet's father without its interest, while the boys of the school to which Chatterton belonged are seen in the neighbourhood clad as Chatterton was clad. Bristol indeed seems to breathe of its wonder and disgrace; the New Bridge derives its sole interest, from a Chatterton forgery. It is right to add that the people of Bristol have become at last alive to the surpassing interest of their city, and have erected a tasteful monument to the boy of seventeen.]

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle downe onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre requeste may bee,
We wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, though may hap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

"He has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff that you are resolved to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-daie."

"Speke not of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynn furie sayde;
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vicarr only knowes no synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou then, for such a manne,
Intreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Although ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde in heav'n,
Thatt dydd mee being gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And sat hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne?
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friende, thie honest soul
Runns over att thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys that wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and all the power
Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
When smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
Thatt cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and my prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubte but hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
With pitie to unite;
And eke hee taught mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye butt all mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyl'd her bedde;
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne, hapless Henrie! I rejoyce
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Most willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves
Thye brookes wyth bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dyd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatt though I onne a sledde be drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

"Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie book above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lorde
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepared to die;
And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne heav'n to flie."

And now the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loudd and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynn quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde that ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres!
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shall goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordes spoke:
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne;
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence raved as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh staie mye husbande, lorde, and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;
Lookes thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynn scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dyd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tuned the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came,
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of Kynge Henries friends,
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a cloth-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermeanne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke easterne princes trick't:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O thou thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynster wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soon as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greater nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedynge, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest now a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
I have been dede 'till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shalle falle onne thye owne hedde."—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soul rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd his hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe much dreaded dethe,
Ne ghastlie terrors kynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyster ynne the sunne,
His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
"Beholde, you see me dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shall flowe.

"You leave your goode and lawfulle kynge
Whenne ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dyd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whych fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe from each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto four partes cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dyd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was placed onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, with Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[Born, 1722. Died, 1770.]

CHRISTOPHER SMART was borne at Shipbourne, in Kent. Being an eight months child, he had from his birth an infirm constitution, which unfortunately his habits of life never tended to strengthen. His father, who was steward of the Kentish estates of Lord Barnard, (afterward Earl of Darlington,) possessed a property in the neighbourhood of Shipbourne of about 300*l.* a year; but it was so much encumbered by debt that his widow was obliged to sell it at his death at a considerable loss. This happened in our poet's eleventh year, at which time he was taken from the school of Maidstone, in Kent, and placed at that of Durham. Some of his paternal relations resided in the latter place. An ancestor of the family, Mr. Peter Smart, had been a prebendary of Durham in the reign of Charles the First, and was regarded by the puritans as a proto-martyr in their cause, having been degraded, fined, and imprisoned for eleven years, on account of a Latin poem which he published in 1643, and which the high-church party chose to consider as a libel. What services young Smart met with at Durham from his father's relations we are not informed; but he was kindly received by Lord Barnard, at his seat of Raby Castle; and through the interest of his lordship's family obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Cleveland, who allowed him for several years an annuity of forty pounds. In his seventeenth year he went from the school of Durham to the university of Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship of Pembroke-hall, and took the degree of master of arts. About the time of his obtaining his fellowship he wrote a farce, entitled "the Grateful Fair, or the trip to Cambridge," which was acted in the hall of his college. Of this production only a few songs, and the mock-heroic soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle, have been preserved; but from the draught of the plot given by his biographer, the comic ingenuity of the piece seems not to have been remarkable.* He distinguished himself at the university, both by his Latin and English verses: among the former was his translation of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, on the subject of which, and of other versions which he projected from the same author, he had the honour of corresponding with Pope. He also obtained, during several years, the Seatonian prize for poetical essays on the attributes of the Deity. He afterward printed those compositions, and probably rested on them his chief claims to the name of a poet. In one of them he rather too loftily denominates himself "*the poet of his God.*" From his verses upon the Eagle chained in a College Court, in which he addresses the bird,

> "Thou type of wit and sense, confined,
> Chain'd by th' oppressors of the mind,"

it does not appear that he had great respect for his college teachers; nor is it pretended that the oppressors of the mind, as he calls them, had much reason to admire the application of his eagle genius to the graver studies of the university; for the life which he led was so dissipated, as to oblige him to sequester his fellowship for tavern debts.

In the year 1753 he quitted college, upon his marriage with a Miss Carnan, the step-daughter of Mr. Newbery the bookseller. With Newbery he had already been engaged in several schemes of authorship, having been a frequent contributor to the "Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany," and having besides conducted the "Midwife, or Old Woman's Magazine." He had also published a collection of his poems, and having either detected or suspected that the notorious Sir John (formerly Dr.) Hill had reviewed them unfavourably, he proclaimed war with the paper knight, and wrote a satire on him, entitled the Hilliad. One of the bad effects of the Dunciad had been to afford to indignant witlings, an easily copied example of allegory and vituperation. Every versifier, who could echo Pope's numbers, and add an *iad* to the name of the man or thing that offended him, thought himself a Pope for the time being, and however dull, an hereditary champion against the powers of Dulness. Sir John Hill, who wrote also a book upon Cookery, replied in a Smartiad; and probably both of his books were in their different ways useful to the pastry-cooks. If the town was interested in such a warfare, it was to be pitied for the dearth of amusement. But though Smart was thus engaged, his manners were so agreeable, and his personal character so inoffensive, as to find friends among some of the most eminent men of his day, such as Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Dr. Burney. Distress brought on by imprudence, and insanity, produced, by dis-

[* See Gray's Works by Mitford, vol. iii. pp. 41 and 47.]

tress, soon made him too dependent on the kindness of his friends. Some of them contributed money. Garrick gave him a free benefit at Drury-lane theatre, and Dr. Johnson furnished him with several papers for one of his periodical publications. During the confinement which his alienation of mind rendered necessary, he was deprived of pen and ink and paper; and used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of the wall. On his recovery he resumed his literary employments, and for some time conducted himself with industry. Among the compositions of his saner period, was a verse translation of the Fables of Phædrus, executed with tolerable spirit and accuracy. But he gave a lamentable proof of his declining powers in his translation of the Psalms, and in his "Parables of Jesus Christ, done into familiar verse," which were dedicated to Master Bonnel Thornton, a child in the nursery. He was also committed for debt to the King's Bench prison, within the Rules of which he died, after a short illness, of a disorder in the liver.

If Smart had any talent above mediocrity, it was a slight turn for humour.* In his serious attempts at poetry, he reminds us of those

"Whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire."†

The history of his life is but melancholy. Such was his habitual imprudence, that he would bring home guests to dine at his house, when his wife and family had neither a meal, nor money to provide one. He engaged, on one occasion, to write the Universal Visitor, and for no other work, by a contract which was to last ninety-nine years. The publication stopped at the end of two years. During his bad health, he was advised to walk for exercise, and he used to walk for that purpose to the ale-house; but *he was always carried back.*

IN THE MOCK PLAY OF "A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, OR THE GRATEFUL FAIR."

SOLILOQUY OF THE PRINCESS PERIWINKLE.

[PRINCESS PERIWINKLE *sola, attended by fourteen maids of great honour.*]

SURE such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn:
This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love;
Pride, love, and reason, will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with Fizgig, pride, pride, pride denies,
Put on a Spanish padlock, reason cries;
But tender, gentle love, with every wish complies.
Pride, love, and reason, fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

ODE

ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether shroud;—
Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, couldst rove
To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
Thou, who magnanimous couldst bear
The sovereign thunderer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole!

Oh, cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire
Has placed thee in this servile cell,
Where discipline and dullness dwell,
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
Where every selfish soul's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home!

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
So grov'ling! once so great;
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tenderest lays thy fate.

---

* An instance of his wit is given in his extemporary spondaic on the three fat beadles of the university:

"Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum."

[† See however an extract made by Mr. Southey from his "Song of David," in the Quarterly Review, vol. xi. p. 497.

He sung of God the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend:
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power and enterprise,
Commence and reign and end.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART!

This Smart, when in a state of insanity, indented with a key on the wainscot of a madhouse. Poor Nat. Lee when on the verge of madness made a sensible saying, "It is very difficult to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool!"]

What time by thee scholastic pride
Takes his precise pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass!
Thou type of wit and sense confined,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Who study downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
While more than mathematic gloom
Envelopes all around.

THOMAS GRAY.

[Born, 1716. Died, 1771.]

Mr. Matthias, the accomplished editor of Gray, in delineating his poetical character, dwells with peculiar emphasis on the charm of his lyrical versification, which he justly ascribes to the naturally exquisite ear of the poet having been trained to consummate skill in harmony, by long familiarity with the finest models in the most poetical of all languages, the Greek and Italian. "He was indeed (says Mr. Matthias) the inventor, it may be strictly said so, of a new lyrical metre in his own tongue. The peculiar formation of *his* strophe, antistrophe, and epode, was unknown before him; and it could only have been planned and perfected by a master genius, who was equally skilled by long and repeated study, and by transfusion into his own mind of the lyric compositions of ancient Greece and of the higher '*canzoni*' of the Tuscan poets, '*di maggior carme e suono*,' as it is termed in the commanding energy of their language. Antecedent to 'The Progress of Poetry,' and to 'The Bard,' no such lyrics had appeared. There is not an ode in the English language which is constructed like these two compositions; with such power, such majesty, and such sweetness, with such proportioned pauses and just cadences, with such regulated measures of the verse, with such master principles of lyrical art displayed and exemplified, and, at the same time, with such a concealment of the difficulty, which is lost in the softness and uninterrupted flowing of the lines in each stanza, with such a musical magic, that every verse in it in succession dwells on the ear and harmonizes with that which has gone before."

So far as the versification of Gray is concerned, I have too much pleasure in transcribing these sentiments of Mr. Matthias, to encumber them with any qualifying remarks of my own on that particular subject; but I dissent from him in his more general estimate of Gray's genius, when he afterward speaks of it, as "second to none."

In order to distinguish the positive merits of Gray from the loftier excellence ascribed to him by his editor, it is unnecessary to resort to the criticisms of Dr. Johnson. Some of them may be just, but their general spirit is malignant and exaggerated. When we look to such beautiful passages in Gray's odes, as his Indian poet amidst the forests of Chili, or his prophet bard scattering dismay on the array of Edward and his awe-struck chieftains on the side of Snowdon—when we regard his elegant taste, not only gathering classical flowers from the Arno and Ilyssus, but revealing glimpses of barbaric grandeur amidst the darkness of Runic mythology—when we recollect his "*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*"—his rich personifications, his broad and prominent images, and the crowning charm of his versification, we may safely pronounce that Johnson's critical fulminations have passed over his lyrical character with more noise than destruction.*

At the same time it must be recollected, that his beauties are rather crowded into a short compass, than numerous in their absolute sum. The spirit of poetry, it is true, is not to be computed mechanically by tale or measure; and abundance of it may enter into a very small bulk of language. But neither language nor poetry are compressible beyond certain limits; and the poet whose thoughts have been concentrated into a few pages, cannot be expected to have given a very full or interesting image of life in his compositions. A few odes, splendid, spirited, and harmonious, but by no means either faultless or replete with subjects that come home to universal sympathy, and an Elegy, unrivalled as it is in that species of composition, these achievements of our poet form, after all, no such extensive

[* For poetry in its essence, in its purest signification and realization. Johnson had no kind of soul. He tried the creative flights of the fancy, the mid-air and heaven-ward soarings of the Muse, by work-day-world rules; and that kind of verse was with him the most commendable, which contained the greatest quantity of forcible truth and reasoning elegantly and correctly set forth. The elder Warton tried a person's love for, and judgment in poetry, by a different standard—by his admiration of Lycidas; nor could a better criterion be taken.

Speaking of the Reasoning and the Imaginative Schools, Hallam justly says that Johnson admired Dryden as much as he could admire any man. He seems to have read his writings with the greatest attention.]

grounds of originality, as to entitle their author to be spoken of as in genius "*second to none.*" He had not, like Goldsmith, the art of unbending from grace to levity.* Nothing can be more unexhilarating than his attempts at wit and humour, either in his letters or lighter poetry. In his graver and better strains some of the most exquisite ideas are his own; and his taste, for the most part, adorned, and skilfully recast, the forms of thought and expression which he borrowed from others. If his works often "whisper whence they stole their balmy spoils," it is not from plagiarism, but from a sensibility that sought and selected the finest impressions of genius from other gifted minds.† But still there is a higher appearance of culture than fertility, of acquisition than originality, in Gray. He is not that being of independent imagination, that native and creative spirit, of whom we should say, that he would have plunged into the flood of poetry had there been none to leap before him. Nor were his learned acquisitions turned to the very highest account. He was the architect of no poetical design of extensive or intricate compass. One noble historical picture, it must be confessed, he has left in the opening scene of his Bard; and the sequel of that ode, though it is not perhaps the most interesting prophecy of English history which we could suppose Inspiration to pronounce, contains many richly poetical conceptions. It is, however, exclusively in the opening of The Bard, that Gray can be ever said to have portrayed a grand, distinct, and heroic scene of fiction.‡

The obscurity so often objected to him is certainly a defect not to be justified by the authority of Pindar, more than any thing else that is intrinsically objectionable. But it has been exaggerated. He is nowhere so obscure as not to be intelligible by recurring to the passage. And it may be further observed, that Gray's lyrical obscurity never arises, as in some writers, from undefined ideas or paradoxical sentiments. On the contrary, his moral spirit is as explicit as it is majestic; and deeply read as he was in Plato, he is never metaphysically perplexed. The fault of his meaning is to be latent, not indefinite or confused. When we give his beauties re-perusal and attention, they kindle and multiply to the view. The thread of association that conducts to his remote allusions, or that connects his abrupt transitions, ceases then to be invisible. His lyrical pieces are like paintings on glass, which must be placed in a strong light to give out the perfect radiance of their colouring.

THE BARD: A PINDARIC ODE.‖

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant! shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"—
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they
wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;

[* Surely Gray is a greater poet than Goldsmith, in their individual classes, and Gray's class of a higher order than Goldsmith's. Nor is *levity* so desirable, unless Mr. Campbell means the poet's *levity*:

"From grave to gay, from *lively* to severe;"

which if Gray wants, Milton wants. Prior's levity and Goldsmith's liveliness are both proverbial.]

[† From a memory filled with the essence of universal song, and from a mistrust of his own powers, it was that Gray composed his mosaic-like pieces. Nature had intended him to rely on his own resources, which were rich enough to have made him what he is; but Art got the better of Nature, and he wrote, it would seem, to exemplify a line of Marston and show us,

Art above Nature, Judgment above Art.]

[‡ Gray's Elegy pleased instantly and eternally. His Odes did not, nor do they yet, please like his Elegy.—Byron, *Works*, vol. v. p. 15.

Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory; without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame.—Byron, *Works*, vol. vi. p. 569.

It is vain to look for that period when the multitude will relish Gray's Odes as they do his Elegy. They are above the level of ordinary comprehensions and every-day tastes, in subject, style, language, and allusions; while his Elegy comes home to their sympathies and knowledge, in matter and in manner. "In Poetry it is urged," says Shenstone, "that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading. Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counter-parts." Milton is less read than Thomson, Cowper, Kirke White, or Bloomfield, but who would compare them for a moment?]

[‖ Founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.—Gray.]

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art!
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring;
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined;
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born!
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he may yet share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe we spread:
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate,
(The web is wove. The work is done.")
'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll!
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings; Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptr'd care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine." [height
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,

Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies;
To draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her lessening lands,
And sees far off with an indignant groan
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and sons of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws, that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit, what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neigh'bring cities ride
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

* * * *

ON VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happier hour;
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the course where pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

* * *

THE TRAGEDY OF "AGRIPPINA," A FRAGMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Persons—AGRIPPINA *the* EMPRESS-MOTHER, *and* ACERONIA *her* Confidante.

Agrip. 'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd: [*Speaks as to* ANICETUS *entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale, and trembled;
You think you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it!
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth; at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: They ate aware
Of th' unpledged bowl, they love not aconite.
Acer. He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone,
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.
Agrip. And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
Of haughty youth, and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; whilst he stood trembling,
Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness!
'Tis like thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
To fame or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dared
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long forgotten liberty: When I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence: but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.
Acer. Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring;
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude, which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barbarous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: Their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
He reigns; the rest is heaven's; who oft has bade,
Even when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulged

Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures,
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway;
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

Agrip. Thus ever grave, and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: Tell him too, that one,
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say,
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nursed in ease
And pleasure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance: and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

Acer. Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: These, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: The eye of Rome
And the prætorian camp have long revered,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

Agrip. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius: Vetus too, and Thrasea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake em' at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ingrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Roused by the shout of millions: There before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: Around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favour: Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls, that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

Acer. 'Tis time we go, the sun is high advanced,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

Agrip. My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

Acer. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may——

Agrip. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things that but whisper'd,
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: No matter
What; so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injured shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

OTHO. POPPÆA.

Otho. Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: And had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled

With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely:
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclined, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.
* * * *

CUTHBERT SHAW.

[Born, 1738. Died, 1771.]

CUTHBERT SHAW was the son of a shoemaker, and was born at Ravensworth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was for some time usher to the grammar-school at Darlington, where he published, in 1756, his first poem, entitled "*Liberty*." He afterward appeared in London and other places as a player; but having no recommendations for the stage, except a handsome figure, he betook himself to writing for subsistence. In 1762 he attacked Colman, Churchill, Lloyd, and Shirley, in a satire, called "The Four Farthing Candles;"* and next selected the author of the Rosciad as the exclusive subject of a mock-heroic poem, entitled, "The Race, by Mercurius Spur, with Notes by Faustinus Scriblerus." He had, for some time, the care of instructing an infant son of the Earl of Chesterfield in the first rudiments of learning. He married a woman of superior connections, who, for his sake, forfeited the countenance of her family; but who did not live long to share his affections and misfortunes. Her death, in 1768, and that of their infant, occasioned those well-known verses which give an interest to his memory. Lord Lyttleton, struck by their feeling expression of a grief similar to his own, solicited his acquaintance, and distinguished him by his praise; but rendered him no substantial assistance. The short remainder of his days was spent in literary drudgery. He wrote a satire on political corruption, with many other articles, which appeared in the Freeholder's Magazine. Disease and dissipation carried him off in the prime of life, after the former had left irretrievable marks of its ravages upon his countenance.

FROM "A MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF HIS WIFE."

* * * WHERE'ER I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fated house—suppress my sighs,
Resolved to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children safe to keep!
Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I lived to weep:
Moved by my tears, and by her patience moved,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When torture's keenest rage she proved;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!
"Ah, my loved lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!"
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear!
If from thy loved embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smiled in vain;
If it has been my sole endeavour still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-loved memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more, (I cannot bear thy tears,)
Promise——and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true,)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
Wilt thou——
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills imposed by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more—
But sink beneath the weight:

[* A poem of which no copy is known to exist.]

Just Heaven (I cried) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O——in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Even now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

* * * *

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach;
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters a while and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song,
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

* * * *

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom decompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When twining round my knees I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caused—(O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier!
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone——yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And oh sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age!

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

[Born, 1721. Died, 1771.]

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was the grandson of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, a member of the Scottish parliament, and one of the commissioners for the Union. The father of the novellist was a younger son of the knight, and had married without his consent. He died in the prime of life, and left his children dependent on their grandfather. Were we to trust to Roderick Random's account of his relations, for authentic portraits of the author's family, we should entertain no very prepossessing idea of the old gentleman; but it appears that Sir James Smollett supported his son, and educated his grandchildren.

Smollett was born near Renton, in the parish of Cardross, and shire of Dumbarton, and passed his earliest years among those scenes on the banks of the Leven, which he has described with some interest in the Adventures of Humphrey Clinker. He received his first instructions in classical learning at the school of Dumbarton. He was afterward removed to the college of Glasgow, where he pursued the study of medicine; and, according to the practice then usual in medical education, was bound apprentice to a Mr. Gordon, a surgeon in that city. Gordon is generally said to have been the original of Potion in Roderick Random. This has been denied by Smollett's biographers; but their conjecture is of no more weight than the tradition which it contradicts. In the characters of a work, so compounded of truth and fiction, the author alone could have estimated the personality which he intended, and of that intention he was not probably communicative. The tradition still remaining at Glasgow, is, that Smollett was a restive apprentice, and a mischievous strippling. While at the university he cultivated the study of literature, as well as of medicine, and showed a disposition for poetry, but very often in that bitter vein of satire which he carried so plentifully into the temper of his future years. He had also, before he was eighteen, composed a tragedy, entitled "The Regicide." This tragedy was not published till after the lapse of ten years, and then it probably retained but little of its juvenile shape. When printed, "*to shame the rogues*," it was ushered in by a preface, abusing the stage-managers, who had rejected it, in a strain of indignation with which the perusal of the play itself did not dispose the reader to sympathize.

The death of his grandfather left Smollett without provision, and obliged him to leave his studies at Glasgow prematurely. He came to London, and obtained the situation of a surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line, which sailed in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena. The strong picture of the discomforts of his naval life, which he afterward drew, is said to have attracted considerable attention to the internal economy of our ships of war, and to have occasioned the commencement of some salutary reformations. But with all the improvements which have been made, it is to be feared that the situation of an assistant surgeon in the navy is still less respectable and comfortable than it ought to be made. He is still without equal advantages to those of a surgeon's mate in the army, and is put too low in the rank of officers.

Smollett quitted the naval service in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica. He returned to London in 1746, and in the following year married a Miss Lascelles, whom he had courted in Jamaica, and with whom he had the promise of 3000*l*. Of this sum, however, he obtained but a small part, and that after an expensive lawsuit. Being obliged therefore to have recourse to his pen for his support, he, in 1748, published his Roderick Random, the most popular of all the novels on which his high reputation rests. Three years elapsed before the appearance of Peregrine Pickle. In the interval he had visited Paris, where his biographer, Dr. Moore, who knew him there, says that he indulged in the common prejudices of the English against the French nation, and never attained the language so perfectly as to be able to mix familiarly with the inhabitants. When we look to the rich traits of comic effect, which his English characters derive from transferring the scene to France, we can neither regard his journey as of slight utility to his powers of amusement, nor regret that he attended more to the follies of his countrymen than to French manners and phraseology. After the publication of Peregrine Pickle he attempted to establish himself at Bath as a physician, but was not successful. His failure has been attributed to the haughtiness of his manners. It is not very apparent, however, what claims to medical estimation he could advance; and the celebrity for aggravating and exposing personal follies, which he had acquired by his novels, was rather too formidable to recommend him as a confidential visitant to the sick chambers of fashion. To a sensitive valetudinarian many diseases would be less alarming than a doctor, who might slay the character by his ridicule, and might *not* save the body by his prescriptions.

Returning disappointed from Bath, he fixed his residence at Chelsea, and supported himself during the rest of his life by his literary employments. The manner in which he lived at Chelsea, and the hospitality which he afforded to many of his poorer brethren of the tribe of literature, have been somewhat ostentatiously described

by his own pen;* but Dr. Moore assures us, that the account of his liberality is not overcharged. In 1753 he produced his novel of "Count Fathom;" and three years afterward, whilst confined in prison, for a libel on Admiral Knowles, amused himself with writing the "Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves." In the following year he attempted the stage in a farce, entitled the "Reprisals," which, though of no great value, met with temporary success. Prolific as his pen was, he seems from this period to have felt that he could depend for subsistence more securely upon works of industry than originality; and he engaged in voluminous drudgeries, which added nothing to his fame, whilst they made inroads on his health and equanimity. His conduct of the Critical Review, in particular, embroiled him in rancorous personalities, and brought forward the least agreeable parts of his character. He supported the ministry of Lord Bute with his pen, but missed the reward which he expected. Though he had realized large sums by several of his works, he saw the evening of his life approach, with no provision in prospect, but what he could receive from severe and continued labours; and with him, that evening might be said to approach prematurely, for his constitution seems to have begun to break down when he was not much turned of forty. The death of his only daughter obliged him to seek relief from sickness and melancholy by travelling abroad for two years; and the Account of his Travels in France and Italy, which he published on his return, afforded a dreary picture of the state of his mind. Soon after his return from the Continent, his health still decaying, he made a journey to Scotland, and renewed his attachment to his friends and relations. His constitution again requiring a more genial climate, and as he could ill support the expense of travelling, his friends tried, in vain, to obtain for him from ministers, the situation of consul at Nice, Naples, or Leghorn. Smollett had written both for and against ministers, perhaps not always from independent motives; but to find the man, whose genius has given exhilaration to millions, thus reduced to beg, and to be refused the means that might have smoothed the pillow of his death-bed in a foreign country, is a circumstance which fills the mind rather too strongly with the recollection of Cervantes. He set out, however, for Italy in 1770, and, though debilitated in body, was able to compose his novel of "Humphrey Clinker." After a few months' residence in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, he expired there, in his fifty-first year.†

The few poems which he has left have a portion of delicacy which is not to be found in his novels: but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of a master's hand. Were he to live over again, we might wish him to write more poetry, in the belief that his poetical talent would improve by exercise; but we should be glad to have more of his novels just as they are.‡

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?

Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,

[* In Humphrey Clinker.]

[† Fielding and Smollett went abroad for health—but abroad to die—the one at Lisbon, the other at Leghorn. Sir Walter Scott, who wrote their lives, was impressed with their fates; sought in vain for health where they had sought it, but lived to return, to relapse, and to die. There is something melancholy in the similarity of their stories toward the close.]

[‡ This passage is quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his Memoir of Smollett. "The truth is," he adds, "that in these very novels are expended many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry." *Misc. Works*, vol. iii. p. 176.]

The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.*

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.†
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime [clime.
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!‡

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopped: he gazed: his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage fate allow'd,
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain dryads, seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.

[* This Ode by Dr. Smollett, does rather more honour to the author's feelings than his taste. The mechanical part, with regard to numbers and language, is not so perfect as so short a work as this requires; but the pathetic it contains, particularly in the last stanza but one, is exquisitely fine.—Goldsmith.]

[† Are not these noble verses? They are the introduction of Smollett's Ode to Independence.—Burns.]

[‡ Smollett's *Ode to Independence*, the most characteristic of his poetical works, was published two years after his death, by the Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow; the mythological commencement is eminently beautiful.—Sir Walter Scott.]

He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils opprest;
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There Study shall with Solitude recline;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled Innocence, etherial sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night:
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

[Born, 1729. Died, 1773.]

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin. Having written a farce, called "Love in a Mist," at the age of seventeen, he came to Britain as a strolling actor, and was for a long time a performer in Digges's company in Edinburgh, and for many years made his residence at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He died at that place, in the house of a benevolent printer, whose hospitality had for some time supported him.

CONTENT. A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek;
So simple, yet sweet were her charms! [cheek,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her
And lock'd the loved maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my Muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

MAY-EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen!
And hark the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

FROM THE SHAMROCK, OR HIBERNIAN CROSSES.

DUBLIN, 1772.

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit
Do various passions raise;
And, like the lightning, yield a bright,
But momentary blaze.

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
Eternal as the sun.

Thus the wild flood with deaf'ning roar
Bursts dreadful from on high:
But soon its empty rage is o'er,
And leaves the channel dry:
While the pure stream, which still and slow
Its gentler current brings,
Through every change of time shall flow
With unexhausted springs.

EPIGRAM ON TWO MONOPOLISTS.

FROM THE SAME.

Bone and Skin, two Millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.*

[* This is by Byrom, the author of Phœbe, a Pastoral; see ante, p. 490.]

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

[Born, 1709. Died, 1773.]

THIS nobleman's public and private virtues, and his merits as the historian of Henry II., will be remembered when his verses are forgotten. By a felicity very rare in his attempts at poetry, the kids and fawns of his Monody do not entirely extinguish all appearance of that sincere feeling with which it must have been composed. Gray, in a letter to Horace Walpole, has justly remarked the beauty of the stanza beginning "In vain I look around." "If it were all like this stanza," he continues, "I should be excessively pleased. Nature, and sorrow, and tenderness are the true genius of such things, (monodies,) and something of these I find in several parts of it (not in the orange-tree.) Poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only show a man is not sorry; and devotion is worse, for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing."*

FROM THE MONODY.

AT length escaped from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief;
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.
* * * *

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
* * * *

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side:
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own:
How shall thy weaken'd mind oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone, [save!
From folly and from vice their helpless age to
* * * *

Oh best of wives! Oh dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms:
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshared by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief,
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea saddened all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortured memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and other smiling came,

[* And in a letter to Wharton, he says, "Have you seen Lyttelton's Monody on his wife's death? there are parts of it too stiff and poetical, but others truly tender and elegiac as one would wish."—*Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 49.—Among Smollett's Poems is a Burlesque on Lyttelton's Ode, but a very poor one. It is not a little curious, we may add, that Tom Jones is inscribed to Lyttelton, and that the Goaling Scrag of Peregrine Pickle was the patron of Fielding.]

And saw our happiness unchanged remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric love had raised
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gazed,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade;
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

PROLOGUE TO CORIOLANUS.*

I COME not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—it flow'd alike to all mankind.
He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here.
He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
Oh candid truth, Oh faith without a stain,
Oh manners greatly firm and nobly plain,
Oh sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man,—the Poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire:
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.
Oh may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb!
Whilst he superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those, whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand and bounteous heart
Shared all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from him receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

[Born, 1750. Died, 1774.]

THIS unfortunate young man, who died in a mad-house at the age of twenty-four, left some pieces of considerable humour and originality in the Scottish dialect. Burns, who took the hint of his Cotter's Saturday Night from Fergusson's Farmer's Ingle, seems to have esteemed him with an exaggerated partiality, which can only be accounted for by his having perused him in his youth.† On his first visit to Edinburgh, Burns traced out the grave of Fergusson, and placed a head-stone over it at his own expense, inscribed with verses of appropriate feeling.‡

Fergusson was born at Edinburgh, where his father held the office of accountant to the British Linen-hall. He was educated partly at the high-school of Edinburgh, and partly at the grammar-school of Dundee, after which a bursary, or exhibition, was obtained for him at the university of St. Andrew's, where he soon distinguished himself as a youth of promising genius. His eccentricity was, unfortunately, of equal growth with his talents; and on one occasion, having taken part in an affray among the students, that broke out at the distribution of the prizes, he was selected as one of the leaders, and expelled from college; but was received back again upon promises of future good behaviour. On leaving college he found himself destitute, by the death of his father; and after a fruitless attempt to obtain support from an uncle at Aberdeen, he returned on foot to his mother's house at Edinburgh, half dead with the fatigue of the journey, which brought on an illness that had nearly proved fatal to his delicate frame. On his recovery he was received as a clerk in the commissary's clerk's office, where he did not continue long, but exchanged it for the same situation in the office of the sheriff clerk, and there he remained as long as his health and habits admitted of any application to business. Had he possessed ordinary

[* Thomson's posthumous play, and spoken by Quin. This is among the best prologues in our language: and is excelled only by Pope's before Cato, and Johnson's Drury Lane opening.]

[† Burns in one place prefers him to Allan Ramsay; "the excellent Ramsay," he says, "and the still more excellent Fergusson." But he has found no follower. Burns' obligations to Fergusson are certainly greater than to Ramsay, and gratitude for once warped his generally good, sound, and discriminating taste in poetic criticism.]

[‡ No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn nor animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.]

prudence, he might have lived by the drudgery of copying papers; but the appearance of some of his poems having gained him a flattering notice, he was drawn into dissipated company, and became a wit, a songster, a mimic, and a free liver; and finally, after fits of penitence and religious despondency, went mad. When committed to the receptacle of the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance, he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed by a shout from all the inmates of the dismal mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who had the task of attending him. His mother, being in extreme poverty, had no other mode of disposing of him. A remittance, which she received a few days after, from a more fortunate son, who was abroad, would have enabled her to support the expense of affording him attendance in her own house; but the aid did not arrive till the poor maniac had expired.*

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit.—VIRG.

WHAN gloamin grey out owre the welkin keeks;[a]
Whan Batie ca's his owsen[b] to the byre;
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung,[c] his barn-door steeks,[d]
An' lusty lasses at the dightin'[e] tire;
What bangs[f] fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain;
Gars[g] dowie mortals look baith blithe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd[h] wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divots theekit[i] frae the weet an drift;
Sods, peats, and heathery turfs the chimley[j] fill,
An' gar their thickening smeek[k] salute the lift.
The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,
Whan he out owre the hallan[l] flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh[m] an' clean;
For cleanly house lo'es he, though e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith,[n] an' refreshin' synd[o]
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire:
Sair wark an' poortith downa[p] weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle[q] reeks;
F the fair nook the bowie[r] briskly reams;
The readied kail[s] stands by the chimley cheeks,
An' haud the riggin' het wi' welcome streams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen[t] nicer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs[u] a lesson lear:
Wad they to labouring lend an eident[v] hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day;
At night, in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,[w]
Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies[x] frae the dawn to set o' sun.
'Twas this that braced their gardics[y] stiff an' strang;
That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird[z] alang;
Garr'd Scottish thristles bang the Roman bays;
For near our crest their heads they dought na raise.

The couthy cracks[a] begin whan supper's owre;
The cheering bicker[b] gars them glibly gash[c]
O' Simmer's showery blinks, an' Winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.[d]
'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on;
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
An' there, how Marion, for a bastard son,
Upo' the cutty-stool was forced to ride;
The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep 's[e] amang the bairnies now;
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco maen;[f]
In rangles[g] round, before the ingle's low,
Frae gudame's[h] mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow:[i]
O' ghaists, that win[j] in glen an kirkyard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake wi' fear!

For weel she trows, that fiends an' fairies be
Sent frae the deil to fleetch[k] us to our ill;
That ky hae tint[l] their milk wi' evil ee;
An' corn been scowder'd[m] on the glowin' kiln.

[* O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate?—BURNS.]

[a] Peeps.—[b] Oxen.—[c] Fatigued.—[d] Shuts.—[e] Winnowing.—[f] *What bangs fu' leal*—what shuts out most comfortably.—[g] Makes.—[h] Frightened.—[i] Thatched with turf.—[j] Chimney.—[k] Smoke.—[l] the inner wall of a cottage.—[m] Comfortable.—[n] Meal.—[o] Drink.—[p] Should not.—[q] A flat iron for toasting cakes.—[r] Beer-barrel.—[s] Broth with greens.—[t] *Kitchen* here means what is eaten with bread: there is no English word for it; *obsonium* is the Latin.—[u] Palates.—[v] Assiduous.—[w] Foretell.—[x] In contests.—[y] Arms.—[z] Earth.—[a] Pleasant talk.—[b] The cup.—[c] Chat.—[d] Destroy the produce of their farms.—[e] Not a whimper.—[f] Moan.—[g] Circles.—[h] Grandame.—[i] Scare-crow.—[j] Abide.—[k] Entice.—[l] Lost.—[m] Scorched.

O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,
  Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear;
Wi' eild[n] our idle fancies a' return,
  And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly[o] fear;
  The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
  Though Age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave;
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;
  Her e'enin' stent[p] reels she as weel's the lave.[q]
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
  Shall heese her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up an' saw
  Her ain spun cleedin' on a darlin' oy;[r]
  Carcless though death shou'd mak the feast her foy.[s]

In its auld lerroch[t] yet the deas[u] remains, [ease,
  Where the gudeman aft streeks[v] him at his
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
  O' labourers doylt upo' the wintry leas.
Round him will baudrins[w] an' the collie come,
  To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee,
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
  O' kebbuck[x] whang'd, an' dainty fadge[y] to prie;[z]
  This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak: [till;
  What stack she wants to thrash; what rigs to
How big a birn[a] maun lie on bassie's[b] back,
  For meal an' mu'ter[c] to the thirlin' mill.
Niest, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
  Glowr through the byre, an' see the hawkies[d] bound;
Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids,[e]
  An' ca' the laiglen's[f] treasure on the ground;
  Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to green,[g]
  Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their e'en,
  An' hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil:
The cruizy,[h] too, can only blink and bleer;
  The reistit ingle's done the maist it dow;
T'acksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
  Upo' the cod[i] to clear their drumly pow;[j]
  Till wauken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his tribe, [year!
  Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to
Lang may his sock[k] and cou'ter turn the gleyb,[l]
  An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an' green;
  Her yellow ha'rsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bien,[m]
  Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed;
  An' a lang lasting thain o' peacefu' hours succeed!

[n] Age.—[o] Childish.—[p] Task.—[q] The rest.—[r] Grandchild.—[s] Her farewell entertainment.—[t] Corner.—[u] Bench.—[v] Stretches.—[w] The cat.—[x] Cheese.—[y] Loaf.—[z] To taste.—[a] Burden.—[b] The horse.—[c] The miller's perquisite.—[d] Cows.—[e] Fits.—[f] The milk-pail.—[g] To long.—[h] The lamp.—[i] Pillow.—[j] Thick heads.—[k] Ploughshare.—[l] Soil.—[m] Comfortable.

[* To add to his honours, the corporation of Bath placed a full-length statue of him in Wiltshire's Ball-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope. It was upon this occasion that the Earl of Chesterfield wrote that severe but witty epigram, the last lines of which were so deservedly admired, and ran thus:

The statue placed the busts between
  Adds to the satire strength;
His knowledge gives mankind new light,
  Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
  The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works for proof of it,
  You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
  Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
  Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between
  Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
  But Folly's at full length.

Wisdom and wit are little seen,
  But Folly at full length.
GOLDSMITH, *Life of Nash* (Prior,) vol. iii. p. 314.

Mr. Prior says that the first version of this celebrated epigram appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1741, but we find it in Mr. Dyce's Specimens of British Poetesses, as by Jane Brereton, who died in 1740, and among her poems collected by Cave in 1744. It was soon after 1736 that the statue, not the picture, was put up at Bath. Good sayings fly loose on the surface of society, and are generally assigned to men whom it is the fashion to celebrate, and who accept in silence all such felicities.]

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

[Born, 1694. Died, 1773.]

ON MR. NASH'S PICTURE, AT FULL LENGTH, BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR I. NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.*

The old Egyptians hid their wit
  In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search for it,
  And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
  And exercise our parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath—
  Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
  All wisdom does express;

THOMAS SCOTT.

[Born, 17—. Died, 17—.]

FROM "LYRIC POEMS, DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL."

LONDON, 1773.

GOVERNMENT OF THE MIND.

IMPERIAL Reason, hold thy throne,
Conscience to censure and approve
Belongs to thee. Ye Passions, own
Subjection and in order move.

Enchanting order! Peace how sweet!
Delicious harmony within;
Blest self-command, thy power I greet,
Ah! when shall I such empire win!

The hero's laurel fades; the fame
For boundless science is but wind;
And Samson's strength a brutal name,
Without dominion of the mind.

* * * *

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Born, Nov. 10, 1728. Died, 1774.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford, in Ireland. His father held the living of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath.* There was a tradition in the family, that they were descended from Juan Romeiro, a Spanish gentleman, who had settled in Ireland, in the sixteenth century, and had married a woman whose name of Goldsmith was adopted by their descendants. Oliver was instructed in reading and writing by Thomas Byrne, a schoolmaster in his father's parish, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne; and who, being fond of relating his adventures, is supposed to have communicated to the young mind of his pupil the romantic and wandering disposition which showed itself in his future years. He was next placed† under the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, and was received into the house of his father's brother, Mr. Goldsmith of Ballyoughter. Some relations and friends of his uncle, who were met on a social party, happening to be struck with the sprightliness of Oliver's abilities, and knowing the narrow circumstances of his father, offered to join in defraying the expense of giving him a liberal education. The chief contributor was the Rev. Thomas Contarine,‡ who had married our poet's aunt. He was accordingly sent, for some time, to the school of Athlone, and afterward to an academy at Edgeworthstown, where he was fitted for the university. He was admitted a sizer or servitor of Trinity College, Dublin, in his sixteenth year, [11th June, 1745,] a circumstance which denoted considerable proficiency; and three years afterward was elected one of the exhibitioners on the foundation of Erasmus Smith.§ But though he occasionally distinguished himself by his translations from the classics, his general appearance at the university corresponded neither with the former promises, nor future development of his talents. He was, like Johnson, a lounger at the college-gate. He gained neither premiums nor a scholarship, and was not admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts till two years after the regular time. His backwardness, it would appear, was the effect of despair more than of wilful negligence.‖ He had been placed under a savage tutor, named Theaker Wilder, who used to insult him at public examinations, and to treat his delinquencies with a ferocity that broke his spirit. On one occasion poor Oliver was so imprudent as to invite a company of young people, of both sexes, to a dance and supper in his rooms; on receiving intelligence of which, Theaker grimly repaired to the place of revelry, belaboured him before his guests, and rudely broke up the assembly. The disgrace of this inhuman treatment drove him for a time from the university. He set out from Dublin, intending to sail from Cork for some other country, he knew not

[* His mother, by name Ann Jones, was married to Charles Goldsmith on the 4th of May, 1718.—PRIOR, vol. i. p. 14.]

[† An attack of confluent small-pox, which had nearly deprived him of life, and left traces of its ravages in his face ever after, first caused him to be taken from under the care of Byrne.—PRIOR, vol. i. p. 28.]

‡ This benevolent man was descended from the noble family of the Contarini of Venice. His ancestor, having married a nun in his native country, was obliged to fly with her into France, where she died of the small-pox. Being pursued by ecclesiastical censures, Contarini came to England; but the puritanical manners which then prevailed, having afforded him but a cold reception, he was on his way to Ireland, when at Chester, he met with a young lady of the name of Chaloner, whom he married. Having afterward conformed to the established church, he, through the interest of his wife's family, obtained ecclesiastical preferment in the diocese of Elphin. Their lineal descendant was the benefactor of Goldsmith.—[See PRIOR, vol. i. p. 51.]

[§ Out of nineteen elected on the occasion, his name stands seventeenth on the list; the emolument was trifling being no more than about thirty shillings; but the credit something, for it was the first distinction he had obtained in his college career.—PRIOR, vol. i. p. 87.]

[‖ Mr. Prior discovered several notices of Goldsmith in the College books. On the 9th of May, 1718, he was *turned down*; twice he was *cautioned* for neglecting a Greek lecture, and thrice *commended* for diligence in attending it.]

whither; but, after wandering about till he was reduced to such famine, that he thought a handful of gray peas, which a girl gave him at a wake, the sweetest repast he had ever tasted, he returned home like the prodigal son, and matters were adjusted for his being received again at college.

About the time of his finally leaving the university his father died.* His uncle Contarine, from whom he experienced the kindness of a father, wished him to have taken orders, and Oliver is said to have applied for them, but to have been rejected; though for what reason is not sufficiently known.† He then accepted the situation of private tutor in a gentleman's family, and retained it long enough to save about 30*l.*, with which he bought a tolerable horse, and went forth upon his adventures.‡ At the end of six weeks his friends, having heard nothing of him, concluded that he had left the kingdom, when he returned to his mother's house, without a penny, upon a poor little horse, which he called Fiddleback, and which was not worth more than twenty shillings. The account which he gave of himself was, that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his former horse, and paid his passage to America; but the ship happening to sail whilst he was viewing the curiosities of the city, he had just money enough left to purchase Fiddleback, and to reach the house of an old acquaintance on the road. This nominal friend, however, had received him very coldly; and, in order to evade his application for pecuniary relief, had advised him to sell his diminutive steed, and promised him another in its place, which should cost him nothing either for price or provender. To confirm this promise he pulled out an oaken staff from beneath his bed. Just as this generous offer had been made, a neighbouring gentleman came in, and invited both the miser and Goldsmith to dine with him. Upon a short acquaintance, Oliver communicated his situation to the stranger, and was enabled, by his liberality, to proceed upon his journey. This was his story. His mother, it may be supposed, was looking rather gravely upon her prudent child, who had such adventures to relate, when he concluded them by saying, "and now, my dear mother, having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder that you are not more rejoiced to see me." Mr. Contarine next resolved to send him to the Temple; but on his way to London he was fleeced of all his money in gaming, and returned once more to his mother's house in disgrace and affliction. Again was his good uncle reconciled to him, and equipped him for Edinburgh, that he might pursue the study of medicine.

On his arrival at Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1752, he took lodgings, and sallied forth to take a view of the city; but, at a late hour, he recollected that he had omitted to inform himself of the name and address of his landlady; and would not have found his way back, if he had not fortunately met with the porter who had carried his luggage. After attending two winter courses of medical lectures at Edinburgh, he was permitted, by his uncle, to repair to Leyden, for the sake of finishing his studies, when his departure was accelerated by a debt, which he had contracted by becoming security for an acquaintance, and from the arrest attending which, he was only saved by the interference of a friend. If Leyden, however, was his object, he with the usual eccentricity of his motions, set out to reach it by way of Bordeaux, and embarked in a ship which was bound thither from Leith; but which was driven, by stress of weather, into Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His fellow-passengers were some Scotchmen, who had been employed in raising men in their own country for the service of the king of France. They were arrested, by orders from government, at Newcastle; and Goldsmith, who had been committed to prison with them, was not liberated till after a fortnight's confinement. By this accident, however, he was eventually saved from an early death. This vessel sailed during his imprisonment, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where every soul on board perished.

On being released, he took shipping for Holland, and arrived at Leyden, where he continued about a twelvemonth, and studied chemistry and anatomy. At the end of that time, having exhausted his last farthing at the gaming-table, and expended the greater part of a supply, which a friend lent him, in purchasing some costly Dutch flower-roots, which he intended for a present to his uncle, he set out to make the tour of Europe on foot, unincumbered at least by the weight of his money. The manner in which he occasionally subsisted, during his travels, by playing his flute among the peasantry, and by disputing at the different universities, has been innumerable times repeated. In the last, and most authentic account of his life,§ the circumstance of his having ever been a travelling tutor, is called in question. Assistance from his uncle must have reached him, as he remained for six months at Padua, after having traversed parts of Flanders, France, Germany and Switzerland, in the last of which countries he wrote the first sketch of his "Traveller."

His uncle having died while he was in Italy, he was obliged to travel on foot through France to

[* His father died early in 1747, before he had become an exhibitioner on Smith's foundation. On the 27th of February, 1749, after a residence of four years, he was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts.]

[† By the account of his sister, he was rejected on the plea of being too young; whatever was the cause of his rejection, he does not seem to have made a second attempt. —Prior.]

[‡ Mr. Prior says he was a year there; surely 30*l.* was a large sum to save in so short a period.]

[§ Since Mr. Campbell wrote, the Life of Goldsmith has been written by Mr. Prior in two elaborate octavo volumes, full of new facts and new matter, that attest what unwearied research and well-directed diligence may achieve. But Mr. Prior, like Mr. Campbell, has given an undue importance to Goldsmith. The circumstance, however, to which Mr. Campbell alludes, is left by Prior in the same obscurity.]

England, and arrived in London in extreme distress.* He was for a short time usher in an academy, and was afterward found and relieved, by his old friend Dr. Sleigh, in the situation of journeyman to a chemist.† By his friend's assistance he was enabled to take lodgings in the city, and endeavoured to establish himself in medical practice. In this attempt he was unsuccessful; but through the interest of Dr. Milner, a dissenting clergyman, he obtained the appointment of a physician to one of the factories in India; and, in order to defray the expense of getting thither, prepared to publish, by subscription, his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." For some unknown reason his appointment to India was dropped;‡ and we find him, in April 1757, writing in Dr. Griffiths' Monthly Review, for a salary, and his board and lodging in the proprietor's house. Leaving this employment, he went into private lodgings, and finished his "Enquiry into the State of Literature," which was published in 1759. The rest of his history from this period becomes chiefly that of his well-known works. His principal literary employments, previous to his raising himself into notice by his poetry, were conducting the Lady's Magazine, writing a volume of essays, called "the Bee," "Letters on English History," "Letters of a Citizen of the World," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Boswell has related the affecting circumstances in which Dr. Johnson found poor Goldsmith in lodgings at Wine-office court, Fleet-street, where he had finished the Vicar of Wakefield, immured by bailiffs from without, and threatened with expulsion by his landlady from within. The sale of the novel for 60*l.* brought him present relief; and within a few years from that time, he emerged from his obscurity to the best society and literary distinction. But whatever change of public estimation he experienced, the man was not to be altered; and he continued to exhibit a personal character which was neither much reformed by experience, nor dignified by reputation. It is but too well known, that with all his original and refined faculties, he was often the butt of witlings, and the dupe of impostors. He threw away his money at the gaming-table, and might also be said to be a losing gambler in conversation, for he aimed in all societies at being brilliant and argumentative; but generally chose to dispute on the subjects which he least understood, and contrived to forfeit as much credit for common sense as could be got rid of in colloquial intercourse. After losing his appointment to India, he applied to Lord Bute for a salary, to be enabled to travel into the interior of Asia. The petition was neglected because he was then unknown. The same boon, however, or some adequate provision, might have been obtained for him afterward, when he was recommended to the Earl of Northumberland, at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland. But when he waited on the earl, he threw away his prepared compliments on his lordship's steward, and then retrieved the mistake by telling the nobleman, for whom he had meditated a courtly speech, that he had no confidence in the patronage of the great, but would rather rely upon the booksellers. There must have been something, however, with all his peculiarities, still endearing in his personal character. Burke was known to recall his memory with tears of affection in his eyes. It cannot be believed that the better genius of his writings was always absent from his conversation. One may conceive graces of his spirit to have been drawn forth by Burke or Reynolds, which neither Johnson nor Garrick had the sensibility to appreciate.

For the last ten years of his life he lived in the Temple. He was one of the earliest members of the Literary Club. At the institution of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds procured for him the honorary appointment of professor of ancient history. Many tributes, both of envy and respect, were paid to his celebrity; among the latter, an address is preserved, which was sent to him as a public character, by the since celebrated Thomas Paine. Paine was at that time an officer of excise, and was the principal promoter of an application to parliament for increasing the salaries of excisemen. He had written a pamphlet on the subject, which he sent to Goldsmith, and solicited an interview for the sake of interesting him farther in the scheme. In the year 1770, he visited France; but there is nothing in his correspondence to authenticate any interesting particulars of his journey.

The three important eras of his literary life were those of his appearance as a novelist, a poet, and a dramatic writer. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was finished in 1766; but was not printed till three years after, when his "Traveller," in 1764, had established his fame.§ The ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," came out in the following year; and in 1766 the appearance of his "Good Natured Man" made a bold and happy change in the reigning fashion of comedy, by substituting merriment for insipid sentiment. His "Deserted Village" appeared in 1770; and his second comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," in 1773. At intervals between those works he wrote his "Roman and English Histories," besides biographies and introductions to books. These were all executed as tasks for the booksellers; but with a grace which no other man could give to task-work. His "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," was the last, and most amusing of these prose undertakings. In

[* Early in the year 1756.—Prior.]

[† Named Jacob, and residing at the corner of Monument or Bell Yard, on Fish Street Hill.—Prior.]

[‡ On the 21st of December, 1758, he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall, London, for examination as an hospital-mate; but was found not qualified. Mr. Prior, who discovered this curious fact, supposes that his India physicianship was too expensive an outfit for his purse, and as a last resort had tried to pass as an hospital-mate.]

[§ The Vicar of Wakefield was first published on the 27th of March, 1766.—Prior.]

the mean time he had consumed more than the gains of all his labours by imprudent management, and had injured his health by occasional excesses of application. His debts amounted to 4000*l*. "Was ever poet," said Dr. Johnson, "so trusted before?" To retrieve his finances he contracted for new works to the booksellers, engaged to write comedies for both the theatres, and projected a "Universal Dictionary of the Sciences." But his labours were terminated by a death not wholly unimputable to the imprudence which had pervaded his life. In a fever, induced by strangury and distress of mind, he made use of Dr. James's powders under circumstances which he was warned would render them dangerous. The symptoms of his disease grew immediately more alarming, and he expired at the end of a few days, in his forty-sixth year.

Goldsmith's poetry enjoys a calm and steady popularity. It inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design, or of fertile invention; but it presents, within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society, with pictures of life, that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a rugged or careless mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression; but still it is select and refined expression. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost care and skill to avoid a vulgar humanity. There is more of this sustained simplicity, of this chaste economy and choice of words in Goldsmith, than in any modern poet, or perhaps than would be attainable or desirable as a standard for every writer of rhyme. In extensive narrative poems such a style would be too difficult. There is a noble propriety even in the careless strength of great poems, as in the roughness of castle walls; and, generally speaking, where there is a long course of story, or observation of life to be pursued, such exquisite touches as those of Goldsmith would be too costly materials for sustaining it. But let us not imagine that the serene graces of this poet were not admirably adapted to his subjects. His poetry is not that of impetuous, but of contemplative sensibility; of a spirit breathing its regrets and recollections, in a tone that has no dissonance with the calm of philosophical reflection. He takes rather elevated speculative views of the causes of good and evil in society; at the same time the objects which are most endeared to his imagination are those of familiar and simple interest; and the domestic affections may be said to be the only genii of his romance. The tendency toward abstracted observation in his poetry agrees peculiarly with the compendious form of expression which he studied;* whilst the homefelt joys, on which his fancy loved to repose, required at once the chastest and sweetest colours of language to make them harmonize with the dignity of a philosophical poem. His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection, which gives back the image of nature unruffled and minutely. He has no redundant thoughts or false transports; but seems, on every occasion, to have weighed the impulse to which he surrendered himself. Whatever ardour or casual felicities he may have thus sacrificed, he gained a high degree of purity and self-possession. His chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house and listen to†

"The varnish'd clock, that tick'd behind the door."

He betrays so little effort to make us visionary by the usual and palpable fictions of his art; he keeps apparently so close to realities, and draws certain conclusions, respecting the radical interests of man, so boldly and decidedly, that we pay him a compliment, not always extended to the tuneful tribe, that of judging his sentiments by their strict and logical interpretation. In thus judging him by the test of his philosophical spirit, I am not prepared to say that he is a purely impartial theorist. He advances general positions respecting the happiness of society, founded on limited views of truth, and under the bias of local feelings. He contemplates only one side of the question. It must always be thus in poetry. Let the mind be ever so tranquilly disposed to reflection, yet if it retains poetical sensation, it will embrace only those speculative opinions that fall in with the tone of the imagination. Yet I am not disposed to consider his

* There is perhaps no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of "The Traveller," in which he describes the once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French:

"They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."

[† Compare the homelinesses of rusticity in Goldsmith with those in Bloomfield and others, and see his superiority in unintrusive art, natural elegance, simplicity, and pathos. Of all our couplet writers Goldsmith bears unquestionably the fewest marks of labour; there is a secret happiness about all he wrote, that seems to have cost no trouble, no care to condense, to strengthen or retouch.]

principles as absurd, or his representations of life as the mere reveries of fancy.

In "The Deserted Village," he is an advocate for the agricultural, in preference to the commercial prosperity of a nation; and he pleads for the blessings of the simpler state, not with the vague predilection for the country which is common to poets, but with an earnestness that professes to challenge our soberest belief. Between Rousseau's celebrated letter on the influence of the sciences, and this popular poem, it will not be difficult to discover some resemblance of principles. They arrive at the same conclusions against luxury: the one from contemplating the ruins of a village, and the other from reviewing the downfall of empires. But the English poet is more moderate in his sentiments than the philosopher of Geneva; he neither stretches them to such obvious paradox, nor involves them in so many details of sophistry: nor does he blaspheme all philosophy and knowledge in pronouncing a malediction on luxury. Rousseau is the advocate of savageness, Goldsmith only of simplicity. Still, however, his theory is adverse to trade, and wealth, and arts. He delineates their evils, and disdains their vaunted benefits. This is certainly not philosophical neutrality; but a neutral balancing of arguments would have frozen the spirit of poetry. We must consider him as a pleader on that side of the question, which accorded with the predominant state of his heart; and, considered in that light, he is the poetical advocate of many truths. He revisits a spot consecrated by his earliest and tenderest recollections; he misses the bloomy flush of life, which had marked its once busy, but now depopulated scenes; he beholds the inroads of monopolizing wealth, which had driven the peasant to emigration; and tracing the sources of the evil to "Trade's proud empire," which has so often proved a transient glory, and an enervating good, he laments the state of society, "where wealth accumulates and men decay." Undoubtedly, counter views of the subject might have presented themselves, both to the poet and philosopher. The imagination of either might have contemplated, in remote perspective, the replenishing of empires beyond the deep, and the diffusion of civilized existence, as eventual consolations of futurity, for the present sufferings of emigration. But those distant and cold calculations of optimism would have been wholly foreign to the tone and subject of the poem. It was meant to fix our patriotic sympathy on an innocent and suffering class of the community, to refresh our recollections of the simple joys, the sacred and strong local attachments, and all the manly virtues of rustic life. Of such virtues the very remembrance is by degrees obliterated in the breasts of a commercial people. It was meant to rebuke the luxurious and selfish spirit of opulence, which, imitating the pomp and solitude of feudal abodes, without their hospitality and protection, surrounded itself with monotonous pleasure grounds, which indignantly "spurned the cottage from the green."

On the subject of those mis-named improvements, by the way, in which

> "Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
> Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,"

the possessors themselves of those places have not been always destitute of compunctions similar to the sentiments of the poet. Mr. Potter, in his "Observations on the Poor Laws," has recorded an instance of it. "When the late Earl of Leicester was complimented upon the completion of his great design at Holkham, he replied, 'It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country. I look round, not a house is to be seen but mine. I am the Giant of Giant Castle; and have eat up all my neighbours.'"

Although Goldsmith has not examined all the points and bearings of the question suggested by the changes in society which were passing before his eyes, he has strongly and affectingly pointed out the immediate evils with which those changes were pregnant. Nor while the picture of Auburn delights the fancy, does it make a useless appeal to our moral sentiments. It may be well sometimes that society, in the very pride and triumph of its improvement, should be taught to pause and look back upon its former steps: to count the virtues that have been lost, or the victims that have been sacrificed by its changes. Whatever may be the calculations of the political economist as to ultimate effects, the circumstance of agricultural wealth being thrown into large masses, and of the small farmer exiled from his scanty domain, foreboded a baneful influence on the independent character of the peasantry, which it is by no means clear that subsequent events have proved to be either slight or imaginary.

Pleasing as Goldsmith is, it is impossible to ascribe variety to his poetical character; and Dr. Johnson has justly remarked something of an echoing resemblance of tone and sentiment between "The Traveller" and "Deserted Village." But the latter is certainly an improvement on its predecessor. The field of contemplation in "The Traveller," is rather desultory. The other poem has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of "The Deserted Village."*

[* Where is the poetry of which one half is good? Is it the Æniad? Is it Milton's? Is it Dryden's? Is it any one's except Pope's and Goldsmith's, of which *all* is good. —BYRON'S *Works*, vol. iv. p. 306.]

THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Cerinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
Those little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

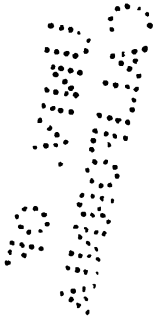
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other's ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper care's resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.



In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep,
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart;
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn: and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.*
Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here:
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;

[* We talked of Goldsmith's Traveller, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and while I was helping him on with his great-coat, he repeatedly quoted from it the character of the British nation; which he did with such energy, that the tears started in his eye.—Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. v. p. 85, ed. 1835.]

For just experience tells in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Briton's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays [ways;
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?

In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's* iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.†

[* In the "Republica Hungarica," there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers of the name of Zeck, George and Luke, when it was quelled George, not Luke, was punished by his head being encircled by a red-hot iron crown.—Boswell.]

[† "The Traveller" appeared in December, 1764, and was reviewed in the Critical Review for that month by Dr. Johnson. "Such is the poem," he concludes his extracts by saying, "on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope, it will not be easy to find any thing equal."]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill, [hill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made![‡]
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
And still as each repeated pleasure tired, [round.
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please,
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed, [fled.
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:

[‡ Lissoy, near Ballymahon, where the poet's brother, the clergyman, had his living, claims the honour of being the spot from which the localities of the Deserted Village are derived. The church which tops the neighbouring hill, the mill, and the brook, are still pointed out.—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Works*, vol. iii. p. 250.]

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!*

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forced, in age, for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

[* This picture of resignation gave rise to Reynolds's Resignation, an attempt, as Sir Joshua himself calls it, to express a character in "The Deserted Village."]

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze uprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could guage:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
—But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are
When time advances, and when lovers fail, [frail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowns the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly, first ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama* murmurs to their woe.

[* A River in Georgia, North America.]

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance
crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their
last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose:
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a
tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they
grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness are there;

And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.*

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT LORD CLARE.†

THANKS, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy:
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce;
Well! suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
Its a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.
To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch.
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.‡
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting!"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce,
"I get these things often;" but that was a bounce;
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind; but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner!
What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself:"

[* The four last lines were supplied by Dr. Johnson.]

[† The leading idea of this poem is from Boileau's third Satire, and several of the passages are from the same quarter. The truth is that Goldsmith, with his many merits and great originality, was an unsparing plagiarist. We shall instance here one of his thefts, the more so that it is unnoticed by Mr. Prior, and is as yet we believe unknown. "Painting and Music," he says in his dedication of The Traveller, "at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right." This is wholesale from Dryden:

Our arts are sisters though not twins in birth;
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seized the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
To Sir Godfrey Kneller.]

[‡ This was an old saying with Goldsmith. "The king," he writes to his brother, "has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation, are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." This is not noticed by Mr. Prior, who has traced many of Goldsmith's thoughts from verse to prose and from prose to verse.]

Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine,)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale:
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.
At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinnach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe its my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scotish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue; [poison,
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"—"A pasty," repeated the Jew;
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her!
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, its but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

[Born, 1710. Died, 1774.]

Paul Whitehead was the son of a tailor in London; and, after a slender education, was placed as an apprentice to a woollen-draper. He afterward went to the Temple, in order to study law. Several years of his life (it is not quite clear at what period) were spent in the Fleet-prison, owing to a debt which he foolishly contracted, by putting his name to a joint security for 3000*l.* at the request of his friend Fleetwood, the theatrical manager, who persuaded him that his signature was a mere matter of form. How he obtained his liberation we are not informed.

In the year 1735 he married a Miss Anne Dyer, with whom he obtained ten thousand pounds. She was homely in her person, and very weak in intellect; but Whitehead, it appears, always treated her with respect and tenderness.

He became, in the same year, a satirical rhymer against the ministry of Walpole; and having published his "State Dunces," a weak echo of the manner of the "Dunciad," he was patronized by the opposition, and particularly by Bubb Doddington. In 1739 he published the "Manners," a satire, in which Mr. Chalmers says, that he attacks every thing venerable in the constitution. The poem is not worth dis-

puting about; but it is certainly a mere personal lampoon, and no attack on the constitution. For this invective he was summoned to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, but concealed himself for a time, and the affair was dropped. The threat of prosecuting him, it was suspected, was meant as a hint to Pope, that those who satirised the great might bring themselves into danger; and Pope (it is pretended) became more cautious. There would seem, however, to be nothing very terrific in the example of a prosecution, that must have been dropped either from clemency or conscious weakness. The ministerial journals took another sort of revenge, by accusing him of irreligion; and the evidence which they candidly and consistently brought to substantiate the charge, was the letter of a student from Cambridge, who had been himself expelled from the university for atheism.

In 1744 he published another satire, entitled the "Gymnasiad," on the most renowned boxers of the day. It had at least the merit of being harmless.

By the interest of Lord Despenser, he obtained a place under government, that of deputy treasurer of the chamber; and retiring to a handsome cottage, which he purchased at Twickenham, he lived in comfort and hospitality, and suffered his small satire and politics to be equally forgotten. Churchill attacked him in a couplet,—

> "May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
> Be born a Whitehead, and baptized a Paul."

But though a libertine like Churchill, he seems not to have been the worse man of the two. Sir John Hawkins gives him the character of being good-hearted, even to simplicity; and says, that he was esteemed at Twickenham for his kind offices, and for composing quarrels among his neighbours.

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold;
The meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold!
Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our [delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
The slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court:
No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still give a zest to our joy.
With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
And the practised coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the woodlands to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports, &c.

WALTER HARTE.

[Born, about 1707. Died, 1774.]

THE father of this writer was a fellow of Pembroke college, Oxford, prebendary of Wells, and vicar of St. Mary's at Taunton, in Somersetshire. When Judge Jefferies came to the assizes at Taunton, to execute vengeance on the sharers of Monmouth's rebellion, Mr. Harte waited upon him in private, and remonstrated against his severities. The judge listened to him attentively, though he had never seen him before. It was not in Jefferies' nature to practise humanity; but, in this solitary instance, he showed a respect for its advocate; and in a few months advanced the vicar to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Bristol. At the Revolution the aged clergyman resigned his preferments, rather than take the oath of allegiance to King William; an action which raises our esteem of his intercession with Jefferies, while it adds to the unsalutary examples of men supporting tyrants, who have had the virtue to hate their tyranny.

The accounts that are preserved of his son, the poet, are not very minute or interesting. The date of his birth has not even been settled. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine fixes it about 1707; but by the date of his degrees at the university, this supposition is utterly inadmissible; and all circumstances considered, it is impossible to suppose that he was born later than 1700. He was educated at Marlborough college, and took his degree of master of arts at Oxford,

in 1720.* He was introduced to Pope at an early period of his life; and, in return for the abundant adulation which he offered to that poet, was rewarded with his encouragement, and even his occasional assistance in versification. Yet, admirer as he was of Pope, his manner leans more to the imitation of Dryden. In 1727 he published, by subscription, a volume of poems, which he dedicated to the Earl of Peterborough, who, as the author acknowledges, was the first patron of his muse. In the preface it is boasted, that the poems had been chiefly written under the age of nineteen. As he must have been several years turned of twenty, when he made this boast, it exposes either his sense or veracity to some suspicion. He either concealed what improvements he had made in the poems, or showed a bad judgment in not having improved them.

His next publications, in 1730 and 1735, were an "Essay on Satire," and another on "Reason," to both of which Pope is supposed to have contributed many lines. Two sermons, which he printed, were so popular as to run through five editions. He therefore rose, with some degree of clerical reputation, to be principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; and was so much esteemed, that Lord Lyttelton recommended him to the Earl of Chesterfield, as the most proper tutor and travelling companion to his son. Harte had, indeed, every requisite for the preceptorship of Mr. Stanhope, that a Grævius or Gronovius could have possessed; but none of those for which we should have supposed his father to have been most anxious. He was profoundly learned, but ignorant of the world, and awkward in his person and address. His pupil and he, however, after having travelled together for four years, parted with mutual regret; and Lord Chesterfield showed his regard for Harte by procuring for him a canonry of Windsor.

During his connection with Lord Peterborough, that nobleman had frequently recommended to him to write the life of Gustavus Adolphus. For this historical work he collected, during his travels, much authentic and original information. It employed him for many years, and was published in 1759; but either from a vicious taste, or from his having studied the idioms of foreign languages till he had forgotten those of his own, he wrote his history in a style so obscure and uncouth, that its merits, as a work of research, were overlooked, and its reception from the public was cold and mortifying. Lord Chesterfield, in speaking of its being translated into German, piously wishes "that its author had translated it into English; as it was full of Germanisms, Latinisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms." All the time, poor Harte thought he was writing a style less laboured and ornate than that of his cotemporaries; and when George Hawkins, the bookseller, objected to some of his most violent phrases, he used to say, "George, that is what we call writing." This infatuation is the more surprising, that his Sermons, already mentioned, are marked by no such affectation of manner; and he published in 1764 "Essays on Husbandry," which are said to be remarkable for their elegance and perspicuity.

Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, said, "that Harte was excessively vain: that he left London on the day his 'Life of Gustavus' was published, to avoid the great praise he was to receive; but Robertson's 'History of Scotland' having come out the same day, he was ashamed to return to the scene of his mortification."† This sarcastic anecdote comes in the suspicious company of a blunder as to dates, for Robertson's "History of Scotland" was published a month after [before!] Harte's "Life of Gustavus;" and it is besides rather an odd proof of a man's vanity, that he should have run away from expected compliments.‡

The failure of his historical work is alleged to have mortified him so deeply, as to have affected his health. All the evidence of this, however, is deduced from some expressions in his letters, in which he complains of frequent indisposition. His biographers, first of all take it for granted, that a man of threescore could not possibly be indisposed from any other cause than from reading harsh reviews of his "Life of Gustavus;" and then, very consistently, show the folly of his being grieved at the fate of his history, by proving that his work was reviewed, on the whole, rather in a friendly and laudatory manner. Harte, however, was so far from being a martyr, either to the justice or injustice of criticism, that he prepared a second edition of the "Life of Gustavus" for the press; and announced, in a note, that he had finished the "History of the thirty Years War in Germany." His servant Dore, afterward an innkeeper at Bath, got possession of his MSS. and this work is supposed to be irrecoverably lost. In the mean time, he was struck with a palsy in 1766, which attacked him again in 1769, and put a period to his life five years after. At the time of his death he was vicar of St. Austel and Blazy in Cornwall.

His poetry is little read; and I am aware of hazarding the appearance of no great elegance of taste, in professing myself amused and in-

[* This according to Mr. Croker's showing, (*Boswell*, vol. i. p. 377) is not the case. The Walter Harte who took his degree of A.M. at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1720, was not the poet; for he was of St. Mary's Hall, and made A.M. on the 21st January 1730. This one fact removes Mr. Campbell's after difficulties.]

[† Boswell by Croker, vol. iv. p. 449.]

[‡ "Harte's Life of Gustavus Adolphus, Mr. Chalmers tells us, was 'a very unfortunate publication. Hume's House of Tudor came out the same week, and Robertson's History of Scotland only a month before; and after perusing these, poor Harte's style could not certainly be endured.' Mr. Chalmers perhaps may require to be told that industry in collecting, examining, and arranging the materials of history, and fidelity in using them, are the first qualities of an historian: that in those qualities Harte has not been surpassed; that in the opinion of military men Harte's is the best military history in our language, and that it is rising and will continue to rise in repute."—SOUTHEY, *Quar. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 497.]

terested by several parts of it, particularly by his "Amaranth." In spite of pedantry and grotesqueness, he appears, in numerous passages, to have condensed the reflection and information of no ordinary mind. If the reader dislikes his story of "Eulogius," I have only to inform him, that I have taken some pains to prevent its being more prolix than is absolutely necessary, by the mechanical reduction of its superfluities.

EULOGIUS: OR, THE CHARITABLE MASON.

FROM THE GREEK OF PAULUS SYLLOGUS.

In ancient times scarce talk'd of, and less known,
When pious Justin fill'd the eastern throne,
In a small dorp, till then for nothing famed,
And by the neighbouring swains Thebaïs named,
Eulogius lived: an humble mason he;
In nothing rich but virtuous poverty.
From noise and riot he devoutly kept,
Sigh'd with the sick, and with the mourner wept;
Half his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went;
They had his alms and he had his content.
Still from his little he could something spare
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare,
He gave, whilst aught he had, and knew no bounds;
The poor man's drachms stood for rich men's pounds;
He learnt with patience, and with meekness taught,
His life was but the comment of his thought.
* * * *
On the south aspect of a sloping hill,
Whose skirts meandering Penus washes still,
Our pious labourer pass'd his youthful days
In peace and charity, in prayer and praise.
No theatres of oaks around him rise,
Whose roots earth's centre touch, whose head the skies;
No stately larch-tree there expands a shade
O'er half a rood of Larrisséan glade:
No lofty poplars catch the murmuring breeze,
Which loitering whispers on the cloud-capp'd trees;
Such imagery of greatness ill became
A nameless dwelling, and an unknown name!
Instead of forest-monarchs, and their train,
The unambitious rose bedeck'd the plain;
On skirting heights thick stood the clustering vine,
And here and there the sweet-leaved eglantine;
One lilac only, with a statelier grace,
Presumed to claim the oak's and cedar's place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spread his exalted boughs to wave in air.
This spot, for dwelling fit, Eulogius chose,
And in a month a decent homestall rose,
Something between a cottage and a cell—
Yet virtue here could sleep, and peace could dwell.
From living stone (but not of Parian rocks,)
He chipp'd his pavement, and he squared his blocks:
And then, without the aid of neighbours' art,
Perform'd the carpenter's and glazier's part.
The site was neither granted him nor giv'n;
'Twas nature's; and the ground-rent due to heav'n.
Wife he had none: nor had he love to spare;
An aged mother wanted all his care.
They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
Supp'd on a turnip, slept upon content.
Four rooms, above, below, this mansion graced,
With white-wash deck'd, and river-sand o'ercast:
The first, (forgive my verse if too diffuse,)
Perform'd the kitchen's and the parlour's use;
The second, better bolted and immured,
From wolves his out-door family secured:
(For he had twice three kids, besides their dams;
A cow, a spaniel, and two fav'rite lambs:)
A third, with herbs perfumed, and rushes spread,
Held, for his mother's use, a feather'd bed:
Two moss-mattresses in the fourth were shown;
One for himself, for friends and pilgrims one.
No flesh from market-towns our peasant sought:
He rear'd his frugal meat, but never bought:
A kid sometimes for festivals he slew;
The choicer part was his sick neighbours' due:
Two bacon-flitches made his Sunday's cheer;
Some the poor had, and some out-lived the year:
For roots and herbage, (raised at hours to spare,)
With humble milk, composed his usual fare.
(The poor man then was rich, and lived with glee;
Each barley-head untax'd, and daylight free:)
All had a part in all the rest could spare,
The common water, and the common air.
Meanwhile God's blessings made Eulogius thrive,
The happiest, most contented man alive.
His conscience cheer'd him with a life well spent,
His prudence a superfluous something lent,
Which made the poor who took, and poor who gave, content.
Alternate were his labours and his rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.
Eusebius, hermit of a neighb'ring cell,
His brother Christian mark'd, and knew him well:
With zeal unenvying, and with transport fired,
Beheld him, praised him, loved him, and admired.
"Then hear me, gracious Heaven, and grant my prayer;
Make yonder man the fav'rite of thy care:
Nourish the plant with thy celestial dew,
Like manna, let it fall, and still be new:
Expand the blossoms of his gen'rous mind,
Till the rich odour reaches half mankind.
Then may his soul its free-born range enjoy,
Give deed to will, and every power employ."
The hermit's prayer permitted, not approved;
Soon in a higher sphere Eulogius moved.
One day, in turning some uncultured ground,
(In hopes a freestone quarry might be found,)
His mattock met resistance, and behold
A casket burst, with di'monds fill'd, and gold.
He cramm'd his pockets with the precious store,
And every night review'd it o'er and o'er;

Till a gay conscious pride, unknown as yet,
Touch'd a vain heart, and taught it to forget:
And what still more his stagg'ring virtue tried,
His mother, tut'ress of that virtue, died.
A neigb'ring matron, not unknown to fame,
(Historians give her Teraminta's name,)
The parent of the needy and distress'd, [blest:
With large demesnes and well saved treasure
(For, like th' Egyptian prince, she hoarded store
To feed at periodic dearths the poor:)
This matron, whiten'd with good works and age,
Approach'd the sabbath of her pilgrimage;
Her spirit to himself th' Almighty drew;—
Breath'd on th' alembic, and exhaled the dew.
In souls prepared, the passage is a breath
From time t' eternity, from life to death.
But first, to make the poor her future care,
She left the good Eulogius for her heir.
Who but Eulogius now exults for joy?
New thoughts, new hopes, new views his mind employ.
Pride push'd forth buds at every branching shoot,
And virtue shrunk almost beneath the root.
High raised on Fortune's hill, new Alps he spies,
O'ershoots the valley which beneath him lies,
Forgets the depths between, and travels with his eyes.
The tempter saw the danger in a trice, [eyes.
(For the man slidder'd upon Fortune's ice:)
And, having found a corpse, half dead, half warm,
Revived it, and assumed a courtier's form;
Swift to Thebaïs urged his airy flight;
And measured half the globe in half a night.
Libanius-like,* he play'd the sophist's part,
And by soft marches stole upon the heart:
Maintain'd that station gave new birth to sense,
And call'd forth manners, courage, eloquence:
Then touch'd with sprightly dashes here and there,
(Correctly strong, yet seeming void of care,)
The master-topic, which may most men move,
The charms of beauty and the joys of love!
Eulogius falter'd at the first alarms,
And soon the 'wakened passions buzz'd to arms;
Nature the clam'rous bell of discord rung,
And vices from dark caverns swift upsprung.
So, when hell's monarch did his summons make,
The slumb'ring demons started from the lake.
And now, the treasure found, and matron's store,
Sought other objects than the tatter'd poor;
Part to humiliated Apicius went,
A part to gaming confessors was lent,
And part, oh virtuous Thais, paid thy rent.
Poor folks have leisure hours to fast and pray;
Our rich man's business lay another way:
No farther intercourse with heaven had he,
But left good works to men of low degree:
Warm as himself pronounced each ragged man,
And bade distress to prosper as it can:
Till, grown obdurate by mere dint of time,
He deem'd all poor men rogues, and want a crime.
Fame, not contented with her broad highway,
Delights, for change, through private paths to stray;
And, wand'ring to the hermit's distant cell,
Vouchsafed Eulogius' history to tell.
At night a dream confirm'd the hermit more;
He 'spied his friend on beds of roses laid:
Round him a crowd of threat'ning furies stands,
With instruments of vengeance in their hands.
He waked aghast: he tore his hair,
And rent his sackcloth garments in despair;
Walk'd to Constantinople, and inquired
Of all he met; at length the house desired
By chance he found, but no admission gain'd;
A Thracian slave the porter's place maintain'd,
(Sworn foe to thread-bare suppliants,) and with pride
His master's presence, nay, his name denied.
There walk'd Eusebius at the dawn of light,
There walk'd at noon, and there he walk'd at night
In vain.—At length, by Providence's care,
He found the door unclosed, nor servants near.
He enter'd, and through several rooms of state
Pass'd gently; in the last Eulogius sat.
Old man, good morrow, the gay courtier cried;
God give you grace, my son, the sire replied:
And then, in terms as moving and as strong,
As clear as ever fell from angel's tongue,
Besought, reproved, exhorted, and condemn'd:
Eulogius knew him, and, though known, contemn'd.
The hermit then assumed a bolder tone;
His rage was kindled, and his patience gone.
Without respect to titles or to place,
I call thee (adds he) miscreant to thy face.
My prayers drew down heaven's bounty on thy head,
And in an evil hour my wishes sped.
Ingratitude's black curse thy steps attend,
Monster to God, and faithless to thy friend!
* * * The hermit went
Back to Thebaïs full of discontent;
Saw his once impious rashness more and more,
And, victim to convinced contrition, bore
With Christian thankfulness the marks he wore.
And then on bended knees with tears and sighs,
He thus invoked the Ruler of the skies:
"My late request, all-gracious Power, forgive!
And—that yon miscreant may repent, and live,
Give him that poverty which suits him best,
And leave disgrace and grief to work the rest."
So pray'd the hermit, and with reason pray'd.—
Some plants the sunshine ask, and some the shade.
At night the nure-trees spread, but check their bloom
At morn, and lose their verdure and perfume.
The virtues of most men will only blow,
Like coy auriculas, in Alpine snow:
Transplant them to the equinoctial line,
Their vigour sickens and their tints decline.
Meanwhile Eulogius, unabash'd and gay,
Pursued his courtly track without dismay:
Remorse was hoodwink'd, conscience charm'd away;
Reason the felon of herself was made,
And nature's substance hid by nature's shade!
Our fine man, now completed, quickly found
Congenial friends in Asiatic ground.

* A famous Greek rhetorician in the fourth century, whose orations are still extant.

The advent'rous pilot in a single year
Learn'd his state cock-boat dext'rously to steer.
By other arts he learns the knack to thrive;
The most obsequious parasite alive:
Chameleon of the court, and country too;
Pays Cæsar's tax, but gives the mob their due;
And makes it, in his conscience, the same thing
To crown a tribune, or behead a king.
On less important days, he pass'd his time
In virtuoso-ship, and crambo-rhyme:
In gaming, jobbing, fiddling, painting, drinking,
And every art of using time, but thinking.
He gives the dinners of each upstart man,
As costly, and luxurious, as he can;
Then weds an heiress of suburbian mold,
Ugly as apes, but well endow'd with gold;
There fortune gave him his full doze of strife,
A scolding woman, and a jealous wife!
T' increase this load, some sycophant report
Destroy'd his int'rest and good grace at court.
At this one stroke the man look'd dead in law:
His flatt'rers scamper, and his friends withdraw.
And now (to shorten my disastrous tale)
Storms of affronts pour'd in as thick as hail.
Each scheme for safety mischievously sped,
And the drawn sword hung o'er him by a thread.
Child he had none. His wife with sorrow died;
Few women can survive the loss of pride.

The Demon having tempted Eulogius to engage in rebellion against his Prince, he is cast into prison.

Here, were it not too long, I might declare
The motives and successes of the war;
The prowess of the knights, their martial deeds,
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, and [their steeds;
Till Belisarius at a single blow
Suppress'd the faction and repell'd the foe.
By a quick death the traitors he relieved;
Condemn'd, if taken; famish'd, if reprieved.
Now see Eulogius (who had all betray'd
Whate'er he knew) in loathsome dungeon laid:
A pris'ner, first of war, and then of state:
Rebel and traitor ask a double fate!
But good Justinian, whose exalted mind,
(In spite of what Pirasmus urged,) inclined
To mercy, soon the forfeit-life forgave,
And freed it from the shackles of a slave.
Then spoke with mild, but in majestic strain,
Repent, and haste thee to Larissa's plain,
Or wander through the world, another Cain.
Thy lands and goods shall be the poor man's lot,
Or feed the orphans you've so long forgot.
Forsaken, helpless, recognised by none,
Proscribed Eulogius left the unprosp'rous town:
For succour at a thousand doors he knock'd;
Each heart was harden'd, and each door was lock'd.
A pilgrim's staff he bore, of humble thorn;
Pervious to winds his coat, and sadly torn:
Shoes he had none: a beggar gave a pair,
Who saw feet poorer than his own, and bare.
He drank the stream, on dewberries he fed,
And wildings harsh supplied the place of bread;
Thus homeward urged his solitary way;
(Four years he had been absent to a day.)
Fame through Thebaïs his arrival spread,
Half his old friends reproach'd him, and half fled:
Of help and common countenance bereft,
No creature own'd him, but a dog he left.
Compunction touch'd his soul, and, wiser made
By bitter suff'rings he resumed his trade:
Thank'd Heaven for want of power and want of pelf,
That he had lost the world and found himself.
Conscience and charity revived their part,
And true humility enrich'd the heart,
While grace celestial, with enlivening ray
Beam'd forth, to gild the evening of his day.
His neighbours mark'd the change, and each man strove
By slow degrees t' applaud him, and to love.
So Peter, when his tim'rous guilt was o'er,
Emerged and stood twice firmer than before.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENCE UNDER THE DIVINE WILL.

AN ODE.

Why dwells my unoffended eye
On yon blank desert's trackless waste;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast?
There Lysidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudosia's praise:
There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
Yes does my soul complacence find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

* * *

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold,
Where half dead nature gasps below,
Victim of everlasting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endless snow.
The northern side is horror all;
Against the southern Phœbus plays;
In vain th' innoxious glimm'rings fall,
The frost outlives, outshines the rays.
Yet consolation still I find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

* * *

For nature rarely form'd a soil
Where diligence subsistence wants:
Exert but care, nor spare the toil,
And all beyond, th' Almighty grants.
Each earth at length to culture yields,
Each earth its own manure contains:
Thus the Corycian nurst his fields,
Heaven gave th' increase, and he the pains
Th' industrious peace and plenty find;
All due to thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Scipio sought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from th' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wise!
He served the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retired;
Dismounting from th' unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense required,
Without a sigh, he pow'r resign'd.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Diocletian sought repose,
Cloy'd and fatigued with nauseous pow'r,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, and rogues devour:
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health,
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And changed a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil soothed his cares, his blood refined——
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

He, who had ruled the world, exchanged
His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
Postponing (as through groves he ranged,)
Court splendour to the rural shade.
Child of his hand, th' engrafted thorn
More than the victor laurel pleased:
Heart's-ease, and meadow-sweet adorn
The brow, from civic garlands eased.
Fortune, however poor, was kind——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Thus Charles, with justice styled the great
For valour, piety, and laws,
Resign'd two empires to retreat,
And from a throne to shades withdraws;
In vain (to sooth a monarch's pride,)
His yoke the willing Persian bore:
In vain the Saracen complied,
And fierce Northumbrians stain'd with gore.
One Gallic farm his cares confined;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Observant of th' almighty will,
Prescient in faith, and pleased with toil,
Abram Chaldea left, to till
The moss-grown Haram's flinty soil;
Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
But labour tamed th' ungrateful plain,
And famine was by art repell'd;
Patience made churlish nature kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

ANONYMOUS.

FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1774.

VERSES,

Copied from the window of an obscure lodging-house in the neighbourhood of London.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, whose restless mind,
Like me within these walls is cribb'd, confined;
Learn how each want that heaves our mutual sigh
A woman's soft solicitudes supply.
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the magic circle of her arms;
While souls exchanged alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions glorious fire:
What though to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival every fair but mine;
No nodding plumes, our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No silver lamp with sculptured Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight beguile,
Soothe every care, and make each dungeon smile:
In her, what kings, what saints have wish'd, is given,
Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven.

EDWARD LOVIBOND.

[Born, ——. Died, 1775.]

EDWARD LOVIBOND was a gentleman of fortune, who lived at Hampton, in Middlesex, where he chiefly amused himself with the occupations of rural economy. According to the information of Mr. Chalmers, he was a director of the East India Company. He assisted Moore in his periodical paper called the "World," to which he contributed "The Tears of Old May-Day," and four other papers.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

WRITTEN ON THE REFORMATION OF THE CALENDAR IN 1754.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, up rose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light,
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form,
A golden key and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste:
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and love's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine:
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabor's sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson died—
"Oh! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cried.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heaven's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung;
The sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw youth, and joy, and love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild graces in my train appear,
And infant beauty brighten in my smiles.

No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
Three sister seasons danced th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man profaned the blessings given,
And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native heaven
I fled, and flying saw the deluge rage;

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, famed for arts and laws derived from Jove,
My Atalantis sunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning powers the fainting mass sustain'd,
And waked her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptured name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd by lofty brows.

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose adored;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied;
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stored.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

Oh say what yet untasted beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flower;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung from April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace,
With blushes, harb'ring, in their thin disguise,
The blasts that riot on the Spring's increase?

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and senates' stern command!
Ungen'rous Europe! let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on Asia's drooping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embow'ring shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane.

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain—Here she ceased. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs, her falt'ring tongue suppress'd:
Vail'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

SONG TO * * * *

What! bid me seek another fair
In untried paths of female wiles!
And posies weave of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles!
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes!

Ah no!—my dying lips shall close,
Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
Nor praising him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heaven is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

[Born, 1721. Died, 1777.]

Francis Fawkes made translations from some of the minor Greek poets (viz. Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and Moschus, Musæus, Theocritus, and Apollonius,) and modernized the description of "May and Winter," from Gawain Douglas. He was born in Yorkshire, studied at Cambridge, was curate of Croydon, in Surrey, where he obtained the friendship of Archbishop Herring, and by him was collated to the vicarage of Orpington, in Kent. By the favour of Dr. Plumptre, he exchanged this vicarage for the rectory of Hayes, and was finally made chaplain to the Princess of Wales. He was the friend of Johnson, and Warton; a learned and a jovial parson.

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale,)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boosing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flower-woven arbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

In Phœbus' region while some bards there be
That sing of battles, and the trumpet's roar;
Yet these, I ween, more powerful bards than me,
Above my ken, on eagle pinions soar!
Haply a scene of meaner view to scan,
Beneath their laurel'd praise my verse may give,
To trace the features of unnoticed man;
Deeds, else forgotten, in the verse may live!
Her lore, mayhap, instructive sense may teach,
From weeds of humbler growth within my lowly reach.

A wight there was, who single and alone
Had crept from vigorous youth to waning age,
Nor e'er was worth, nor e'er was beauty known
His heart to captive, or his thought engage:
Some feeble joyaunce, though his conscious mind
Might female worth or beauty give to wear,
Yet to the nobler sex he held confined
The genuine graces of the soul sincere,
And well could show with saw or proverb quaint
All semblance woman's soul, and all her beauty paint.

In plain attire this wight apparell'd was,
(For much he conn'd of frugal lore and knew)
Nor, till some day of larger note might cause,
From iron-bound chest his better garb he drew:
But when the Sabbath-day might challenge more,
Or feast, or birth-day, should it chance to be,
A glossy suit devoid of stain he wore,
And gold his buttons glanced so fair to see,
Gold clasp'd his shoon, by maiden brush'd so sheen,
And his rough beard he shaved, and donn'd his linen clean.

But in his common garb a coat he wore,
A faithful coat that long its lord had known,
That once was black, but now was black no more,
Attinged by various colours not its own.
All from his nostrils was the front imbrown'd,
And down the back ran many a greasy line,
While, here and there, his social moments own'd
The generous signet of the purple wine.
Brown o'er the bent of eld his wig appear'd,
Like fox's trailing tail by hunters sore affeir'd.

One only maid he had, like turtle true,
But not like turtle gentle, soft, and kind;
For many a time her tongue bewray'd the shrew,
And in meet words unpack'd her peevish mind.
Ne form'd was she to raise the soft desire,
That stirs the tingling blood in youthful vein,
Ne form'd was she to light the tender fire,
By many a bard is sung in many a strain:
Hook'd was her nose, and countless wrinkles told
What no man durst to her, I ween, that she was old.

When the clock told the wonted hour was come
When from his nightly cups the wight withdrew,
Right patient would she watch his wending home,
His feet she heard, and soon the bolt she drew.
If long his time was past, and leaden sleep
O'er her tired eye-lids 'gan his reign to stretch,
Oft would she curse that men such hours should keep,
And many a saw 'gainst drunkenness would preach;
Haply if potent gin had arm'd her tongue,
All on the reeling wight a thundering peal she rung.

For though the blooming queen of Cyprus' isle
O'er her cold bosom long had ceased to reign,
On that cold bosom still could Bacchus smile,
Such beverage to own if Bacchus deign:
For wine she prized not much, for stronger drink
Its medicine, oft a cholic-pain will call,
And for the medicine's sake, might envy think,
Oft would a cholic-pain her bowels enthral;
Yet much the proffer did she loath and say
No dram might maiden taste, and often answer'd nay.

So as in single animals he joy'd,
One cat, and eke one dog, his bounty fed;
The first the cate-devouring mice destroy'd,
Thieves heard the last, and from his threshold fled:
All in the sun-beams bask'd the lazy cat,
Her mottled length in couchant posture laid;
On one accustom'd chair while Pompey sat,
And loud he bark'd should Puss his right invade.
The human pair oft mark'd them as they lay,
And haply sometimes thought like cat and dog were they.

A room he had that faced the southern ray,
Where oft he walk'd to set his thoughts in tune,
Pensive he paced its length an hour or tway,
All to the music of his creeking shoon.
And at the end a darkling closet stood,
Where books he kept of old research and new,
In seemly order ranged on shelves of wood,
And rusty nails and phials not a few;
Thilk place a wooden box beseemeth well, [tell.
And papers squared and trimm'd for use unmeet to

For still in form he placed his chief delight,
Nor lightly broke his old accustom'd rule,
And much uncourteous would he hold the wight
That e'er displaced a table, chair, or stool;
And oft in meet array their ranks he placed,
And oft with careful eye their ranks review'd;
For novel forms, though much those forms had graced,
Himself and maiden-minister eschew'd:
One path he trod, nor ever would decline
A hair's unmeasured breadth from off the even line.

A Club select there was, where various talk
On various chapters pass'd the ling'ring hour,
And thither oft he bent his evening walk,
And warm'd to mirth by wine's enlivening pow'r.
And oft on politics the preachments ran,
If a pipe lent its thought-begetting fume:
And oft important matters would they scan,
And deep in council fix a nation's doom;
And oft they chuckled loud at jest or jeer,
Or bawdy tale the most, thilk much they loved to hear.

For men like him they were of like consort,
Thilk much the honest muse must needs condemn,
Who made of women's wiles their wanton sport,
And bless'd their stars that kept the curse from them!
No honest love they knew, no melting smile
That shoots the transports to the throbbing heart!
Thilk knew they not but in a harlot's guile
Lascivious smiling through the mask of art:
And so of women deem'd they as they knew,
And from a Demon's traits an Angel's picture drew.

But most abhorr'd they Hymeneal rites,
And boasted oft the freedom of their fate:
Nor 'vail'd, as they opined, its best delytes
Those ills to balance that on wedlock wait;
And often would they tell of hen-peck'd fool
Snubb'd by the hard behest of sour-eyed dame.
And vow'd no tongue-arm'd woman's freakish rule
Their mirth should quail, or damp their generous flame:
Then pledged their hands, and toss'd their bumpers o'er,
And Io! Bacchus! sung, and own'd no other pow'r.

If e'er a doubt of softer kind arose
Within some breast of less obdurate frame,
Lo! where its hideous form a Phantom shows
Full in his view, and Cuckold is its name.
Him Scorn attended with a glance askew,
And Scorpion Shame for delicts not his own,
Her painted bubbles while Suspicion blew,
And vex'd the region round the Cupid's throne:
"Far be from us," they cried, "the treach'rous bane,
"Far be the dimply guile, and far the flowery chain!"

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

[Born, 1709. Died, 1779.]

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born in Roxburghshire, in the parish of Castleton, of which his father was the clergyman. He completed his education, and took a medical degree, at the university of Edinburgh, with much reputation, in the year 1732. Amidst his scientific pursuits, he also cultivated literature and poetry. One of his earliest productions in verse, was an "Imitation of the Style of Shakspere," which received the approbation of the poets Young and Thomson; although humbler judges will perhaps be at a loss to perceive in it any striking likeness to his great original. Two other sketches, also purporting to be imitations of Shakspere, are found among his works. They are the fragments of an unfinished tragedy. One of them, the "Dream of Progne," is not unpleasing. In the other, he begins the description of a storm by saying, that

"The sun went down in wrath, the skies foam'd brass."

It is uncertain in what year he came to London; but in 1735 he published an anonymous pamphlet, severely ridiculing the quackery of untaught practitioners. He dedicated this performance to Joshua Ward, John Moore, and others, whom he styles "the Antacademic philosophers, and the generous despisers of the schools." As a physician he never obtained extensive practice. This he himself imputed to his contempt of the little artifices, which, he alleges, were necessary to popularity: by others, the failure was ascribed to his indolence and literary avocations; and there was probably truth in both accounts. A disgraceful poem, entitled, "The Œconomy of Love," which he published after coming to London, might have also had its share in impeding his professional career. He corrected the nefarious production, at a later period of his life, betraying at once a consciousness of its impurity, and a hankering after its reputation. So unflattering were his prospects, after several years residence in the metropolis, that he applied (it would seem without success) to be put on the medical staff of the forces, then going out to the West Indies. His "Art of Preserving Health" appeared in 1744, and justly fixed his poetical reputation. In 1746 he was appointed physician to the hospital for sick soldiers, behind Buckingham House. In 1751 he published his poem on "Benevolence;" in 1753 his "Epistle on Taste;" and in 1758 his prose "Sketches by Launcelot Temple." Certainly none of these productions exalted the literary character which he had raised to himself by his "Art of Preserving Health." The poems "Taste" and "Benevolence" are very insipid. His "Sketches" have been censured more than they seem to deserve for "oaths and exclamations,* and for a

* Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary.

constant struggle to say smart things." They contain indeed some expressions which might be wished away, but these are very few in number; and several of his essays are plain and sensible, without any effort at humour.

In 1760 he was appointed physician to the forces that went over to Germany. It is at this era of his life that we should expect its history to be the most amusing, and to have furnished the most important relics of observation, from his having visited a foreign country which was the scene of war, and where he was placed, by his situation, in the midst of interesting events. It may be pleasing to follow heroes into retirement; but we are also fond of seeing men of literary genius amidst the action and business of life. Of Dr. Armstrong in Germany, however, we have no other information than what is afforded by his epistle to Wilkes, entitled "Day," which is by no means a bright production, and chiefly devoted to subjects of eating. With Wilkes he was, at that time, on terms of friendship; but their cordiality was afterward dissolved by politics. Churchill took a share in the quarrel, and denounced our author as a monster of ingratitude toward Wilkes, who had been his benefactor; and Wilkes, by subsequently attacking Armstrong in the Daily Advertiser, showed that he did not disapprove of the satirist's reproaches. To such personalities Armstrong might have replied in the words of Prior,

> "To John I owed great obligation,
> But John unhappily thought fit
> To publish it to all the nation;
> Sure John and I are more than quit."

But though his temper was none of the mildest, he had the candour to speak with gratitude of Wilkes's former kindness, and acknowledged that he was indebted to him for his appointment in the army.

After the peace he returned to London, where his practice, as well as acquaintance, was confined to a small circle of friends; but among whom he was esteemed as a man of genius. From the originality of his mind, as well as from his reading, and more than ordinary taste in the fine arts, his conversation is said to have been richly entertaining. Yet if the character which is supposed to apply to him in the "Castle of Indolence"† describes him justly, his colloquial delightfulness must have been intermittent. In 1770 he published a collection of his Miscellanies, containing a new prose piece, "The Universal Almanack," and "The Forced Marriage," a tragedy which had been offered to Garrick, but refused. The whole was ushered in by a preface, full of arrogant defiance to public opinion. "He had never courted the public," he said, "and if it was true what he had been told, that the best judges were on his side, he desired no more in the article of fame as a writer." There was a good deal of matter in this collection, that ought to have rendered its author more modest. The "Universal Almanack" is a wretched production, to which the objections of his propensity to swearing, and abortive efforts at humour, apply more justly than to his "Sketches;" and his tragedy the "Forced Marriage," is a *mortuum caput* of insipidity. In the following year he visited France and Italy, and published a short, but splenetic account of his tour, under his old assumed name of Launcelot Temple. His last production was a volume of "Professional Essays," in which he took more trouble to abuse quacks than became his dignity, and showed himself a man to whom the relish of life was not improving, as its feast drew toward a close. He died in September, 1779, of a hurt, which he accidentally received in stepping out of a carriage; and, to the no small surprise of his friends, left behind him more than 3000*l.*, saved out of a very moderate income, arising principally from his half-pay.

His "Art of Preserving Health" is the most successful attempt, in our language, to incorporate material science with poetry. Its subject had the advantage of being generally interesting; for there are few things that we shall be more willing to learn, either in prose or verse, than the means of preserving the outward bulwark of all other blessings. At the same time, the difficulty of poetically treating a subject, which presented disease in all its associations, is one of the most just and ordinary topics of his praise. Of the triumphs of poetry over such difficulty, he had no doubt high precedents, to show that strong and true delineations of physical evil are not without an attraction of fearful interest and curiosity to the human mind; and that the enjoyment, which the fancy derives from conceptions of the bloom and beauty of healthful nature, may be heightened, by contrasting them with the opposite pictures of her mortality and decay. Milton had turned disease itself into a subject of sublimity, in the vision of Adam, with that intensity of the fire of genius, which converts whatever materials it meets with into its aliment: and Armstrong, though his powers were not Miltonic, had the courage to attempt what would have repelled a more timid taste. His Muse might be said to show a professional intrepidity in choosing the subject; and, like the physician who braves contagion, (if allowed to prolong the simile,) we may add, that she escaped, on the whole, with little injury from the trial. By the title of the poem, the author judiciously gave his theme a moral as well as a medical interest. He makes the influence of the passions an entire part of it. By professing to describe only how health is to be preserved, and not how it is to be restored, he avoids the unmanageable horrors of clinical detail; and though he paints the disease, wisely spares us its pharmaceutical treatment. His course through the poem is sustained with lucid management and propriety. What is ex-

* Armstrong's character is said to have been painted in the stanza of the "Castle of Indolence" beginning

> "With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
> (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
> One shyer still, who quite detested talk," &c.

See ante, p. 450.

plained of the animal œconomy is obscured by no pedantic jargon, but made distinct, and, to a certain degree, picturesque to the conception. We need not indeed be reminded how small a portion of science can be communicated in poetry; but the practical maxims of science, which the Muse has stamped with imagery and attuned to harmony, have so far an advantage over those which are delivered in prose, that they become more agreeable and permanent acquisitions of the memory. If the didactic path of his poetry is, from its nature, rather level, he rises above it, on several occasions, with a considerable strength of poetical feeling. Thus, in recommending the vicinity of woods around a dwelling, that may shelter us from the winds, whilst it enables us to hear their music, he introduces the following pleasing lines:

"Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep."

In treating of diet he seems to have felt the full difficulty of an humble subject, and to have sought to relieve his precepts and physiological descriptions, with all the wealth of allusion and imagery which his fancy could introduce. The appearance of a forced effort is not wholly avoided, even where he aims at superior strains, in order to garnish the meaner topics, as when he solemnly addresses the Naiads of all the rivers in the world, in rehearsing the praises of a cup of water. But he closes the book in a strain of genuine dignity. After contemplating the effects of Time on the human body, his view of its influence dilates, with easy and majestic extension, to the universal structure of nature; and he rises from great to greater objects with a climax of sublimity.

"What does not fade? the tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die."

He may, in some points, be compared advantageously with the best blank verse writers of the age; and he will be found free from their most striking defects. He has not the ambition of Akenside, nor the verbosity of Thomson. On the other hand, shall we say that he is equal in genius to either of those poets? Certainly, his originality is nothing like Thomson's; and the rapture of his heroic sentiments is unequal to that of the author of the "Pleasures of Imagination." For, in spite of the too frequently false pomp of Akenside, we still feel, that he has a devoted moral impulse, not to be mistaken for the cant of morality, a zeal in the worship of Virtue, which places her image in a high and hallowed light. Neither has his versification the nervous harmony of Akenside's, for his habit of pausing almost uniformly at the close of the line, gives an air of formality to his numbers. His vein has less mixture than Thomson's; but its ore is not so fine. Sometimes we find him trying his strength with that author, in the same walk of description, where, though correct and concise, he falls beneath the poet of "The Seasons" in rich and graphic observation. He also contributed to "The Castle of Indolence" some stanzas, describing the diseases arising from sloth, which form rather an useful back-ground to the luxuriant picture of the Castle, than a prominent part of its enchantment.*

On the whole, he is likely to be remembered as a poet of judicious thoughts and correct expression; and, as far as the rarely successful application of verse to subjects of science can be admired, an additional merit must be ascribed to the hand which has reared poetical flowers on the dry and difficult ground of philosophy.

FROM "THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH."

BOOK I. ENTITLED "AIR."

Opening of the Poem in an Invocation to Hygeia.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shakest the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involved, the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train

* See ante, p. 450.

Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combined,
Portend disastrous to the vital world;
Thy salutary power averts their rage.
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

FROM THE SAME.

Choice of a rural situation, and allegorical picture of the Quartan Ague.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sickning, and the living world
Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immured in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all the unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Imbibed, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find them some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat!
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthroned in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
Where choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay.) Oh! from the summer's rage
Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
Then parting heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away:
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train:
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

FROM THE SAME.

Recommendation of a High Situation on the Sea-coast.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills: where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes

The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes,
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

FROM BOOK II. ENTITLED "DIET."

Address to the Naiads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks [song.
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves [Po
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there in gothic solitude reclined,
The cheerless Tanaïs pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command,) to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works·
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable streams! with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they lived; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improved to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

—— RICHARDSON,

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ODE TO A SINGING-BIRD.

O THOU that glad'st my lonesome hours,
With many a wildly warbled song,
When Melancholy round me lowers,
And drives her sullen storms along;
When fell adversity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
With all her host of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to sympathy's control;

Sweet soother of my mis'ry, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?
Hast thou not cause to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou should'st as well as he, receive—
The power to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build where instinct points, where chance directs to rove?

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
Nor wishest to be unconfined;
Then how relentless he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave such innocence
Of life's best blessing, Liberty!
Who lured thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care!

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy master thou art blest:
Art thou not free?—Yes: calm Content
With olive sceptre sways thy breast:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon with insatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,
Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive;
And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement assail;
These, these shall be my constant care,
The limpid fount, and temperate meal;
And when the blooming Spring
In chequer'd livery robes the fields,
The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine!

From dear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave—
This meed she knows thy merits claim;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to dispense
The tide of bland benevolence,
And melody's soft aid impart;
Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile when, brooding o'er my soul,
Frown'd the black demons of despair,
Did not thy voice that power control,
And oft suppress the rising tear!
If Fortune should be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm blest,
I'll often seek some friend distrest,
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
And solace all his woes with social sympathy.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

[Born, 1735. Died, 1779.]

JOHN LANGHORNE was the son of a beneficed clergyman in Lincolnshire. He was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland. His father dying when he was only four years old, the charge of giving him his earliest instruction devolved upon his mother, and she fulfilled the task with so much tenderness and care, as to leave an indelible impression of gratitude upon his memory. He recorded the virtues of this parent on her tomb, as well as in an affectionate monody. Having finished his classical education at the school of Appleby, in his eighteenth year, he engaged himself as a private tutor in a family near Rippon. His next employment was that of assistant to the free-school of Wakefield. While in that situation he took deacon's orders; and, though he was still very young, gave indications of popular attraction as a preacher. He soon afterward went as a preceptor into the family of Mr. Cracroft, of Hackthorn, where he remained for a couple of years, and during that time entered his name at Clare-hall, Cambridge, though he never resided at his college, and consequently never obtained any degree. He had at Hackthorn a numerous charge of pupils, and as he has not been accused of neglecting them, his time must have been pretty well occupied in tuition; but he found leisure enough to write and publish a great many pieces of verse, and to devote so much of his attention to a fair daughter of the family, Miss Anne Cracroft, as to obtain the young lady's partiality, and ultimately her hand. He had given her some instructions in the Italian, and probably trusting that she was sufficiently a convert to the sentiment of that language, which pronounces that "all time is lost which is not spent in love," he proposed immediate marriage to her. She had the prudence, however, though secretly attached to him, to give him a firm refusal for the present; and our poet, struck with despondency at the disappointment, felt it necessary to quit the scene and accepted of a curacy in the parish of Dagenham. The cares of love, it appeared, had no bad effect on his diligence as an author. He allayed his despair by an apposite ode to Hope; and continued to pour out numerous productions in verse and prose, with that florid facility which always distinguished his pen. Among these, his "Letters of Theodosius and Constantia" made him, perhaps, best known as a prose writer. His "Letters on Religious Retirement" were dedicated to Bishop Warburton, who returned him a most encouraging letter on his just sentiments in matters of religion; and, what was coming nearer to the author's purpose, took an interest in his worldly concerns. He was much less fortunate in addressing a poem, entitled "The Viceroy," to the Earl of Halifax, who was then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. This heartless piece of adulation was written with the view of obtaining his lordship's patronage; but the viceroy was either too busy, or too insensible to praise, to take any notice of Langhorne. In his poetry of this period, we find his "Visions of Fancy;" his first part of the "Enlargement of the Mind;" and his pastoral "Valour and Genius," written in answer to Churchill's "Prophecy of Famine." In consequence of the gratitude of the Scotch for this last poem, he was presented with the diploma of doctor in divinity by the university of Edinburgh. His profession and religious writings gave an appearance of propriety to this compliment, which otherwise would not have been discoverable, from any striking connection of ideas between a doctorship of divinity and an eclogue on Valour and Genius.

He came to reside permanently in London in 1764, having obtained the curacy and lectureship of St. John's Clerkenwell. Being soon after-

ward called to be assistant-preacher at Lincoln's-inn chapel, he had there to preach before an audience, which comprehended a much greater number of learned and intelligent persons than are collected in ordinary congregations; and his pulpit oratory was put to, what is commonly reckoned, a severe test. It proved to be also an honourable test. He continued in London for many years, with the reputation of a popular preacher and a ready writer. His productions in prose, besides those already named, were his "Sermons," "Effusions of Fancy and Friendship," "Frederick and Pharamond, or the Consolations of Human Life," "Letters between St. Evremond and Waller," "A Translation of Plutarch's Lives," written in conjunction with his brother, which might be reckoned a real service to the bulk of the reading community,* "Memoirs of Collins," and "A Translation of Denina's Dissertation on the Ancient Republics of Italy." He also wrote for several years in the Monthly Review. An attempt which he made in tragedy, entitled "The Fatal Prophecy," proved completely unsuccessful; and he so far acquiesced in the public decision, as never to print it more than once. In an humbler walk of poetry he composed "The Country Justice," and the "Fables of Flora." The Fables are very garish. The Country Justice was written from observations on the miseries of the poor, which came home to his own heart; and it has, at least, the merit of drawing our attention to the substantial interests of humanity.

In 1767, after a courtship of several years, he obtained Miss Cracroft in marriage, having corresponded with her from the time he had left her father's house; and her family procured for him the living of Blagden, in Somersetshire; but his domestic happiness with her was of short continuance, as she died of her first child—the son who lived to publish Dr. Langhorne's works.

In 1772 he married another lady of the name of Thomson, the daughter of a country gentleman, near Brough, in Westmoreland: and shortly after their marriage, he made a tour with his bride through some part of France and Flanders. At the end of a few years he had the misfortune to lose her, by the same fatal cause which had deprived him of his former partner. Otherwise his prosperity increased. In 1777 he was promoted to a prebend in the cathedral of Wells; and in the same year was enabled to extend his practical usefulness and humanity by being put in the commission of the peace, in his own parish of Blagden. From his insight into the abuses of parochial office, he was led at this time to compose the poem of "The Country Justice," already mentioned. The tale of "Owen of Carron" was the last of his works. It will not be much to the advantage of this story to compare it with the simple and affecting ballad of "Gill Morrice," from which it was drawn. Yet having read "Owen of Carron" with delight when I was a boy, I am still so far a slave to early associations as to retain some predilection for it.

The particular cause of Dr. Langhorne's death, at the age of forty-four, is not mentioned by his biographers, further than by a surmise that it was accelerated by intemperance. From the general decency of his character, it may be presumed that his indulgencies were neither gross nor notorious, though habits short of such excess might undermine his constitution.

It is but a cheerless task of criticism, to pass with a cold look and irreverent step, over the literary memories of men, who, though they may rank low in the roll of absolute genius, have yet possessed refinement, information, and powers of amusement, above the level of their species, and such as would interest and attach us in private life. Of this description was Langhorne; an elegant scholar, and an amiable man. He gave delight to thousands, from the press and the pulpit; and had sufficient attraction, in his day, to sustain his spirit and credit as a writer, in the face of even Churchill's envenomed satire. Yet, as a prose writer, it is impossible to deny that his rapidity was the effect of lightness more than vigour; and, as a poet, there is no ascribing to him either fervour or simplicity. His Muse is elegantly languid. She is a fine lady, whose complexion is rather indebted to art than to the healthful bloom of nature. It would be unfair not to except from this observation several plain and manly sentiments, which are expressed in his poem "On the Enlargement of the Mind," and some passages in his "Country Justice," which are written with genuine feeling.

FROM "THE COUNTRY JUSTICE."

PART I.

Duties of a Country Justice—The venerable mansions of ancient Magistrates contrasted with the fopperies of modern architecture—Appeal in behalf of Vagrants.

THE social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdued by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebell,
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair Justice raised her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

Oft, where old Air in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales;

* The translation of Plutarch has been since corrected and improved by Mr. Wrangham.

In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade;
With many a group of antique columns crown'd
In Gothic guise such mansion have I found.
Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that sore bedizen nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view:
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have moved my spleen
With Venus and the Graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shopman, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But spare my Venus, spare each sister Grace,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen nature's face!
Ye royal architects, whose antic taste
Would lay the realms of sense and nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkeys in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall
On the plain precincts of the ancient hall.
For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's paroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.
Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oak's high surbase rears,
The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.
Th' enormous antlers here recall the day
That saw the forest monarch forced away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain pass'd,
Not finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepared to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!
Here famed for cunning, and in crimes grown
Hangs his gray brush, the felon of the fold. [old,
Oft as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to ev'ry tenant of the vale.
Here, where of old the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread!
Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast sirloin
Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.

These, and such antique tokens that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gewgaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water in the walks of Kew.
Through these fair valleys, stranger, hast thou stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the magistratial chair?
There Herbert sat—The love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featured soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade;
Justice, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm zeal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair equity, and reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart—
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.
Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty master of this ball
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the patriarch's truth, however loth,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.
Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?
Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears!*

[* This passage, beautiful in itself, has an associated interest beyond its beauty. "The only thing I remember," says Sir Walter Scott, "which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's representing a soldier lying dead on the snow; his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain, &c.

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of The Justice of Peace. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect

GIPSIES.

FROM THE SAME.

The gipsy-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our Freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common shore.
For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain
The sable eye, then snugging, sleep again;
Oft as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.
Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!
From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold,
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.
But, ah! ye maids, beware the gipsy's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours,
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!
The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The gipsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

FROM THE SAME.

PART II.

Appeal for the Industrious Poor—Rapacity of Clerks and Overseers—Scene of actual misery, which the Author had witnessed.

But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrescency of power forego,
That pride of kings, humanity's first foe.
Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
Oh thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend;
If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart, (remembering him who said,)
"These people come from far, and have no bread."
Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He, where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish-officer! though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel, overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread!
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasp'd hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread!
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But time untenants—hah! what seest thou there?
"Horror! by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!

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with very great pleasure."—*Lockhart's Life of Burns*, 8vo. ed. p. 151.

Burns it is said foretold the future fame of Scott: "That boy will be heard of yet:"

'Tis certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same.]

Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!"
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told.
They died through want—
"By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies."
They fell by thine.
"Infernal!—Mine!—by—"
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

FROM THE SAME.

A case where Mercy should have mitigated Justice.

UNNUMBER'D objects ask thy honest care,
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:
Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.
Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A few seem straggling in the evening sky!
Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,
Or blushing moons immersed in clouds their way,
Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light,
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe just born that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.
Far other treatment she who breathless lay
Found from a viler animal of prey.
Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increased by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer opposed her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove,
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguish, she expired—the rest I've told.
"Now let me swear. For by my soul's last sigh,
That thief shall live, that overseer shall die."
Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assign'd the gaol,
Or urged, as Camplin would have urged his tale.

OWEN OF CARRON.

I.

ON Carron's side the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid;
Stretch'd on the greenwood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge he sung;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
Far echo'd from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's day,
When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
Bare rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile;
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

"Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade.

"Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmoved
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen loved,
With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day;

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the waves slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lammermore;

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractised breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
And smiles at slumber's powerless chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he framed (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight:
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight.)

Such bower he framed with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Waved all the witcheries of love:

Yet was it wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain-air
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combined to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow!
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite!
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray!

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And, when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea last!

Thou hast—and oft the pictured view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wond'ring eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulder spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd;
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclined to rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow!

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imaged on her breast,
That lives still pictured in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe Elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-loved partner there;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame:

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in slumber's chain,
Seem'd hap'ly o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seized all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fatal grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When, waked, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gazed—that silence broke;
"Hail, goddess of these groves, (he cried,)
Oh let me wear thy gentle yoke!
Oh let me in thy service bide!

"For thee I'll climb the mountains steep,
Unwearied chase the destined prey;
For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
And part the sprays that vex thy way.

"For thee"—"O stranger, cease," she said,
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

VIII.

Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond ideal that confined
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

O love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of morn;

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing love!

Ah! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
And dark distrust, with changeful face,
And jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for Ellen love had he,—
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower,
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!
And that fair form with arm reclined
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale:
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, "Haste to yonder groves," he cries,
"And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

"What time ye mark from bower or glen
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray.

"Then ransack straight that range of groves—
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance a rosy stripling roves,
Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wond'ring still how they could part.

Three arrows pierced the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

x.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lammermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featured vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for, at her sight,
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;
The evening shades will sink in night—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

Oh! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft reproach she frames:
"Can lovers brook such long delay?
Lovers that boast of ardent flames!"

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her vail—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

xi.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds,—
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?—
'Twas some poor youth—"Ah, Nithisdale!"
She said, and silent sunk away.

xii.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
"Ah me! what means this misery here?
What fate this lady fair betides?"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retired:—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb
For his is quite, is quite expired!

xiii.

"O hide me in thy humble bower,"
Returning late to life, she said;
"I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
With many a rosy wreath thy head.

"Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
And, if my love asleep is laid,
Oh! wake him not; but softly move
Some pillow to that gentle head.

"Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
Thou know'st the sun-rise o'er the sea—
But oh! no lamb in all thy train
Was e'er so mild, so mild as he."

"His head is on the wood-moss laid;
I did not wake his slumber deep—
Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wand'ring near,
The stranger, reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wish of woe!

xiv.

On melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till nature seeks her last left aid,
In the sad sombrous arms of sleep.

"These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou," she said, "good shepherd, take;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

"So fail thou not, at eve or morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

"Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share."

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side a shepherd's boy?
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
He wears love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it closed, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks th' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breast to bind?
Gavest thou the Promethean flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great nature's—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege she gives to thee;
Know that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their loved hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.
But if no radiant star of love,
O Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
No early charm returns again;
The parent, nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sunbeam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quiv'ring light,
And shown the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once within their greenest glade,
He fondly framed this simple song:

XXI.

"Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

"A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

"I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me sure an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

"This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

"And oh thou silent picture fair,
That lovest to smile upon me there,
Oh say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy."

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
Seest thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his evening star;
And fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

"Oh tell me, parent, if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart?
Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?"

"Ah, youth! to leave thee loth am I,
Though I be not thy parent dear;
And wouldst thou wish, or ere I die,
The story of thy birth to hear!

"But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell—"
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that sorrow doom'd to share
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learn to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But when that seal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly:

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness clothed, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one—and died.

XXV.

"No, I am not a shepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he said;
"Ah, where is now the promised joy
Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

"Oh picture dear!—for her loved sake
How fondly could my heart bewail!
My friendly shepherdess, oh wake,
And tell me more of this sad tale:

"Oh tell me more of this sad tale—
No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
And I will go to Lothian's vale,
And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
"Oh! art thou there?" the full heart said,
"Oh! art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, she is there: from idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she "by thy cradle sat,"
And how she "fondly saw thee sleep."

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And still he blots the parent's name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
Reclined a dim tower, clad with moss,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
A parent's first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

"She comes not;—can she then delay?"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
"Whatever filial love could say,
To her I said, and call'd her dear.

"She comes—Oh! no—encircled round,
'Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
My hapless tale that earl has found—
Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye;
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—those locks that waved in gold,
That waved adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreathed in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air!

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian's halls!
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
"Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?"
The pictured bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

THOMAS PENROSE.

[Born, 1743. Died, 1779.]

THE history of Penrose displays a dash of warlike adventure, which has seldom enlivened the biography of our poets. He was not led to the profession of arms, like Gascoigne, by his poverty, or like Quarles, Davenant, and Waller, by political circumstances; but in a mere fit of juvenile ardour, gave up his studies at Oxford, where he was preparing to become a clergyman, and left the banners of the church for those of the battle. This was in the summer of 1762, when the unfortunate expedition against Buenos Ayres sailed under the command of Captain Macnamara. It consisted of three ships: the Lord Clive, of 64 guns; the Ambuscade of 40, on board of which Penrose acted as lieutenant of marines; the Gloria, of 38, and some inferior vessels. Preparatory to an attack on Buenos Ayres, it was deemed necessary to begin with the capture of Nova Colonia, and the ships approached closely to the fortress of that settlement. The men were in high spirits; military music sounded on board; while the new uniforms and polished arms of the marines gave a splendid appearance to the scene. Penrose, the night before, had written and despatched to his mistress in England a poetical address, which evinced at once the affection and serenity of his heart, on the eve of danger. The gay preparative was followed by a heavy fire of several hours, at the end of which, when the Spanish batteries were almost silenced, and our countrymen in immediate expectation of seeing the enemy strike his colours, the Lord Clive was found to be on fire; and the same moment which discovered the flames showed the impossibility of extinguishing them. A dreadful spectacle was then exhibited. Men, who had, the instant before, assured themselves of wealth and conquest, were seen crowding to the sides of the ship, with the dreadful alternative of perishing by fire or water. The enemy's fire was redoubled at the sight of their calamity. Out of Macnamara's crew of 340 men, only 78 were saved. Penrose escaped with his life on board the Ambuscade, but received a wound in the action; and the subsequent hardships which he underwent, in a prize-sloop, in which he was stationed, ruined the strength of his constitution. He returned to England; resumed his studies at Oxford; and having taken orders, accepted of the curacy of Newbury, in Berkshire, of which his father was the rector. He resided there for nine years, having married the lady already alluded to, whose name was Mary Slocock. A friend at last rescued him from this obscure situation, by presenting him with the rectory of Beckington and Standerwick, in Somersetshire, worth about 500*l.* a year. But he came to his preferment too late to enjoy it. His health having never recovered from the shock of his American service, obliged him, as a last remedy, to try the hot wells at Bristol, at which place he expired, in his thirty-sixth year.

THE HELMETS. A FRAGMENT.

'TWAS midnight—every mortal eye was closed
Through the whole mansion—save an antique crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)
Of a sick boteler.—Above indeed,
In a drear gallery, (lighted by one lamp
Whose wick the poor departing Seneschal
Did closely imitate,) paced slow and sad
The village curate, waiting late to shrive
The penitent when 'wake. Scarce show'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the portray'd characters
That graced the wall—On this and t' other side
Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such power
As mark'd the clouds, black, threatening over head,
Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flashed the frequent blaze
Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind sung surly: with unusual clank
The armour shook tremendous:—On a couch
Placed in the oriel, sunk the churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——
"I hear it," cries the proudly gilded casque,
(Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
In slaught'rous deeds,) "I hear amidst the gale
The hostile spirit shouting—once—once more
In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
There will be work anon."————
————"I'm 'waken'd too,"
Replied the sable helmet, (tenanted
By a like inmate.) "Hark!—I hear the voice
Of the impatient ghosts, who straggling range
Yon summit, (crown'd with ruin'd battlements,
The fruits of civil discord,) to the din
The spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
All join their yell—the song is war and death—
There will be work anon."————
————"Call armourers, ho!
Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
I brook no dallying"————
————"Soft, my hasty friend,"
Said the black beaver, "Neither of us twain

Shall share the bloody toil—War-worn am I,
Bored by a happier mace, I let in fate
To my once master,—since unsought, unused,
Pensile I'm fix'd—yet, too, your gaudy pride
Has naught to boast,—the fashion of the fight
Has thrown your guilt and shady plumes aside
For modern foppery;—still do not frown,
Nor lower indignantly your steely brows,
We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore
Shall trace our sometime merit;—in the eye
Of antiquary taste we long shall shine:
And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
He'll say, this Cressy saw, that Agincourt:
Thus dwelling on the prowess of his fathers,
He'll venerate their shell.—Yet more than this,
From our inactive station we shall hear
The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls;
Already hovering o'er the threaten'd lands
The famish'd raven snuffs the promised feast,
And hoarselier croaks for blood—'twill flow."
——— "Forbid it, Heaven!
Oh shield my suffering country!—Shield it," pray'd
The agonizing priest.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend cursed the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye,
She heard the signal for the fight—
While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess'd—
Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon in few—but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breathed to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd;—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
—Of comfort glad, the drear caress
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled—
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
And gored with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.*

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

[Born, 1723. Died, 1780.]

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay,
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy, and of Art,

[* Mr. Campbell in his *Adelgitha*, and above all in his *Wounded Hussar*, has given a vigorous echo of this poem of Penrose's, which wants little to rank it high among our ballad strains. The picture in the last stanza but two is very fine:

Drear anguish urged her to press.]

Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How bless'd my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along;
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more.
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self, must please:
Instead of these a formal band,
In furs and coifs, around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is more admired.
Oh let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be pass'd,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out thee still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the happy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

[Born, 1756. Died, 1780.]

THIS interesting and promising young man died of a decline, in his twenty-fourth year.

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

SONG.

CEASE to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms
I muse with silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

RICHARD JAGO.

[Born, 1715. Died, 1781.]

The Rev. Richard Jago, the author of "Edge Hill," a descriptive poem, was vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon. Shenstone, who knew him at Oxford, where Jago was a sizar, used to visit him privately, it being thought beneath the dignity of a commoner to be intimate with a student of that rank, and continued his friendship for him through life.

LABOUR AND GENIUS; OR, THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

A FABLE.

* * *

Betwixt two sloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careless rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted grass o'erhung.
Till Rural Genius, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to stray,
Remark'd with penetrating look,
The latent merits of the brook,
Much grieved to see such talents hid,
And thus the dull by-standers chid.
How blind is man's incurious race
The scope of nature's plans to trace?
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Disfigure now her swelling mounds,
And now contract her spacious bounds
Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her streams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole design?
Neglecting where she points the way,
Her easy dictates to obey?
To bring her hidden worth to sight,
And place her charms in fairest light?
* * *
He said: and to his favourite son
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.
Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,
And carefully the scene survey'd.
And, though it seems he said but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.
And first, his purpose to befriend,
A bank he raised at th' upper end:
Compact and close its outward side,
To stay and swell the gathering tide:
But on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
The channel next he oped to view,
And from its course the rubbish drew.
Enlarged it now, and now with line
Oblique pursued his fair design.
Preparing here the mazy way,
And there the fall for sportive play;
The precipice abrupt and steep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep;
The rooty seat, where best to view
The fairy scene, at distance due.
He last invoked the driads' aid,
And fringed the borders round with shade.
Tapestry, by Nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The scene to grace the future play.
Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment rise.
Sees sweetly blended shade and light;
Sees every part with each unite;
Sees each, as he directs, assume
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:
So fashion'd by the painter's skill,
New forms the glowing canvas fill:
So to the summer's sun the rose
And jessamin their charms disclose.
* * *
Not distant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:
Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,
So strongly, that by friction's power,
'Twould grind the firmest grain to flour.
Or, by a correspondence new,
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,
Would so bestir her active stumps,
On iron blocks, though arrant lumps,
That in a trice she'd manage matters,
To make 'em all as smooth as platters.
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much ease as you'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below;
And would for ever have lain still,
But for the bustling of the rill;
Who, from her stately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noise and riot.
This stream that could in toil excel,
Began with foolish pride to swell:
Piqued at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus express'd her indignation:
"Madam! methinks you're vastly proud,
You wasn't used to talk so loud.
Nor cut such capers in your pace,
Marry! what antics, what grimace!
For shame! don't give yourself such airs,
In flaunting down those hideous stairs.
Nor put yourself in such a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!

I'd have you know, you upstart minx!
Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,
A lake I was, compared with which,
Your stream is but a paltry ditch:
And still, on honest labour bent,
I ne'er a single flash misspent.
And yet no folks of high degree
Would e'er vouchsafe to visit me,
As in their coaches by they rattle,
Forsooth! to hear your idle prattle.
Though half the business of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding:
Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,
Which, though so fine, you scarce would think it.
When Boulton's skill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil first owed their duty.
But I'm plain Goody of the mill,
And you are—Madame Cascadille!"
"Dear Coz," replied the beauteous torrent,
"Pray do not discompose your current.
That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago.
Varying our talents and our tides,
As chance our education guides.
That I have either note, or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame,
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.
Now in the lake, with glassy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace,
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.
Nor envy me the gay, or great,
That visit my obscure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 'tis some art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for use,
Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.
And though, dear Coz, no folks of taste
Their idle hours with you will waste,
Yet many a grist comes to your mill,
Which helps your master's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a shilling.
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:
We gain our ends by different ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praise."

ABSENCE.

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah, envious power! reverse my doom,
Now double thy career;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here.

HENRY BROOKE.

[Born, 1703. Died, 1783.]

Henry Brooke was born in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, where his father was a clergyman. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and was a pupil of Dr. Sheridan; but he was taken from the university at the age of seventeen, and sent to England, to study the law at the Temple. On his coming to London he brought letters of introduction (probably from Dr. Sheridan) to Pope and Swift, both of whom noticed him as a youth of promising talents. At the end of a few years he returned to Dublin, and endeavoured to practice as a chamber counsel; but, without having obtained much business, involved himself in the cares of a family, by marrying a beautiful cousin of his own, who had been consigned to his guardianship. It is related, not much to his credit, that he espoused her in her thirteenth year. The union, however, proved to be as happy as mutual affection could make it. Having paid another visit to London, he renewed his acquaintance with Pope; and, with his encouragement, published his poem, entitled, "Universal Beauty." This poem forms a curious, but unacknowledged prototype of Darwin's "Botanic Garden." It has a resemblance to that work, in manner, in scientific spirit, and in volant geographical allusion, too striking to be supposed accidental; although Darwin has gone beyond his original, in prominent and ostentatious imagery.

After publishing his poem he returned to Ireland, and applied to his profession; but his heart was not in it, and he came once more to England, to try his fortune as a man of letters. In that character, he was cordially received by the Prince of Wales and his friends, as an accession to their phalanx; and this patronage was the more flattering to Brooke, as the maintenance of patriotic principles was the declared bond of union at the Prince's court. He had begun to translate the "Jerusalem" of Tasso, and had proceeded as far as the fourth book; but it is said, that he was invited to quit this task, that he might write a tragedy in the cause of Freedom, which should inspirit the people of England. Glover, it was pretended, was the epic champion of Liberty, who had pointed her spear at Walpole; and Brooke was now to turn the arm of tragedy against him, by describing a tyrannic minister, in his play of "Gustavus Vasa." With regard to Glover, this was certainly untrue. His poetry breathed the spirit of liberty, but he was

above the wretched taste of making a venerable antique subject the channel of grotesque allusion to modern parties, or living characters. If Brooke's Trollio was really meant for Walpole, the minister's friends need not have been much alarmed at the genius of a tragic poet, who could descend to double meanings. They might have felt secure, one would think, that the artifice of poets could not raise any dangerous zeal in Englishmen, against their malt or excise bills, by the most cunning hints about Thermopylæ or Dalecarlia. But as if they had been in collusion with Brooke, to identify Walpole with Trollio, they interdicted the representation of the play. The author therefore published it, and got, it is said, £800 by the sale.

He lived, for some time, very comfortably on this acquisition, at Twickenham, in the neighbourhood of Pope, till the state of his health obliged him to seek the benefit of his native air; when to the surprise of those who knew him, he determined to remain in Ireland. This resolution was owing to the influence of his wife, who apprehended that his political zeal, among his English friends, might lead him to some intemperate publication. Brooke, however, had too much of the politician to lose it by returning to his native soil. In the year of the rebellion, he addressed his "Farmer's Letters" to his countrymen, and they were supposed to have had a beneficial influence on their temper, at a critical period. He was also, to his honour, one of the earliest advocates for alleviating the penal laws against the Catholics. Their pacific behaviour in 1745 had certainly furnished him with a powerful argument in their behalf.

He wrote thirteen dramatic pieces, of which "Gustavus Vasa," and the "Earl of Essex," were the only two that ever reached the English stage. The rest were not heard of in England, till his collected works were published in 1778; but his novel, "The Fool of Quality," gave some popularity to his name. In Ireland, Lord Chesterfield gave him the appointment of a barrack-master, which he held till his death. The accounts of his private circumstances, in that kingdom, are given rather confusedly by his biographers; but it appears, upon the whole, that they were unfortunate. He supported an only brother in his house, with a family as numerous as his own; and ruined himself by his generosity. At last the loss of his wife, after a union of fifty years, the death of many of his children, and his other misfortunes, overwhelmed his intellects. Of this imbecility there were indeed some manifestations in the latest productions of his pen.

THE REPTILE AND INSECT WORLD.

FROM "UNIVERSAL BEAUTY," BOOK V.

Like Nature's law no eloquence persuades,
The mute harangue our every sense invades;
Th' apparent precepts of the Eternal Will
His every work, and every object fill;
Round with our eyes his revelation wheels,
Our every touch his demonstration feels.
And, O Supreme! whene'er we cease to know
Thee, the sole Source, whence sense and science flow!
Then must all faculty, all knowledge fail,
And more than monster o'er the man prevail.

Not thus he gave our optic's vital glance,
Amid omniscient art, to search for chance,
Blind to the charms of Nature's beauteous frame;
Nor made our organ vocal, to blaspheme:
Not thus he will'd the creatures of his nod,
And made the mortal to unmake his God;
Breathed on the globe, and brooded o'er the wave,
And bid the wide obsequious world conceive:
Spoke into being myriads, myriads rise,
And with young transport gaze the novel skies;
Glance from the surge, beneath the surface scud,
Or cleave enormous the reluctant flood;
Or roll vermicular their wanton maze,
And the bright path with wild meanders glaze;
Frisk in the vale, or o'er the mountains bound,
Or in huge gambols shake the trembling ground;
Swarm in the beam; or spread the plumy sail—
The plume creates, and then directs the gale;
While active gaiety, and aspect bright,
In each expressive, sums up all delight.

* * * *

The reptile first, how exquisitely form'd,
With vital streams through every organ warm'd!
External round the spiral muscle winds,
And folding close th' interior texture binds;
Secure of limbs or needless wing he steers,
And all one locomotive act appears;
His rings with one elastic membrane bound,
The prior circlet moves th' obsequious round
The next, and next, its due obedience owes,
And with successive undulation flows.
The mediate glands, with unctuous juice replete,
Their stores of lubricating guile secrete;
Still opportune, with prompt emission flow,
And slipping frustrate the deluded foe;
When the stiff clod their little augers bore,
And all the worm insinuates through the pore.

Slow moving next, with grave majestic pace,
Tenacious snails their silent progress trace;
Through foreign fields secure from exile roam,
And sojourn safe beneath their native home.
Their domes self-wreathed, each architect attend,
With mansions lodge them, and with mail defend!
But chief, when each his wint'ry portal forms,
And mocks secluded from incumbent storms:
Till gates, unbarring with the vernal ray,
Give all the secret hermitage to day;
Then peeps the sage from his unfolding doors,
And cautious heaven's ambiguous brow explores:
Toward the four winds four telescopes he bends,
And on his own astrology depends;
Assured he glides beneath the smiling calm,
Bathes in the dew, and sips the morning balm;
The peach this pamp'ring epicure devours,
And climbing on the topmost fruitage towers.

Such have we cull'd from nature's reptile scene,
Least accurate of all the wondrous train,
Who plunged recluse in silent caverns sleep;
Or multipede, earth's leafy verdure creep;
Or on the pool's new mantling surface play,
And range a drop as whales may range the sea;
Or ply the rivulet with supple oars,
And oft, amphibious, course the neighb'ring shores;
Or shelt'ring, quit the dank inclement sky,
And condescend to lodge where princes lies;
There tread the ceiling, an inverted floor,
And from its precipice depend secure:
Or who nor creep, nor fly, nor walk, nor swim,
But claim new motion with peculiar limb,
Successive spring with quick elastic bound,
And thus transported pass the refluent ground.
Or who all native vehicles despise,
And buoy'd upon their own inventions rise;
Shoot forth the twine, their light aerial guide,
And mounting o'er the distant zenith ride.
Or who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of earth, and habitants of air;
Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail,
But furl'd, beneath, their silken pennons vail:
Deceived, our fellow reptile we admire,
His bright endorsement, and compact attire,
When lo! the latent springs of motion play,
And rising lids disclose the rich inlay;
The tissued wing its folded membrane frees,
And with blithe quavers fans the gath'ring breeze;
Elate tow'rds Heaven the beauteous wonder flies,
And leaves the mortal wrapp'd in deep surprise.
So when the guide led Tobit's youthful heir,
Elect, to win the seven times widow'd fair,
Th' angelic form, conceal'd in human guise,
Deceived the search of his associates eyes;
Till swift each charm bursts forth like issuing flame,
And circling rays confess his heavenly frame;
The zodiac round his waist divinely turns,
And waving radiance o'er his plumage burns:
In awful transports rapt, the youth admires,
While light from earth the dazzling shape aspires.
Oh think, if superficial scenes amaze,
And e'en the still familiar wonders please,
These but the sketch, the garb, the vail of things,
Whence all our depth of shallow science springs;
Think, should this curtain of Omniscience rise,
Think of the sight! and think of the surprise!
Scenes inconceivable, essential, new,
Whelm'd on our soul, and lightning on our view!—
How would the vain disputing wretches shrink,
And shivering wish they could no longer think;
Reject each model, each reforming scheme,
No longer dictate to the Grand Supreme,
But, waking, wonder whence they dared to dream!
All is phenomenon, and type on earth,
Replete with sacred and mysterious birth,
Deep from our search, exalted from our soar;
And reason's task is, only to adore.
Who that beholds the summer's glist'ring swarms,
Ten thousand thousand gaily gilded forms,
In volant dance of mix'd rotation play,
Bask in the beam, and beautify the day;
Would think these airy wantons so adorn,
Were late his vile antipathy and scorn,
Prone to the dust, or reptile through the mire,
And ever thence unlikely to aspire?
Or who with transient view, beholding, loathes
Those crawling sects, whom vilest semblance clothes;
Who, with corruption, hold their kindred state,
As by contempt, or negligence of fate;
Could think, that such, reversed by wondrous doom,
Sublimer powers and brighter forms assume;
From death, their future happier life derive,
And though apparently entomb'd, revive;
Changed, through amazing transmigration rise,
And wing the regions of unwonted skies;
So late depress'd, contemptible on Earth,
Now elevate to Heaven by second birth!
No fictions here to willing fraud invite,
Led by the marvellous, absurd delight;
No golden ass, no tale Arabians feign;
Nor flitting forms of Naso's magic strain,
Deucalion's progeny of native stone,
Or armies from Cadmean harvests grown:
With many a wanton and fantastic dream,
The laurel, mulberry, and bashful stream;
Arachne shrunk beneath Tritonia's rage;
Tithonus changed and garrulous with age.
Not such mutations deck the chaster song,
Adorn'd with nature, and with truth made strong;
No debt to fable, or to fancy due,
And only wondrous facts reveal'd to view.
Though numberless these insect tribes of air,
Though numberless each tribe and species fair,
Who wing the moon, and brighten in the blaze,
Innumerous as the sands which bend the seas;
These have their organs, arts, and arms, and tools,
And functions exercised by various rules;
The saw, ax, auger, trowel, piercer, drill;
The neat alembic, and nectareous still;
Their peaceful hours the loom and distaff know:
But war, the force and fury of the foe,
The spear, the falchion, and the martial mail,
And artful stratagem, where strength may fail.
Each tribe peculiar occupations claim,
Peculiar beauties deck each varying frame;
Attire and food peculiar are assign'd,
And means to propagate their varying kind.
Each, as reflecting on their primal state,
Or fraught with scientific craft innate,
With conscious skill their oval embryon shed,
Where native first their infancy was fed:
Or on some vegetating foliage glued;
Or o'er the flood they spread their future brood;
A slender cord the floating jelly binds,
Eludes the wave, and mocks the warring winds;
O'er this their sperm in spiral order lies,
And pearls in living ranges greet our eyes.
In firmest oak they scoop a spacious tomb,
And lay their embryo in the spurious womb:
Some flowers, some fruit, some gems, or blossoms choose,
And confident their darling hopes infuse:

While some their eggs in ranker carnage lay,
And to their young adapt the future prey.
Meantime the Sun his fost'ring warmth bequeaths,
Each tepid air its motive influence breathes,
Mysterious springs the wavering life supply,
And quick'ning births unconscious motion try;
Mature, their slender fences they disown,
And break at once into a world unknown.
All by their dam's prophetic care receive
Whate'er peculiar indigence can crave:
Profuse at hand the plenteous table's spread,
And various appetites are aptly fed.
Nor less each organ suits each place of birth,
Finn'd in the flood, or reptile o'er the earth;
Each organ, apt to each precarious state,
As for eternity design'd complete.
Thus nursed, these inconsiderate wretches grow,
Take all as due, still thoughtless that they owe.
When lo! strange tidings prompt each secret breast,
And whisper wonders not to be express'd;
Each owns his error in his later cares,
And for the new unthought-of world prepares:
New views, new tastes, new judgments are acquired,
And all now loathe delights so late admired.
In confidence the solemn shroud they weave,
Or build the tomb, or dig the deadly grave;
Intrepid there resign their parting breath,
And give their former shape the spoils of death;
But reconceived as in a second womb,
Through metamorphoses, new forms assume:
On death their true exalted life depends,
Commencing there, where seemingly it ends.
The fullness now of circling time arrives;
Each from the long, the mortal sleep revives;
The tombs pour forth their renovated dead,
And, like a dream, all former scenes are fled.
But oh! what terms expressive may relate
The change, the splendour of their new-form'd state!
Their texture nor composed of filmy skin,
Of cumbrous flesh without, or bone within,
But something than corporeal more refined,
And agile as their blithe informing mind.
In every eye ten thousand brilliants blaze,
And living pearls the vast horizon gaze;
Gemm'd o'er their heads the mines of India gleam,
And Heaven's own wardrobe has array'd their frame;
Each spangled back bright sprinkling specks adorn,
Each plume imbibes the rosy tinctured morn;
Spread on each wing the florid seasons glow,
Shaded and verged with the celestial bow,
Where colours blend an ever varying dye,
And wanton in their gay exchanges vie.

JOHN SCOTT.

[Born, 1730. Died, 1783.]

THIS worthy and poetical quaker was the son of a draper, in London, and was born in the borough of Southwark. His father retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, when our poet was only ten years old; and this removal, together with the circumstance of his never having been inoculated for the small-pox, proved an unfortunate impediment to his education. He was put to a day-school, in the neighbouring town of Ware, where not much instruction was to be had; and from that little he was called away, upon the first alarm of infection. Such indeed was his constant apprehension of the disease, that he lived for twenty years within twenty miles of London without visiting it more than once. About the age of seventeen, however, he betook himself to reading. His family, from their cast of opinions and society, were not likely to abound either in books or conversation relating to literature; but he happened to form an acquaintance and friendship with a neighbour of the name of Frogley, a master bricklayer, who, though an uneducated man, was an admirer of poetry, and by his intercourse with this friend he strengthened his literary propensity. His first poetical essays were transmitted to the Gentleman's Magazine. In his thirtieth year he published four elegies, which were favourably received. His poems, entitled, "The Garden," and "Amwell," and his volume of collected poetical pieces, appeared after considerable intervals; and his "Critical Essays on the English Poets," two years after his death. These, with his "Remarks on the Poems of Rowley," are all that can be called his literary productions. He published also two political tracts, in answer to Dr. Johnson's "Patriot," and "False Alarm." His critical essays contain some judicious remarks on Denham and Dyer; but his verbal strictures on Collins and Goldsmith discover a miserable insensibility to the soul of those poets. His own verses are chiefly interesting, where they breathe the pacific principles of the quaker; while his personal character engages respect, from exhibiting a public spirit and liberal taste beyond the habits of his brethren. He was well informed in the laws of his country; and, though prevented by his tenets from becoming a magistrate, he made himself useful to the inhabitants of Amwell, by his offices of arbitration, and by promoting schemes of local improvement. He was constant in his attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissions of land-tax. Ware and Hertford were indebted to him for the plan of opening a spacious road between those two towns. His treatises on the highway and parochial laws were

the result of long and laudable attention to those subjects.

His verses, and his amiable character, gained him by degrees a large circle of literary acquaintance, which included Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Mrs. Montague, and many other distinguished individuals; and having submitted to inoculation, in his thirty-sixth year, he was from that period more frequently in London. In his retirement he was fond of gardening; and, in amusing himself with the improvement of his grounds, had excavated a grotto in the side of a hill, which his biographer, Mr. Hoole, writing in 1785, says, was still shown as a curiosity in that part of the country. He was twice married. His first wife was the daughter of his friend Frogley. He died at a house in Radcliff, of a putrid fever, and was interred there in the burying ground of the friends.*

ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ODE ON PRIVATEERING.

How custom steels the human breast
To deeds that nature's thoughts detest!
How custom consecrates to fame
What reason else would give to shame!
Fair spring supplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,
And ploughing wide the watery way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and avarice prompts the fight;
And rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dyed,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or 'midst th' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispersed with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captured wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, oh mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictured face!

If glory thus be earned, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be;
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth to dwell alone,
And die to guilty praise unknown!

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

AN ODE.

THERE's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

[* In the life of that good man, Scott of Amwell, is inserted a sort of last dying speech and confession, which the Quakers published after his death. This precious paper requires some comment. Scott's life had not merely been innocent, but eminently useful. "He was esteemed regular and moral in his conduct," says this very document; "nevertheless," it adds, "there is reason to believe he frequently experienced the conviction of the spirit of truth for not faithfully following the Lord." Whether any heavier offence can be proved against him by the society than that of having styled himself Esquire in one of his title-pages, and used such heathen words as December and May in his poems, instead of twelfth month and fifth month, we know not; but when he was dying, at a vigorous age, of a typhus fever, he was "brought down," says this quaker-process, "as from the clifts of the rocks and the heights of the hills into the valley of deep humiliation."—*See Quar. Rev.* vol. xi p. 500.]

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
Oh hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

[Born, 17—. Died, 1784.]

George Alexander Stevens was born in Holborn. He was for many years a strolling player, and was afterward engaged at Covent Garden theatre. His powers as an actor were very indifferent; and he had long lived in necessitous circumstances, when he had recourse to a plan which brought him affluence—this was, delivering his Lecture on Heads, a medley of wit and nonsense, to which no other performance than his own could give comic effect. The lecture was originally designed for Shutter; who, however, wholly failed in his delivery of it. When Stevens gave it himself, it immediately became popular; he repeated it with success in different parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and, crossing the Atlantic, found equal favour among the Calvinists of Boston, and the Quakers of Philadelphia. On his return to England he attempted to give novelty to the exhibition by a supplementary lecture on portraits and whole lengths; but the supplement had no success. In 1773 he appeared again on the Haymarket stage, in a piece of his own composing, "The Trip to Portsmouth." He afterward resumed his tour of lectures on heads, till finding his own head worn out by dissipation, he sold the property of the composition to Lee Lewis, the comedian; and closed a life of intemperance in a state of idiotism.

If Fletcher of Salton's maxim be true, "that the popular songs of a country are of more importance than its laws," Stevens must be regarded as an important criminal in literature. But the songs of a country rather record, than influence, the state of popular morality. Stevens celebrated hard drinking, because it was the fashion; and his songs are now seldom vociferated, because that fashion is gone by. George was a leading member of all the great bacchanalian clubs of his day; the Choice Spirits, Comus' Court, and others, of similar importance and utility. Before the scheme of his lecture brought him a fortune, he had frequently to do penance in jail for the debts of the tavern; and, on one of those occasions, wrote a poem, entitled "Religion," expressing a penitence for his past life, which was probably sincere, while his confinement lasted. He was also author of "Tom Fool," a novel; "The Birthday of Folly," a satire; and several dramatic pieces of slender consequence.*

THE WINE VAULT.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stored,
My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend and improve,
That cask,—ay, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye:
My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that a bumper should stand,
My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along; [god,
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's
And a sentiment give, or a song,
My brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, though the coying drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss;
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream,
Like stucco-work cut out of moss:
My brave boys.

[* If Stevens wrote *The Storm* he is the author of one good piece, but his right has been questioned, and the song attributed to Falconer, upon no authority. Presumptive evidence must go for little, and it is unfair to take a man's single song from him, because he wrote with one exception, universally ill, and assign it to an author who might have written it, but whose fame wants no false stays to establish or maintain it.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze,
My brave boys.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins are well fill'd;
View that heap of old Hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're piled,
Like artillery, tier over tier,
My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously ranged in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,
My brave boys.

Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cried when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out,
My brave boys.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,
When reeling I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck to do more,
My brave boys.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done,
My brave boys.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[Born, 1709. Died, 1784.*]

LONDON.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Written in 1738.†

——— Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?—JUVENAL.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injured Thales‡ bids the town farewell;
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?

[* "London is one of those few imitations," says Gray, "that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original." "Mr. Johnson's London," says Goldsmith, "is the best imitation of the original that has appeared in our language; being possessed of all the force and satirical resentment of Juvenal. Imitation gives us a much truer idea of the ancients than ever translation could do."

But "The Vanity of Human Wishes" is a better poem. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as a satire, "the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental." "'Tis a grand poem," writes Byron,—"and *so true!*—true as the 10th of Juvenal himself; all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening."

His Drury Lane Prologue is the perfection of its kind; and his lines on Levett breathe an air of constrained complaint and forceful tenderness. His pathos is too austere, but it is very fine.]

[† Johnson's London was published in May 1738, and it is remarkable that it came out on the same morning with Pope's satire entitled 1738, so that England had at once its Juvenal and Horace as poetical monitors.—BOSWELL.]

[‡ That the "injured Thales" of Johnson's *London* was the poet Savage, (as is generally understood,) has been questioned by Boswell, and his acute editor Mr. Croker, we think without much show of reason.

"The event of Savage's retirement," says Sir John Hawkins, "is *anticipated* in the poem of *London*; but in every particular, except the difference of a year, what is there said of the departure of Thales must be understood of Savage, and looked upon as *true history*."

"This conjecture," writes Boswell, "is, I believe, entirely groundless. I have been assured that Johnson said he was not so much as acquainted with Savage when he wrote his *London*. If the departure mentioned in it was the departure of Savage, the event was not *anticipated* but *foreseen*; for London was published in May 1738, and Savage did not set out for Wales till July 1739."

"Notwithstanding," says Mr. Croker, "Mr. Boswell's proofs, and Dr. Johnson's own [accredited?] assertion, the identity of Savage and Thales has been repeated by all the biographers, and has obtained general vogue. It may therefore be worth while to add, that Johnson's residence at Greenwich (which, as it was the scene of his fancied parting from Thales, is currently taken to have been that of his real separation from Savage) occurred two years before the latter event; and at that time it does not appear that Johnson was so much as acquainted with Savage or even with Cave, at whose house he first met Savage. Again, Johnson distinctly tells us, in his Life of Savage, that the latter took his departure for Wales, not by embarking at Greenwich, but by the Bristol stage-coach; and, finally and decisively, Johnson, if Thales had been Savage, could never have admitted into his poem two lines which seem to point so forcibly at the drunken fray, when Savage stabbed a Mr. Sinclair, for which he was convicted of *murder*:

Some frolic *drunkard*, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and *stabs* you for a jest.

There is, certainly, a curious coincidence between some points of the characters of Thales and Savage; but it seems equally certain that the coincidence was fortuitous. Mr. Murphy endeavours to reconcile the difficulties by supposing that Savage's retirement was in contemplation eighteen months before it was carried into effect: but even if this were true, (which may well be doubted,) it would not alter the facts—that *London* was written before Johnson knew Savage; and that one of the severest strokes of the satire touched Savage's sorest point."

Johnson left Lichfield for London, March 2d, 1737; in the July of the same year he lived in Church-street, Greenwich, and sought by letter the notice of Cave. In March 1738 appeared his ode "Ad Urbanum:" in April 1738 he

There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza* birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town:
"Since worth," he cries, "in these degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defied his foes;
Some secret cell, ye powers indulgent, give,
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day.†
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licensed stage,‡
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
"Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold? [gold?
What check restrain your thirst of power and
Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own,
To such a groaning nation's spoils are given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing; [sing,
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer:§
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.
"Others, with softer smiles and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.

turned and printed an epigram in praise of Savage: and in May 1738, published his noble imitation of Juvenal's third satire. Savage left London for Swansea in the July of the succeeding year.

"Johnson has marked," says Boswell, "upon his corrected copy of the first edition of "London," "Written in 1738;" and, as it was published in the month of May in that year, it is evident that much time was not employed in preparing it for the press." "Part of the beauty of the performance," says Johnson to Cave, ("if any beauty be allowed it) consists in the adaptation of Juvenal's sentiments to modern facts and *persons*." This is curious, and seems to justify the appropriation of Thales to Savage.

Boswell's attempt to overthrow the statement of his rival Hawkins was soon forgotten by himself. He had been *assured* that Johnson was unacquainted with Savage in *May* 1738, yet some forty pages farther on he can print an encomium on Savage from the Gentleman's Magazine for *April* 1838, which he had been *assured* was written by Johnson, and thus give his former statement the lie in a silent way. "How highly," writes Boswell, "Johnson admired him [Savage] for that knowledge which he himself so much cultivated, and what kindness he entertained for him, appears from the following lines in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1738, which I am assured were written by Johnson:—

Ad Ricardum Savage, Arm. Humani Generis Amatorem.

Humani studium generis cui pectore fervet,
O! colat humanum te foveatque genus!"

This was not likely to have come from the pen of Johnson, (if Johnson's it is,) had he been unacquainted with Savage.

And where did Mr. Croker learn that Johnson met Savage for the first time at the house of Cave? A literary adventurer, without a penny in his pocket, could not well have been a month in London before he fell into the society of Savage. Thomson's first want in London was a pair of shoes, his first London acquaintance the wretched Savage.

But what if, after all, Mr. Murphy's view of the subject is the correct one? "Savage's distress," says Johnson, "was now [say early in 1738] publicly known, and his friends therefore thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief.... The scheme proposed for his happy and independent subsistence was, that he should retire into Wales and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by a subscription..... This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted..... *While* this scheme was ripening his friends directed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his creditors, and sent him every Monday a guinea..... *After many alterations and delays*, a subscription was *at length* raised, and he left London in July 1739, having taken leave, with great tenderness, of his friends, and parted from the author of this narrative with tears in his eyes."

There was therefore a considerable interval between the period when the scheme of Savage's retirement to Swansea was first proposed to him, and his setting off in July 1739, by the coach for the shores of Wales!

Whoever Juvenal's Umbritius was, the Thales of Johnson's imitation was poor Savage; and let us notice here the propriety of Johnson's laying the scene of Savage's departure from Greenwich. There is a note before us from Savage to Birch, dated "Greenwich, May 14th, 1735," wherein he says, "I have been here some days for the benefit of the air." There is no necessity therefore to bother oneself in this inquiry with the date of Johnson's residence at Greenwich.

And what is there to disprove the fact that Thales was Savage in his departing by coach from London, and not, as the poem has it, by boat from Greenwich? Mr. King was the fellow-student, not the fellow-shepherd of Milton; yet that he was the Lycidas of the poet who will doubt? To our thinking the coincidence is too close to be accidental, too particular to be unmeant.]

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

† The encroachments of the Spaniards had been palliated in both houses of parliament.

‡ The licensing act had then lately passed.

§ A paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
"For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
"The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
"Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints, survey!
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refined away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
"All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
"Ah! what avails it that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?
"Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows:
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with faltering diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
"Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage;
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part:
Practised their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face!
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly Virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air!
"For arts like these preferr'd, admired, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-placed confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
"By numbers here, from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty:
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
"Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?*
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
The groom retails the favours of his lord. [cries
"But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Raised from some pleasing dream of wealth and power,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
"Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate,
How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;

* The Spaniards at that time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.
"Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat,
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
"Prepare for death, if here at night you roam:
And sign your will, before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
"Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.
"In vain, these dangers pass'd, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
"Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means* support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.†
"A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheathed the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Bless'd age! but ah! how different from our own!
"Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fliest for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tired like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page."

* A technical term in parliament for raising money.
† The nation was then discontented at the repeated visits made by George the Second to Hanover.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest:

Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the vails of woe;
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend, [end.
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or livest thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college roll receives his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guide thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life,* and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;

[* A very learned divine and mathematician, rector of Okerton, near Banbury; "Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterward had not a shirt to shift him in three months without he borrowed it." He died in 1646.—*See Boswell*, (*Ed.* 1835,) vol. x. p. 225.]

See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent, [shock,
Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets the
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd, a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom,
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;

But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues af a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general fav'rite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.*
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art;
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despised, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

[* Ann Vane, the mistress of Frederick Prince of Wales, father to George III.; and Catherine Sedley, the mistress of James II.]

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY GARRICK AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept:

Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled;
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit,
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot that here, by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice:
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to please, must please—to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.*

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVETT.

1782.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forced his soul the nearest way.†

MRS. GREVILLE.

[Born, 17—. Died, 17—.]

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

OFT I've implored the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who livest in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Trip'st gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved
As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid who loved,
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell.

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

[* There are but two decent prologues in our tongue, Pope's to Cato, Johnson's to Drury Lane. These, with the epilogues to "The Distrest Mother," and I think one of Goldsmith's, and a prologue of old Colman's to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," are the best things of the kind we have.—BYRON.]

[† TO DR. LAWRENCE.

Jan. 17th, 1782.

Sir,—Our old friend, Mr. Levett, who was last night eminently cheerful, died this morning. The man who lay in the same room, hearing an uncommon noise, got up and tried to make him speak, but without effect. He then called Mr. Holder, the apothecary, who, though when he came he thought him dead, opened a vein, but could draw no blood. So has ended the long life of a very useful and very blameless man. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.]

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
Beyond—is agony;

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purposed joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart, that throbb'd at others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send!
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glittering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleased, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

[Born, 1715. Died, 1785.]

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD was born in Cambridge. "It would be vain," says his biographer, Mason, the poet, "to conceal that he was of low extraction; because the secret has been more than once divulged by those who gain what they think an honest livelihood by publishing the lives of the living; and it would be injurious to his memory, because his having risen much above the level of his origin bespeaks an intrinsic merit, which mere ancestry can never confer. Let it then be rather boasted than whispered, that he was the son of a baker." This is really making too much of a small thing. Every day certainly witnesses more wonderful events, than the son of a tradesman rising to the honours of a poet laureate, and the post of a travelling tutor. Why Mason should speak of the secret of his extraction being divulged, is difficult to conceive, unless we suppose that Whitehead was weak enough to have wished to conceal it; a suspicion, however, which it is not fair to indulge, when we look to the general respectability of his personal character, and to the honest pride which he evinced, in voluntarily discharging his father's debts. But, with all respect for Whitehead, be it observed, that the annals of "*Baking*" can boast of much more illustrious individuals having sprung from the loins of its professors.

His father, however, was a man of taste and expenditure, much above the pitch of a baker. He spent most of his time in ornamenting a piece of ground, near Grantchester, which still goes by the name of *Whitehead's Folly;* and he left debts behind him at his death, that would have done honour to the prodigality of a poet. In consequence of his father dying in such circumstances, young Whitehead's education was accomplished with great difficulty, by the strictest economy on his own part, and the assistance of his mother, whose discharge of duty to him he has gratefully recorded. At the age of fourteen, he was put to Winchester school, upon the foundation. He was there distinguished by his love of reading, and by his facility in the production of English verse; and before he was sixteen he had written an entire comedy. When the Earl of Peterborough, accompanied by Pope, visited Winchester school, in the year 1733, he gave ten guineas, to be distributed in prizes among the boys. Pope prescribed the subject, which was "Peterborough," and young Whitehead was one of the six who shared the prize money. It would appear that Pope had distinguished him on this occasion, as the reputation of his notice was afterward of advantage to Whitehead when he went to the university. He also gained some applause at Winchester for his powers of acting, in the part of Mercia, in Cato. He was a graceful re-

citer; and is said to have been very handsome in his youth. Even his likeness, which is given in Mason's edition of his works, though it was taken when he was advanced in years, has an elegant and prepossessing countenance. It was observed, that his school friendships were usually contracted with youths superior to himself in station. Without knowing his individual associates, it is impossible to say whether vanity, worldly prudence, or a taste for refined manners, predominated in this choice; but it is observable, that he made his way to prosperity by such friendships, and he seems to have early felt that he had the power of acquiring them. At Winchester he was school-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterward Lord Lymington, son to the Earl of Portsmouth.

At the election to New College, in 1735, he was treated with some injustice, being placed too low in the roll of candidates; and was obliged to leave Winchester, without obtaining from thence a presentation to either university. He, however, obtained a scholarship at Clare-hall, Cambridge, from the very circumstance of that low extraction for which Mason apologizes. Being the orphan son of a baker, in Cambridge, he was thought the best entitled to be put on the foundation of Pyke, who had been of that trade and town. His scholarship was worth only four shillings a week: and he was admitted as a sizer; but the inferiority of his station did not prevent his introduction to the best society; and, before he left the university, he made himself known by several publications, particularly by his "Essay on the Danger of writing Verse." Having obtained a fellowship, and a master's degree, he was on the point of taking orders, when his intention was prevented, in consequence of his being invited by the Earl of Jersey to be the domestic tutor of his son, Viscount Villiers. This situation was made peculiarly agreeable to him by the kindness of the Jersey family, and by the abundant leisure which it afforded him to pursue his studies, as well as to enjoy public amusements. From frequenting the theatre, he was led to attempt dramatic composition. His first effort was a little farce, on the subject of the Pretender, which has never been published. In 1750 he brought upon the stage a regular tragedy, the "Roman Father," an imitation of Corneille's Horace. Mason has employed a good deal of criticism on this drama, to prove something analogous to the connoisseur's remark in Goldsmith, "that the piece would have been better, if the artist had bestowed more pains upon it." It is acknowledged, at the same time, by his biographer, that the Roman Father was long enough in its author's hands to receive many alterations; but these had not been for the better. It was put through the mangle of Garrick's criticism; and he, according to Mason, was a lover of no beauties in a play, but those which gave an opportunity for the display of his own powers of representing sudden and strong effects of passion. This remark of Mason accords with Johnson's complaint of Garrick's projected innovations in his own tragedy; "That fellow," he said, "wants me to make Mahomet mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands, and kicking his heels." For the faults of the piece, however, it is but circuitous and conjectural justice to make Garrick responsible; and, among those faults, the mode of the heroine's death is not the slightest. After Corneille's heroine has been stabbed by her brother, she appears no more upon the stage. The piece, to be sure, drags heavily after this event; for, in fact, its interest is concluded. Whitehead endeavours to conquer this difficulty by keeping her alive, after she has been wounded, in order to have a conference with her father, which she terminates by tearing the bandages off her wounds, and then expires. But the effect of her death by this process is more disagreeable than even the tedium of Corneille's fifth act. It inspires us with a sore physical shuddering instead of tragic commiseration.*

In 1754 he brought out, at Drury Lane, his tragedy of "Creusa," a play which, though seldom read, and never acted, is by no means destitute of dramatic feeling and conception. The subject is taken from the "Ion" of Euripides; but with bold, and sometimes interesting alterations. In the Greek story, Creusa, Princess of Athens, who had been violated by Apollo, had concealed her shame by exposing her infant. She had afterward married Xuthus, a military stranger, who, at her father's death, succeeded, in her right, to the throne of Athens. But their marriage-bed having proved fruitless, they arrive at Delphi, to consult the oracle for an heir. The oracle pronounces, that the first whom Xuthus shall meet in going out of the temple is his son. He meets with Ion, a youth of unknown parentage, who had been reared as a servant in the holy place, and who, in fact, is the child of Creusa, whom she had exposed. Xuthus embraces Ion for his son; and, comparing his age with the date of a love adventure, which he recollected in former times, concludes that Ion is the offspring of that amour. It is no sooner known that Xuthus has found a son of his own blood, than the tutor of Creusa exhorts the queen to resent this indignity on her childless state, and to rid herself of a step-son, who may imbitter and endanger her future days. The tutor attempts to poison Ion, but fails —Creusa is pursued to the altar by her own son, who is with difficulty prevented from putting her to death; but a discovery of their consanguinity takes place—Minerva descends from heaven to confirm the proofs of it; and having predicted that Ion shall reign in Athens, and prudently admonished the mother and son to let King Xuthus remain in the old belief of his being father to Ion, leaves the piece to conclude triumphantly,—Such is the bare outline of the ancient drama. Whitehead's story is entirely

* The directions for tearing off the bandages are given in Mason's edition of Whitehead's Works. I observe that in later editions of the play they are omitted: but still, with this improved attention to humanity, the heroine protracts her dying scene too long.

tragical, and stripped of miraculous agency. He gives a human father (Nicander) to (Ilyssus) the secret child of Creusa. This Nicander, the first lover of the lady, had, on the discovery of their attachment, been driven into banishment by Creusa's father, but had carried with him their new-born offspring: and both he and the infant were supposed to have been murdered in their flight from Athens. Nicander, however, had made his way to Delphi, had intrusted his child to the temple; and living in the neighbourhood, passed (under the name of Aletes) for the tutor of the mysterious orphan. Having obtained a high character for sagacity, he was consulted by the priestess Pythia herself; and he is represented as having an influence upon her *responses* (it is an English poet, we must recollect, and not a Greek one, who is telling the story.) Meanwhile, Creusa, having been forced to give her hand, without her heart, to Xuthus, is still a mourner, like Lady Randolph,* when, at the end of eighteeen years from the birth of Ilyssus, she comes to consult the oracle. Struck, at the first sight of Ilyssus, by his likeness to Nicander, she conceives an instinctive fondness for the youth. The oracle declares him heir to the throne of Athens; but this is accompanied with a rumour of bitter intelligence to Creusa, that he is really the son of Xuthus. Her Athenians are indignant at the suspicion of Xuthus's collusion with the oracle, to entail the sceptre of their kingdom on his foreign offspring. Her confidant (like the tutor in Euripides) rouses her pride as a queen, and her jealousy as a mother, against this intruder. He tries every artifice to turn her heart against Ilyssus; still she retains a partiality for him, and resists the proposal of attempting his life. At length, however, her husband insults her with expressing his triumph in his new-found heir, and reproaches her with the plebeian grave of the first object of her affection. In the first transport of her wrath she meets the Athenian enemy of Ion, and a guilty assent is wrung from her, that Ilyssus shall be poisoned at the banquet. Aletes, ignorant of the plot, had hitherto dreaded to disclose himself to Creusa, lest her agitation should prematurely interfere with his project of placing his son on the throne of Athens. He meets her, however, at last, and she swoons at recognizing him to be Nicander. When he tells her that Ilyssus is her son, she has in turn to unfold the dreadful confession of having consented to his death. She flies to the banquet, if possible, to avert his fate; and arrives in time to snatch the poisoned chalice from his hand. But though she is thus rescued from remorse, she is not extricated from despair. To Nicander she has to say, "Am I not Xuthus' wife: and what art thou!" She anticipates that the kingdom of Athens must be involved in bloodshed for her sake: one victim she deems would suffice, and determines that it shall be herself. Having, therefore, exacted an oath from Xuthus and the Athenians, that Ilyssus shall succeed to the throne of her fathers, she drinks of the fatal goblet.

The piece contains some strong situations; its language is unaffected; and it fixes the attention (if I may judge from my own experience) from the first to the last scene. The pure and holy character of the young Ilyssus is brought out, I have no hesitation to say, more interestingly than in Euripides, by the display of his reverential gratitude to the queen, upon the first tenderness which she shows him, and by the agony of his ingenuous spirit, on beholding it withdrawn. And, though Creusa's character is not unspotted, she draws our sympathy to some of the deepest conceivable agonies of human nature. I by no means wish to deny that the tragedy has many defects, or to speak of it as a great production; but it does not deserve to be consigned to oblivion.

The exhibition of Creusa was hardly over, when Whitehead was called upon to attend his pupil and Viscoufft Nuneham, son to Earl Harcourt, upon their travels. The two young noblemen were nearly of an age, and had been intimate from their childhood. They were both so much attached to Whitehead, as to congratulate each other on his being appointed their common tutor. They continued abroad for about two years, during which they visited France, Italy, and Germany. In his absence, Lady Jersey made interest enough to obtain for him the offices of secretary and registrar of the Order of the Bath. On his return to England, he was pressed by Lord Jersey to remain with the family; and he continued to reside with them for fourteen years, except during his visits to the seat of Lord Harcourt. His pupils, who had now sunk the idea of their governor in the more agreeable one of their friend, showed him through life unremitted marks of affection.

Upon the death of Cibber, in 1757, he succeeded to the place of poet laureate. The appointment had been offered to Gray as a sinecure; but it was not so when it was given to Whitehead. Mason wonders why this was the case, when George the Second had no taste for poetry. His wonder is quite misplaced. If the king had had a taste for poetry, he would have abolished the laureate odes. As he had not, they were continued. Our author's official lyrics are said by Mason to contain no fulsome panegyric, a fact for which I hope his word may be taken; for to ascertain it by perusing the strains themselves would be an alarming undertaking. But the laurel was to Whitehead no very enviable distinction. He had something more to pay for it than

"*His quit-rent ode, his peppercorn of praise.*"†

At first he was assailed by the hostility of all the petty tribe, among whom it is lamentable, as Gray

* If any recollection of Home's tragedy should occur to the reader of Whitehead's, it is but fair to remind him that the play of Creusa was produced a year or two earlier than that of Douglass.

† [Cowper—*Table Talk.*]

remarks, to find beings capable of envying even a poet laureate. He stood their attacks for some time, without a sensible diminution of character; and his comedy of the "School for Lovers," which was brought out in 1762, before it was the fashion to despise him, was pretty well received, as an easy and chaste imitation of the manners of well-bred life. But in the same year the rabid satire of Churchill sorely smote his reputation. Poor Whitehead made no reply. Those who, with Mason, consider his silence as the effect of a pacific disposition, and not of imbecility, will esteem him the more for his forbearance, and will apply it to the maxim, *Rarum est eloquenter loqui varias eloquenter tacere.* Among his unpublished MSS. there were even found verses expressing a compliment to Churchill's talents. There is something, no doubt, very amiable in a good and candid man taking the trouble to cement rhymes upon the genius of a blackguard, who had abused him; but the effect of all this candour upon his own generation reminds us how much more important it is, for a man's own advantage, that he should be formidable than harmless. His candour could not prevent his poetical character from being completely killed by Churchill. Justly, some will say; he was too stupid to resist his adversary. I have a different opinion, both as to the justice of his fate, and the cause of his abstaining from retaliation. He certainly wrote too many insipid things; but a tolerable selection might be made from his works, that would discover his talents to be no legitimate object of contempt; and there is not a trait of arrogance or vanity in any one of his compositions, that deserved to be publicly humiliated. He was not a satirist; but he wanted rather the gall than the ingenuity that is requisite for the character. If his heart had been full of spleen, he was not so wholly destitute of humour as not to have been able to deal some hard blows at Churchill, whose private character was a broad mark, and even whose writings had many vapid parts that were easily assailable. Had Whitehead done so, the world would probably have liked him the better for his pugnacity. As it was, his name sunk into such a by-word of contempt, that Garrick would not admit his "Trip to Scotland" on the stage, unless its author was concealed. He also found it convenient to publish his pleasing tale, entitled "Variety," anonymously. The public applauded both his farce and his poem, because it was not known that they were Whitehead's.

In 1769 he obtained an unwilling permission from Lord Jersey to remove to private lodgings; though he was still a daily expected guest at his lordship's table in town; and he divided his summers between the country residences of the Jersey and Harcourt families. His health began to decline about his seventieth year, and in 1785 he was carried off by a complaint in his chest. His death was sudden, and his peaceable life was closed without a groan.

FROM HIS TRAGEDY OF "CREUSA."

ILYSSUS MEETING CREUSA.

Persons—CREUSA, ILYSSUS.

Ilyssus. PLEASE you, great queen,
In yon pavilion to repose, and wait
Th' arrival of the king.
Creusa. Lycea,—Phorbas,—
What youth is this! There's something in his eyes,
His shape, his voice.—What may we call thee, youth?
Ilyssus. The servant of the god who guards this fane.
Creusa. Bear'st thou no name?
Ilyssus. Ilyssus, gracious queen,
The priests and virgins call me.
Creusa. Ah! Ilyssus!
That name's Athenian. Tell me, gentle youth,
Art thou of Athens, then?
Ilyssus. I have no country;
Nor know I whence I am.
Creusa. Who were thy parents?
Thy father, mother?
Ilyssus. Ever honour'd queen,
I never knew a mother's tender cares,
Nor heard the instructions of a father's tongue.
Creusa. How camest thou hither?
Ilyssus. Eighteen years are past
Since in the temple's portal I was found
A sleeping infant.
Creusa. Eighteen years! good heaven!
That fatal time recalls a scene of woe—
Let me not think.—Were there no marks to show
From whom or whence thou wert?
Ilyssus. I have been told
An osier basket, such as shepherds weave,
And a few scatter'd leaves, were all the bed
And cradle I could boast.
Creusa. Unhappy child!
But more, oh ten times more, unhappy they
Who lost perhaps in thee their only offspring!
What pangs, what anguish, must the mother feel,
Compell'd no doubt, by some disastrous fate—
—But this is all conjecture.—
Ilyssus. O great queen,
Had those from whom I sprung been form'd like thee
Had they e'er felt the secret pangs of nature,
They had not left me to the desert world
So totally exposed. I rather fear
I am the child of lowliness and vice,
And happy only in my ignorance.
—Why should she weep? Oh if her tears can fall
For even a stranger's but suspected woes,
How is that people bless'd where she presides
As queen, and mother!—Please you, I retire!
Creusa. No, stay. Thy sentiments at least be-
A gen'rous education. Tell me, youth, [speak
How has thy mind been form'd?
Ilyssus. In that, great queen,
I never wanted parents. The good priests
And pious priestess, who with care sustain'd

My helpless infancy, left not my youth
Without instruction. But oh, more than all,
The kindest, best good man, a neighbouring sage,
Who has known better days, though now, retired
To a small cottage on the mountain's brow,
He deals his blessings to the simple swains
In balms and powerful herbs. He taught me things
Which my soul treasures as its dearest wealth,
And will remember ever. The good priests,
'Tis true, had taught the same, but not with half
That force and energy; conviction's self
Dwelt on Aletes' tongue.
Creusa. Aletes, said'st thou?
Was that the good man's name?
Ilyssus. It is, great queen,
For yet he lives, and guides me by his counsels.
Creusa. What did he teach thee?
Ilyssus. To adore high heaven,
And venerate on earth heaven's image, truth!
To feel for others' woes and bear my own
With manly resignation.—Yet I own
Some things he taught me, which but ill agree
With my condition here.
Creusa. What things were those?
Ilyssus. They were for exercise, and to confirm
My growing strength. And yet I often told him
The exercise he taught resembled much
What I had heard of war. He was himself
A warrior once.
Creusa. And did those sports delight thee?
Ilyssus. Great queen, I do confess my soul
mix'd with them.
Whene'er I grasped the osier-plaited shield,
Or sent the mimic javelin to its mark,
I felt I know not what of manhood in me.
But then I knew my duty, and repress'd
The swelling ardour. 'Tis to shades, I cried,
The servant of the temple must confine
His less ambitious, not less virtuous cares.
Creusa. Did the good man observe, and blame
thy ardour?
Ilyssus. He only smiled at my too forward zeal;
Nay, seemed to think such sports were necessary
To soften, what he call'd, more rigorous studies.
Creusa. Suppose when I return to Athens, youth,
Thou should'st attend me thither! wouldst thou
To me thy future fortunes? [trust
Ilyssus. Oh most gladly!
—But then to leave these shades where I was nursed
The servant of the god, how might that seem?
And good Aletes too, the kind old man
Of whom I spake?—But wherefore talk I thus,
You only throw these tempting lures to try
Th' ambition of my youth.—Please you, retire.
Creusa. Ilyssus, we will find a time to speak
More largely on this subject; for the present
Let all withdraw and leave us. Youth, farewell,
I see the place, and will retire at leisure.
Lycea, Phorbas, stay.
Ilyssus (*aside.*) How my heart beats!
She must mean something, sure. Though good
Aletes
Has told me polish'd courts abound in falsehood.
But I will bear the priestess' message to him,
And open all my doubts. [*Exit.*

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

A GENTLE maid of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddess of the grove!
At eve she paced the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To show how shrewd observers are,)
Though plays, which breathed heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh-and-fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smooth the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsell'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found was in retirement placed,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
"On every thorn instruction grows."
Not that she wish'd to "be alone,"
As some affected prudes have done:
She knew it was decreed on high
We should "increase and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want,
A cottage with the man she loved
Was what her gentle heart approved;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses,)
But simp'ring, mild, and innocent,
As angels on a monument.
Fate heard her pray'r: a lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flow'ry paths of poesy;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could every line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long;
With him she saunter'd half the day;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,

Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not;
"Consider, sir, we're near relations—"
"I hope so in our inclinations.—"—
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And every matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'Twas Nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assumed unusual bloom,
And every zephyr breathed perfume;
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danced lightly on th' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.
'Twas transport not to be exprest;
'Twas Paradise!——But mark the rest.
Two smiling springs had waked the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years,)
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods, were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the evenings cool,
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful, fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amused their steps; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd so odly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes forever,
She was so sprightly and so clever!
Yet neighbors were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store,
—"And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side."
"Enough!" he cries, "the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail,
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together."
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.
But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.
The rosy morn had raised her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half-choaked, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanced the gilded chaise;
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postillion now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done,)
Look'd round; and with a coxcomb'd air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a sep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.
Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects every moment rise.
Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurred, 'twas all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the 'squire and lady,)
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determined to be pleased, and please.
Now nearer town, and all agog,
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free
By roaring, "Wilkes and Liberty!"

At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way,
(Where Bays's troops in ambush lay,)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its side,)
Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.
Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How every day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town; or, as they pass'd
'Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too?
Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
Th' enormous loads that clothed their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And, if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tower, awry,
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolved, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flowers,
And corn, and grass, and shepherd's bowers,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendent groves of Babylon,
Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelop all!
Whilst the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
Unconscious that *their* tails perfume,
In scented curls the drawing-room.
When Night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To every public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallina's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *passe-partout* through every vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.
O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurse!
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births,—and all with stings:
But happiest far the he, or she,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contrived the coterie,
To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grinn'd no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With reverence, though in numbers weak;
Thy beauties satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounced, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taste defied,
They could not spoil thee, though they tried.
Ah, pity that Time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!

Let architects of humbler name
On *frail* materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might want,
Wyatt should build in adamant.
But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the powers of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength,)
Would shun the task. Our humbler Muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines,)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And blushing to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where even Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
Suffice it that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease;
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,)
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd,
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality;
From the grave cautious few who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of *nonchalance*.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken loo.
Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led,
Devised new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reign'd supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête-à-tête* across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear, and half a smile,
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank and pale, and hollow-eyed,
With *rouge* had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst.——"'Tis time," he cries,
"When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tired?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on.
"How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife!

Not even satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.
"True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare.
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
"We left the lonesome place; and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
(Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough.)
We sported freely with the rest;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
"Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight,
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
We live, my dear, too much asunder."
The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the soul of bliss;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

RICHARD GLOVER.

[Born, 1712. Died, 1785.]

Richard Glover was the son of a Hamburgh merchant in London, and was born in St. Martin's-lane, Canon-street. He was educated at the school of Cheam, in Surrey; but being intended for trade, was never sent to the university. This circumstance did not prevent him from applying assiduously to classical learning; and he was, in the competent opinion of Dr. Warton, one of the best Greek scholars of his time. This fact is worth mentioning, as it exhibits how far a determined mind may connect the pursuits, and even distinctions of literature, with an active employment. His first poetical effort was a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, which was written at the age of sixteen; and which his friend Dr. Pemberton thought fit to prefix to a "View of the Newtonian Philosophy," which he published. Dr. Pemberton, who was a man of more science than taste on this and on some other occasions, addressed the public with critical eulogies, on the genius of Glover, written with an excess of admiration, which could be pardoned only for its sincerity. It gives us a higher idea of the youthful promises of his mind, to find that the intelligent poet Green had the same prepossession in his favour. Green says of him in the "Spleen,"

"But there's a youth, that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame;
Whose quick maturity of brain,
The birth of Pallas may explain."

At the age of twenty-five he published nine books of his "Leonidas." The poem was immediately taken up with ardour by Lord Cobham, to whom it was inscribed, and by all the readers of verse, and leaders of politics, who professed the strongest attachment to liberty. It ran rapidly through three editions, and was publicly extolled by the pen of Fielding, and by the lips of Chatham. Even Swift in one of his letters from Ireland, drily inquires of Pope, "*who is this Mr. Glover, who writ 'Leonidas,' which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue?*"* Overrated as "Leonidas" might be, Glover stands acquitted of all attempts or artifice to promote its popularity by false means. He betrayed no irritation in the disputes which were raised about its merit; and his personal character appears as respectable in the ebb as in the flow of his poetical reputation.

[* Pope's answer does not appear: "It would have been curious," says Dr. Warton, "to have known his opinion concerning a poem that is written in a taste and manner so different from his own, in a style formed on the Grecian school, and with the simplicity of the ancient."]

In the year 1739 he published his poem "London; or the Progress of Commerce," in which, instead of selecting some of those interesting views of the progress of social life and civilization, which the subject might have afforded, he confined himself to exciting the national spirit against the Spaniards. This purpose was better effected by his nearly contemporary ballad of "Hosier's Ghost."

His talents and politics introduced him to the notice and favour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, whilst he maintained an intimate friendship with the chiefs of the opposition. In the mean time, he pursued the business of a merchant in the city, and was an able auxiliary to his party, by his eloquence at public meetings, and by his influence with the mercantile body. Such was the confidence in his knowledge and talents, that in 1743 the merchants of London deputed him to plead, in behalf of their neglected rights, at the bar of the House of Commons, a duty which he fulfilled with great ability. In 1744, he was offered an employment of a very different kind, being left a bequest of 500*l.* by the Duchess of Marlborough, on condition of his writing the duke's life, in conjunction with Mallet. He renounced this legacy, while Mallet accepted it, but never fulfilled the terms. Glover's rejection of the offer was the more honourable, as it came at a time when his own affairs were so embarrassed as to oblige him to retire from business for several years, and to lead a life of the strictest economy. During his distresses, he is said to have received from the Prince of Wales a present of 500*l.* In the year 1751, his friends in the city made an attempt to obtain for him the office of city chamberlain; but he was unfortunately not named as a candidate, till the majority of votes had been engaged to Sir Thomas Harrison. The speech which he made to the livery on this occasion did him much honour, both for the liberality with which he spoke of his successful opponent, and for the manly but unassuming manner in which he expressed the consciousness of his own integrity, amidst his private misfortunes, and asserted the merit of his public conduct as a citizen. The name of Guildhall is certainly not apt to inspire us with high ideas either of oratory or of personal sympathy; yet there is something in the history of this transaction which increases our respect, not only for Glover, but for the scene itself, in which his eloquence is said to have warmly touched his audience with a feeling of his worth as an individual, of his spirit as a politician, and of his powers as an accomplished speaker. He carried the sentiments and endowments of a polished scholar into the most popular meeting of trading life, and showed that they could be welcomed there. Such men elevate the character of a mercantile country.

During his retirement from business, he finished his tragedy of "Boadicia," which was brought out at Drury Lane in 1753, and was acted for nine nights, it it said "successfully," perhaps a misprint for successively. Boadicea is certainly not a contemptible drama: it has some scenes of tender interest between Venusia and Dumnorix; but the defectiveness of its incidents, and the frenzied character of the British queen render it, upon the whole, unpleasing. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play on the same subject, have left Boadicia, with all her rashness and revengeful disposition, still a heroine; but Glover makes her a beldam and a fury, whom we could scarcely condemn the Romans for having carted. The disgusting novelty of this impression is at variance with the traditionary regard for her name, from which the mind is unwilling to part. It is told of an eminent portrait-painter, that the picture of each individual which he took had some resemblance to the last sitter: when he painted a comic actress, she resembled a doctor of divinity, because his imagination had not yet been delivered of the doctor. The converse of this seems to have happened to Glover. He anticipated the hideous traits of Medea, when he produced the British queen. With a singular degree of poetical injustice, he leans to the side of compassion in delineating Medea, a monster of infanticide, and prepossesses us against a high-spirited woman, who avenged the wrongs of her country, and the violation of her daughters. His tragedy of "Medea" appeared in 1761; and the spirited acting of Mrs. Yates gave it considerable effect.

In his later years, his circumstances were greatly improved, though we are not informed from what causes. He returned again to public life; was elected to parliament; and there distinguished himself, whenever mercantile prosperity was concerned, by his knowledge of commerce, and his attention to its interests. In 1770 he enlarged his "Leonidas" from nine to twelve books, and afterward wrote its sequal, the "Athenaid," and a sequel to "Medea." The latter was never acted, and the former seldom read. The close of his life was spent in retirement from business, but amidst the intimacy of the most eminent scholars of his time.

Some contemporary writers, calling themselves critics, preferred "Leonidas" in its day to "Paradise Lost;" because it had smoother versification, and fewer hard words of learning. The re-action of popular opinion, against a work that has been once over-rated, is apt to depress it beneath its just estimation. It is due to "Leonidas" to say, that its narrative, descriptions, and imagery, have a general and chaste congruity with the Grecism of its subject. It is far, indeed, from being a vivid or arresting picture of antiquity; but it has an air of classical taste and propriety in its design; and it sometimes places the religion and manners of Greece in a pleasing and impressive light. The poet's description of Dithyrambus making his way from the cave of Œta, by a secret ascent, to the temple of the Muses, and bursting, unexpectedly, into the hallowed presence of their priestess Melissa, is a passage fraught with a considerable degree of the fanciful and beautiful in superstition. The abode of Oïleus is also traced with a suavity of local description, which

is not unusual to Glover; and the speech of Melissa, when she first receives the tidings of her venerable father's death, supports a fine consistency with the august and poetical character which is ascribed to her.

"A sigh
Broke from her heart, these accents from her lips.
The full of days and honours through the gate
Of painless slumber is retired. His tomb
Shall stand among his fathers, in the shade
Of his own trophies. Placid were his days,
Which flow'd through blessings. As a river pure,
Whose sides are flow'ry, and whose meadows fair,
Meets in his course a subterranean void;
There dips his silver head, again to rise,
And, rising, glides through flowers and meadows new;
So shall Ofileus in those happier fields,
Where never gloom of trouble shades the mind."

The undeniable fault of the entire poem is, that it wants impetuosity of progress, and that its characters are without warm and interesting individuality. What a great genius might have made of the subject, it may be difficult to pronounce by supposition; for it is the very character of genius to produce effects which cannot be calculated. But imposing as the names of Leonidas and Thermopylæ may appear, the subject which they formed for an epic poem was such, that we cannot wonder at its baffling the powers of Glover. A poet, with such a theme, was furnished indeed with a grand outline of actions and sentiments; but how difficult was it, after all that books could teach him, to give the close and veracious appearance of life to characters and manners beheld so remotely on the verge of the horizon of history! What difficulty to avoid coldness and generality, on the one hand, if he delineated his human beings only with the manners which history could authenticate; and to shun grotesqueness and inconsistency on the other, if he filled up the vague outline of the antique with the particular and familiar traits of modern life! Neither Fenelon, with all his genius, nor Barthelemy, with all his learning, have kept entirely free of this latter fault of incongruity, in modernizing the aspect of ancient manners. The characters of Barthelemy, in particular, often remind us of statues in modern clothes. Glover has not fallen into this impurity; but his purity is cold: his heroes are like outlines of Grecian faces, with no distinct or minute physiognomy. They are not so much poetical characters, as historical recollections. There are, indeed, some touches of spirit in Artemisia's character, and of pathos in the episode of Teribazus; but Leonidas is too good a Spartan, and Xerxes too bad a Persian, to be pitied; and most of the subordinate agents, that fall or triumph in battle, only load our memories with their names. The local descriptions of "Leonidas," however, its pure sentiments, and the classical images which it recalls, render it interesting, as the monument of an accomplished and amiable mind.*

FROM "LEONIDAS," BOOK I.

OPENING OF THE POEM—OFFER OF LEONIDAS TO DEVOTE HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY.

THE virtuous Spartan, who resign'd his life
To save his country at the Œtæan straits,
Thermopylæ, when all the peopled East
In arms with Xerxes fill'd the Grecian plains,
O Muse, record! The Hellespont they pass'd,
O'erpow'ring Thrace. The dreadful tidings swift
To Corinth flew. Her Isthmus was the seat
Of Grecian council. Alpheus thence returns
To Lacedemon. In assembly full
He finds the Spartan people with their kings;
Their kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They the sons
Of Lacedemon had convened, to learn
The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
That morn expected from the Delphian dome.
But Alpheus sudden their attention drew,
And thus address'd them: For immediate war,
My countrymen, prepare. Barbarian tents
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
The Isthmian council hath decreed to guard
Thermopylæ, the Locrian gate of Greece.
Here Alpheus paused. Leutychides, who shared
With great Leonidas the sway, uprose
And spake. Ye citizens of Sparta, hear.
Why from her bosom should Laconia send
Her valiant race to wage a distant war
Beyond the Isthmus? There the gods have placed
Our native barrier. In this favour'd land,
Which Pelops govern'd, us of Doric blood
That Isthmus inaccessible secures.
There let our standards rest. Your solid strength,
If once you scatter in defence of states
Remote and feeble, you betray your own,
And merit Jove's derision. With assent
The Spartans heard. Leonidas replied:
O most ungen'rous counsel! Most unwise!
Shall we, confining to that Isthmian fence
Our efforts, leave beyond it every state
Disown'd, exposed? Shall Athens, while her fleets
Unceasing watch th' innumerable foes,
And trust th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour, shall she hear,
That to barbarian violence we leave
Her unprotected walls? Her hoary sires,
Her helpless matrons, and their infant race,
To servitude and shame? Her guardian gods
Will yet preserve them. Neptune o'er his main,

[* Glover's Leonidas, though only party spirit could have extolled it as a work of genius, obtained no inconsiderable sale, and a reputation which flourished for half a century. It has now a place in the two great general collections, and deserves to hold it. The author has the merit of having departed from bad models, rejected all false ornaments and tricks of style, and trusted to the dignity of his subject. And though the poem is cold and bald, stately rather than strong in its best parts, and in general rather stiff than stately, there is in its very nakedness a sort of Spartan severity that commands respect.—SOUTHEY, *Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 176.]

With Pallas, power of wisdom, at their helms,
Will soon transport them to a happier clime,
Safe from insulting foes, from false allies,
And Eleutherian Jove will bless their flight.
Then shall we feel the unresisted force
Of Persia's navy, deluging our plains
With inexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, will support
A Persian lord, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean, such dang'rous counsels, which would blast
Your long-establish'd honours, and assist
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds!
Each low and partial passion thence expel!
Greece is our gen'ral mother. All must join
In her defence, or, sep'rate, each must fall.
  This said, authority and shame controll'd
The mute assembly. Agis too appear'd.
He from the Delphian cavern was return'd,
Where, taught by Phœbus on Parnassian cliffs,
The Pythian maid unfolded Heaven's decrees.
He came; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant was his tongue,
Yet seem'd full charged to speak. Religious dread
Each heart relax'd. On every visage hung
Sad expectation. Not a whisper told
The silent fear. Intensely all were fix'd.
All still as death, to hear the solemn tale.
As o'er the western waves, when every storm
Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze,
Soft-breathing, lightly with its wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast expanse;
None, but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding main:
So through the wide and listening crowd no sound,
No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air!
While thus the issue of thy awful charge
Thy lips deliver'd. Spartans, in your name
I went to Delphi. I inquired the doom
Of Lacedemon from th' impending war,
When in these words the deity replied:
  "Inhabitants of Sparta, Persia's arms
Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust;
Unless a king, from Hercules derived,
Cause Lacedemon for his death to mourn."
  As when the hand of Perseus had disclosed
The snakes of dire Medusa, all who view'd
The Gorgon features were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eyeballs on the hero bent,
And horror, living in their marble form;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they stood,
In speechless terror frozen, on their kings
The Spartans gazed: but soon their anxious looks
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shine
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel, in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he cast his looks around, and spake:
  Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? Oh my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he assumes,
To shake the firmness of a mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life!
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame,
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing, Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows.
  Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaim'd.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven:
A reverential murmur breathes applause.
So were the pupils of Lycurgus train'd
To bridle nature. Public fear was dumb
Before their senate, ephori, and kings,
Nor exultation into clamour broke.
Amidst them rose Dieneces, and thus:
  Haste to Thermopylæ. To Xerxes show
The discipline of Spartans, long renown'd
In rigid warfare, with enduring minds,
Which neither pain, nor want, nor danger bend.
Fly to the gate of Greece, which open stands
To slavery and rapine. They will shrink
Before your standard, and their native seats
Resume in abject Asia. Arm, ye sires,
Who with a growing race have bless'd the state;
That race, your parents, gen'ral Greece forbid
Delay. Heaven summons. Equal to the cause
A chief behold. Can Spartans ask for more?
  Bold Alpheus next. Command my swift return
Amid the Isthmian council, to declare
Your instant march. His dictates all approve.
Back to the Isthmus he unwearied speeds.

FROM BOOK II.

Description of the Dwelling of Œleus, at which the Spartan Army halt on their march to Thermopylæ.

  The moon rode high and clear. Her light benign
To their pleased eyes a rural dwelling show'd,
All unadorn'd, but seemly. Either side
Was fenced by trees high-shadowing. The front
Look'd on a crystal pool, by feather'd tribes
At every dawn frequented. From the springs
A small redundance fed a shallow brook,

O'er smoothest pebbles rippling, just to wake
Not startle silence, and the ear of night
Entice to listen undisturb'd. Around
The grass was cover'd by reposing sheep,
Whose drowsy guard no longer bay'd the moon.
The warriors stopp'd, contemplating the seat
Of rural quiet. Suddenly a swain
Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
Uprise the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
Is roused. All heedful of the wonted sound
Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
Th' observing warriors move. Ere long they reach
A broad and verdant circle, thick inclosed
With birches straight and tall, whose glossy rind
Is clad in silver from Diana's car.
The ground was holy, and the central spot
An altar bore to Pan. Beyond the orb
Of skreening trees th' external circuit swarm'd
With sheep and beeves, each neighbouring hamlet's wealth
Collected. Thither soon the swain arrived,
Whom, by the name of Melibœus hail'd,
A peasant throng surrounded. As their chief,
He nigh the altar to his rural friends
Address'd these words: Oh sent from diff'rent lords
With contribution to the public wants,
Time presses. God of peasants, bless our course!
Speed to the slow-paced ox for once impart!
That o'er these valleys, cool'd by dewy night,
We to our summons true, ere noon-tide blaze,
May join Oïleus, and his praise obtain.
He ceased. To rustic madrigals and pipes,
Combined with bleating notes and tinkling bells,
With clamour shrill from busy tongues of dogs,
Or hollow-sounding from the deep-mouth'd ox,
Along the valley herd and flock are driven
Successive, halting oft to harmless spoil
Of flow'rs and herbage, springing in their sight.
While Melibœus marshall'd with address
The inoffensive host, unseen in shades
Dieneces applauded, and the youth
Of Menalippus caution'd. Let no word
Impede the careful peasant. On his charge
Depends our welfare. Diligent and staid
He suits his godlike master. Thou wilt see
That righteous hero soon. Now sleep demands
Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
Of moss beneath a wholesome beach they lay,
Arm'd as they were. Their slumber short retires
With night's last shadow. At their warning roused,
The troops proceed. Th' admiring eye of youth
In Menalippus caught the morning rays
To guide its travel o'er the landscape wide
Of cultivated hillocks, dales, and lawns,
Where mansions, hamlets interposed, where domes
Rose to their gods through consecrated shades.
He then exclaims: Oh say, can Jove devote
These fields to ravage, those abodes to flames?
The Spartan answers: Ravage, sword, and fire,
Must be endured as incidental ills.
Suffice it, these invaders, soon or late,
Will leave this soil more fertile by their blood,
With spoils abundant to rebuild the fanes.
Precarious benefits are these, thou see'st,
So framed by heaven; but virtue is a good
No foe can spoil, and lasting to the grave.
Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipp'd in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, composed of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old, batter'd arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear.
"Yon marble fountain, by Oïleus placed,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he framed this cool retreat;
A grateful off'ring here to rural peace;
His dinted shield, his helmet he resign'd.
O passenger, if born to noble deeds
Thou would'st obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; then seek Oïleus in his vale."

FROM BOOK VI.

The Grecian commanders, after a battle, having retired to a cave on the side of Mount Œta, Dithyrambus, discovering a passage through it, ascends to the Temple of the Muses.

A CAVE, not distant from the Phocian wall,
Through Œta's cloven side had nature form'd
In spacious windings. This in moss she clad;
O'er half the entrance downward from the roots
She hung the shaggy trunks of branching firs,
To heaven's hot ray impervious. Near the mouth
Relucent laurels spread before the sun
A broad and vivid foliage. High above,
The hill was darken'd by a solemn shade,
Diffused from ancient cedars. To this cave
Diomedon, Demophilus resort,
And Thespia's youth. A deep recess appears,
Cool as the azure grot where Thetis sleeps
Beneath the vaulted ocean. Whisper'd sounds
Of waters, trilling from the riven stone
To feed a fountain on the rocky floor,
In purest streams o'erflowing to the sea,
Allure the warriors, hot with toil and thirst.
To this retreat serene. Against the sides
Their disencumber'd hands repose their shields;
The helms they loosen from their glowing cheeks;
Propp'd on their spears, they rest: when Agis brings
From Lacedemon's leader these commands.
Leonidas recalls you from your toils,
Ye meritorious Grecians. You have reap'd
The first bright harvest on the field of fame.
Our eyes in wonder from the Phocian wall
On your unequall'd deeds incessant gazed.
To whom Platæa's chief. Go, Agis, say
To Lacedemon's ruler, that, untired,
Diomedon can yet exalt his spear,
Nor feels the armour heavy on his limbs.
Then shall I quit the contest? Ere he sinks,
Shall not this early sun again behold

Would he repose him, at her feet reclined;
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won by his grateful eloquence, which soothed
With sweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His pains awhile, in raptures vain entranced,
Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast by more intense despair;
Like wint'ry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black folds with gleams of scatter'd [light,
Then, swiftly closing, on the brow of morn
Condense their horrors, and in thickest gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. They now approach
The tower of Belus. Hyperanthes leads
Through Babylon an army to chastise
The crime of Egypt. Teribazus here
Parts from his princess, marches bright in steel
Beneath his patron's banner, gathers palms
On conquer'd Nile. To Susa he returns,
To Ariana's residence, and bears
Deep in his heart the immedicable wound.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Raged in his bosom, and its peace consumed:
His soul still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts.

* * * *

The day arrived, when Xerxes first advanced
His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames,
So were accustom'd all the eastern fair,
In sumptuous cars accompanied his march,
A beauteous train, by Ariana graced.
Her Teribazus follows, on her wheels
Attends and pines. Such woes oppress the youth,
Oppress, but not enervate. From the van
He in this second conflict had withstood
The threat'ning frown of adamantine Mars,
He singly, while his bravest friends recoil'd.
His manly temples no tiara bound.
The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he tower'd
In Grecian arms, the wonder of his foes;
Among the Ionians were his strenuous limbs
Train'd in the gymnic school. A fulgent casque
Inclosed his head. Before his face and chest
Down to the knees an ample shield was spread.
A pond'rous spear he shook. The well-aim'd point
Sent two Phliasians to the realms of death
With four Tegæans, whose indignant chief,
Brave Hegesander, vengeance breathed in vain,
With streaming wounds repulsed. Thus far unmatch'd,
His arm prevail'd; when Hyperanthes call'd
From fight his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reinforced by rest.
Meantime with Teribazus thus conferr'd [youth,
The applauding prince. Thou much-deserving
Had twenty warriors in the dang'rous van
Like thee maintain'd the onset, Greece had wept
Her prostrate ranks. The wearied fight awhile
I now relax, till Abradates strong,
Orontes and Mazæus are advanced.
Then to the conflict will I give no pause.
If not by prowess, yet by endless toil
Successive numbers shall exhaust the foe.
He said. Immersed in sadness, scarce replied,
But to himself complain'd the am'rous youth.
Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame
My arm acquires. Tormented heart! thou seat
Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
Yet canst thou borrow from unreal hope
To flatter life? at Ariana's feet
What if with supplicating knees I bow,
Implore her pity, and reveal my love.
Wretch! canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
And share the splendours which irradiate heaven?
Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the claim
Of Asia's proudest potentates and kings?
Unless within her bosom I inspired
A passion fervent as my own, nay more,
Such, as dispelling every virgin fear,
Might, unrestrain'd, disclose its fond desire,
My love is hopeless; and her willing hand,
Should she bestow it, draws from Asia's lord
On both perdition. By despair benumb'd,
His limbs their action lose. A wish for death
O'ercasts and chills his soul. When sudden cries
From Ariamnes rouse his drooping powers.
Alike in manners, they of equal age
Were friends, and partners in the glorious toil
Of war. Together they victorious chased
The bleeding sons of Nile, when Egypt's pride
Before the sword of Hyperanthes fell.
That loved companion Teribazus views
By all abandon'd, in his gore outstretch'd,
The victor's spoil. His languid spirit starts;
He rushes ardent from the Persian line;
The wounded warrior in his strong embrace
He bears away. By indignation stung,
Fierce from the Grecians Diophantus sends
A loud defiance. Teribazus leaves
His rescued friend. His massy shield he rears;
High-brandishing his formidable spear.
He turns intrepid on the approaching foe.
Amazement follows. On he strides, and shakes
The plumed honours of his shining crest.
The ill-fated Greek awaits the unequal fight,
Pierced in the throat, with sounding arms he falls.
Through every file the Mantineans mourn.
Long on the slain the victor fix'd his sight
With these reflections. By thy splendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank.
From thy ill fortune I perhaps derive
A more conspicuous lustre—What if heaven
Should add new victims, such as thou, to grace
My undeserving hand? who knows, but she
Might smile upon my trophies. Oh! vain thought!
I see the pride of Asia's monarch swell
With vengeance fatal to her beauteous head.
Disperse, ye phantom hopes. Too long, torn heart,
Hast thou with grief contended. Lo! I plant
My foot this moment on the verge of death,
By fame invited, by despair impell'd
To pass the irremeable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his step,

But here conclude his doom. Then cease to heave,
Thou troubled bosom, every thought be calm
Now at the approach of everlasting peace.
He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh,
Not less than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,
The Persian warrior to the Greek began:
Art thou the unconquerable chief, who mow'd
Our battle down? That eagle on thy shield
Too well proclaims thee. To attempt thy force
I rashly purposed. That my single arm [know
Thou deign'st to meet, accept my thanks, and
The thought of conquest less employs my soul,
Than admiration of thy glorious deeds,
And that by thee I cannot fall disgraced.
He ceased. These words the Thespian youth return'd:
Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth,
The only portion my desert may claim,
Is this my bold adventure to confront [mark'd
Thee, yet unmatch'd. What Grecian hath not
Thy flaming steel? from Asia's boundless camp
Not one hath equall'd thy victorious might.
But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?
Whence thy tall spear, thy helmet? Whence the weight
Of that strong shield? Unlike thy eastern friends,
Oh if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost
To liberty and virtue, art become
A tyrant's vile stipendiary, that arm,
That valour thus triumphant I deplore,
Which after all their efforts and success
Deserve no honour from the gods, or men.
Here Teribazus in a sigh rejoin'd:
I am to Greece a stranger, am a wretch
To thee unknown, who courts this hour to die,
Yet not ignobly, but in death to raise
My name from darkness, while I end my woes.
The Grecian then: I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
Firm resolution, seated on thy brow,
Though grief hath dimm'd thy drooping eye, de-
My veneration: and whatever be [mand
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,
Infesting thus thy quiet, they create
Within my breast the pity of a friend.
Why then, constraining my reluctant hand
To act against thee, will thy might support
The unjust ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace?
Yet free from rage or enmity I lift
My adverse weapon. Victory I ask.
Thy life may fate for happier days reserve.
This said, their beaming lances they protend,
Of hostile hate, or fury both devoid,
As on the Isthmian, or Olympic sands
For fame alone contending. Either host,
Poised on their arms, in silent wonder gaze.
The fight commences. Soon the Grecian spear,
Which all the day in constant battle worn,
Unnumber'd shields and corselets had transfix'd,
Against the Persian buckler, shiv'ring, breaks,
Its master's hand disarming. Then began
The sense of honour, and the dread of shame
To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd,
He grappled with his foe, and instant seized
His threat'ning spear, before the uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.
The weapon burst between their struggling grasp.
Their hold they loosen, bare their shining swords.
With equal swiftness to defend or charge,
Each active youth advances and recedes.
On every side they traverse. Now direct,
Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend.
Still is the conflict dubious; when the Greek,
Dissembling, points his falchion to the ground,
His arm depressing, as o'ercome by toil:
While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows, repeated by his active foe.
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The ranks of Asia. Hyperanthes strides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant: while the wary Greek,
Calm and defensive, bears the assault. At last,
As by the incautious fury of his strokes,
The Persian swung his covering shield aside,
The fatal moment Dithyrambus seized.
Light darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
Between the unguarded ribs he plunged his steel.
Affection, grief, and terror, wing the speed
Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
The Persian prince. But he with watery cheeks
In speechless anguish clasps his dying friend;
From whose cold lip, with interrupted phrase,
These accents break: Oh dearest, best of men!
Ten thousand thoughts of gratitude and love
Are struggling in my heart—O'erpow'ring fate
Denies my voice the utterance—Oh my friend!
O Hyperanthes! Hear my tongue unfold
What, had I lived, thou never should'st have known.
I loved thy sister. With despair I loved.
Soliciting this honourable doom,
Without regret in Persia's sight and thine
I fall. The inexorable hand of fate
Weighs down his eyelids, and the gloom of death
His fleeting light eternally o'ershades.
Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verge
A frantic mother shall bewail; shall strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal wave:
While all the shores re-echo to the name
Of Teribazus lost.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

FROM BOOK IX.

In sable vesture, spangled o'er with stars,
The Night assumed her throne. Recall'd from war,
Their toil, protracted long, the Greeks forget,
Dissolved in silent slumber, all but those
Who watch th' uncertain perils of the dark,
A hundred warriors. Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat.
Fresh winds across the undulating bay
From Asia's host the various din convey'd
In one deep murmur, swelling on his ear.
When by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are these
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
Reply, nor tempt inevitable fate.

A voice replied. No enemies we come,
But crave admittance in an humble tone.
The Spartan answers. Through the midnight shade
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?
To whom the stranger. We are friends to Greece.
Through thy assistance we implore access
To Lacedemon's king. The cautious Greek
Still hesitates; when musically sweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allures.
O gen'rous warrior, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd, whom grief alone hath led
Through midnight shades to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The chief, descending, through th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming torch. The light disclosed
One first in servile garments. Near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood,
Not with an aspect, rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or th' ensnaring charms
Of love's soft queen, by such as far surpass'd
Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,
Spreads on the cheek of beauty soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind by wisdom ruled,
By sweetness temper'd; virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine:
Yet could not soften rig'rous fate, nor charm
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends a spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane.
Exalted fair, whose form adorns the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war.
My slow compliance, to the rigid laws
Of Mars impute. In me no longer pause
Shall from the presence of our king withhold
This thy apparent dignity and worth.
Here ending, he conducts her. At the call
Of his loved brother, from his couch arose
Leonidas. In wonder he survey'd
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence awed.
Her eye submissive to the ground declined
In veneration of the godlike man.
His mien, his voice, her anxious dread dispel,
Benevolent and hospitable thus.
Thy looks, fair stranger, amiable and great,
A mind delineate, which from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread;
Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose
Like day, first dawning on the twilight pale;
When, wrapt in grief, these words a passage found.
If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deserve
Commiseration from the brave; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
The afflicted Ariana; and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain.
First, that I loved the best of human race,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd by every art,
Of shame unconscious doth my heart reveal.
This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,
He fought, he fell. A passion, long conceal'd,
For me, alas! within my brother's arms,
His dying breath resigning, he disclosed.
Oh! I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my breast,
O'erwhelm'd by anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be grieved
At my distress? why learn from me to mourn
The lot of mortals doom'd to pain and woe.
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.
Thus to the hero sued the royal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicating Jove, from Stygian gloom,
And Pluto's black embraces, to redeem
Her loved and lost Proserpina. A while
On Ariana fixing stedfast eyes,
These tender thoughts Leonidas recall'd.
Such are thy sorrows, oh for ever dear,
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence. Then aside
He turn'd and sigh'd. Recov'ring, he address'd
His brother. Most beneficent of men,
Attend, assist this princess. Night retires
Before the purple-winged morn. A band
Is call'd. The well-remember'd spot they find,
Where Teribazus from his dying hand
Dropt in their sight his formidable sword.
Soon from beneath a pile of Asian dead
They draw the hero, by his armour known.
Then, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Were thine! what horrors! In thy tender breast
Love still was mightiest. On the bosom cold
Of Teribazus, grief-distracted maid, [hue
Thy beauteous limbs were thrown. Thy snowy
The clotted gore disfigured. On his wounds
Loose flow'd thy hair; and, bubbling from thy eyes,
Impetuous sorrow laved th' empurpled clay.
* * * *
Then, with no trembling hand, no change of look,
She drew a poniard, which her garment veil'd;
And instant sheathing in her heart the blade,
On her slain lover silent sunk in death.
The unexpected stroke prevents the care
Of Agis, pierced by horror and distress,
Like one, who, standing on a stormy beach,
Beholds a found'ring vessel, by the deep
At once engulf'd; his pity feels and mourns,
Deprived of pow'r to save: so Agis view'd
The prostrate pair. He dropp'd a tear, and thus
Oh! much lamented! Heavy on your heads
Hath evil fall'n, which o'er your pale remains
Commands this sorrow from a stranger's eye.
Illustrious ruins! May the grave impart
That peace which life denied! and now receive
This pious office from a hand unknown.
He spake, unclasping from his shoulders broad
His ample robe. He strew'd the waving folds
O'er each wan visage; turning then address'd
The slave, in mute dejection standing near.
Thou, who, attendant on this hapless fair,

Hast view'd this dreadful spectacle, return.
These bleeding relics bear to Persia's king,
Thou with four captives, whom I free from bonds.

FROM BOOK XII.

Song of the Priestess of the Muses to the chosen Band after their Return from the Inroad into the Persian Camp, on the Night before the Battle of Thermopylæ.

BACK to the pass in gentle march he leads
Th' embattled warriors. They, behind the shrubs,
Where Medon sent such numbers to the shades,
In ambush lie. The tempest is o'erblown.
Soft breezes only from the Malian wave
O'er each grim face, besmear'd with smoke and gore,
Their cool refreshment breathe. The healing gale,
A crystal rill near Œta's verdant feet,
Dispel the languor from their harass'd nerves,
Fresh braced by strength returning. O'er their heads
Lo! in full blaze of majesty appears
Melissa, bearing in her hand divine
Th' eternal guardian of illustrious deeds,
The sweet Phœbean lyre. Her graceful train
Of white-robed virgins, seated on a range
Half down the cliff, o'ershadowing the Greeks,
All with concordant strings, and accents clear,
A torrent pour of melody, and swell
A high, triumphal, solemn dirge of praise,
Anticipating fame. Of endless joys
In bless'd Elysium was the song. Go, meet
Lycurgus, Solon, and Zaleucus sage,
Let them salute the children of their laws.
Meet Homer, Orpheus and th' Ascræan bard,
Who with a spirit, by ambrosial food
Refined, and more exalted, shall contend
Your splendid fate to warble through the bow'rs
Of amaranth and myrtle ever young,
Like your renown. Your ashes we will cull.
In yonder fane deposited, your urns,
Dear to the Muses, shall our lays inspire.
Whatever off'ring, genius, science, art
Can dedicate to virtue, shall be yours,
The gifts of all the Muses, to transmit
You on th' enliven'd canvas, marble, brass,
In wisdom's volume, in the poet's song,
In every tongue, through every age and clime,
You of this earth the brightest flow'rs, not cropt,
Transplanted only to immortal bloom
Of praise with men, of happiness with gods.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

ON THE TAKING OF PORTO-BELLO FROM THE SPANIARDS BY ADMIRAL VERNON.* NOV. 22, 1739.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;

There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat;
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hied him,
Where the Burford† rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injured ghost,
You, who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did the Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

[* The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April 1726 that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England; he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentoes near Porto-Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterward removed to Carthagena, and remained cruising in these seas till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—PERCY.]

[† Admiral Vernon's ship.]

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing.
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam deprived of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me."*

JOHN HALL STEPHENSON.

[Born, 1718. Died, 1785.]

I HAVE met with no account of this writer's life, nor have I been very anxious to seek for it, as a volume of poems, which bears his name, is disgraced by obscenity.

THE BLACKBIRD. A MACARONI FABLE.

IN concert with the curfew bell,
An Owl was chanting vespers in his cell;
Upon the outside of the wall,
A blackbird, famous in that age,
From a bow-window in the hall,
Hung dangling in a wicker cage;
Instead of psalmody and prayers,
Like those good children of St. Francis,
He secularized all his airs,
And took delight in wanton fancies.
Whilst the bell toll'd, and the Owl chanted,
Every thing was calm and still;
All nature seem'd rapt and enchanted.
Except the querulous, unthankful rill;
Unawed by this imposing scene,
Our Blackbird the enchantment broke;
Flourish'd a sprightly air between,
And whistled the Black Joke.
This lively unexpected motion
Set nature in a gayer light;
Quite overturn'd the monks' devotion,
And scatter'd all the gloom of night.
I have been taught in early youth,
By an expert metaphysician,
That ridicule's the test of truth,
And only match for superstition,
Imposing rogues, with looks demure,
At Rome keep all the world in awe;
Wit is profane, learning impure,
And reasoning against the law.
Between two tapers and a book,
Upon a dresser clean and neat,
Behold a sacerdotal cook,
Cooking a dish of heavenly meat!
How fine he curtsies! Make your bow;
Thump your breast soundly, beat your poll;
Lo! he has toss'd up a ragout,
To fill the belly of your soul.
Even here there are some holy men
Would fain lead people by the nose;
Did not a blackbird, now and then,
Benevolently interpose.
My good Lord Bishop, Mr. Dean,
You shall get nothing by your spite;
Tristram shall whistle at your spleen,
And put Hypocrisy to flight.

TO MISS ——.

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair,
The gods so long in vain implored,
At last have heard a wretch's prayer;
At last I find myself restored,

From thy bewitching snares and thee:
I feel for once this is no dream:
I feel my captive soul is free;
And I am truly what I seem.

* * *

Without a blush your name I hear,
No transient glow my bosom heats;
And when I meet your eye, my dear,
My fluttering heart no longer beats.

[* I was much amused with hearing old Leonidas Glover sing his own fine ballad of *Hosier's Ghost*, which was very affecting. He is past eighty.—HANNAH MORE. *Life*, vol. i. p. 405.]

I dream, but I no longer find
  Your form still present to my view;
I wake, but now my vacant mind
  No longer waking dreams of you.
  * * *

I meet you now without alarms,
  Nor longer fearful to displease,
I talk with ease about your charms,
  E'en with my rival talk with ease.

Whether in angry mood you rise,
  Or sweetly sit with placid guile,
Vain is the lightning of your eyes,
  And vainer still your gilded smile.

Loves in your smiles no longer play;
  Your lips, your tongue have lost their art;
Those eyes have now forgot the way
  That led directly to my heart.
  * * *

Hear me; and judge if I'm sincere;
  That you are beauteous still I swear:
But oh! no longer you appear
  The fairest, and the only fair.

Hear me; but let not truth offend,
  In that fine form, in many places,
I now spy faults, my lovely friend,
  Which I mistook before for graces.

And yet, though free, I thought at first,
  With shame my weakness I confess,
My agonizing heart would burst,
  The agonies of death are less.
  * * *

The little songster thus you see
  Caught in the cruel schoolboy's toils,
Struggling for life, at last like me,
  Escapes, and leaves his feather'd spoils.

His plumage soon resumes its gloss,
  His little heart soon waxes gay;
Nor falls, grown cautious from his loss,
  To artifice again a prey.
  * * *

It is not love, it is not pique,
  That gives my whole discourse this cast;
'Tis nature that delights to speak
  Eternally of dangers past.

Carousing o'er the midnight bowl
  The soldier never ceasing prates,
Shows every scar to every soul,
  And every hair-breadth 'scape relates.
  * * *

Which of us has most cause to grieve?
  Which situation would you chuse?
I, a capricious tyrant leave,
  And you, a faithful lover lose.

I can find maids in every rout,
  With smiles as false, and forms as fine;
But you must search the world throughout
  To find a heart as true as mine.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

[Born, 1738. Died, 1786.]

Captain Edward Thompson was a native of Hull, and went to sea so early in life as to be precluded from the advantages of a liberal education. At the age of nineteen, he acted as lieutenant on board the Jason, in the engagement off Ushant, between Hawke and Conflans. Coming to London after the peace, he resided, for some time, in Kew-lane, where he wrote some light pieces for the stage, and some licentious poems; the titles of which need not be revived. At the breaking out of the American war, Garrick's interest obtained promotion for him in his own profession; and he was appointed to the command of the Hyæna frigate, and made his fortune by the single capture of a French East Indiaman. He was afterward in Rodney's action off Cape St. Vincent, and brought home the tidings of the victory. His death was occasioned by a fever, which he caught on board the Grampus, while he commanded that vessel off the coast of Africa. Though a dissolute man, he had the character of an able and humane commander.

A few of his sea songs are entitled to remembrance. Besides his poems and dramatic pieces, he published "Letters of a Sailor;" and edited the works of John Oldham, P. Whitehead, and Andrew Marvell. For the last of those tasks he was grossly unqualified.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
  The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
  Are, Mary, moor'd by thee:
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
  Oh doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
  If Cupid fill'd his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The powers of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

SONG.

Behold upon the swelling wave,
With streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ship invites the brave,
While glory leads the way;
And a cruising we will go.

Whene'er Monsieur comes in view,
From India richly fraught,
To gain the prize we're firm and true,
And fire as quick as thought.

With hearts of oak we ply each gun,
Nor fear the least dismay;
We either take, or sink, or burn,
Or make them run away.

The lovely maids of Britain's isle
We sailors ne'er despise;
Our courage rises with each smile,
For them we take each prize.

The wind sets fair, the vessel's trim,
Then let us boldly go;
Old Neptune guides us while we swim,
To check the haughty foe.

United let each Briton join,
Courageously advance,
We'll baffle every vain design,
And check the pride of France.

SONG.

Loose every sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve;
I've done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind:
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who, cruel, shall hold his career
That returns to the nest of his love!

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

HENRY HEADLEY.

[Born, 1766. Died, 1788.]

Henry Headley, whose uncommon talents were lost to the world at the age of twenty-two, was born at Irstead, in Norfolk. He received his education at the grammar-school of Norwich, under Dr. Parr: and, at the age of sixteen, was admitted a member of Trinity College, Oxford. There the example of Thomas Warton, the senior of his college, led him to explore the beauties of our elder poets. About the age of twenty he published some pieces of verse, which exhibit no very remarkable promise; but his "Select Beauties of the Ancient English Poets," which appeared in the following year, were accompanied with critical observations, that showed an unparalleled ripeness of mind for his years. On leaving the university, after a residence of four years, he married, and retired to Matlock, in Derbyshire. His matrimonial choice is said to have been hastily formed, amid the anguish of disappointment in a previous attachment. But short as his life was, he survived the lady whom he married.

The symptoms of consumption having appeared in his constitution, he was advised to try the benefit of a warmer climate; and he took the resolution of repairing to Lisbon, unattended by a single friend. On landing at Lisbon, far from feeling any relief from the climate, he found himself oppressed by its sultriness; and in this forlorn state, was on the point of expiring, when Mr. De Vismes, to whom he had received a letter of introduction from the late Mr. Windham, conveyed him to his healthful villa, near Cintra, allotted spacious apartments for his use, procured for him the ablest medical assistance, and treated him with every kindness and amusement that could console his sickly existence. But his malady proved incurable; and, returning to England at the end of a few months, he expired at Norwich.

FROM HIS "INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY."

* * * *

CHILD of the potent spell and nimble eye,
Young Faney, oft in rainbow vest array'd,
Points to new scenes that in succession pass
Across the wond'rous mirror that she bears,
And bids thy unsated soul and wondering eye
A wider range o'er all her prospects take;
Lo, at her call, New Zealand's wastes arise!
Casting their shadows far along the main,
Whose brows, cloud-capp'd in joyless majesty,
No human foot hath trod since time began;'
Here death-like silence ever-brooding dwells,
Save when the watching sailor startled hears,
Far from his native land at darksome night,
The shrill-toned petrel, or the penguin's voice,
That skim their trackless flight on lonely wing,
Through the bleak regions of a nameless main:
Here danger stalks, and drinks with glutted ear
The wearied sailor's moan, and fruitless sigh,
Who, as he slowly cuts his daring way,
Affrighted drops his axe, and stops awhile,
To hear the jarring echoes lengthen'd din,
That fling from pathless cliffs their sullen sound:
Oft here the fiend his grisly visage shows,
His limbs, of giant form, in vesture clad
Of drear collected ice and stiffen'd snow,
The same he wore a thousand years ago,
That thwarts the sunbeam, and endures the day.
'Tis thus, by Fancy shown, thou kenn'st entranced
Long tangled woods, and ever stagnant lakes,
That know no zephyr pure, or temperate gale,
By baneful Tigris banks, where oft, they say,
As late in sullen march for prey he prowls,
The tawny lion sees his shadow'd form,
At silent midnight by the moon's pale gleam,
On the broad surface of the dark deep wave;
Here, parch'd at mid-day, oft the passenger
Invokes with lingering hope the tardy breeze,
And oft with silent anguish thinks in vain
On Europe's milder air and silver springs.
Thou, unappall'd, canst view astounding fear
With ghastly visions wild, and train unbless'd
Of ashy fiends, at dead of murky night,
Who catch the fleeting soul, and slowly pace,
With visage dimly seen, and beckoning hand,
Of shadowy forms, that, ever on the wing,
Flit by the tedious couch of wan despair.
Methinks I hear him, with impatient tongue,
The lagging minutes chide, whilst sad he sits
And notes their secret lapse with shaking head.
See, see, with tearless glance they mark his fall,
And close his beamless eye, who, trembling, meets
A late repentance, and an early grave.
With thine and elfin Fancy's dreams well pleased,
Safe in the lowly vale of letter'd ease,
From all the dull buffoonery of life,
Thy sacred influence grateful may I own;
Nor till old age shall lead me to my tomb,
Quit thee and all thy charms with many a tear.
On Omole, or cold Soracte's top,
Singing defiance to the threat'ning storm,
Thus the lone bird, in winter's rudest hour,
Hid in some cavern, shrouds its ruffled plumes,
And through the long, long night, regardless hears
The wild wind's keenest blast and dashing rain.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

[Born, 1762. Died, 1788.]

[THOMAS RUSSELL was the son of an attorney at Bridport, and one of Joseph Warton's wonderful boys at Winchester School. He became fellow of New College, Oxford, and died of consumption at Bristol Hot-Wells in his twenty-sixth year.

His poems were posthumous. The sonnet on Philoctetes is very fine; and of our young writers, mature rather in genius than in years, Russell holds no humble place. Mr. Southey has numbered five, and Russell is among them—Chatterton, Bruce, Russell, Bampfylde, and Kirke White.]

SONNETS.

TO VALCLUSA.

WHAT though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled,
That woo'd his fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song.
Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecay'd the fairy garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS.

On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæon's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watch'd, and blamed its lingering flight:
By day the sea-mew, screaming round his cave,
Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave,
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his; in each low breeze that sigh'd
Through his rude grot, he heard a coming oar:
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
Of Œtna's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts famed Trachis from th' Euboic shore.

JOHN LOGAN.

[Born, 1748. Died, 1788.]

John Logan was the son of a farmer, in the parish of Fala, and county of Mid-Lothian, Scotland. He was educated for the church, at the university of Edinburgh. There he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertson, who was then a student of his own standing; and he was indebted to that eminent character for many friendly offices in the course of his life. After finishing his theological studies, he lived for some time in the family of Mr. Sinclair, of Ulbster, as tutor to the late Sir John Sinclair. In his twenty-fifth year, he was ordained one of the ministers of Leith; and had a principal share in the scheme for revising the psalmody of the Scottish church, under the authority of the General Assembly. He contributed to this undertaking several scriptural translations, and paraphrases, of his own composition. About the same time, he delivered, during two successive seasons, in Edinburgh, Lectures on History, which were attended with so much approbation, that he was brought forward as a candidate for the Professorship of History in the university; but, as the chair had been always filled by one of the members of the faculty of advocates, the choice fell upon another competitor, who possessed that qualification. When disappointed in this object, he published the substance of his lectures in a work, entitled, "Elements of the Philosophy of History;" and, in a separate essay, "On the Manners of Asia."

His poems, which had hitherto been only circulated in MS. or printed in a desultory manner, were collected and published in 1781. The favourable reception which they met with, encouraged him to attempt the composition of a tragedy, and he chose the charter of Runnymede for his subject. This innocent drama was sent to the manager of Covent Garden, by whom it was accepted, and even put into rehearsal; but, on some groundless rumour of its containing dangerous political matter, the Lord Chamberlain thought fit to prohibit its representation. It was, however, acted on the Edinburgh boards, and afterward published; though without exhibiting in its contents any thing calculated to agitate either poetical or political feelings.

In the mean time our author unhappily drew on himself the displeasure of his parishioners. His connection with the stage was deemed improper in a clergyman. His literary pursuits interfered with his pastoral diligence; and, what was worse, he was constitutionally subject to fits of depression, from which he took refuge in inebriety. Whatever his irregularities were, (for they have been differently described,) he was obliged to compound for them, by resigning his flock, and retiring upon a small annuity. He came to London, where his principal literary employments were, furnishing articles for the English Review, and writing in vindication of Warren Hastings. He died at the age of forty, at his lodgings, in Marlborough-street. His Sermons, which were published two years after his death, have obtained considerable popularity.

His "Ode to the Cuckoo" is the most agreeable effusion of his fancy. Burke was so much pleased with it, that, when he came to Edinburgh, he made himself acquainted with its author. His claim to this piece has indeed been disputed by the relatives of Michael Bruce; and it is certain, that when Bruce's poems were sent to Logan, he published them intermixed with his own, without any marks to discriminate the respective authors. He is further accused of having refused to restore the MSS. But as the charge of stealing the Cuckoo from Bruce was not brought against Logan in his life-time, it cannot, in charity, stand against his memory on the bare assertion of his accusers.*

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

[* Because some pieces which are printed among the remains of poor Michael Bruce, have been ascribed to Logan, Mr. Chalmers has not thought it proper to admit Bruce's poems into his collection.—Southey, *Quar. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 501.]

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

THE LOVERS.

Har. 'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep,
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
A while the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates;
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night,
Oh come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
Oh take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;
A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire.

The owlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles:
The moon retires; the heaven departs,
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies—Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

Hen. I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I loved thee; long have sought:
And dangers braved, and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end;
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!

My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.
Har. I fear to go——I dare not stay.
Look back.——I dare not look that way.
Hen. No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend,
The arms that fold thee will defend.

Har. Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do!
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bathed in tears;
A brother, girding on his sword,
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!——to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

Hen. My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!

Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose;
From adverse briers that threat'ning stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky;
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

Har. My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embraced, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears;
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.

An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures love had plann'd
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower;

If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head?
What tears may I have yet to shed?

Hen. Oh do not wound that gentle breast,
Nor sink, with fancied ills oppress;
For softness, sweetness, all, thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings!

Har. My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods, that wrap me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land, adieu!

O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still utter'd with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smiled,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguiled;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell.

Hen. Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine:
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts, and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;
The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.

They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of love unfolds her flow'rs;
Youth, beauty, pleasure, spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal;
Pure as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

Like cherubs new come from the skies,
Henrys and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run,
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound;
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

ROBERT NUGENT, EARL NUGENT.

[Born, 1709. Died, 1788.]

Robert Nugent was descended from the Nugents of Carlanstown, in the county of Westmeath, and was a younger son of Michael Nugent, by the daughter of Robert Lord Trimlestown. In the year 1741, he was elected member of parliament for St. Mawes, in Cornwall; and, becoming attached to the party of the Prince of Wales, was appointed in (1747) comptroller of his Royal Highness's household. On the death of the Prince he made his peace with the court, and was named successively a lord of the treasury, one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland, and a lord of trade. In 1767 he was created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, and subsequently Earl Nugent. He was thrice married. His second wife, with whom he acquired a large fortune, was sister and heiress to Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addison.

His political character was neither independent nor eminent, except for such honours as the court could bestow; but we are told that in some instances he stood forth as an advocate for the interests of Ireland. His zeal for the manufactures of his native island induced him, on one occasion, to present the queen with a new-year's gift of Irish grogham, accompanied with a copy of verses; and it was wickedly alleged, that her majesty had returned her thanks to the noble author for *both his pieces of stuff*.

A volume of his poems was published anonymously, by Dodsley, in 1739. Lord Orford remarks, that "he was one of those men of parts, whose dawn was the brightest moment of a long life. He was first known by a very spirited ode on his conversion from popery; yet he relapsed to the faith he had abjured. On the circum-

stance of his re-conversion it is uncharitable to lay much stress against his memory. There have been instances of it in men, whom either church would have been proud to appropriate. But it cannot be denied that his poem on Faith formed, at a late period of his life, an anti-climax to the first promise of his literary talents; and though he possessed abilities, and turned them to his private account, he rose to no public confidence as a statesman.*

ODE TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.†

REMOTE from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
Drank error's poison'd springs,
Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
I bow'd to priests and kings.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight
I caught the glimpse of painful light,
Afflicted and afraid;
Too weak it shone to mark my way,
Enough to tempt my steps to stray
Along the dubious shade.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo, Hooker shines! the friendly star
Sends forth a steady ray.
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, till glorious to my view,
Locke spreads the realms of day.

Now warm'd with noble Sidney's page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage;
Now wrapt in Plato's dream,
With More and Harrington around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

But soon the beauteous vision flies;
And hideous spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful train:
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,
And senates slaves to gain.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
On some immortal plan;
Within a sure, though varying date,
Confined, alas! is every state
Of empire and of man.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
To break the eternal doom!
Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perish'd fated Rome.‡

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good Fleury pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
While rapine wastes her stores.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O Pulteney! such is thine,
To prop a nation's frame:
If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
The ruins of a falling state
Shall tell the patriot's name.

ODE TO MANKIND.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a power supreme,
The delegate of heaven,
To whom an uncontroll'd command,
In every realm o'er sea and land,
By special grace is given?

Then say, what signs this god proclaim?
Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
A throne his hallow'd shrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, fear, and impotence, betray
Strange proofs of power divine!

If service due from human kind,
To men in slothful ease reclined,
Can form a sovereign's claim:
Hail, monarchs! ye, whom heaven ordains,
Our toil's unshared, to share our gains,
Ye idiots, blind and lame!

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reason must conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
Thrice sacred multitude!

In thee, vast All! are these contain'd,
For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,
So nature's systems roll:
The sceptre's thine, if such there be;
If none there is, then thou art free,
Great monarch! mighty whole!

[* Goldsmith, who admitted his *Epistle to a Lady* among his Beauties of British Poetry, addressed his *Haunch of Venison* to him.
"I am told," writes Mr. John Gray to Smollett, "that Dr. Goldsmith now generally lives with his countryman, Lord Clare, who has lost his only son Colonel Nugent." *London, July* 9, 1771. *Europ. Mag.* vol. xiv.]

[† "Mr. Nugent," says Gray to Walpole, "sure did not write his own Ode. Mallet, it was universally believed, had trimmed and doctored it up."]

[‡ This very fine verse is quoted by Gibbon in his character of Brutus,—an honour it deserves.]

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
An host's or senate's voice!
His voice affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the species choice.

Unsanctified by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the scepter'd hand
The trembling slave may bind;
But loose from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force imposed belies
The unassenting mind.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end;
You punish only to defend
What parent nature gave:
And he who dares her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made
Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just degree
On universal liberty,
Not private rights assign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No private beings e'er were meant
To hurt the general kind.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,
The oppressor's wrongs, the pilf'rer's gains,
Thy injured weal impair.
Thy warmest passions soon subside,
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,
Thy temper'd counsels share.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,
Collected from each clime and age,
Though malice swell the sum,
Would seem a spotless scanty scroll,
Compared with Marius' bloody roll,
Or Sylla's hippodrome.

But thine has been imputed blame,
The unworthy few assume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud;
Or those who on thy ruins feast,
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest;
A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser spoilers share his powers,
While both thy claim oppose?
Monsters who wore thy sullied crown,
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

Far other shone fair Freedom's band,
Far other was the immortal stand,
When Hampden fought for thee:
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and industry.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns the historian's page,
A false apostate train:
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb;
Unpitied in their harder doom,
Thy thousands strow the plain.

These had no charms to please the sense,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the Muse's throng:
Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie;
But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half the right.
Ev'n Locke beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble sight.

Hence are the motley systems framed,
Of right transferr'd, of power reclaim'd:
Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise nature mocks the wrangling herd;
For unreclaim'd, and untransferr'd,
Her powers and rights remain.

While law the royal agent moves,
The instrument thy choice approves,
We bow through him to you.
But change, or cease the inspiring choice,
The sovereign sinks a private voice,
Alike in one, or few!

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,
And only dares betray;
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,
Where force, and rage, and priestcraft fail,
To pilfer power away?

Oh! shall the bought, and buying tribe,
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,
A people's claims enjoy!
So Indian murd'rers hope to gain
The powers and virtues of the slain,
Of wretches they destroy.

"Avert it, Heaven! you love the brave,
You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,
The self-devoted head;
Nor shall an hireling's voice convey
That sacred prize to lawless sway,
For which a nation bled."

Vain prayer, the coward's weak resource!
Directing reason, active force,
Propitious heaven bestows.
But ne'er shall flame the thund'ring sky,
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before their weaker foes.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The British virtues, British arms
Unloosed our fathers' band:
Say, Greece and Rome! if these should fail,
What names, what ancestors avail,
To save a sinking land?

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
Mankind shall boast one nation free,
One monarch truly great:
Whose title speaks a people's choice,
Whose sovereign will a people's voice,
Whose strength a prosp'rous state.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

[Born, 1734. Died, 1788.]

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE was born at Langholm, in Dunfriesshire. His father, who was a clergyman of the Scottish church, had lived for some time in London, and had preached in the dissenting meeting-house of the celebrated Dr. Watts. He returned to Scotland on being presented to the living of Langholm, the duties of which he fulfilled for many years; and, in consideration of his long services, was permitted to retain the stipend after he had removed to Edinburgh, for the better education of his children. His brother-in-law was a brewer in Edinburgh, on whose death the old clergyman unfortunately embarked his property, in order to continue his business, under the name of his eldest son. William, who was a younger son, was taken from the high-school of Edinburgh, and placed as a clerk in the concern; and, on coming of age, took the whole responsibility of it upon himself. When it is mentioned, that Mickle had, from his boyish years, been an enthusiastic reader of Spenser, and that, before he was twenty, he had composed two tragedies and half an epic poem, which were in due time consigned to the flames, it may be easily conceived that his habits of mind were not peculiarly fitted for close and minute attention to a trade which required incessant superintendence. He was, besides, unfortunate, in becoming security for an insolvent acquaintance. In the year 1763 he became a bankrupt; and being apprehensive of the severity of one of his creditors, he repaired to London, feeling the misery of his own circumstances aggravated by those of his relations whom he had left behind him.

Before leaving Scotland, he had corresponded with Lord Lyttelton, to whom he had submitted some of his poems in MS., and one, entitled "Providence," which he had printed in 1762. Lord Lyttelton patronised his Muse rather than his fortune. He undertook (to use his lordship's own phrase) to be his "schoolmaster in poetry;" but his fastidious blottings could be of no service to any man who had a particle of genius: and the only personal benefit which he attempted to render him was to write to his brother, the governor of Jamaica, in Mickle's behalf, when our poet had thoughts of going out to that island. Mickle, however, always spoke with becoming liberality of this connection. He was pleased with the suavity of Lord Lyttelton's manners, and knew that his means of patronage were very slender. In the meantime, he lived nearly two years in London, upon remittances from his friends in Scotland, and by writing for the daily papers.

After having fluctuated between several schemes for subsistence, he at length accepted of the situation of corrector to the Clarendon press, at Oxford. Whilst he retained that office, he published a poem, which he at first named "The Concubine;" but on finding that the title alarmed delicate ears, and suggested a false idea of its spirit and contents, he changed it to "SYR Martyn."* At Oxford he also engaged in polemical divinity, and published some severe animadversions on Dr. Harwoods's recent translation of the New Testament. He also showed his fidelity to the cause of religion in a tract, entitled "Voltaire in the Shades; or Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy."

His greatest poetical undertaking was the translation of "The Lusiad," which he began in 1770, and finished in five years. For the sake of leisure and retirement, he gave up his situation at the Clarendon press, and resided at the house of a Mr. Tomkins, a farmer at Forest Hill, near Oxford. The English Lusiad was dedicated, by permission to the Duke of Buccleugh; but his Grace returned not the slightest notice or kindness to his ingenious countryman. Whatever might be the duke's reasons, good or bad, for this neglect, he was a man fully capable of acting on his own judgment; and there was no necessity for making any other person responsible for his conduct. But Mickle, or his friends, suspected that Adam Smith and David Hume had maliciously stood between him and the Buccleuch patronage. This was a mere suspicion, which our author and his friends ought either to have proved or suppressed. Mickle was indeed the declared antagonist of Hume; he had written against him, and could not hear his name mentioned with temper; but there is not the slightest evidence that the hatred was mutual. That Adam Smith should have done him a mean injury, no one will believe probable, who is acquainted with the traditional private character of that philosopher. But Mickle was also the antagonist of Smith's doctrines on political economy, as may be seen in his "Dissertation on the Charter of the East India Company." The author of the "Wealth of Nations," forsooth, was jealous of his opinions on monopolies! Even this paltry supposition is contradicted by dates, for Mickle's tract upon the subject of Monopolies was published several years after the preface to the Lusiad. Upon the whole, the suspicion of his philosophical enemies having poisoned the ear of the Duke of Buccleuch seems to have proceeded from the same irritable vanity, which made him threaten to celebrate Garrick

[* Mickle's facility of versification was so great, that, being a printer by profession, he frequently put his lines into type without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing; thus uniting the composition of the author with the mechanical operation which typographers call by the same name.—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Poet. Works*, vol. i. p. 70.]

as the hero of a second Dunciad when he refused to accept of his tragedy, "The Siege of Marseilles."*

Though the Lusiad had a tolerable sale, his circumstances still made his friends solicitous that he should obtain some settled provision. Dr. Lowth offered to provide for him in the church. He refused the offer with honourable delicacy, lest his former writings in favour of religion should be attributed to the prospect of reward. At length the friendship of his kinsman, Commodore Johnstone, relieved him from unsettled prospects. Being appointed to the command of a squadron destined for the coast of Portugal, he took out the translator of Camoens as his private secretary. Mickle was received with distinguished honours at Lisbon. The Duke of Braganza, in admitting him a member of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, presented him with his own picture.

He returned to England in 1780, with a considerable acquisition of prize-money, and was appointed an agent for the distribution of the prize profits of the cruise. His fortune now enabled him to discharge the debts of his early and mercantile life. He married the daughter of Mr. Tomkins, with whom he had resided while translating the Lusiad; and, with every prospect of spending the remainder of his life in affluence and tranquillity, purchased a house, and settled at Wheatley, near Oxford. So far his circumstances have almost the agreeable air of a concluding novel; but the failure of a banker with whom he was connected as prize agent, and a chancery suit in which he was involved, greatly diminished his finances, and disturbed the peace of his latter years. He died at Forest Hill, after a short illness.

His reputation principally rests upon the translation of the Lusiad, which no Englishman had attempted before him, except Sir Richard Fanshawe. Sir Richard's version is quaint, flat, and harsh; and he has interwoven many ridiculously conceited expressions which are foreign both to the spirit and style of his original; but in general it is closer than the modern translation to the literal meaning of Camoens. Altogether, Fanshawe's representation of the Portuguese poem may be compared to the wrong side of the tapestry. Mickle, on the other hand, is free, flowery, and periphrastical; he is incomparably more spirited than Fanshawe; but still he departs from the majestic simplicity of Camoens' diction as widely as Pope has done from that of Homer.† The sonorous and simple language of the Lusitanian epic is like the sound of a trumpet; and Mickle's imitation like the shakes and flourishes of the flute.

Although he was not responsible for the faults of the original, he has taken abundance of pains to defend them in his notes and preface. In this he has not been successful. The long lecture on geography and Portuguese history, which Gama delivers to the king of Melinda, is a wearisome interruption to the narrative; and the use of Pagan mythology is a radical and unanswerable defect. Mickle informs us as an apology for the latter circumstance, that all this Pagan machinery was allegorical, and that the gods and goddesses of Homer were allegorical also; an assertion which would require to be proved, before it can be admitted. Camoens himself has said something about his concealment of a moral meaning under his Pagan deities; but if he has any such morality, it is so well hidden that it is impossible to discover it. The Venus of the Lusiad, we are told, is Divine Love; and how is this Divine Love employed? For no other end than to give the poet an opportunity of displaying a scene of sensual gratification, an island is purposely raised up in the ocean; Venus conducts De Gama and his followers to this blessed spot, where a bevy of the nymphs of Venus are very good-naturedly prepared to treat them to their favours; not as a trial, but as a reward for their virtues! Voltaire was certainly justified in pronouncing this episode a piece of gratuitous indecency. In the same allegorical spirit no doubt, Bacchus, who opposes the Portuguese discoverers in the councils of Heaven, disguises himself as a Popish priest and celebrates the rites of the catholic religion. The imagination is somewhat puzzled to discover why Bacchus should be an enemy to the natives of a country, the soil of which is so productive of his beverage; and a friend to the Mahometans who forbid the use of it: although there is something amusing in the idea of the jolly god officiating as a Romish clergyman.

Mickle's story of Syr Martyn is the most

[* In the year 1769 I might have gone to the East Indies on very advantageous terms. I have a relation an India Director, and there are two others with whom I have great interest; I mean Johnstone and Dempster. My conduct in neglecting such advantages appears to some of my friends as absurd and spiritless;—but they mistake me. I am so far from disliking to venture abroad, that should I fail of poetical success, to the East Indies I will certainly go: and it was only in the hopes that my tragedy would enable me to indulge the strong bent of my inclinations, that in 1769 prevented me.—MICKLE *to T. Warton, Oxford, April* 18, 1771.]

† A happy example of this occurs in the description of De Gama's fleet anchoring by moonlight in the harbour of Mozambique.

"The moon, full orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave;
The snowy splendours of her modest ray
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and glistening play:
Around her, glittering on the Heavens' arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd stars enclosed in azure glow,
Thick as the dew drops in the April dawn,
Or May flowers crowding o'er the daisy lawn.
The canvas whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale-red the pendants gleam:
The mast's tall shadows tremble o'er the deep,
The peaceful lines a holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol, echoed from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose."

In this beautiful sea-piece, the circumstance of "the mast's tall shadow trembling o'er the deep," and of the "carol of the watchman echoed from the prows," are touches of the translator's addition. Mickle has, however, got more credit for improving the Lusiad than he deserves. [Camoens copied Homer in the above quotation, and Mickle had his eye intently fixed on Pope's translation of the passage.]

pleasing of his original pieces. The object of the narrative is to exhibit the degrading effects of concubinage, in the history of an amiable man, who is reduced to despondency and sottishness, under the dominion of a beldam and a slattern. The defect of the moral is, that the same evils might have happened to Syr Martin in a state of matrimony. The simplicity of the tale is also, unhappily, overlaid by a weight of allegory and of obsolete phraseology, which it has not importance to sustain. Such a style, applied to the history of a man and his housekeeper, is like building a diminutive dwelling in all the pomp of Gothic architecture.*

FROM "SYR MARTIN."

* * * *

"FLEET past the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

"But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilke foull disgrace,
And Kathrins bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent."

So spake the wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela soothd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamourd boy reviles.

Amazd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
"What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare."
"And need," quoth she, "need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends goodwill, my mothers care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your aunts fell spight, and wreakfull crueltie."

"My aunt!" quoth he, "forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,"
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face,
With prudish modestie, and sobd, "Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silken garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang thy babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all Hell to thee."

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
"And will my bond forefend thilke miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? housekeeper shalt thou be."—
An awful oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins blood debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. O sad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up, rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:
But whither will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching days declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to deserts cold and bare
The mazy paths betrays the giddy wight unware.

"Ah!" says the wizard, "what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!

[* Many of Mickle's old poems are in Evans' Old Ballads. "Perhaps," says Mr. Southey, "it would not yet be too late to discover other pieces of this very able writer which exist in the periodical publications of the day. The Old Bachelor, a poem of striking merit, which was reprinted in the Annual Anthology from the Town and Country Magazine, seems to bear the mark of his hands."—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 501.

Mickle was the author of that very beautiful song, "There's nae luck about the house," and, on his ballad of "Cumnor Hall," Scott founded his romance of "Kenilworth."—See SCOTT'S *Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. xvii. pp. 123–128.]

Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

"So the Canadian, traind in drery wastes
To chase the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the traders beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restrent,
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports unspent.

"Now fly the wassal seasons wingd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The springs green months ycharmd with cocking flee,
The jolly horse-race summers grand employ,
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy,
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

"Now round his dores ynaild on clogge of wood
Hang many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and delve and dale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you pale;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

"Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

"While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
As youthful spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway;
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

"Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went, [jolliment.
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her

"As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a luckless thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
The more he flutters still the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

"Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shows her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides, [divides.
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame

"On the greene banck a truant schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her merry play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

"Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain her deepest rock, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

"Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivlett bancks, with blushes coy
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy [dies!
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and
Aye me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise
Have left him now, involvd, his lemmans hapless prize.

"See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural elegance had placd
Her sweat retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefacd
Receivd new charms; ah, see, how foul disgracd
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-green has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside the dore.

"All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckld fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lily's stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie coucumbers on dung recline the head.

"The fragrant orchard, once the summers pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the dasied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or, where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they brede
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

"The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of natures steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had beene,
Is now a turnip-field and cow-yarde nothing cleane.

"An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives Thrift,
All this devisd for trim oeconomie;
But certes ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

"Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet sparing though she beene her guests emong,
Ought by herself that she mote gormondise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

"Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise [ill;
The knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment
Eke versd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though uselesse, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchased still.

"His tenants whilhom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

"Ah, happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the dewy green;
But now in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

"For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name:
Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires plowd [with fame,
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd
From Cressie field the knights old grandsire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

"But now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of laws sterne rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall:
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full sore
Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before.

"Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy withcraft too secure may be!
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo manly sense, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-browd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

"Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthless bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deffly can:
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains;
So toils the powerlesse knight beneath his servile chains.

"His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleased Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game;
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just claim.

"Now mortgage follows mortgage; cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall;
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall."
So spake the seer, and prompt the scene obey'd his call.

"See," quoth the wizard, "how with faltering mien,
And discomposd, yon stranger he receives;
Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay;
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

"A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat grief, and pale disease. The poor mans wrong
Affects the knight: his inmost harts desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confusd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his tongue.

"See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his lemmans will,
Watchful the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain.
From him even pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
While manlie honour frowns on his unmanly stain.

"Let other scenes now rise," the wizard said:
He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.
"See there," quoth he, "the knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learnd repose:
An auncient song its manly joys bestows:
The melting passion of the nutt-browne mayde
Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind faire, and wooes the lovely shade.

"Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banished love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
'O, Heaven!' he sighs, 'what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this!'—But instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His lemman thonders, 'Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man, before she bees his bride!

"'And must some lemman of a whiffling song
Delight your fancy?' she disdainful cries;
When straight her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies;
Him chiefe in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn will.

"Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as half aswoon [sed.
The knight stares round; yet good nor bad he
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies: [fled,
His present peace and ease mote chance have
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous wise,
As from himself he hopd his grief and shame disguise.

"Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with herdiefest companie,
A rude unletterd herd! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame;
And still anon the flask of ratifie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame."

NATHANIEL COTTON.

[Born, 1707. Died, 1788.]

NATHANIEL COTTON was a physician, who paid particular attention to the subject of mental disorders; and kept a receptacle for insane patients at St. Albans. Cowper was for some time under his care.

THE FIRESIDE.*

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtne every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

[* Cotton's well-known stanzas entitled *The Fireside*, still hold, and are likely to retain, a place in popular selections."—SOUTHEY, *Life of Cowper*, vol. i. p. 143.

A poem like this, which depends altogether upon its truthfulness, should have nothing to do with Chloe or with Hymen.]

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Of this American poet I am sorry to be able to give the British reader no account. I believe his personal history is as little known as his poetry on this side of the Atlantic.

FROM HIS "CONQUEST OF CANAAN," BOOK V.

LOND. REPRINTED 1788.

DEATH OF IRAD, AND LAMENTATION OF SELIMA OVER HIS BODY.

Mid countless warrior's Irad's limbs were spread,
Even there distinguish'd from the vulgar dead;
Fair as the spring, and bright as rising day,
His snowy bosom open'd as he lay:
From the deep wound a little stream of blood
In silence fell, and on the javelin glow'd.
Grim Jabin, frowning o'er his hapless head,
Deap in his bosom plunged the cruel blade;
Foes even in death his vengeance ne'er forgave,
But hail'd their doom insatiate as the grave;
No worth, no bravery, could his rage disarm,
Nor smiling love could melt, nor beauty warm.

But now th' approaching clarions' dreadful sound
Denounces flight, and shakes the banner'd ground.
From clouded plains increasing thunders rise,
And drifted volumes roll along the skies;
At once the chief commands th' unnumber'd throng,
Like gathering tempests darkly pour'd along;
High on the winds, unfurl'd in purple pride,
The imperial standard cast the view aside;
A hero there sublimely seem'd to stand,
To point the conquest, and the flight command;
In arms of burnish'd gold the warrior shone,
And waved and brighten'd in the falling sun.

* * * *

But now sublime, in crimson triumph borne,
The sacred standard mock'd th' etherial morn;
Wide on the winds its waving splendours flow'd,
And call'd the warriors from the distant wood.
Behind great Joshua, Hazor's sons to dare,
Pours the bold thousands to the western war;
Beyond Ai's wall the less'ning heathen train
In well-form'd squadrons cross the distant plain;
Part still in sight their shady files extend,
Part fill the wood, and part the hills ascend;
To cease from toil the prudent chief commands,
And balmy quiet soothes the wearied bands.

Half lost in mountain groves the sun's broad ray
Shower'd a full splendour round his evening way.
Slow Joshua strode the lovely youth to find,
Th' unwilling bands more slowly moved behind.
Soon as the matchless form arose to view,
O'er their sad faces shone the sorrowing dew:
Silent they stood; to speak the leader tried,
But the choked accents on his palate died—
His bleeding bosom beat. * * * *

"Ah! best and bravest of thy race," he said,
And gently raised the pale reclining head,
"Lost are thy matchless charms; thy glory gone,
Gone is the glory which thy hand hath won.
In vain on thee thy nation cast her eyes,
In vain with joy beheld thy light arise,
In vain she wish'd thy sceptre to obey."

* * * *

Borne by six chiefs, in silence o'er the plain,
Fair Irad moved; before the mournful train
Great Joshua's arm sustain'd his sword and shield.
Th' affected thousands length'ning through the field;
When, crown'd with flow'rs, the maidens at her side,
With gentle steps advanced great Caleb's pride;
Her snowy hand, inspired by restless love,
Of the lone wild-rose two rich wreaths inwove,
Fresh in her hands the flowers rejoiced to bloom,
And round the fair one shed a mild perfume.
O'er all the train her active glances roved,
She gazed, and gazing miss'd the youth she loved,
Some dire mischance her boding heart divined,
And thronging terrors fill'd her anxious mind.
As near the host her quick'ning footsteps drew,
The breathless hero met her trembling view!
From her chill'd hand the headlong roses fell,
And life's gay beauty bade her cheeks farewell,
And sunk to earth.

* * * *

With anguish Caleb saw her faded charms,
And caught the favourite in his hast'ning arms
Revived, with piercing voice that froze his soul,
She forced the big round tear unwish'd to roll:
By all his love besought him soon to lead
Where cruel friendship snatch'd the lovely dead.
In vain the chief his anguish strove to hide,
Sighs rent his breast and chill'd the vital tide.

To Joshua then, whose heart beside her mourn'd
With gaze of keen distress the charmer turn'd.
"Oh! generous chief, to misery ever kind,
Thou lovest my sire—support his sinking mind.
Thy friendly wish delights to lessen woe,
See how his tears for fallen Irad flow.
He claims thy friendship—Generous hero! see,
Lost to himself, his fondness bleeds for me.

To view the hapless youth distress'd, he fears
Would wound my soul, and force too copious tears;
But lead—Oh! lead me where the youth is borne—
Calm is my heart, nor will my bosom mourn;
So cold that heart it yields no pitying sigh;
And see, no tear bedews this marbled eye!

She said; * * * * reclined
On Joshua's arm, she forced his melting mind.
Pressing her hand, he traced a gentle way,
Where breathless Irad, lost in slumbers, lay.
From the pale face his chilling hand withdrew
The decent veil, and gave the youth to view.
Fix'd o'er the form with solemn gaze she hung,
And strong deep sighs burst o'er her frozen tongue.
On Joshua then she cast a wistful look—
Wild was her tearless eye, and rolling spoke
Anguish unutterable—thrice she tried
To vent her woes, and thrice her efforts died.
At length, in accents of ecstatic grief,
Her voice, bewilder'd, gave her heart relief.

"Is this the doom we dread? Is this to die!
To sleep, to feel no more, to close the eye?
Slight is the change—how vain the childish fear
That trembles and recoils when death is near.
I too, methinks, would share the peaceful doom,
And seek a calm repose in Irad's tomb.
This breath, I know, this useless breath must fail,
These eyes be darken'd, and this face grow pale—
But thou art pale, O youth! thy lot I crave,
And every grief shall vanish in the grave!"

She ceased: the tender chief without delay,
Soft pressing, kindly forced her steps away.
Slow toward the camp with solemn pace they drew.
The corse moves on, the mournful bands pursue.
Unnumber'd tears their hapless fate bewail,
And voice to voice resounds the dreadful tale.
Unhappy, to their tents the host retired,
And gradual o'er the mountains day expired.

—•—

FROM THE SAME.

Prediction made by the angel to Joshua of the future discovery and happiness of America—and of the Millennium.

Far o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
Where seas and skies in blue confusion blend:
Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heav'n design'd
The last retreat for poor oppress'd mankind;
Form'd with that pomp which marks the hand divine,
And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumber'd shine.
Here spacious plains in solemn grandeur spread,
Here cloudy forests cast eternal shade;
Rich valleys wind, the sky-tall mountains brave,
And inland seas for commerce spread the wave.
With nobler floods the sea-like rivers roll,
And fairer lustre purples round the pole.
Here, warm'd by happy suns, gay mines unfold
The useful iron and the lasting gold;
Pure, changing gems in silence learn to glow,
And mock the splendours of the covenant bow.
On countless hills, by savage footsteps trod,
That smile to see the future harvest nod,
In glad succession plants unnumber'd bloom,
And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume.
Hence life once more a length of days shall claim,
And health, reviving, light her purple flame.

Far from all realms this world imperial lies,
Seas roll between, and threat'ning tempests rise.
Alike removed beyond ambition's pale,
And the bold pinions of the vent'rous sail;
Till circling years the destined period bring,
And a new Moses lift the daring wing;
Through trackless seas an unknown flight explores,
And hails a new Canaan's promised shores.

On yon far strand behold that little train
Ascending vent'rous o'er the unmeasured main;
No dangers fright, no ills the course delay,
'Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the way.
Speed—speed, ye sons of truth! let Heav'n befriend,
Let angels waft you, and let peace attend.
Oh! smile, thou sky serene; ye storms, retire;
And airs of Eden every sail inspire.
Swift o'er the main behold the canvas fly,
And fade and fade beneath the farthest sky:
See verdant fields the changing waste unfold;
See sudden harvest dress the plains in gold;
In lofty walls the moving rocks ascend,
And dancing woods to spires and temples bend.
Meantime, expanding o'er earth's distant ends,
Lo, Slavery's gloom in sable pomp ascends!
Far round each eastern clime her volumes roll,
And pour deep shading to the sadden'd pole.
How the world droops beneath the fearful blast,
The plains all wither'd, and the skies o'ercast.
* * * *

Benumb'd and fix'd the palsied soul expires,
Blank'd all its views, and quench'd its living fires:
In clouds of boundless shade the scenes decay,
Land after land departs, and nature fades away.

In that dread hour, beneath auspicious skies,
To nobler bliss yon western world shall rise;
Unlike all former realms by war that stood,
And saw the guilty throne ascend in blood:
Here union'd choice shall form a rule divine,
Here countless lands in one great system join;
The sway of law, unbroke, unrivall'd grow,
And bid her blessings every land o'erflow.
* * * *

Here empire's last and brightest throne shall rise,
And Peace, and Right, and Freedom greet the skies.
To morn's fair realms her trading ships shall sail,
Or lift their canvas to the evening gale.
In wisdom's walks her sons ambitious soar,
Tread starry fields, and untried scenes explore.
And hark! what strange, what solemn breaking strain
Swells wildly murm'ring o'er the far, far main!
Down Time's long less'ning vale the notes decay,
And, lost in distant ages, roll away.

JAMES WHYTE.

SIMILE.

FROM A COLLECTION OF POEMS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN, 1789. EDITED BY MR. GRADERERY.

You say, sir, once a wit allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

Grant me to mimic human life—
The sun and moon are man and wife:
Whate'er kind Sol affords to lend her,
Is squander'd upon midnight splendour;
And when to rest he lays him down,
She's up, and stared at through the town.

From him her beauties close confining,
And only in his absence shining;
Or else she looks like sullen tapers;
Or else she's fairly in the vapours;
Or owns at once a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in opposition.

Say, are not these a modish pair,
Where each for other feels no care!
Whole days in separate coaches driving,
Whole nights to keep asunder striving;
Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying once a month together.
In one sole point unlike the case is,
On her own head the horns she places.

THOMAS WARTON.

[Born, 1728. Died, 1790.]

Thomas Warton was descended from an ancient family, whose residence was at Beverly, in Yorkshire. One of his ancestors was knighted in the civil wars, for his adherence to Charles I.; but by the failure of the same cause, the estate of the family was confiscated, and they were unable to maintain the rank of gentry. The toryism of the historian of English poetry was, therefore, hereditary. His father was fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford; professor of poetry in that university; and vicar of Basingstoke, in Hants, and of Cobham, in Surrey. At the age of sixteen, our author was admitted a commoner of Trinity college, Oxford, of which he continued a member, and an ornament, for forty-seven years. His first poetical appearance in print has been traced to five eclogues in blank verse; the scenes of which are laid among the shepherds, oppressed by the wars in Germany. They appeared in Pearch's "Supplement to Dodsley's Collection of Fugitive Pieces." Warton disavowed those eclogues in his riper years. They are not discreditable to him as the verses of a boy; but it was a superfluous offering to the public, to subjoin them to his other works, in Mr. Chalmers' edition of the British Poets.* His poem, "The Pleasures of Melancholy," was written not long after. As the composition of a youth, it is entitled to a very indulgent consideration; and perhaps it gives promise of a sensibility, which his subsequent poetry did not fulfil. It was professedly written in his seventeenth, but published in his nineteenth year, so that it must be considered as testifying the state of his genius at the latter period; for until his work had passed through the press, he would continue to improve it. In the year 1749, he published his "Triumph of Isis," in answer to Mason's poetical attack on the loyalty of Oxford. The best passage in this piece, beginning with the lines,

> "Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
> Ye towers, that wear the mossy vest of time,

discovers that fondness for the beauties of architecture, which was an absolute passion in the breast of Warton. Joseph Warton relates, that, at an early period of their youth, his brother and he were taken by their father to see Windsor Castle.† Old Dr. Warton complained, that whilst the rest of the party expressed delight at the magnificent spectacle, Thomas made no remarks; but Joseph Warton justly observes, that the silence of his brother was only a proof of the depth of his pleasure; that he was really absorbed in the enjoyment of the sight: and that his subsequent fondness for "*castle imagery*," he believed, might be traced to the impression which he then received from Windsor Castle.

In 1750 he took the degree of a master of arts; and in the following year succeeded to a fellowship. In 1754 he published his "Observations

[* Mr. Southey in his review of Chalmers' collection, is of a different opinion. "A valuable addition is made," he says, "to T. Warton's works, by the discovery of five pastoral eclogues, the scenes of which are made among the shepherds oppressed by the war in Germany. They were published in 1745, and ascribed to him on the competent authority of Isaac Reed. They are certainly remarkable productions for a youth of eighteen."—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 501.]

[† See the father's poem upon viewing Windsor Castle, ante, p. 446.]

on Spenser's Faery Queen," in a single volume, which he afterward expanded into two volumes, in the edition of 1762. In this work he minutely analyses the Classic and Romantic sources of Spenser's fiction; and so far enables us to estimate the power of the poet's genius, that we can compare the scattered ore of his fanciful materials, with their transmuted appearance in the Faery Queen. This work, probably, contributed to his appointment to the professorship of poetry, in the university, in 1757, which he held, according to custom, for ten years. While possessed of that chair, he delivered a course of lectures on poetry, in which he introduced his translations from the Greek Anthology, as well as the substance of his remarks on the Bucolic poetry of the Greeks, which were afterward published in his edition of Theocritus. In 1758 he assisted Dr. Johnson in the Idler, with Nos. 33, 93, and 96. About the same time, he published, without name or date, "A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester," and a humorous account of Oxford, intended to burlesque the popular description of that place, entitled, "A Companion to the Guide, or a Guide to the Companion." He also published anonymously in 1758, "A Selection of Latin Metrical Inscriptions."

Warton's clerical profession forms no very prominent part of his history. He had an indistinct and hurried articulation, which was peculiarly unfavourable to his pulpit oratory. His ambition was directed to other objects than preferment in the church, and he was above solicitation. After having served the curacy of Woodstock for nine years, as well as his avocations would permit, he was appointed, in 1774, to the small living of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire; and, in 1785, to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, by his own college.

The great work to which the studies of his life were subservient, was his "History of English Poetry," an undertaking which had been successively projected by Pope and Gray. Those writers had suggested the imposing plan of arranging the British poets, not by their chronological succession, but by their different schools. Warton deliberately relinquished this scheme; because he felt that it was impracticable, except in a very vague and general manner. Poetry is of too spiritual a nature, to admit of its authors being exactly grouped, by a Linnæan system of classification. Striking resemblances and distinctions will, no doubt, be found among poets; but the shades of variety and gradation are so infinite, that to bring every composer within a given line of resemblance, would require a new language in the philosophy of taste. Warton, therefore, adopted the simpler idea of tracing our poetry by its chronological progress. The work is certainly provokingly digressive, in many places, and those who have subsequently examined the same subject have often complained of its inaccuracies; but the chief cause of those inaccuracies was that boldness and extent of research, which makes the work so useful and entertaining. Those who detected his mistakes have been, in no small degree, indebted to him for their power of detecting them. The first volume of his History appeared in 1774; the second in 1778; and the third in 1781. Of the fourth volume only a few sheets were printed; and the account of our poetry, which he meant to have extended to the last century, was continued only to the reign of Elizabeth.*

In the year 1785, he was appointed to the Camden Professorship of History, in which situation he delivered only one inaugural dissertation. In the same year, upon the death of Whitehead, he received the laureateship. His odes were subjected to the ridicule of the Rolliad; but his head filled the laurel with more learning than it had encompassed for 100 years.

In his sixty-second year, after a life of uninterrupted good health, he was attacked by the gout; went to Bath for a cure, and returned, as he imagined, perfectly recovered; but his appearance betrayed that his constitution had received a fatal shock. At the close of an evening, which he had spent with more than ordinary cheerfulness, in the common-hall of his college, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and expired on the following day.

Some amusing eccentricities of his character are mentioned by the writer of his life, (Dr. Mant,) which the last editor of the British Poets† blames that biographer for introducing. I am far from joining in this censure. It is a miserable system of biography, that would never allow us to smile at the foibles and peculiarities of its subject. The historian of English poetry would sometimes forget his own dignity, so far as to drink ale, and smoke tobacco with men of vulgar condition; either wishing, as some have gravely alleged, to study undisguised and unlettered human nature, or, which is more probable, to enjoy a heartier laugh, and broader humour than could be found in polite society. He was also passionately fond (not of critical, but) of military reviews and delighted in martial music. The same strength of association which made him enjoy the sound of "*the spirit-stirring drum*," led him to be a constant and curious explorer of the architectural monuments of chivalrous times; and during his summer excursions into the country, he always committed to paper the remarks which he had

[* As Warton's plan excluded the drama, his work very ill merited its title of a History of English Poetry. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, where Shakspeare and Spenser are omitted, is not a greater misnomer. Such has been the effect of Warton's plan that no collection of our poets has ever included even a portion of the drama; and till Mr. Campbell selected his, there were no Specimens where they were: always excepting the Elegant Extracts, and Mr. Lamb's tasteful Selections, which is scarce an instance in point.]

[† The late Alexander Chalmers. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Campbell were to have edited this collection; which fell, as many a noble project has done, into the hands of a mere hack in literature; not destitute of knowledge, but without the means of using it properly, and without taste. —*See Lockhart's Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 240, 2d ed.]

make on ancient buildings. During his visits to his brother, Dr. J. Warton, the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the schoolboys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen; and has been dragged from thence by the Doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance.

Every Englishman who values the literature of his country, must feel himself obliged to Warton as a poetical antiquary. As a poet, he is ranked by his brother Joseph in the school of Spenser and Milton; but this classification can only be admitted with a full understanding of the immense distance between him and his great masters. He had, indeed, "spelt the fabled rhyme;" he abounds in allusions to the romantic subjects of Spenser, and he is a sedulous imitator of the rich lyrical manner of Milton: but of the tenderness and peculiar harmony of Spenser he has caught nothing; and in his resemblance to Milton, he is the heir of his phraseology more than of his spirit. His imitation of manner, however, is not confined to Milton. His style often exhibits a composite order of poetical architecture. In his verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance, he blends the point and succinctness of Pope, with the richness of the elder and more fanciful school. It is one of his happiest compositions; and, in this case, the intermixture of styles has no unpleasing effect. In others, he often tastelessly and elaborately unites his affectation of antiquity, with the case-hardened graces of modern polish.

If we judge of him by the character of the majority of his pieces, I believe that fifty out of sixty of them are such, that we should not be anxious to give them a second perusal. From that proportion of his works, I conceive that an unprejudiced reader would pronounce him a florid, unaffecting describer, whose images are plentifully scattered, but without selection or relief. To confine our view, however, to some seven or eight of his happier pieces, we shall find, in these, a considerable degree of graphic power, of fancy, and animation. His "Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds" are splendid and spirited. There is also a softness and sweetness in his ode entitled "The Hamlet," which is the more welcome, for being rare in his productions; and his "Crusade," and "Grave of Arthur," have a genuine air of martial and minstrel enthusiasm. Those pieces exhibit, to the best advantage, the most striking feature of his poetical character, which was a fondness for the recollections of chivalry, and a minute intimacy of imagination with its gorgeous residences, and imposing spectacles. The spirit of chivalry, he may indeed be said, to have revived in the poetry of modern times. His memory was richly stored with all the materials for description that can be got from books: and he seems not to have been without an original enthusiasm for those objects which excite strong associations of regard and wonder. Whether he would have ever looked with interest on a shepherd's cottage, if he had not found it described by Virgil or Theocritus, may be fairly doubted; but objects of terror, splendour and magnificence, are evidently congenial to his fancy. He is very impressive in sketching the appearance of an ancient Gothic castle, in the following lines:

> "High o'er the trackless heath, at midnight seen,
> No more the windows, ranged in long array,
> (Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
> Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray."

His memory was stored with an uncommon portion of that knowledge which supplies materials for picturesque description; and his universal acquaintance with our poets supplied him with expression, so as to answer the full demand of his original ideas. Of his poetic invention, in the fair sense of the word, of his depth of sensibility, or of his powers of reflection, it is not so easy to say any thing favourable.*

VERSES ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW, AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combined,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
For long enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I loved to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould:
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.
But chief, enraptured have I loved to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where Superstition with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathèd window plann'd,
With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;

[* In the best of Warton's poems there is a stiffness which too often gives them the appearance of imitations from the Greek.—Coleridge.

Thomas Warton has sent me his "Inscriptions," which

To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The cave of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!
Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again;
To truth, by no peculiar taste confined,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.
Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard;
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye Colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The Willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Beneath this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreathes to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THE HAMLET.

AN ODE.

THE hinds how bless'd, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE SUICIDE.

AN ODE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy mead
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A Slayer of himself holds his accursed abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involved the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late, aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stored with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguiled,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refined,
And roused to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?

Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions [brought.

What though refused each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his [knell.

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention [took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds [confine.

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Woe:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the embattled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted [form.

"Vain Man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation placed,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of [death."

THE CRUSADE.

AN ODE.

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:
From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then, with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.
"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm.
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown;
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!
With many a demon pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.

Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine!
Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
Our Cross with crimson wove and gold!"

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

AN ODE.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepared to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof:
A thousand torches flamed aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice,
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme.
"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
On Tintaggel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue:
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:
On a rich inchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she waved an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains closed around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn,)
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore."
They ceased: when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffused a soften'd fire,
And thus he waked the warbling wire.
"Listen, Henry, to my rede!
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-robed Tradition, to relate
In forgèd colours Arthur's fate;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-enveloped Clyder's head;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.
"When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's tower'd fane,

In the fair vale of Avalon:*
There, with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stolèd fathers met the bier;
Through the dim aisles in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's vail its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when Conquest has restored
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith: thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pikemen win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:†
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue."

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

[Born, 1721. Died, 1791.]

Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan, in Dumfriesshire, where his father was a bricklayer. Before he was six months old he was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox. From an early age he discovered a fondness for listening to books, especially to those in poetry; and by the kindness of his friends and relations, he acquired a slight acquaintance with the Latin tongue, and with some of the popular English classics. He began also, when very young, to compose verses; and some of these having been shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician of the Scottish capital, the doctor benevolently took him to Edinburgh, where Blacklock improved his knowledge of Latin, and completed his studies at the university. The publication of his poems excited a general interest in his favour, and Professor Spence, of Oxford, having prefixed to them an account of his life and character, a second edition of them was liberally encouraged in London. In 1759, he was licensed as a preacher of the Scottish church. He soon afterward married a Miss Johnston, a very worthy, but homely woman; whose beauty, however, he was accustomed to extol with an ecstasy that

[* Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley of Avalonia.]

[† The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, the Fair-haired King of Norway, is said to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.]

made his friends regard his blindness, as, in one instance, no misfortune. By the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, he was presented to the living of Kirkcudbright; but in consequence of the violent objections that were made by the parishioners to having a blind man for their clergyman, he resigned the living, and accepted of a small annuity in its stead. With this slender provision he returned to Edinburgh, and subsisted, for the rest of his life, by taking young gentlemen as boarders in his house, whom he occasionally assisted in their studies.

He published an interesting article on Blindness in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and a work entitled "Paraclesis, or Consolations of Religion," in two dissertations, the one original, the other translated from a work which has been sometimes ascribed to Cicero, but which is more generally believed to have been written by Vigonius of Padua. He died of a nervous fever, at the age of seventy.

Blacklock was a gentle and social being, but prone to melancholy; probably more from constitution than from the circumstance of his blindness, which he so often and so deeply deplores. From this despondent disposition, he sought refuge in conversation and music. He was a tolerable performer on the flute, and used to carry a flageolet in his pocket, on which he was not displeased to be solicited for a tune.

His verses are extraordinary for a man blind from his infancy; but Mr. Henry Mackenzie, in his elegant biographical account of him, has certainly over-rated his genius; and when Mr. Spence, of Oxford, submitted Blacklock's descriptive powers as a problem for metaphysicians to resolve, he attributed to his writings a degree of descriptive strength which they do not possess. Denina* carried exaggeration to the utmost when he declared that Blacklock would seem a fable to posterity, as he had been a prodigy to his contemporaries. It is no doubt curious that his memory should have retained so many forms of expression for things which he had never seen; but those who have conversed with intelligent persons who have been blind from their infancy, must have often remarked in them a familiarity of language respecting the objects of vision which, though not easy to be accounted for, will be found sufficiently common to make the rhymes of Blacklock appear far short of marvellous. Blacklock, on more than one occasion, betrays something like marks of blindness.†

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind;
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!
By self the fop in magic colours shown,
Though scorn'd by every eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flattering shade.
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me display.
Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes;
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
"See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way."
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But, thanks to nature! none from me need fly;
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
Yet, though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:
For, as some vessel toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves and rocks from side to side;
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view and not be forced to love?
Hail! charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd,
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next, I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire;
Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
These careless lines, if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a generous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inspired by frogs or mice;

* In his Discorso della Literatura.

[† Blacklock's poetry sleeps secure in undisturbed mediocrity, and Blacklock himself is best remembered from Johnson's *reverential look* and the influence a letter of his had upon the fate and fortunes of Burns.]

Cry, "Save us, heaven! a spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch or interpose her fan:
If I my tender overture repeat;
Oh! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow!

ODE TO AURORA, ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from Heaven night's envious shade
That I once more may, pleased, survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The Hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around th' expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All Heaven's vast concave flames with light;
So, when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye:
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

[Born, 1745. Died, 1791.]

He was educated at Eton, and from thence was elected to King's college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts, and of doctor in divinity. From being an under-master at Eton he finally rose to be provost of the college, in the year 1781. He was also chaplain to the king, and rector of Farnham Royal, in Buckinghamshire. In 1771 he published, in three parts, "A Poetical Essay on the Attributes and Providence of the Deity." Two years afterward, "A Poetical Epistle to Christopher Anstey, on the English Poets, chiefly those who had written in blank verse;" and in 1774, his poem of "Judah Restored," a work of no common merit.

FROM "JUDAH RESTORED."

BOOK I.

The subject proposed—State of the Jews in Captivity—Character of Belshazzar—Feast of Baal—Daniel visited by the Angel Gabriel.

The fall of proud Belshazzar, the return
Of Benjamin, and Judah, captive tribes,
I sing. Spirit of God, who to the eyes
Of holy seers in vision didst reveal
Events far distant; thou who once didst touch
Their lips with heavenly fire, and tune their harps
To strains sublimer than the Tuscan stream
Caught from his Latian bards, or echoed round
The wide Ægean from Ionia's shore,
Inspire my soul; bless'd spirit, aid my song.

The sun full seventy times had pass'd the realm
Of burning Scorpius, and was hastening down
The steep convex of heaven, since Babylon
Received her mourning prisoners. Savage taunts,
And the rude insult of their barbarous lords,
Embitter all their woe. Meanwhile the Law,
Proclaim'd on Horeb's top, neglected lies;
Nor kid, nor evening lamb, nor heifer bleeds,
Nor incense smokes, nor holy Levite claims
Choice fruits, and rich oblations. On the trees,
That o'er the waters bend, their untuned harps,
Harps which their fathers struck to festal hymns,
Hang useless. 'Twas the hill, 'twas Sion's hill,
Which yet Jehovah loved. There once he dwelt;
There stood his temple; there from side to side
The cherub stretch'd his wings, and from the cloud
Beam'd bright celestial radiance. Thence, though
In early childhood to a stranger's land, [driven
Or born sad heirs of slavery, still they cast
An anxious look from Perath's willowy vale,
Toward Jordan, sacred stream; and when the sun
Sunk in the west, with eager eye pursued
His parting beams; and pointed to the place,
Where from their sight the faint horizon hid.
Those hills, which round deserted Salem's walls
Stood like a bulwark. And as some tired hart,
Driven by keen hunters o'er the champain wild,
Pants for the running brook, so long the tribes
Of captive Judah for their native clime,
Again to sing the strains of Jesse's son,
Again to raise a temple to their God.

But, oh! what hope, what prospect of return,
While fierce Belshazzar reigns! He, undismay'd
Though hostile banners stream near Babel's towers,
Round his gall'd prisoners binds the griping chain,
And scoffs at Judah's God. Even now a shout
Is heard through every street, and with loud voice
Arioch, an herald tall, proclaims a feast
To Bel. Chaldæan idol; and commands
That when the morrow dawns, soon as is heard
The sound of cornet, dulcimer, and harp,

Sackbut, and psaltery, each knee be bent
Before the mighty dragon. Silent stand,
With eyes dejected, Solyma's sad sons.
Shall they comply? but will Jehovah then
E'er lead them back to Canaan, pleasant land?
Shall they refuse? but who, oh! who shall check
Belshazzar's waken'd wrath? who shall endure
The burning cauldron, or what lingering death
The tyrant's cruel vengeance may devise?
Thus they irresolute wait the fatal hour.
Now night invests the pole: wrapt is the world
In awful silence; not a voice is heard,
Nor din of arms, nor sound of distant foot,
Through the still gloom. Euphrates lulls his waves,
Which sparkle to the moon's reflected beam;
Nor does one sage from Babylon's high towers
Descry the planets, or the fix'd, and mark
Their distance or their number. Sunk to rest,
With all her horrors of the morrow's doom,
Lies Sion's captive daughter: sleep, soft sleep,
His dusky mantle draws o'er every eye.
But not on Daniel's unpillow'd head
One opiate dew-drop falls. Much he revolves
Dark sentences of old; much pious zeal
For great Jehovah's honour fires his soul;
And thus, with lifted hands, the prophet cries.
"Father of truth, and mercy, thou whose arm
Even from the day when Abraham heard thy voice,
Stretch'd o'er thy chosen race, protects us still,
Though now awhile thou suffer us to groan
Beneath a tyrant's yoke; when, gracious Lord,
Oh when shall we return? Oh when again
Shall Siloa's banks, and Sion's holy top,
Be vocal with thy name? Said not thy seer,
When seventy tedious moons had twelve times waned,
We should again be free? Behold, the day
Approaches. God of Israel, hath ought changed
Thine everlasting counsel? wilt thou leave
Thy people yet in sad captivity,
And join thy prophet with the despised tribe
Of Babel's false diviners? Not to thee,
But to great Bel, Chaldæa's frantic priests
Waft clouds of incense. Soon as morning dawns,
With shouts the noisy revellers will proclaim
The triumph of their God; nor will they cease
To rouse their monarch's rage, should Judah dare
Resist his impious edict. Then, oh then,
God of our fathers, rise; and in that day,
Even before night, whose vaulted arch now shines
With clustering stars, shall visit earth again,
Confound their horrid rites, and show some sign
That yet again thy prisoners shall be free."
He spake, and sudden heard a rushing noise,
As when a north-west gale comes hovering round
Some cape, the point of spacious continent,
Or in the Indian or Pacific main;
The sailor hears it whistling in his shrouds,
And bids it hail. Bright as the summer's noon
Shone all the earth. Before the prophet stood
Gabriel, seraphic form; graceful his port,
Mild was his eye; yet such as might command
Reverence, and sacred awe, by purest love
Soften'd, but not impair'd. In waving curls
O'er his arch'd neck his golden tresses hung;
And on his shoulders two broad wings were placed,
Wings, which when closed, drew up in many a fold,
But, when extended to their utmost length,
Were twice ten cubits. Two of smaller size
Came shadowing round his feet, with which he trod
The elastic air, and walk'd o'er buoyant space,
As on firm ground. A tunic braced his limbs,
Blanch'd in the fields of light; and round his waist
Was clasp'd an azure zone, with lucid stars
All studded, like that circle broad which cuts
The equator, burning line. The astonish'd seer
With low obeisance bow'd his hoary head,
While thus in voice benign the cherub spake.
"Servant of God, that prayer was not unheard
In heaven. I caught it, as before the throne
I stood, within the emerald bow, and, mix'd
With fragrant incense, offer'd it to him,
The white-robed Ancient of eternal days,
Even on his golden altar. Forthwith sent
To thee, with speed impetuous, swifter far
Than travels light's meridian beam, through realms
Of space, studded with worlds, which neither thought
Of mortal can conceive, nor numbers count,
I come, God's messenger. Not twice the morn
Shall dawn, ere all the woes which Salem felt
Shall fall on Babylon. This, this is he,
Whose streamers now round these devoted towers
Wave to the western wind, whom God hath raised
His instrument of vengeance. Twice hath pass'd
A century, since him the prophet styled
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed. He shall say,
Cities of Judah, rise! He shall command,
And Solyma's unpeopled streets again
Shall throng with busy multitudes. To him
In vision, or in dream, shall God reveal
His secret purpose; or what other way
His power shall mould the victor's ductile will
To execute his promise. One day more
Shall proud Chaldæa triumph. In that day
Let not a knee in Benjamin be bow'd
Save to Jehovah. What though cruel pride
Inflame Belshazzar's soul! what though his wrath
Torments unknown prepare; a sign from Heaven
Shall blast each vain device, a sign obscure,
But terrible. Ask not what; for in that hour
Shall beam celestial knowledge on thy soul,
And thou shalt read the mystic characters
Of dark futurity. Fear not his frown;
But in the sight of his assembled peers
Hurl bold defiance at his throne; and speak
As fits a prophet of the living God."
He spake, nor ended here; but to the seer
Matters of import high disclosed, which lay
Deep in the womb of time. "And these," he cried,
"Record to distant ages, but conceal
My present errand." Daniel prepared
Obedient answer; but before he spake,
Gabriel had furl'd his wings, and now had reach'd
The middle space 'twixt earth, and highest heaven.

FROM THE SAME.

Procession of the Chaldeans to the Temple of Belus—Refusal of the Jews to worship the Idol—Rage of Belshazzar—The hand-writing on the wall of his palace—Daniel's prophecy.

Now Morn, with rosy-colour'd finger, raised
The sable pall, which provident Night had thrown
O'er mortals, and their works, when every street,
Straight or transverse, that toward Euphrates turns
Its sloping path, resounds with festive shouts,
And teems with busy multitudes, which press
With zeal impetuous to the towering fane
Of Bel, Chaldæan Jove; surpassing far
That Doric temple, which the Elean chiefs
Raised to their thunderer from the spoils of war,
Or that Ionic, where the Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of eastern pride
And slavish superstition. Round, a scale
Of circling steps entwines the conic pile;
And at the bottom on vast hinges grate
Four brazen gates, toward the four winds of heaven
Placed in the solid square. Hither at once
Come flocking all the sons of Babylon,
Chaldæan or Assyrian; but retire
With humblest awe, while through their marshall'd ranks
Stalks proud Belshazzar. From his shoulders flows
A robe, twice steep'd in rich Sidonian hues,
Whose skirts, embroider'd with meand'ring gold,
Sweep o'er the marble pavement. Round his neck
A broad chain glitters, set with richest gems,
Ruby, and amethyst. The priests come next,
With knives, and lancets arm'd; two thousand sheep
And twice two thousand lambs stand bleating round,
Their hungry god's repast: six loaded wains
With wine, and frankincense, and finest flour,
Move slowly. Then advance a gallant band,
Provincial rulers, counsellors and chiefs,
Judges and princes: from their essenced hair
Steam rich perfumes, exhaled from flower or herb,
Assyrian spices: last, the common train
Of humbler citizens. A linen vest
Enfolds their limbs; o'er which a robe of wool
Is clasp'd, while yet a third hangs white as snow,
Even to their sandall'd feet: a signet each,
Each bears a polish'd staff, on whose smooth top
In bold relief some well-carved emblem stands,
Bird, fruit, or flower. Determined, though dismay'd,
Judæa's mourning prisoners close the rear.
And now the unfolded gates on every side
Admit the splendid train, and to their eyes
A scene of rich magnificence display,
Censers, and cups, and vases, nicely wrought
In gold, with pearls and glittering gems inlaid,
The furniture of Baal. An altar stands
Of vast dimensions near the central stone,
On which the god's high-priest strews frankincense,
In weight a thousand talents. There he drags
The struggling elders of the flock; while near,
Stretch'd on a smaller plate of unmix'd gold,
Bleed the reluctant lambs. The ascending smoke,
Impregnate with perfumes, fills all the air.
These rites perform'd, his votaries all advance
Where stands their idol; to compare with whom
That earth-born crew, which scaled the walls of heaven,
Or that vast champion of Philistia's host,
Whom in the vale of Elah David slew
Unarm'd, were 'minish'd to a span. In height
Twice twenty feet he rises from the ground;
And every massy limb, and every joint,
Is carved in due proportion. Not one mine,
Though branching out in many a vein of gold,
Sufficed for this huge column. Him the priests
Had swept, and burnish'd, and perfumed with oils,
Essential odours. Now the sign is given,
And forthwith strains of mixed melody
Proclaim their molten thunderer; cornet, flute,
Harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, unite
In loud triumphal hymn, and all at once
The King, the nations, and the languages
Fall prostrate on the ground. But not a head,
But not one head in all thy faithful bands,
O Judah, bows. As when the full-orb'd moon,
What time the reaper chants his harvest song,
Rises behind some horizontal hill,
Flaming with reddest fire; still as she moves,
The tints all soften, and a yellower light
Gleams through the ridges of a purple cloud:
At length, when midnight holds her silent reign,
Changed to a silver white, she holds her lamp
O'er the belated traveller; so thy face,
Belshazzar, from the crimson glow of rage,
Shifting through all the various hues between,
Settles into a wan and bloodless pale.
Thine eyeballs glare with fire. "Now, by great Bel,"
Incensed, exclaims the monarch, "soon as morn
Again shall dawn, my vengeance shall be pour'd
On every head of their detested race."
He spake, and left the fane with hasty step,
Indignant. Him a thousand lords attend,
The minions of his court. And now they reach
The stately palace. In a spacious hall,
From whose high roof seven sparkling lustres hang,
Round the perpetual board high sofas ranged
Receive the gallant chiefs. The floor is spread
With carpets, work'd in Babylonia's looms,
Exquisite art; rich vessels carved in gold,
In silver, and in ivory, beam with gems.
'Midst these is placed whate'er of massy plate,
Or holy ornament, Nebassar brought
From Sion's ransack'd temple; lamps, and cups,
And bowls, now sparkling with the richest growth
Of Eastern vineyards. On the table smokes
All that can rouse the languid appetite,
Barbaric luxury. Soft minstrels round
Chant songs of triumph to symphonious harps.
Propt on a golden couch Belshazzar lies,
While on each side fair slaves of Syrian race
By turns solicit with some amorous tale
The monarch's melting heart. "Fill me," he cries,

"That largest bowl, with which the Jewish slaves
Once deck'd the altar of their vanquish'd God.
Never again shall this capacious gold
Receive their victims' blood. Henceforth the kings
Of Babylon, oft as this feast returns,
Shall crown it with rich wine, nectarious draught.
Fill high the foaming goblet; rise, my friends;
And as I quaff the cup, with loud acclaim
Thrice hail to Bel." They rose; when all at once
Such sound was heard, as when the roaring winds
Burst from their cave, and with impetuous rage
Sweep o'er the Caspian or the Chronian deep.
O'er the devoted walls the gate of heaven
Thunder'd, an hideous peal; and, lo! a cloud
Came darkening all the banquet, whence appear'd
A hand (if hand it were, or airy form,
Compound of light and shade) on the adverse wall
Tracing strange characters. Belshazzar saw,
And trembled: from his lips the goblet fell:
He look'd again; perhaps it was a dream;
Thrice, four times did he look; and every time
Still plainer did the mystic lines appear,
Indelible. Forthwith he summons all
The wise Chaldeans, who by night consult
The starry signs, and in each planet read
The dark decrees of fate. Silent they stand;
Vain are their boasted charms. With eager step
Merodach's royal widow hastes to cheer
Her trembling son. "O king, for ever live;
Why droops thy soul?" she cries; "what though this herd
Of sage magicians own their vanquish'd art,
Know'st thou not Daniel? In his heart resides
The spirit of holy Gods; 'twas he who told
Thy father strange events, and terrible;
Nor did Nebassar honour one like him
Through all his spacious kingdom. He shall soon
Dispel thy doubts, and all thy fears allay."
She spake, and with obeisance low retired.
"Then be it so; haste, Arioch, lead him here,"
Belshazzar cries; "if he interpret right,
Even though my soul in just abhorrence holds
His hatred race, I will revoke their doom,
And shower rich honours on their prophet's head."
Nor long he waited, when with graceful step,
And awe-commanding eye, solemn and slow,
As conscious of superior dignity,
Daniel advanced. Time o'er his hoary hair
Had shed his white snows. Behind him stream'd
A mantle, ensign of prophetic powers,
Like that with which inspired Elisha smote
The parting waters, what time on the bank
Of Jordan from the clouds a fiery car
Descended, and by flaming coursers drawn
Bore the sage Tishbite to celestial climes,
Maugre the gates of death. A wand he bore—
That wand by whose mysterious properties
The shepherd of Horeb call'd the refluent waves
O'er Pharaoh and his host, with which he struck
The barren flint, when from the riven cliff
Gush'd streams, and water'd all the thirsty tribes
Of murmuring Israel. Through many an age
Within the temple's unapproached veil,
Fast by the rod, which bloom'd o'er Aaron's name,
Still did the holy relic rest secure.
At length, when Babylonia's arms prevail'd,
Seraiah saved it from the flaming shrine,
With all the sacred wardrobe of the priest,
And bore it safe to Riblah. Dying there,
The priest bequeath'd the sacred legacy
To Daniel. He, when summon'd to explain,
As now, God's dark decrees, in his right hand
Brandish'd the mystic emblem. "Art thou he,
Art thou that Daniel, whom Nebassar brought
From Salem, whom the vanquish'd tribes adore,
In wisdom excellent? Look there, look there;
Read but those lines," the affrighted monarch cries,
"And clothed in scarlet wear this golden chain,
The third great ruler of my spacious realm."
He spake, and thus the reverend seer replied.
"Thy promises, and threats, presumptuous king,
My soul alike despises; yet, so wills
That spirit, who darts his radiance on my mind,
(Hear thou, and tremble,) will I speak the words
Which he shall dictate. 'Number'd is thy realm,
And finish'd: in the balance art thou weigh'd,
Where God hath found thee wanting: to the Medes
And Persians thy divided realm is given.'
Thus saith the Lord; and thus those words import,
Graven by his high behest. See'st thou this wand?
Ne'er has it borne, since first it left the trunk,
Or bud or blossom: all its shielding rind
The sharp steel stripp'd, and to dry winds exposed
The vegetative sap; even so thy race
Shall perish: from thy barren stock shall rise
Nor prince nor ruler; and that glittering crown,
Won by thy valiant fathers, whose long line
In thee, degenerate monarch, soon must end,
Shall dart its lustre round a stranger's brow."
"Prophet of evils! darest thou pour on me
Thy threats ill-ominous, and judgments dark?"
Incensed the monarch cries: "Hence to thy tribes;
Teach them obedience to their sovereign's will,
Or I will break that wand, and rend in twain
The mantle of thy God.—Or if these marks
Thou wilt erase from that accursed wall,
Take half my realm." He spake, and fix'd his eyes
Wild staring on the mystic characters:
His rage all sunk at once; his fear return'd
Tenfold; when thus the man of God began.
"Go to the shady vales of Palestine,
Vain prince, or Syrian Lebanon, and tear
The palms and cedars from their native mould
Uprooted; then return, and break this rod.
Believe me, far more arduous were the task:
For it was harden'd in the streams of heaven;
And though not dedicate to sorcerers' arts
By magic incantation, and strange spells;
Yet such a potent virtue doth reside
In every part, that not the united force
Of all thy kingdom can one line, one grain,
Of measure, or of solid weight impair.
Wilt thou that I revoke thy destined fate?
Devoted prince, I cannot. Hell beneath
Is moved to meet thee. See the mighty dead,
The kings, that sat on golden thrones, approach,
The chief ones of the earth. 'O Lucifer,
Son of the morning, thou that vaunting said'st,
"I will ascend the heavens; I will exalt
My throne above the stars of God; the clouds

Shall roll beneath my feet," art thou, too, weak
As we? art thou become like unto us?
Where now is all thy pomp? where the sweet sound
Of viol, and of harp!' with curious eye
Tracing thy mangled corse, the rescued sons
Of Solyma shall say, 'Is this the man
That shook the pillars of the trembling earth,
That made the world a desert?' all the kings,
Each in his house entomb'd, in glory rest,
While unlamented lie thy naked limbs,
The sport of dogs, and vultures. In that day
Shall these imperial towers, this haughty queen,
That in the midst of waters sits secure,
Fall prostrate on the ground. Ill-ominous birds
Shall o'er the unwholesome marshes scream for food;
And hissing serpents by sulphureous pools
Conceal their filthy brood. The traveller
In vain shall ask where stood Assyria's pride·
No trace shall guide his dubious steps; nor sage,
Versed in historic lore, shall mark the site
Of desolated Babylon." Thus spake
The seer, and with majestic step retired.

FROM BOOK IV.

The City of Babylon having been taken by the Army of Cyrus, Belshazzar is found in his Pleasure Garden, and slain.

* * * WITHIN the walls
Of Babylon was raised a lofty mound,
Where flowers and aromatic shrubs adorn'd
The pensile garden. For Nebassar's queen,
Fatigued with Babylonia's level plains,
Sigh'd for her Median home, where nature's hand
Had scoop'd the vale, and clothed the mountain's side
With many a verdant wood; nor long she pined
Till that uxurious monarch call'd on art
To rival nature's sweet variety.
Forthwith two hundred thousand slaves uprear'd
This hill, egregious work; rich fruits o'erhang
The sloping walks, and odorous shrubs entwine
Their undulating branches. Thither flocks
A multitude unseen, and, 'mid the groves
And secret arbours all night long conceal'd,
Silent, and sad, escape the victor's sword.
Now the glad sound of loud triumphal notes,
Mix'd with the yells of terror and dismay,
Are wafted through the concave arch of night
To that imperial mansion, where the king
Lies revelling with his minions. Nitocris
First heard, and started. In that spacious room,
On whose rich sides was painted many a chase,
With all the warlike acts of Ninus old,
And great Semiramis, she sat, and wove
Her variegated web. Her slaves around
With sprightly converse cheer'd the midnight hour;
When sudden, chill'd with horror, in their arms
She sinks, a breathless corse. And now the noise
Invades Belshazzar's ear. A messenger,
And still another messenger arrives,
To tell him, all is lost. On the adverse wall
Instant his eye is fix'd: the characters,
Which yet remain, grow blacker, and increase
In magnitude tenfold: "Where, where," exclaims
The affrighted prince, "Oh where is Daniel! where
Is that interpreter of Heaven's decrees,
Whose curse prophetic on mine ear still sounds
More horrible, than these alarming peals,
Which, as I speak, nearer and nearer roll,
The harbingers of slaughter. Haste, arise!
Tell him, I spare the tribes; tell him, I bow
To his Jehovah." Thus Belshazzar spake,
When sudden, with impetuous uproar,
Through the wide portals rush'd an armed band,
Persians and Medes. Gobryas, and Gadatas,
Breathing fierce vengeance, and inveterate hate,
Conduct the bloody troop. Where, monarch, where
Is now thy cruel wrath, thy pride, thy power!
Sunk on his knees behold Belshazzar bows
Before his rebel exiles! "Spare, oh spare
My life," the coward tyrant, trembling, cries;
"Let Cyrus wear my crown. To barren sands,
To regions never trod by human foot,
Banish me, where I ne'er again may know
Sweet social intercourse, but think, oh think,
How fearful 'tis to die." Thus while he spake,
With sword uplifted, o'er the bending king
The victors stood. And now perhaps his prayers,
And eyes, which upward rolling, long'd for life
Though miserable, had stopp'd the fatal blow,
Had not his murder'd son forbade the rage
Of Gobryas to subside. On his arch'd neck
The ponderous falchion falls, and at one stroke
Smites from its spouting trunk the sever'd head
Of Babylonia's monarch. Ever thus
Perish fell cruelty, and lawless power!

FROM BOOK VI.

After the Capture of Babylon, the Jews having been permitted by Cyrus to rebuild their Temple, they reach Jerusalem—Renew the Feasts—Lay the Foundation of the Temple—The old Men weep.

Now dawns the morn, and on mount Olivet
The hoar-frost melts before the rising sun,
Which summons to their daily toil the world
Of beasts, of men; and all that wing the air,
And all that swims the level of the lake,
Or creeps the ground, bid universal hail
To day's bright regent. But the tribes were roused,
Impatient even of rest, ere yet the stars
Withdrew their feeble light. Through every street
They bend their way: some Ananiah leads,
Some Phanuel, or what elders else were driven
In early youth from Sion. Not a spot
Remains unvisited; each stone, each beam,
Seems sacred. As in legendary tale,
Led by magician's hand some hero treads
Enchanted ground, and hears, or thinks he hears,
Aerial voices, or with secret dread
Sees unembodied shades, by fancy form'd,
Flit through the gloom; so rescued Judah walk'd,
Amid the majesty of Salem's dust,
With reverential awe. Howbeit they soon
Remove the mouldering ruins; soon they clear
The obstructed paths, and every mansion raise,
By force, or time, impair'd. Then Jeshua rose
With all his priests; nor thou, Zorobabel,
Soul of the tribes, wast absent. To the God

Of Jacob, oft as morn and eve returns,
A new-built altar smokes. Nor do they not
Observe the feast, memorial of that age
When Israel dwelt in tents; the Sabbath, too,
New moons, and every ritual ordinance,
First-fruits, and paschal lamb, and rams, and goats,
Offerings of sin and peace. Nor yet was laid
The temple's new foundation. Corn and wine,
Sweet balm and oil, they mete with liberal hand
To Tyrian and Sidonian. To the sea
Of Joppa down they heave their stately trees
From Syrian Lebanon. And now they square
Huge blocks of marble, and with ancient rites
Anoint the corner-stone. Around the priests,
The Levites, and the sons of Asaph stand
With trumpets, and with cymbals. Jeshua first,
Adorn'd in robes pontifical, conducts
The sacred ceremony. An ephod rich,
Purple and blue, comes mantling o'er his arms,
Clasp'd with smooth studs, round whose meandering hem
A girdle twines its folds: to this by chains
Of gold is link'd a breastplate: costly gems,
Jasper and diamond, sapphire amethyst,
Unite their hues; twelve stones, memorial apt
Of Judah's ancient tribes. A mitre decks
His head, and on the top a golden crown
Graven, like a signet, by no vulgar hand,
Proclaims him priest of God. Symphonious hymns
Are mix'd with instrumental melody,
And Judah's joyful shouts. But down thy cheeks,
O Ananiah, from thine aged eye,
O Phaneul, drops a tear; for ye have seen
The house of Solomon in all its pride,
And ill can brook this change. Nor ye alone,
But every ancient wept. Loud shrieks of grief,
Mix'd with the voice of joy, are heard beyond
The hills of Salem. Even from Gibeon's walls
The astonish'd peasant turns a listening ear,
And Jordan's shepherds catch the distant sound.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[Born, 1746. Died, 1794.]

Sir William Jones is not a great poet; but his name recals such associations of worth, intellect, and accomplishments, that if these sketches were not necessarily and designedly only miniatures of biography, I should feel it a sort of sacrilege to consign to scanty and inadequate bounds the life of a scholar who, in feeding the lamp of knowledge, may be truly said to have prematurely exhausted the lamp of life.

He was born in London. His father, who it is said could trace his descent from the ancient princes of North Wales, and who, like his son, was no discredit to his lineage, was so eminent a mathematician as to be distinguished by the esteem of Newton and Halley. His first employment had been that of a schoolmaster, on board a man-of-war; and in that situation he attracted the notice and friendship of Lord Anson. An anecdote is told of him, that at the siege of Vigo he was one of the party who had the liberty of pillaging the captured town. With no very rapacious views, he selected a bookseller's shop for his share; but finding no book worth taking away, he carried off a pair of scissors, which he used to show his friends, as a trophy of his military success. On his return to England, he established himself as a teacher of mathematics, and published several scientific works, which were remarkable for their neatness of illustration and brevity of style. By his labours as a teacher he acquired a small fortune; but lost it through the failure of a banker. His friend, Lord Macclesfield, however, in some degree indemnified him for the loss, by procuring for him a sinecure place under government. Sir William Jones lost this valuable parent when he was only three years old; so that the care of his first education devolved upon his mother. She, also, was a person of superior endowments, and cultivated his dawning powers with a sagacious assiduity which undoubtedly contributed to their quick and surprising growth. We may judge of what a pupil she had, when we are told that, at five years of age, one morning, in turning over the leaves of a Bible, he fixed his attention with the strongest admiration on a sublime passage in the Revelation. Human nature perhaps presents no authentic picture of its felicity more pure or satisfactory than that of such a pupil superintended by a mother capable of directing him.

At the age of seven he went to Harrow school, where his progress was at first interrupted by an accident which he met with, in having his thigh-bone broken, and he was obliged to be taken home for about a twelvemonth. But after his return, his abilities were so distinguished, that before he left Harrow, he was shown to strangers as an ornament to the seminary. Before he had reached this eminence at school, it is a fact, disgraceful to one of his teachers, that in consequence of the ground which he had lost by the accident already mentioned, he was frequently subjected to punishment, for exertions which he could not make; or, to use his own expression, for not being able to soar before he had been taught to fly. The system of severity must have been merciless, indeed, when it applied to Jones, of whom his master, Dr. Thackery, used to say, that he was a boy of so active a spirit, that if left friendless and naked on Salisbury Plain, he would make his way to fame and fortune. It is related of him, that while at Harrow, his fellow-scholars having determined to act the play of the Tem-

young Jones wrote out the whole from memory. Such miracles of human recollection are certainly on record; but it is not easy to conceive the boys at Harrow, when permitted by their masters to act a play, to have been at a loss for a copy of Shakspeare; and some mistake or exaggeration may be suspected in the anecdote. He possibly abridged the play for the particular occasion. Before leaving Harrow school, he learned the Arabic characters, and studied the Hebrew language, so as to enable him to read some of the original Psalms. What would have been labour to others was Jones's amusement. He used to *relax* his mind with Philidor's Lessons at Chess, and with studying botany and fossils.

In his eighteenth year he was entered of University college, Oxford, where his residence was rendered more agreeable by his mother taking up her abode in the town. He was also, fortunately, permitted by his teachers to forsake the study of dialectic logic, which still haunted the college, for that of Oriental literature; and he was so zealous in this pursuit, that he brought from London to Oxford a native of Aleppo, whom he maintained at his own expense, for the benefit of his instruction in Arabic. He also began the study of modern Persic, and found his exertions rewarded with rapid success. His vacations were spent in London, where he attended schools for riding and fencing, and studied Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He pursued in theory, and even exceeded in practice, the plan of education projected by Milton; and boasted, that with the fortune of a peasant, he could give himself the education of a prince. He obtained a fellowship at Oxford; but before he obtained it, whilst he was yet fearful of his success, and of burdening the slender finances of an affectionate mother for his support, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Althorp, the son of Earl Spencer. In the summer of 1765, he repaired to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himself the charge of his young pupil. He had not been long in Lord Spencer's family, when he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, of the place of interpreter of Eastern languages. This situation, though it might not have interfered with his other pursuits, he thought fit to decline; but earnestly requested that it might be given to his Syrian teacher, Mirza, whose character he wrote. The solicitation was, however, unnoticed; and the event only gave him an opportunity of regretting his own ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, that he might consign its emoluments to Mirza. At Wimbledon he first formed his acquaintance with the daughter of Dr. Shipley, the Dean of Winchester, to which he owed the future happiness of his life. The ensuing winter, 1766, he removed with Lord Spencer's family to London, where he renewed his pursuit of external as well as intellectual accomplishments, and received lessons from Gallini as well as Angelo. It is amusing to find his biographer add that he took lessons at the broadsword from an old Chelsea pensioner, seamed with scars, to whose military narrations he used to listen with delight.

In 1767 he made a short trip with the family of his pupil to the Continent, where, at Spa, he pursued the study of German, and availed himself of the opportunity of finding an incomparable teacher of dancing, whose name was Janson. In the following year, he was requested by the secretary of the Duke of Grafton to undertake a task in which no other scholar in England was found willing to engage, namely, in furnishing a version of an Eastern MS. a life of Nadir Shaw, which the King of Denmark had brought with him to England, and which his Danish majesty was anxious to have translated into French. Mr. Jones undertook the translation from a laudable reluctance to allow the MS. to be carried out of the country for want of a translator; although the subject was dry, and the style of the original difficult, and although it obliged him to submit his translation to a native of France, in order to give it the idioms of a French style. He was at this time only twenty-one years of age. The only reward which he obtained for his labour was a diploma from the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and a recommendation from the court of Denmark to his own sovereign. To the "History of Nadir Shaw" he added a treatise of his own on Oriental poetry, in the language of the translation. In the same year he began the study of music, and took some lessons on the Welsh harp.

In 1770 he again visited the Continent with the Spencer family, and travelled into Italy. The genius which interests us at home redoubles its interest on foreign ground; but it would appear, from Jones's letters, that, in this instance, he was too assiduous a scholar to be an amusing traveller. His mind, during this visit to the Continent, was less intent on men and manners than on objects which he might have studied with equal advantage at home. We find him deciphering Chinese, and composing a tragedy. The tragedy has been irrecoverably lost. Its subject was the death of Mustapha, the son of Soliman; the same on which Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, composed a drama.*

On his return to England, he determined to embrace the law as a profession, the study of which he commenced in 1771, being then in his twenty-fourth year. His motives for choosing this profession are best explained in his own words. In a letter to his friend Schultens, he avows at once the public ambition and personal pride which had now grown up with the maturity of his character. "The die" (he says) "is cast. All my books and MSS., with the exception of those only which relate to law and oratory, are locked up at Oxford; and I have determined, for the next twenty years at least, to renounce all studies but those which are connected with my profession. It is needless to trouble you with my reasons at length for this

[* Mallet has a drama on the same subject, but it is still a subject to let.]

determination. I will only say, that if I had lived at Rome or Athens, I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens, connected as they were with banishment and even death, to the groves of the poets, or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. * * * * * * If the study of the law were really unpleasant and disgusting, which is far from the truth, the example of the wisest of the ancients and of Minerva would justify me in preferring the useful olive to the barren laurel. To tell you my mind freely, I am not of a disposition to bear the arrogance of men of rank, to which poets and men of letters are so often obliged to submit."

This letter was written some years after he had resigned his situation in Lord Spencer's family, and entered himself of the Middle Temple. In the mean time, though the motives which guided him to the choice of a profession undoubtedly made him in earnest with his legal studies, he still found spare hours to devote to literature. He finished his tragedy of Mustapha, and sketched two very ambitious plans; the one of an epic poem, the other of a Turkish history. That he could have written a useful and amusing history of Turkey, is easy to suppose; but the outline, and the few specimens of his intended epic, leave little room for regret that it was not finished. Its subject was the discovery of Britain; the characters Tyrian, and the machinery allegorical, in the manner of Spenser. More unpromising symptoms of a poem could hardly be announced.

In 1772 he published his French letter to Du Perron the French traveller, who, in his account of his travels in India, had treated the University of Oxford, and some of its members, with disrespect. In this publication, he corrected the French writer, perhaps, with more asperity than his maturer judgment would have approved. In the same year he published a small volume of poems with two dissertations; one on Oriental literature, and another on the arts commonly called imitative. In his Essay on the Arts, he objects, on very fair grounds, to the Aristotelian doctrine, of the universal object of poetry being imitation. Certainly, no species of poetry can strictly be said to be imitative of nature except that which is dramatic. Mr. Twining, the translator of the "Poetics," has, however, explained this theory of Aristotle pretty satisfactorily, by showing, that when he spoke of poetry as imitative, he alluded to what he conceived to be the highest department of the art, namely, the drama; or to the dramatic part of epic poetry, the dialogue, which, in recitation, afforded an actual imitation of the passions which were described.

When Mr. Jones had been called to the bar, he found that no human industry could effectively unite the pursuits of literature with the practice of the profession. He therefore took the resolution, already alluded to in one of his letters, of abstaining from all study, but that of the science and eloquence of the bar. He thought, however, that consistently with this resolution, he might translate "The Greek Orations of Isæus, in cases relating to succession to doubtful property." This translation appeared in 1778. In the interval, his practice became considerable; and he was made, in 1776, a commissioner of bankrupts. He was at this time a member of the Royal Society, and maintained an epistolary correspondence with several eminent foreign scholars. Among those correspondents, his favourite seems to have been Reviczki, an Oriental scholar, whom he met in England, and who was afterward the Imperial minister at Warsaw.

From the commencement of the American war, and during its whole progress, Mr. Jones's political principles led him to a decided disapprobation of the measures of government which were pursued in that contest. But though politically opposed to Lord North, he possessed so much of the personal favour of that minister, as to have some hopes of obtaining, by his influence, a seat on the bench of Fort William, in Bengal, which became vacant in the year 1780. While this matter was in suspense, he was advised to stand as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford; but finding there was no chance of success, he declined the contest before the day of election; his political principles, and an "Ode to Liberty," which he had published, having offended the majority of the academic voters. During the riots of 1780, he published a plan for security against insurrection, and for defence against invasion, which has since been realized in the volunteer system. During the same year he paid a short visit to Paris; and, at one time, intended to have proceeded to America, for a professional object, namely, to procure for a client and friend the restitution of an estate, which the government of the United States had confiscated. The indisposition of his friend, however, prevented him from crossing the Atlantic. On his return to England, he recurred to his favourite Oriental studies, and completed a translation of the seven ancient Arabian poems, famous for having been once suspended in the Temple of Mecca; as well as another poem, in the same language, more curious than inviting in its subject, which was the Mohammedan law of succession to intestates. The latter work had but few charms to reward his labour; but it gave him an opportunity for displaying his literary and legal fitness for the station in India to which he still aspired.

Besides retracing his favourite studies with the Eastern Muses, we find him at this period warmly engaged in political as well as professional pursuits. An "Essay on the Law of Bailments," an "Address to the Inhabitants of Westminster on Parliamentary reform;" these publications, together with occasional pieces of poetry, which he wrote within the last years of his residence in England, attest at once the vigour and elegance of his mind, and the variety of its application.

On the succession of the Shelburne adminis-

tration, he obtained, through the particular interest of Lord Ashburton, the judicial office in Bengal, for which he had been hitherto an unsuccessful competitor. In March, 1783, he received the honour of knighthood. In the April following he married Anna Maria Shipley, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, to whom he had been so many years attached. He immediately sailed for India, having secured, as his friend Lord Ashburton congratulated him, the two first objects of human pursuit, those of love and ambition. The joy with which he contemplated his situation is strongly testified in the descriptions of his feelings which he gives in his letters, and in the gigantic plans of literature which he sketched out. Happily married—still in the prime of life—leaving at home a reputation which had reached the hemisphere he was to visit, he bade adieu to the turbulence of party politics, which, though it had not dissolved any of his friendships, had made some of them irksome. The scenes which he had delighted to contemplate at a distance were now inviting his closest researches! He approached regions and manners which gave a living picture of antiquity; and, while his curiosity was heightened, he drew nearer to the means of its gratification.

In December, 1783, he commenced the discharge of his duties as an Indian judge, with his characteristic ardour. He also began the study of Sanscrit. He had been but a few years in India, when his knowledge of that ancient language enabled him, under the auspices of the Governor, to commence a great plan for administering justice among the Indians, by compiling a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, similar to that which Justinian gave his Greek and Roman subjects. His part in the project was only to survey and arrange its materials. To that superintendence the Brahmins themselves submitted with perfect confidence. To detail his share in the labours of the Society of Calcutta, the earliest, or at least the most important, philosophical society established in British India, would be almost to abridge its Transactions during his lifetime. He took the lead in founding it, and lived to see three volumes of its Transactions appear. In 1789 he translated the ancient Hindu drama, "Sacontala, or. the Fatal Ring," by Callidas, an author whom Sir William Jones calls the Shakspeare of India, and who lived about the time of Terence, in the first century before the Christian era. This antique picture of Hindu manners is certainly the greatest curiosity which the study of Oriental literature by Europeans has brought to light. In 1794 he published, also from the Sanscrit, a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, who is esteemed, by the Hindoos, to be the earliest of created beings, and the holiest of legislators; but who appears, by the English translator's confession, to have lived long after priests, statesmen, and metaphysicians had learned to combine their crafts.

While business required his daily attendance at Calcutta, his usual residence was on the banks of the Ganges, at the distance of five miles from the court. To this spot he returned every evening after sunset; and, in the morning, rose so early as to reach his apartments in time, by setting out on foot at the first appearance of dawn. He passed the months of vacation at Chrishnagur, a country residence, sixty miles from Calcutta, remarkable for its beauty, and interesting, from having been the seat of an ancient Hindu college. Here he added botany to the other pursuits of his indefatigable curiosity.

In the burning climate of Bengal, it is not surprising that the strongest constitution should have sunk under the weight of his professional duties, and of his extensive literary labours. The former alone occupied him seven hours during the session time. His health, indeed, seems to have been early affected in India. In 1793, the indisposition of Lady Jones rendered it necessary that she should return to England. Sir William proposed to follow her in 1795, delaying only till he should complete the system of Indian legislation. But they parted to meet no more. In 1794 he was attacked with an inflammation of the liver, which acted with uncommon rapidity; and, before a physician was called in, had advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of medicine. He expired in a composed attitude, without a groan, or the appearance of a pang; and retained an expression of complacency on his features to the last.

In the course of a short life, Sir William Jones acquired a degree of knowledge which the ordinary faculties of men, if they were blest with antediluvian longevity, could scarcely hope to surpass. His learning threw light on the laws of Greece and India, on the general literature of Asia, and on the history of the family of nations. He carried philosophy, eloquence, and philanthropy into his character of a lawyer and a judge. Amid the driest toils of erudition, he retained a sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and a talent for transfusing them into his own language, which has seldom been united with the same degree of industry. Had he written nothing but the delightful ode from Hafiz,

> "Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,"

it would alone testify the harmony of his ear, and the elegance of his taste. When he went abroad, it was not to enrich himself with the spoils of avarice or ambition; but to search, amid the ruins of Oriental literature, for treasures which he would not have exchanged

> "For all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
> Or all the gems of Samarcand."

It is, nevertheless, impossible to avoid supposing, that the activity of his mind spread itself in too many directions to be always employed to the best advantage. The impulse that carried him through so many pursuits, has a look of something restless, inordinate, and ostentatious. Useful as he was, he would in all probability have been still more so, had his powers been concentrated to fewer objects. His poetry is sometimes ele-

gant; but altogether, it has too much of the florid luxury of the East. His taste would appear, in his latter years, to have fallen into a state of Brahminical idolatry, when he recommends to our particular admiration, and translates, in pompous lyrical diction, the Indian description of Cumæa, the daughter of Ocean, riding upon a peacock; and enjoins us to admire, as an allegory equally new and beautiful, the unimaginable conceit of Camdeo, the Indian Cupid, having a bow that is made of flowers, and a bowstring which is a string of bees. Industrious as he was, his history is full of abandoned and half-executed projects. While his name reflects credit on poetical biography, his secondary fame as a composer, shows that the palm of poetry is not likely to be won, even by great genius, without exclusive devotion to the pursuit.*

Ἀλλὰ ῥέπωμεν ἅμα πάντα δυνήσεαι αὐτὸς ἰλίσθαι;
Ἄλλῳ μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκε θεὸς πολεμήϊα ἔργα,
Ἄλλῳ δὲ ὀρχηστὺν, ἑτέρῳ κίθαριν καὶ ἀοιδήν.
ILIAD, xiv. 729.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But, ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage;)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But, oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

AN ODE.

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer than the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more!
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

[* It is not Sir William Jones's poetry that can perpetuate his name.—SOUTHEY, *Quarterly Review*, vol. xi. p. 502.]

SAMUEL BISHOP.

[Born, 1731. Died, 1795.]

SAMUEL BISHOP was a clergyman, and for many years the head master of Merchant Tailors' school. He wrote several essays and poems for the Public Ledger, and published a volume of Latin pieces, entitled "Ferise Poeticæ." A volume of his sermons, and two volumes of his poetry, were published after his death.

TO MRS. BISHOP.

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A KNIFE," dear girl, "cuts love," they say!
Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
—For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate——what was never join'd.

The knife, that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever:
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;—
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A summer;—and a short one too;—
All, that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,)
Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

TO THE SAME

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY, WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A RING

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.——
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead the double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.

And why?—They show me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,—
And teach me all things—but repentance.

EPIGRAM.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board;
And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd, till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair;
But she ne'er changed a jot;
She loved to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the Angel stood so plain,
He got a Devil portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seized her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

John stared, with wonder petrified;
His hair stood on his pate;
And "why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"—

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop:
For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the Devil a drop!"

EPIGRAM.

SPLENDEAT USU.

See! stretch'd on nature's couch of grass,
The foot-sore traveller lies!
Vast treasures let the great amass;
A leathern pouch, and burning-glass,
For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun its power displays,
In either hemisphere;
Pours on Virginia's coast its blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise;
And shines to light it—*here!*

EPIGRAM.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A veteran gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought;
Where many an hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudged old Cog-die, reasoning as he went;
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declared;
I feel conviction—and will be prepared—
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet beyond a day!"

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

[Born, 1754. Died, 1796.]

John Bampfylde was the younger brother of Sir Charles Bampfylde. He was educated at Cambridge, and published his Sonnets* in 1776, when very young. He soon after fell into mental derangement, and passed the last years of his life in a private madhouse. After twenty years' confinement he recovered his senses, but not till he was in the last gasp of consumption.

SONNET.

As when, to one, who long hath watch'd the morn
Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day,
(What time the young and flow'ry-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn;)
And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
Gilding the high wood-top, and mountain gray;
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to mourn,
That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain!

SONNET.

TO THE REDBREAST.

When that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim;
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn,
From battlement or barn, or hay-stack trim;
And now not seldom tunest, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song;
Sweet bird, sing on! for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full many a tale have told and ditty long.

SONNET.

ON A WET SUMMER.

All ye, who far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
By rains incessant held; for now no call
From early swain invites my hand to wield
The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall;
Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain,
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

* Censura Literaria, vol. iv. p. 301. [See a very interesting account of Bampfylde, in a letter from Mr. Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges, printed in Brydges' Autobiography, vol. ii. p. 257, and in Mr. Dyce's Specimen Sonnets, p. 217.]

SONNET.

COLD is the senseless heart that never strove,
With the mild tumult of a real flame;
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
The pathless vale, the long forsaken grove,
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
With ivy mantled o'er—For empty fame,
Let him amid the rabble toil, or rove
In search of plunder far to western clime.
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
And all that prodigality of charms
Form'd to enslave my heart and grace my lay.

ROBERT BURNS.

[Born, 1758. Died, 1796.]

ROBERT BURNS was born near the town of Ayr, within a few hundred yards of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," in a clay cottage, which his father, who was a small farmer and gardener, had built with his own hands. A part of this humble edifice gave way when the poet was but a few days old; and his mother and he were carried, at midnight, through the storm, to a neighbour's house, that gave them shelter. After having received some lessons in his childhood, from the schoolmaster of the village of Alloway, he was, at seven years of age, put under a teacher of the name of Murdoch, who instructed him in reading and English grammar. This good man, who is still alive, and a teacher of languages in London, boasts, with a very natural triumph, of having accurately instructed Burns in the first principles of composition.* At such an age, Burns's study of principles could not be very profound; yet it is due to his early instructor to observe that his prose style is more accurate than we should expect even from the vigour of an untutored mind, and such as would lead us to suppose that he had been early initiated in the rules of grammar. His father's removal to another farm in Ayrshire, at Mount Oliphant, unfortunately deprived him of the benefit of Murdoch as an instructor, after he had been about two years under his care; and for a long time he received no other lessons than those which his father gave him in writing and arithmetic, when he instructed his family by the fireside of their cottage in winter evenings. About the age of thirteen he was sent, during a part of the summer, to the parish-school in Dalrymple, in order to improve his hand-writing. In the following year he had an opportunity of passing several weeks with his old friend Murdoch, with whose assistance he began to study French with intense ardour and assiduity. His proficiency in that language, though it was wonderful considering his opportunities, was necessarily slight; yet it was in showing this accomplishment alone, that Burns's weakness ever took the shape of vanity.

One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was soon found to be almost mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her, that she was a charming person, and delightful in conversation; but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean, that she was fond of speaking; to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent, as for women to be loquacious.†

At the age of nineteen he received a few months' instruction in land surveying. Such is the scanty history of his education, which is interesting simply because its opportunities were so few and precarious, and such as only a gifted mind could have turned to any account.

Of his early reading, he tells us, that a life of Hannibal, which Murdoch gave him when a boy, raised the first stirrings of his enthusiasm; and, he adds, with his own fervid expression, "that the life of Sir William Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins, which would boil along there till the floodgates of life were shut in eternal rest."‡ In his sixteenth year he had read some of the plays of Shakspeare, the works of Pope and Addison, and of the Scottish poets Ramsay and Fergusson. From the volumes of Locke, Ray, Derham, and Stackhouse, he also imbibed a smattering of natural history and theology; but his brother assures us, that until the time of his being known as an author, he continued to be but imperfectly acquainted with the most eminent of our English writers. Thanks to the songs and superstition of his native country, his genius had some fostering aliments, which perhaps the study of classical authors might have led him to neglect. His inspiration grew up like the flower, which owes to heaven, in a barren soil, a natural beauty and wildness of fragrance that would be spoiled by artificial culture. He learned an infinite number of old ballads, from hearing his mother sing them at her wheel; and he was instructed in all the venerable heraldry

[* Murdoch died about the year 1822, respected and poor.]

[† This story is in no account of Burns's life that we have ever seen, before or since Mr. Campbell wrote.]

‡ From his letter to Dr. Moore.

of devils and witches by an ancient woman in the neighbourhood, "*the Sybilline nurse of his Muse*," who probably first imparted to him the story of Tam o' Shanter. "Song was his favourite and first pursuit." "The Song-book," he says, "was my Vade Mecum: I pored over it constantly, driving my cart, or walking to labour." It would be pleasing to dwell on this era of his youthful sensibility, if his life had been happy; but it was far otherwise. He was the eldest of a family, buffetted by misfortunes, toiling beyond their strength, and living without the support of animal food. At thirteen years of age he used to thresh in his father's barn; and, at fifteen, was the principal labourer on the farm. After the toils of the day, he usually sunk in the evening into dejection of spirits, and was afflicted with dull headaches, the joint result of anxiety, low diet, and fatigue. "This kind of life," (he says) "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, when love made me a poet." The object of his first attachment was a Highland girl, named Mary Campbell, who was his fellow-reaper in the same harvest-field.* She died very young; and when Burns heard of her death, he was thrown into an ecstasy of suffering much beyond what even *his* keen temperament was accustomed to feel. Nor does he seem ever to have forgotten her. His verses "To Mary in Heaven;" his invocation to the star that rose on the anniversary of her death; his description of the landscape that was the scene of their day of love and parting vows, where "flowers sprang wanton to be press'd;" the whole luxury and exquisite passion of that strain, evince that her image had survived many important changes in himself.

From his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year he lived, as an assistant to his father, on another farm in Ayrshire, at Lochlea, to which they had removed from Mount Oliphant. During that period his brother Gilbert and he, besides labouring for their father, took a part of the land on their own account, for the purpose of raising flax; and this speculation induced Robert to attempt establishing himself in the business of flax-dressing, in the neighbouring town of Irvine. But the unhealthiness of the business, and the accidental misfortune of his shop taking fire, induced him, at the end of six months, to abandon it. Whilst his father's affairs were growing desperate at Lochlea, the poet and his brother had taken a different farm on their own account, as an asylum for the family in case of the worst; but, from unfavourable seasons and a bad soil, this speculation proved also unfortunate, and was given up. By this time Burns had formed his connection with Jean Armour, who was afterward his wife, a connection which could no longer be concealed, at the moment when the ruinous state of his affairs had determined him to cross the Atlantic, and to seek his fortune in Jamaica. He had even engaged himself as assistant overseer to a plantation. He proposed, however, to legalise the private contract of marriage which he had made with Jean; and, though he anticipated the necessity of leaving her behind him, he trusted to better days for their being reunited. But the parents of Jean were unwilling to dispose of her to a husband who was thus to be separated from her, and persuaded her to renounce the informal marriage. Burns also agreed to dissolve the connection, though deeply wounded at the apparent willingness of his mistress to give him up, and overwhelmed with feelings of the most distracting nature. He now [1786] prepared to embark for Jamaica, where his first situation would, in all probability, have been that of a negro-driver, when, before bidding a last adieu to his native country, he happily thought of publishing a collection of his poems. By this publication he gained about £20, which seasonably saved him from indenting himself as a servant, for want of money to procure a passage. With nine guineas out of this sum he had taken a steerage passage in the Clyde for Jamaica; and, to avoid the terrors of a jail, he had been for some time skulking from covert to covert. He had taken a last leave of his friends, and had composed the last song which he thought he should ever measure to Caledonia,† when the contents of a letter, from Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh, to one of his friends, describing the encouragement which an edition of his poems would be likely to receive in the Scottish capital, suddenly lighted up all his prospects, and detained him from embarking. "I immediately posted," he says, "to Edinburgh, without a single acquaintance or letter of introduction. The baneful star, which had so long shed its blasting influence on my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir."

Though he speaks of having had no acquaintance in Edinburgh, he had been previously introduced in Ayrshire to Lord Daer, to Dugald Stewart, and to several respectable individuals, by the reputation which the first edition of his poems had acquired. He arrived in Edinburgh in 1786, and his reception there was more like an agreeable change of fortune in a romance, than like an event in ordinary life. His company was every where sought for; and it was soon found that the admiration which his poetry had excited, was but a part of what was due to the general eminence of his mental faculties. His natural eloquence, and his warm and social heart expanding under the influence of prosperity—which, with all the pride of genius, retained a quick and versatile sympathy with every variety of human character—made him equally fascinating in the most refined and convivial societies. For a while he reigned the fashion and idol of his native capital.

The profits of his new edition enabled him in the succeeding year, 1787, to make a tour through

[* Mr. Campbell is mistaken in this: Burns's first love was his handsome Nell; his Mary Campbell an after acquaintance.]

† "The gloomy night is gathering fast."

a considerable extent both to the south and north of Scotland. The friend who accompanied him in this excursion gives a very interesting description of the impressions which he saw produced in Burns's mind from some of the romantic scenery which they visited. "When we came" (he says) "to a rustic hut on the river Till, where the stream descends in a noble waterfall, and is surrounded by a woody precipice, that commands a most beautiful view of its course, he threw himself on a heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous indulgence of imagination." It may be conceived with what enthusiasm he visited the field of Bannockburn.

After he had been caressed and distinguished so much in Edinburgh, it was natural to anticipate that among the many individuals of public influence and respectability, who had countenanced his genius, some means might have been devised to secure to him a competent livelihood in a proper station of society. It was probably with this hope in his mind that he returned to Edinburgh after his summer excursion; and, unfortunately for his habits, spent the winter of 1788 in accepting a round of convivial invitations. The hospitality of the north was not then what it now is. Refinement had not yet banished to the tavern the custom of bumper-toasts, and of pressing the bottle: and the master of the house was not thought very hospitable unless the majority of his male guests, at a regular party, were at least half intoxicated. Burns was invited and importuned to those scenes of dissipation; and beset, at least as much by the desire of others to enjoy his society when he was exhilarated, as by his own facility to lend it. He probably deluded his own reflections, by imagining, that in every fresh excess he was acquiring a new friend, or attaching one already acquired. But with all the admiration and declarations of personal friendship which were lavished on him, the only appointment that could be obtained for him was that of an officer of excise. In the mean time he had acquired a relish for a new and over-excited state of life. He had been expected to shine in every society; and, to use his own phrase, "had been too often obliged to give his company a slice of his constitution." At least, he was so infatuated as to think so. He had now to go back to the sphere of society from which he had emerged, with every preparatory circumstance to render him discontented with it, that the most ingenious cruelty could have devised.

After his appointment to the office of a gauger, he took a farm at Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, and settled in conjugal union with his Jean. But here his unhappy distraction between two employments, and his mode of life as an exciseman, which made the public-house his frequent abode, and his fatigues a temptation to excesses, had so bad an influence on his affairs, that at the end of three years and a half he sold his stock and gave up his farm. By promotion in the excise, his income had risen to £70 a year, and with only this income in immediate prospect, he repaired to Dumfries, the new place of duty that was assigned to him by the board of commissioners. Here his intemperate habits became confirmed, and his conduct and conversation grew daily more unguarded. Times of political rancour had also arrived, in which he was too ardent a spirit to preserve neutrality. He took the popular side, and became exposed to charges of disloyalty. He spurned, indeed, at those charges, and wrote a very spirited explanation of his principles. But his political conversations had been reported to the Board of Excise, and it required the interest of a powerful friend to support him in the humble situation which he held. It was at Dumfries that he wrote the finest of his songs for Thompson's "Musical Collection," and dated many of the most eloquent of his letters.

In the winter of 1796 his constitution, broken by cares, irregularities, and passions, fell into a rapid decline. The summer returned; but only to shine on his sickness and his grave. In July his mind wandered into delirium; and in the same month, a fever, on the fourth day of its continuance, closed his life and sufferings, in his thirty-eighth year.

Whatever were the faults of Burns, he lived unstained by a mean or dishonest action. To have died without debt, after supporting a family on £70 a year, bespeaks, after all, but little of the spendthrift. That income, on account of his incapacity to perform his duty, was even reduced to one-half of its amount, at the period of his dying sickness; and humiliating threats of punishment, for opinions uttered in the confidence of private conversation, were among the last returns which the government of Scotland made to the man, whose genius attaches agreeable associations to the name of his country.

His death seemed to efface the recollection of his faults, and of political differences, still harder to be forgotten. All the respectable inhabitants of Dumfries attended his funeral, while the volunteers of the city, and two regiments of native fencibles, attended with solemn music, and paid military honours at the grave of their illustrious countryman.

Burns has given an elixir of life to his native dialect. The Scottish "Tam o' Shanter" will be read as long as any English production of the same century. The impression of his genius is deep and universal; and, viewing him merely as a poet, there is scarcely any other regret connected with his name, than that his productions, with all their merit, fall short of the talents which he possessed. That he never attempted any great work of fiction or invention, may be partly traced to the cast of his genius, and partly to his circumstances and defective education. His poetical temperament was that of fitful transports, rather than steady inspiration. Whatever he might have written, was likely to have been fraught with passion. There is always enough of *interest* in life to cherish the feelings of a man of genius; but it requires knowledge to enlarge and enrich his *imagination*. Of that knowledge

which unrolls the diversities of human manners, adventures, and characters to a poet's study, he could have no great share; although he stamped the little treasure which he possessed in the mintage of sovereign genius. It has been asserted, that he received all the education which is requisite for a poet; he had learned reading, writing and arithmetic; and he had dipped into French and geometry. To a poet, it must be owned, the three last of those acquisitions were quite superfluous. His education, it is also affirmed, was equal to Shakspeare's;* but, without intending to make any comparison between the genius of the two bards, it should be recollected that Shakspeare lived in an age within the verge of chivalry, an age overflowing with chivalrous and romantic reading; that he was led by his vocation to have daily recourse to that kind of reading; that he dwelt on a spot which gave him constant access to it; and was in habitual intercourse with men of genius. Burns, after growing up to manhood under toils which exhausted his physical frame, acquired a scanty knowledge of modern books, of books tending for the most part to regulate the judgment more than to exercise the fancy. In the whole tract of his reading, there seems to be little that could cherish his inventive faculties. One material of poetry he certainly possessed, independent of books, in the legendary superstitions of his native country. But with all that he tells us of his early love of those superstitions, they seem to have come home to his mind with so many ludicrous associations of vulgar tradition, that it may be doubted if he could have turned them to account in an elevated work of fiction. Strongly and admirably as he paints the supernatural in "Tam o' Shanter," yet there, as every where else, he makes it subservient to comic effect. The fortuitous wildness and sweetness of his strains may, after all, set aside every regret that he did not attempt more superb and regular structures of fancy. He describes, as he says, the sentiments which he saw and felt in himself and his rustic compeers around him. His page is a lively image of the contemporary life and country from which he sprung. He brings back old Scotland to us with all her homefelt endearments, her simple customs, her festivities, her sturdy prejudices, and orthodox zeal, with a power that excites, alternately, the most tender and mirthful sensations. After the full account of his pieces which Dr. Currie has given, the English reader can have nothing new to learn respecting them.† On one powerfully comic piece Dr. Currie has not disserted, namely, "The Holy Fair." It is enough, however, to mention the humour of this production, without recommending its subject. Burns, indeed, only laughs at the abuses of a sacred institution; but the theme was of unsafe approach, and he ought to hove avoided it.

He meets us, in his compositions, undisguisedly as a peasant. At the same time, his observations go extensively into life, like those of a man who felt the proper dignity of human nature in the character of a peasant. The writer of some of the severest strictures that ever have been passed upon his poetry‡ conceives that his beauties are considerably defaced by a portion of false taste and vulgar sentiment, which adhere to him from his low education. That Burns's education, or rather the want of it, excluded him from much knowledge, which might have fostered his inventive ingenuity, seems to be clear; but his circumstances cannot be admitted to have communicated vulgarity to the tone of his sentiments. They have not the sordid taste of low condition. It is objected to him, that he boasts too much of his own independence; but, in reality, this boast is neither frequent nor obtrusive; and it is in itself the expression of a manly and laudable feeling. So far from calling up disagreeable recollections of rusticity, his sentiments triumph, by their natural energy, over those false and fastidious distinctions which the mind is but too apt to form in allotting its sympathies to the sensibilities of the rich and poor. He carries us into the humble scenes of life, not to make us dole out our tribute of charitable compassion to paupers and cottagers, but to make us feel with them on equal terms, to make us enter into their passions and interests, and share our hearts with them as with brothers and sisters of the human species.

He is taxed, in the same place, with perpetually affecting to deride the virtues of prudence, regularity, and decency; and with being imbued with the sentimentality of German novels. Any thing more remote from German sentiment than Burns's poetry could not easily be mentioned. But is he depraved and licentious in a comprehensive view of the moral character of his pieces? The over-genial freedom of a few assuredly ought not to fix this character upon the whole of them. It is a charge which we should hardly expect to see preferred against the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." He is the enemy, indeed, of that selfish and niggardly spirit which shelters itself under the name of prudence; but that pharisaical disposition has seldom been a favourite with poets. Nor should his maxims, which inculcate charity and can-

[* Even, if Shakspeare's education was as humble as what Farmer supposed it to have been, it was beyond Burns's.]

[† Since this was written, much has been done to illustrate the life, writings, and genius of Burns; edition after edition has been called for of his works, and memoir after memoir. The lives by Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Allan Cunningham are too well known for eulogy or quotation; the vigorous vindicatory tone of the former, and the calm, clear, and earnest language of the latter, with the fullness of its information, leave little for succeeding writers to say by way of justification or illustration.]

‡ Critique on the character of Burns, in the Edinburgh Review. Article, *Cromek's Reliques of Burns*. [By Lord Jeffrey. Mr. Campbell's reply to Lord Jeffrey is thought by the Edinburgh Reviewer of these Specimens to be *substantially successful*. *See Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxi. p. 492.]

dour in judging of human frailties, be interpreted as a serious defence of them, as when he says,

> "Then gently scan your brother man,
> Still gentler sister woman,
> Though they may gang a kennin' wrang;
> To step aside is human.
>
> "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord, its various tone,
> Each spring, its various bias."

It is still more surprising, that a critic, capable of so eloquently developing the traits of Burns's genius, should have found fault with his amatory strains for want of polish, and "of that chivalrous tone of gallantry, which uniformly abases itself in the presence of the object of its devotion." Every reader must recall abundance of thoughts in his love songs, to which any attempt to superadd a tone of gallantry would not be

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,
> Or add fresh perfume to the violet;"*

but to debase the metal, and to take the odour and colour from the flower. It is exactly this superiority to "abasement" and polish which is the charm that distinguishes Burns from the herd of erotic songsters, from the days of the troubadours to the present time. He wrote from impulses more sincere than the spirit of chivalry; and even Lord Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney are cold and uninteresting lovers in comparison with the rustic Burns.

The praises of his best pieces I have abstained from re-echoing, as there is no epithet of admiration which they deserve which has not been bestowed upon them. One point must be conceded to the strictures on his poetry, to which I have already alluded,—that his personal satire was fierce and acrimonious. I am, not, however, disposed to consider his attacks on Rumble John, and Holy Willie, as destitute of wit; and his poem on the clerical settlements at Kilmarnock blends a good deal of ingenious metaphor with his accustomed humour. Even viewing him as a satirist, the last and humblest light in which he can be regarded as a poet, it may still be said of him,

> "His style was witty, though it had some gall;
> Something he might have mended—so may all."

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar:
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n with a tinker-gipsy's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, bawsn't face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whiles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression,
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've often wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's naught but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan

[* This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows:

> To gild refined gold, to paint the *lily*,
> *To throw a perfume* on the violet.
> King John, Act. iv. Scene ii.

A great poet quoting another should be correct.—BYRON, *Works*, vol. xvi. p. 124.]

Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' naught but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd it,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor fo'k,
As I wad by a stinking brock.
I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
Though constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
An' though fatigued with close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.
An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the kirk and state affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.
That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes ranting through the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.
Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
For Britain's guid!—guid faith, I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying *ay* or *no*'s they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or may be, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, and tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails!
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
* * hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!
Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breaking o'er their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shooting o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure!
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age with gripe an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them;
In like proportion less will hurt them;
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right enough;
A country girlie at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' evendown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless:
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' even their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping through public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches:
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' * *
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhanged blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night;
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na *men* but *dogs;*
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin' thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin' light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidman, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction,
An' nighted travellers are allured,
To their destruction

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird;
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better fo'k,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him' i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill tongued, wicked Scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
The billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter:
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be bless'd, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin showers rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising, wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaist and houlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods!
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight;
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape:
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies!
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cower;
Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tale she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

SONG.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray,
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
'Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SONG.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy!

Here's a health ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

SONG.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

SONG.

Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

SONG.

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

WILLIAM MASON.

[Born, 1725. Died, 1797.]

William Mason was the son of the vicar of St. Trinity, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, in his eighteenth year, having already, as he informs us, blended some attention to painting and poetry with his youthful studies—

"—— soon my hand the mimic colours spread,
And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath
From Fame's unfading laurels."
English Garden, B. 1.

At the university he distinguished himself by his Monody on the death of Pope, which was published in 1747.* Two years afterward he obtained his degree of master of arts, and a fellowship of Pembroke-hall. For his fellowship he was indebted to the interest of Gray, whose acquaintance with him was intimate and lasting; and who describes him, at Cambridge, as a young man of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; in simplicity a child, a little vain, but sincere, inoffensive, and indolent. At a later period of his life, Thomas Warton gave him the very opposite character of a "*buckram man.*"

He was early attached to Whig principles, and wrote his poem of "Isis," as an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford. When Thomas Warton produced his "Triumph of Isis," in reply, the two poets had the liberality to compliment the productions of each other; nor were their rival strains much worthy of mutual envy. But Mason, though he was above envy, could not detach his vanity from the subject. One evening, on entering Oxford with a friend, he expressed his happiness that it was dark. His friend not perceiving any advantage in the circumstance, "What!" said Mason, "don't you remember my Isis?"

In 1753 he published his "Elfrida," in which the chorus is introduced after the model of the Greek drama. The general unsuitableness of that venerable appendage of the ancient theatre for the modern stage seems to be little disputed.† The two predominant features of the Greek chorus were, its music and its abstract morality. Its musical character could not be revived, unless the science of music were by some miracle to be made a thousand years younger, and unless modern ears were restored to a taste for its youthful simplicity. If music were as freely mixed with our tragedy as with that of Greece, the effect would speedily be, to make harmony predominate over words, sound over sense, as in modern operas, and the result would be not a resemblance to the drama of Greece, but a thing as opposite to it as possible. The moral use of the ancient chorus is also superseded by the nature of modern dramatic imitation,

[* In one of his first poems Mason had, in a puerile fiction, ranked Chaucer and Spenser and Milton below Pope, which is like comparing a garden shrub with the oaks of the forest. But he would have maintained no such absurdity in his riper years, for Mason lived to perceive and correct both his errors of opinion and his faults of style.—Southey, *Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 177.]

[† The ancients were perpetually confined and hampered by the necessity of using the chorus: and if they have done wonders notwithstanding this clog, sure I am they would have performed still greater wonders without it.—Gray. *Remarks on Elfrida, Works by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 2.

It is impossible to conceive that Phædra trusted her incestuous passion, or Medea her murderous revenge, to a whole troop of attendants.—Hor. Walpole. *Royal and Noble Authors.*]

which incorporates sentiment and reflection so freely with the speeches of the represented characters, as to need no suspension of the dialogue for the sake of lyrical bursts of morality or religious invocation.

The chorus was the oldest part of Greek tragedy; and though Mr. Schlegel has rejected the idea of its having owed its preservation on the Greek stage to its antiquity, I cannot help thinking that that circumstance was partly the cause of its preservation.* Certainly the Greek drama, having sprung from a choral origin, would always retain a character congenial with the chorus. The Greek drama preserved a religious and highly rythmical character. It took its rise from a popular solemnity, and continued to exhibit the public, as it were, personified in a distinct character upon the stage. In this circumstance we may perhaps recognise a trait of the democratic spirit of Athenian manners, which delighted to give the impartial spectators a sort of image and representative voice upon the stage. Music was then simple; the dramatic representation of character and action, though bold, was simple; and this simplicity left in the ancient stage a space for the chorus, which it could not obtain (permanently) on that of the moderns. Our music is so complicated, that when it is allied with words it overwhelms our attention to words. Again, the Greek drama gave strong and decisive outlines of character and passion, but not their minute shadings; our drama gives all the play of moral physiognomy. The great and awful characters of a Greek tragedy spoke in pithy texts, without commentaries of sentiment; while the flexible eloquence of the moderns supplies both text and commentary. Every moral feeling, calm or tumultuous, is expressed in our soliloquies or dialogues. The Greeks made up for the want of soliloquy, and for the short simplicity of their dialogue, which often consisted in interchanges of single lines, by choral speeches, which commented on the passing action, explained occurring motives, and soothed or deepened the moral impressions arising out of the piece. With us every thing is different. The dramatic character is brought, both physically and morally, so much nearer to our perception, with all its fluctuating motives and feelings, as to render it as unnecessary to have interpreters of sentiment or motives, such as the chorus, to magnify, or soothe, or prolong our moral impressions, as to have buskins to increase the size, or brazen faces to reverberate the voice of the speaker. Nor has the mind any preparation for such juries of reflectors, and processions and confidential advisers.

There is, however, no rule without a possible exception. To make the chorus an habitual part of the modern drama would be a chimerical attempt. There are few subjects in which every part of a plot may not be fulfilled by individuals. Yet it is easy to conceive a subject, in which it may be required, or at least desirable to incorporate a group of individuals under one common part. And where this grouping shall arise not capriciously, but necessarily out of the nature of the subject, our minds will not be offended by the circumstance, but will thank the dramatist for an agreeable novelty. In order to reconcile us, however, to this plural personage, or chorus, it is necessary that the individuals composing it should be knit not only by a natural but dignified coalition. The group, in fact, will scarcely please or interest the imagination unless it has a solemn or interesting community of character. Such are the Druids in "Caractacus;" and, perhaps, the chorus of Israelites in Racine's "Esther." In such a case even a modern audience would be likely to suspend their love of artificial harmony, and to listen with delight to simple music and choral poetry, where the words were not drowned in the music. At all events, there would exist a fair apology for introducing a chorus, from the natural and imposing bond of unity belonging to the group. But this apology will by no means apply to the tragedy of Elfrida. The chorus is there composed of persons who have no other community of character than their being the waiting women of a baroness. They are too unimportant personages to be a chorus. They have no right to form so important a ring around Elfrida, in the dramatic hemisphere; and the imagination is puzzled to discover any propriety in those young ladies, who, according to history, ought to have been good Christians, striking up a hymn, in Harewood Forest, to the rising sun:

"Hail to the living light," &c.

In other respects the tragedy of Elfrida is objectionable. It violates the traditional truth of history, without exhibiting a story sufficiently powerful to triumph over our historical belief. The whole concludes with Elfrida's self-devotion to widowhood; but no circumstance is contrived to assure us, that, like many other afflicted widows, she may not marry again. An irreverend and ludicrous, but involuntary, recollection is apt to cross the mind respecting the fragility of widows' vows—

"Vows made in pain, as violent and void."

Elfrida was acted at Covent Garden in 1772 under the direction of Colman, who got it up with splendid scenery, and characteristic music, composed by Dr. Arne; but he made some alterations in the text, which violently offended its author. Mason threatened the manager with an

* Mr. Schlegel alludes to the tradition of Sophocles having written a prose defence of the chorus against the objections of contemporaries, who blamed this continuance of it. Admitting this tradition, what does it prove? Sophocles found the chorus in his native drama, and no doubt found the genius of that drama congenial with the chorus from which it had sprung. In the opinion of the great German critic, he used the chorus, not from regard to habit, but principle. But have not many persons of the highest genius defended customs on the score of principle, to which they were secretly, perhaps unconsciously, attached from the power of habit? Custom is, in fact, stronger than principle.

appeal to the public; and the manager, in turn, threatened the poet with introducing a chorus of Grecian washerwomen on the stage. At the distance of several years it was revived at the same theatre, with the author's own alterations, but with no better success. The play, in spite of its theatrical failure, was still acknowledged to possess poetical beauties.*

In 1754 Mason went into orders; and, through the patronage of Lord Holdernesse, was appointed one of the chaplains to the king. He was also domestic chaplain to the nobleman now mentioned, and accompanied him to Germany, where he speaks of having met with his friend Whitehead, the future laureate, at Hanover, in the year 1755. About the same time he received the living of Aston. He again courted the attention of the public in 1756, with four Odes, the themes of which were Independence, Memory, Melancholy, and the Fall of Tyranny. Smollett and Shenstone, in their strains to Independence and Memory have certainly outshone our poet, as well as anticipated him in those subjects. The glittering and alliterative style of those four odes of Mason was severely parodied by Lloyd and Colman; and the public, it is said, were more entertained with the parodies than with the originals. On the death of Cibber, he was proposed to succeed to the laurel; but he received an apology for its not being offered to him because he was a clergyman. The apology was certainly both an absurd and false one; for Warton, the succeeding laureate, was in orders.† There seems, however, to be no room for doubting the sincerity of Mason's declaration, that he was indifferent about the office.

His reputation was considerably raised by the appearance of "Caractacus," in 1759. Many years after its publication it was performed at Covent Garden with applause; though the impression it produced was not sufficient to make it permanent on the stage. This *chef-d'œuvre* of Mason may not exhibit strong or minute delineation of human character; but it has enough of dramatic interest to support our admiration of virtue and our suspense and emotion in behalf of its cause: and it leads the imagination into scenes, delightfully cast amidst the awfulness of superstition, the venerable antiquity of history, and the untamed grandeur of external nature. In this last respect it may be preferred to the tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher on the same subject; that it brings forward the persons and abodes of the Druids with more magnificent effect. There is so much of the poet's eye displayed in the choice of his ground, and in the outline of his structure, that Mason seems to challenge something like a generous prepossession on the mind in judging of his drama. It is the work of a man of genius, that calls for regret on its imperfections. Even in the lyrical passages, which are most of all loaded with superfluous ornament and alliteration, we meet with an enthusiasm that breaks out from amidst encumbering faults. The invocation of the Druids to Snowdon, for which the mind is so well prepared by the preceding scene, begins with peculiar harmony:

> "Mona on Snowdon calls:
> Hear, thou king of mountains, hear!"

and the ode on which Gray bestowed so much approbation, opens with a noble personification, and an impetuous spirit—

> "Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
> That shook the earth with thundering tread?
> 'Twas Death. In haste the warrior past,
> High tower'd his helmed head."

In 1764 he published a collection of his works in one volume, containing four elegies, which had been written since the appearance of Caractacus. The language of those elegies is certainly less stiffly embroidered than that of his odes; and they contain some agreeable passages, such as Dryden's character in the first; the description of a friend's happiness in country retirement in the second; and of Lady Coventry's beauty in the fourth; but they are not altogether free from the "*buckram*," and are studies of the head more than the heart.

In 1762 he was appointed by his friend Mr. Montagu to the canonry and prebend of Driffield, in the cathedral of York, and by Lord Holdernesse to the precentorship of the church; but his principal residence continued still to be at Aston, where he indulged his taste in adorning the grounds near his parsonage, and was still more honourably distinguished by an exemplary fulfilment of his clerical duties. In 1765 he married a Miss Sherman, the daughter of William Sherman, Esq. of Kingston-upon-Hull. From the time of his marriage with this amiable woman, he had unhappily little intermission from anxiety in watching the progress of a consumption which carried her off at the end of two years, at the early age of twenty-eight. He has commemorated her virtues in a well-known and elegant sepulchral inscription.

By the death of his beloved friend Gray, he was left a legacy of £500, together with the books and MSS. of the poet. His "Memoirs and Letters of Gray" were published in 1775,

[* It was something in that sickly age of tragedy to produce two such dramas as Elfrida and Caractacus; the success of which, when Colman (much to his honour) made the bold experiment of bringing them on the stage, proved that, although the public had long been dieted upon trash, they could relish something of a worthier kind than Tamerlane, The Revenge, and The Grecian Daughter. Mason composed his plays upon an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakspeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama. SOUTHEY, *Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 177.]

[† This is far from correct. Whitehead succeeded Cibber, who was succeeded by Warton. Whitehead was not in orders; but Eusden, a parson, and a drunken one, had worn the laurel. Mason being in orders was thought by the then Lord Chamberlain less eligible than a layman.

Dryden was the last laureate appointed by the king; the successors of Charles II., with a noble regard for poetry, left the election to the Lord Chamberlain. To Gray and Sir Walter Scott the situation was offered as a sinecure, but refused, and by Mr. Southey was accepted conditionally—not to sing annually, but upon occasion, that is, when the subject was fit for song and the muse consenting.]

upon a new plan of biography, which has since been followed in several instances.* The first book of his "English Garden" made its appearance in 1772; the three subsequent parts came out in 1777, 1779, and 1782. The first book contains a few lines beautifully descriptive of woodland scenery.

> "Many a glade is found,
> The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if Art
> E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandall'd foot,
> Printless, as if the place were holy ground."

There may be other fine passages in this poem; but if there be, I confess that the somniferous effect of the whole has occasioned to me the fault or misfortune of overlooking them. What value it may possess, as an "Art of Ornamental Gardening," I do not presume to judge; but if this be the perfection of didactic poetry, as Warton pronounced it, it would seem to be as difficult to teach art by poetry, as to teach poetry by art. He begins the poem by invoking Simplicity; but she never comes. Had her power condescended to visit him, I think she would have thrown a less "*dilettante*" air upon his principal episode, in which the tragic event of a woman expiring suddenly of a broken heart, is introduced by a conversation between her rival lovers about "Palladian bridges, Panini's pencil, and Piranesi's hand." At all events, Simplicity would not have allowed the hero of the story to construct his barns in imitation of a Norman fortress; and to give his dairy the resemblance of an ancient abbey; nor the poet himself to address a flock of sheep with as much solemnity as if he had been haranguing a senate.

During the whole progress of the American war, Mason continued unchanged in his Whig principles; and took an active share in the association for parliamentary reform, which began to be formed in the year 1779. Finding that his principles gave offence at court, he resigned his office of chaplainship to the king. His Muse was indebted to those politics for a new and lively change in her character. In the pieces which he wrote under the name of Malcolm Mac Gregor, there is a pleasantry that we should little expect from the solemn hand which had touched the harp of the Druids. Thomas Warton was the first to discover, or at least to announce, him as the author of the "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers;" and Mason's explanation left the suspicion uncontradicted.†

Among his accomplishments, his critical knowledge of painting must have been considerable, for his translation of Du Fresnoy's poem on that art, which appeared in 1783, was finished at the particular suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who furnished it with illustrative notes. One of his last publications was, "An Ode on the Commemoration of the British Revolution." It was his very last song in praise of liberty. Had Soame Jenyns, whom our poet rallies so facetiously for his Toryism, lived to read his palinode after the French Revolution, he might have retorted on him the lines which Mason put in the mouth of Dean Tucker, in his "Dialogue of the Dean and the Squire."

> "Squire Jenyns, since with like intent
> We both have writ on government."

But he showed that his philanthropy had suffered no abatement from the change of his politics, by delivering and publishing an eloquent sermon against the slave trade. In the same year that gave occasion to his Secular Ode, he condescended to be the biographer of his friend Whitehead, and the editor of his works.

Mason's learning in the arts was of no ordinary kind. He composed several devotional pieces of music for the choir of York cathedral; and Dr. Burney speaks of an "Historical and Critical Essay on English Church Music," which he published in 1795, in very respectful terms. It is singular, however, that the fault ascribed by the same authority to his musical theory, should be that of Calvinistical plainness. In verse he was my Lord Peter; in his taste for sacred music, Dr. Burney compares him to Jack, in the "Tale of a Tub."

His death was occasioned, in his seventy-second year, by an accidental hurt on his leg, which he received in stepping out of a carriage, and which produced an incurable mortification.

OPENING SCENE OF "CARACTACUS."

AULUS DIDIUS, *with* ROMANS; VELLINUS *and* ELIDURUS, *sons of the* British Queen CARTISMANDUA.

Aul. Did. THIS is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone: they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread [friends,
Stalk'd through his drear domain. And yet, my
(If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)
Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns

[* Instead of melting down my materials into one mass, and constantly speaking in my own person, by which I might have appeared to have more merit in the execution of the work, I have resolved to adopt and enlarge upon the excellent plan of Mr. Mason in his Memoirs of Gray.—BOSWELL.

Mason's plan has been further honoured by Hayley's imitation of it in his life of Cowper, by Mr. Moore in his life of Lord Byron, and by Mr. Lockhart in his life of Sir Walter Scott.]

[† Mason's right to the poem is now put beyond all question by the collected edition of Walpole's Letters.]

'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me.
Call forth the British princes: in this gloom
I mean to school them to our enterprise.

Enter VELLINUS *and* ELIDURUS.

Ye pledges dear of Cartismandua's faith,
Approach! and to mine uninstructed ear
Explain this scene of horror.
Elid. Daring Roman,
Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground:
These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
Thus ranged in mystic order, mark the place
Where but at times of holiest festival
The Druid leads his train.
Aul. Did. Where dwells the seer?
Vel. In yonder shaggy cave; on which the moon
Now sheds a sidelong gleam. His brotherhood
Possess the neighb'ring cliffs.
Aul. Did. Yet up the hill
Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,
Delved in the ridges of the craggy steep;
And this way still another.
Elid. On the left
Reside the sages skill'd in nature's lore:
The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
Studious they measure, save when meditation
Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove
Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grots
Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence,
Robed in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of air,
Of earth, of water, nay of Heaven itself,
Do listen to their lay; and oft, tis said,
In visible shapes dance they a magic round
To the high minstrelsy.—Now, if thine eye
Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships,
And ply thine oars; for, if the Druids learn
This bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard
To foil their fury.
Aul. Did. Prince, I did not moor
My light-arm'd shallops on this dangerous strand
To soothe a fruitless curiosity;
I come in quest of proud Caractacus;
Who, when our veterans put his troops to flight,
Found refuge here.
Elid. If here the monarch rests,
Presumptuous chief! thou might'st as well assay
To pluck him from yon stars: Earth's ample range
Contains no surer refuge: underneath
The soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,
Scoop'd through the living rock in winding maze,
Lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep:
In which the hoary sages act their rites
Mysterious, rites of such strange potency,
As, done in open day, would dim the sun, [dens
Though throned in noontide brightness. In such
He may for life lie hid.
Aul. Did. We know the task
Most difficult, yet has thy royal mother
Furnish'd the means.
Elid. My mother, say'st thou, Roman?
Aul. Did. In proof of that firm faith she lends to Rome,
She gave you up, her honour's hostages.
Elid. She did: and we submit.
Aul. Did. To Rome we bear you;
From your dear country bear you; from your joys,
Your loves, your friendships, all your souls hold precious. [fate?
Elid. And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with our
Aul. Did. No, youth, by Heaven, I would avert that fate.
Wish ye for liberty?
Vel. and Elid. More than for life.
Aul. Did. And would do much to gain it?
Vel. Name the task.
Aul. Did. The task is easy. Haste ye to these Druids:
Tell them ye come, commission'd by your queen,
To seek the great Caractacus; and call
His valour to her aid, against the legions,
Which, led by our Ostorius, now assail
Her frontiers. The late treaty she has seal'd
Is yet unknown: and this her royal signet,
Which more to mask our purpose was obtain'd,
Shall be your pledge of faith. The eager king
Will gladly take the charge; and, he consenting,
What else remains, but to the Menai's shore
Ye lead his credulous step? there will we seize him,
Bear him to Rome, the substitute for you,
And give you back to freedom.
Vel. If the Druids—
Aul. Did. If they, or he, prevent this artifice,
Then force must take its way: then flaming brands,
And biting axes, wielded by our soldiers,
Must level these thick shades, and so unlodge
The lurking savage.
Elid. Gods, shall Mona perish?
Aul. Did. Princes, her every trunk shall on the ground
Stretch its gigantic length; unless, ere dawn,
Ye lure this untamed lion to our toils.
Go then, and prosper; I shall to the ships,
And there expect his coming. Youths, remember,
He must to Rome to grace great Cæsar's triumph:
Cæsar and fate demand him at your hand.
[*Exeunt* AULUS DIDIUS *and* Romans.

FROM THE SAME.

CARACTACUS AMONG THE DRUIDS, WHERE HE IS TO BE CONSECRATED ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

CARACTACUS; EVELINA, *daughter of* CARACTACUS; *and* CHORUS.

Car. THIS holy place, methinks, doth this night wear
More than its wonted gloom: Druid, these groves
Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,
Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,
In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks!
Hail, British born! who, last of British race,
Hold your primeval rights by Nature's charter;
Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,
Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air;
Nor ask, for privilege, a pretor's edict.
Ye, with your tough and intertwisted roots,

Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from; and, erect,
In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread
Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous north,
Who, Roman like, assails you. Tell me, Druid,
Is it not better to be such as these,
Than be the thing I am?
Chor. To be the thing
Eternal Wisdom wills, is ever best.
Car. But I am lost to that predestined use
Eternal Wisdom will'd, and fitly therefore
May wish a change of being. I was born
A king; and Heaven, who bade these warrior oaks
Lift their green shields against the fiery sun,
To fence their subject plain, did mean that I
Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people
Against the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.
I fail'd; and how I fail'd, thou know'st too well:
So does the babbling world: and therefore, Druid,
I would be any thing save what I am.
Chor. See, to thy wish, the holy rites prepared,
Which, if Heaven frowns not, consecrate thee Druid:
See to the altar's base the victim led,
From whose free gushing blood ourself shall read
Its high behests; which if assenting found,
These hands around thy chosen limbs shall wrap
The vest of sanctity; while at the act,
Yon white-robed Bards, sweeping their solemn harps,
Shall lift their choral warblings to the skies,
And call the gods to witness. Meanwhile, prince,
Bethink thee well, if aught on this vain earth
Still holds too firm a union with thy soul,
Estranging it from peace.
Car. I had a queen:
Bear with my weakness, Druid! this tough breast
Must heave a sigh, for she is unrevenged.
And can I taste true peace, she unrevenged?
So chaste, so loved a queen! Ah, Evelina!
Hang not thus weeping on the feeble arm
That could not save thy mother.
Evel. To hang thus
Softens the pang of grief; and the sweet thought,
That a fond father still supports his child,
Sheds, on my pensive mind, such soothing balm,
As doth the blessing of these pious seers,
When most they wish our welfare. Would to Heaven
A daughter's presence could as much avail,
To ease her father's woes, as his doth mine!
Car. Ever most gentle! come unto my bosom:
Dear pattern of the precious prize I lost,
Lost, so inglorious lost:—my friends, these eyes
Did see her torn from my defenceless camp;
Whilst I, hemm'd round by squadrons, could not save her:
My boy, still nearer to the darling pledge,
Beheld her shrieking in the ruffian's arm;
Beheld, and fled.
Evel. Ah! sir, forbear to wound
My brother's fame; he fled, but to recall
His scatter'd forces to pursue and save her.
Car. Daughter, he fled. Now, by yon gracious moon,
That rising saw the deed, and instant hid
Her blushing face in twilight's dusky vail,
The flight was parricide.
Evel. Indeed, indeed,
I know him valiant; and not doubt he fell
'Mid slaughter'd thousands of the haughty foe,
Victim to filial love. Arviragus!
Thou hadst no sister near the bloody field,
Whose sorrowing search, led by yon orb of night,
Might find thy body, wash with tears thy wounds,
And wipe them with her hair.
Chor. Peace, virgin, peace:
Nor thou, sad prince, reply; whate'er he is,
Be he a captive, fugitive, or corse,
He is what Heaven ordain'd: these holy groves
Permit no exclamation 'gainst Heaven's will
To violate their echoes: Patience here,
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts the adoring eye,
Even to the storm that wrecks her.
Evel. Holy Druid,
If aught my erring tongue has said pollutes
This sacred place, I from my soul abjure it,
And will these lips bar with eternal silence,
Rather than speak a word, or act a deed
Unmeet for thy sage daughters; blessing first
This hallow'd hour, that takes me from the world
And joins me to their sober sisterhood. [maid,
Chor. 'Tis wisely said. See, prince, this prudent
Now, while the ruddy flame of sparkling youth
Glows on her beauteous cheek, can quit the world
Without a sigh, whilst thou——
Car. Would save my queen
From a base ravisher; would wish to plunge
This falchion in his breast, and so avenge
Insulted royalty. Oh, holy men!
Ye are the sons of piety and peace;
Ye never felt the sharp vindictive spur,
That goads the injured warrior; the hot tide
That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek
Of him who burns for glory; else indeed
Ye much would pity me; would curse the fate
That coops me here inactive in your groves,
Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel
Must never cleave one Roman helm again;
Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.
Chor. 'Tis Heaven's high will——
Car. I know it, reverend fathers!
'Tis Heaven's high will, that these poor aged eyes
Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,
To whom my youth was constant; 'twas Heaven's will
To take her from me at that very hour, [hour,
When best her love might soothe me; that black
(May memory ever rase it from her records,)
When all my squadrons fled, and left their king
Old and defenceless: him, who nine whole years
Had taught them how to conquer: yes, my friends,
For nine whole years against the sons of rapine
I led my veterans, oft to victory,
Never till then to shame. Bear with me, Druid;
I've done: begin the rites.
Chor. Oh, would to Heaven
A frame of mind more fitted to these rites
Possess'd thee, prince! that Resignation meek,
That dove-eyed Peace, handmaid of Sanctity

Approach'd this altar with thee: 'stead of these,
See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguined Slaughter,
And mad Ambition, clinging to thy soul,
Eager to snatch thee back to their domain,
Back to a vain and miserable world;
Whose misery, and vanity, though tried,
Thou still hold'st dearer than these solemn shades,
Where Quiet reigns with Virtue! try we yet
What holiness can do! for much it can:
Much is the potency of pious prayer:
And much the sacred influence convey'd
By sage mysterious office: when the soul,
Snatch'd by the power of music from her cell
Of fleshly thraldom, feels herself upborne
On plumes of ecstasy, and boldly springs,
'Mid swelling harmonies and pealing hymns,
Up to the porch of Heaven. Strike, then, ye Bards!
Strike all your strings symphonious; wake a strain
May penetrate, may purge, may purify,
His yet unhallow'd bosom; call ye hither
The airy tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,
Even on majestic Snowdon: they, who never
Deign visit mortal men, save on some cause
Of highest import, but, sublimely shrined
On its hoar top in domes of crystalline ice,
Hold converse with those spirits that possess
The skies' pure sapphire, nearest Heaven itself.

AN ODE.

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear!
Hark, she speaks from all her strings;
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow:
See their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour;
Now, the mutter'd spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock;
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round, and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted mistletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight:
Here, arranged in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo, with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre;
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all——

Chor. Break off; a sullen smoke involves the altar;
The central oak doth shake; I hear the sound
Of steps profane; Caractacus, retire;
Bear hence the victims; Mona is polluted.
Semich. Father, as we did watch the eastern side,
We spied and instant seized two stranger youths,
Who, in the bottom of a shadowy dell,
Held earnest cenverse: Britons do they seem,
And of Brigantian race.
Chor. Haste, drag them hither.

FROM THE SAME.

Vellinus, the treacherous brother of Elidurus, having fled to the Romans, Elidurus is sentenced to die—Evelina pleads for his life.

Chorus, Evelina, Elidurus, and Bard.

Chor. What may his flight portend? Say, Evelina,
How came this youth to 'scape?
Evel. And that to tell
Will fix much blame on my impatient folly:
For, ere your hallow'd lips had given permission,
I flew with eager haste to bear my father
News of his son's return. Inflamed with that,
Think how a sister's zealous breast must glow!
Your looks give mild assent. I glow'd indeed
With the dear tale, and sped me in his ear
To pour the precious tidings: but my tongue
Scarce named Arviragus, ere the false stranger
(As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace
Fled to the cavern's mouth.
Chor. The king pursued?
Evel. Alas! he mark'd him not, for 'twas the moment,
When he had all to ask and all to fear,
Touching my brother's valour. Hitherto
His safety only, which but little moved him,
Had reach'd his ears: but when my tongue unfolded
The story of his bravery and his peril, [cheeks!
Oh how the tears coursed plenteous down his
How did he lift unto the Heavens his hands
In speechless transport! Yet he soon bethought him
Of Rome's invasion, and with fiery glance
Survey'd the cavern round; then snatch'd his spear,
And menaced to pursue the flying traitor:
But I with prayers (oh pardon, if they err'd)
Withheld his step, for to the left the youth
Had wing'd his way, where the thick underwood
Afforded sure retreat. Besides, if found,
Was age a match for youth?
Chor. Maiden, enough:
Better perchance for us, if he were captive;
But in the justice of their cause, and Heaven,
Do Mona's sons confide.
Bard. Druid, the rites
Are finish'd, all save that which crowns the rest,
And which pertains to thy bless'd hand alone:
For that he kneels before thee.
Chor. Take him hence,
We may not trust him forth to fight our cause

Elid. Now by Andraste's throne——
Chor. Nay, swear not, youth.
The tie is broke that held thy fealty:
Thy brother's fled.
Elid. Fled!
Chor. To the Romans fled;
Yes, thou hast cause to tremble.
Elid. Ah, Vellinus!
Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end!
Was I thy brother, youth, and hast thou left me!
Yes; and how left me, cruel as thou art,
The victim of thy crimes!
Chor. True, thou must die.
Elid. I pray ye then on your best mercy, fathers,
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,
If this be life. Yet I must doubt even that:
For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort
Sets firm-eyed reason on a gaze, mistrusting,
That what she sees in palpable plain form,
The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these caverns,
Are all mere tricks of cozenage, nothing real,
The vision of a vision. If he's fled,
I ought to hate this brother.
Chor. Yet thou dost not.
Elid. But when astonishment will give me leave,
Perchance I shall.—And yet he is my brother,
And he was virtuous once. Yes, ye vile Romans,
Yes, I must die, before my thirsty sword
Drinks one rich drop of vengeance. Yet, ye robbers,
Yet will I curse you with my dying lips:
'Twas you that stole away my brother's virtue.
Chor. Now then prepare to die.
Elid. I am prepared.
Yet, since I cannot now (what most I wish'd)
By manly prowess guard this lovely maid;
Permit that on your holiest earth I kneel,
And pour one fervent prayer for her protection.
Allow me this, for though you think me false,
The gods will hear me.
Evel. I can hold no longer!
Oh Druid, Druid, at thy feet I fall:
Yes, I must plead, (away with virgin blushes,)
For such a youth must plead. I'll die to save him;
Oh take my life, and let him fight for Mona.
Chor. Virgin, arise. His virtue hath redeem'd him,
And he shall fight for thee, and for his country.
Youth, thank us with thy deeds. The time is short,
And now with reverence take our high lustration;
Thrice do we sprinkle thee with day-break dew
Shook from the may-thorn blossom; twice and thrice
Touch we thy forehead with our holy wand:
Now thou art fully purged. Now rise restored
To virtue and to us. Hence then, my son,
Hie thee, to yonder altar, where our Bards
Shall arm thee duly both with helm and sword
For warlike enterprise.

FROM THE SAME.

THE CAPTURE OF CARACTACUS.

Aul. Did. Ye bloody priests,
Behold we burst on your infernal rites,
And bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,
Nor hope that superstition's ruthless step
Shall wade in Roman gore. Ye savage men,
Did not our laws give license to all faiths,
We would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave
These shapeless symbols of your barbarous gods,
And let the golden sun into your caves.
Chor. Servant of Cæsar, has thine impious tongue
Spent the black venom of its blasphemy?
It has. Then take our curses on thine head,
Even his fell curses, who doth reign in Mona,
Vicegerent of those gods thy pride insults.
Aul. Did. Bold priest, I scorn thy curses, and thyself.
Soldiers, go search the caves, and free the prisoners.
Take heed, ye seize Caractacus alive.
Arrest yon youth; load him with heaviest irons,
He shall to Cæsar answer for his crime.
Elid. I stand prepared to triumph in my crime.
Aul. Did. 'Tis well, proud boy—Look to the beauteous maid, [*To the Soldiers.*
That tranced in grief, bends o'er yon bleeding corse:
Respect her sorrows.
Evel. Hence, ye barbarous men!
Ye shall not take him welt'ring thus in blood,
To show at Rome what British virtue was.
Avaunt! the breathless body that ye touch
Was once Arviragus!
Aul. Did. Fear us not, princess;
We reverence the dead.
Chor. Would too to Heaven,
Ye reverenced the gods but even enough
Not to debase with slavery's cruel chain
What they created free.
Aul. Did. The Romans fight
Not to enslave, but humanize the world.
Chor. Go to! we will not parley with thee, Roman:
Instant pronounce our doom.
Aul. Did. Hear it, and thank us.
This once our clemency shall spare your groves,
If at our call you yield the British king:
Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of Cæsar,
That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,
Shall bow beneath our axes.
Chor. Be they blasted,
Whene'er their shade forgets to shelter virtue!
Enter Bard.
Bard. Mourn, Mona, mourn. Caractacus is captive!
And dost thou smile, false Roman? Do not think
He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,
Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,
The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud
With death. Bursting through arm'd ranks, that hemm'd
The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus
Seized his false throat; and as he gave him death
Indignant thunder'd, "Thus is my last stroke
The stroke of justice." Numbers then oppress'd him:
I saw the slave, that cowardly behind
Pinion'd his arms; I saw the sacred sword
Writhed from his grasp: I saw, what now ye see,
Inglorious sight! those barbarous bonds upon him.

Enter CARACTACUS.

Car. Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant
Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,
And wither'd as you see these war-worn limbs,
Trust me they shall support the weightiest load
Injustice dares impose——
Proud-crested soldier,
[*To* DIDIUS.
Who seem'st the master-mover in this business,
Say, dost thou read less terror on my brow,
Than when thou met'st me in the fields of war
Heading my nations? No! my free-born soul
Has scorn still left to sparkle through these eyes,
And frown defiance on thee.——Is it thus?
[*Seeing his son's body.*
Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty gods!
My soul, my soul submits: patient it bears
The ponderous load of grief ye heap upon it.
Yes, it will grovel in this shatter'd breast,
And be the sad tame thing, it ought to be,
Coop'd in a servile body.

Aul. Did. Droop not, king.
When Claudius, the great master of the world,
Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,
His pity——

Car. Can a Roman pity, soldier?
And if he can, gods! must a Briton bear it?
Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy,
Thou hast escaped such pity; thou art free.
Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs
Rest in a noble grave; posterity
Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring
Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds;
Whilst mine——

Aul. Did. The morn doth hasten our departure.
Prepare thee, king, to go: a fav'ring gale
Now swells our sails.

Car. Inhuman, that thou art!
Dost thou deny a moment for a father
To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son?
I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life,
To do it duly; even a longer life
Than sorrow ever suffer'd. Cruel man!
And thou deniest me moments. Be it so.
I know you Romans weep not for your children;
Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it valour;
I triumph in my tears. Yes, best-loved boy,
Yes, I can weep, can fall upon thy corse,
And I can tear my hairs, these few gray hairs,
The only honours war and age hath left me.
Ah son! thou mightst have ruled o'er many nations,
As did thy royal ancestry: but I,
Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb
Discretion hangs on bravery: else perchance
These men, that fasten fetters on thy father,
Had sued to him for peace, and claim'd his friendship.

Aul. Did. But thou wast still implacable to Rome,
And scorn'd her friendship.

Car. (*starting up from the body.*) Soldier, I had
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars, [arms,
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims,
To lord it universal o'er the world,
Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?

Aul. Did. Read in thy fate our answer. Yet if sooner
Thy pride had yielded——

Car. Thank thy gods, I did not.
Had it been so, the glory of thy master,
Like my misfortunes, had been short and trivial,
Oblivion's ready prey: now, after struggling
Nine years, and that right bravely 'gainst a tyrant,
I am his slave to treat as seems him good;
If cruelly, 'twill be an easy task
To bow a wretch, alas! how bow'd already!
Down to the dust: if well, his clemency,
When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing penmen,
Will shine in honour's annals, and adorn
Himself; it boots not me. Look there, look there!
The slave that shot that dart kill'd every hope
Of lost Caractacus! Arise, my daughter;
Alas! poor prince, art thou too in vile fetters?
[*To* ELIDURUS.
Come hither, youth: be thou to me a son,
To her a brother. Thus with trembling arms
I lead you forth; children, we go to Rome.
Weep'st thou, my girl? I prithee hoard thy tears
For the sad meeting of thy captive mother:
For we have much to tell her, much to say
Of these good men, who nurtured us in Mona;
Much of the fraud and malice that pursued us;
Much of her son, who pour'd his precious blood
To save his sire and sister: think'st thou, maid,
Her gentleness can hear the tale, and live?
And yet she must. Oh gods, I grow a talker!
Grief and old age are ever full of words:
But I'll be mute. Adieu, ye holy men;
Yet one look more—Now lead us hence for ever.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine!
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas even to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.*

TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT,

COMPTROLLER-GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS, AND AUTHOR OF A LATE "DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING."—ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

1773.

KNIGHT of the Polar star! by fortune placed
To shine the Cynosure of British taste;†
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese virtù;
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That kings themselves are dazzled while they gaze.
Oh let the muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong;‡
Like thee to scorn dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each ha-ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of him, whom we and all the world admit,
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train,
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Sheabeares,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let David Hume, from the remotest north,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
David, who there supinely deigns to lie
The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty;
Though drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty home, bemired in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollett from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court.§
There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
When Kent and Nature vied for Pelham's love,"
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that beauty blest their mutual toil.
Mistaken bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a driveller, and the nymph a drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;‖
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants and water.
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.
Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Browne
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's cave;
Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seized his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was fairy land;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong terrace re-ascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's king?
No! let barbaric glories feast his eyes,¶
August pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
"A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."
Nor rest we here, but at our magic call,
Monkeys shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;**

[* Of this Epistle, which came so opportunely to the succour of native taste against the Chinese invasion, personal spleen was undoubtedly the main inspiration. Chambers had offended Mason by publishing the Dissertation so soon after his "English Garden;" and his crime, in the eyes of Walpole, was no less than using his elaborate work as a weapon to deter the king from introducing classic improvements into the gardens of Richmond.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, *Lives of British Artists*, vol. iv. p. 347.]

† Cynosure, an affected phrase. "Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the pole."—Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

‡ "Many trees, shrubs and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but, in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants, and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

§ Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

‖ This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "Nature" (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them) "affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, grounds and water, are her only productions; and though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of changes rung upon bells, which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of jingling; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived." "Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies." Preface, page 7.

¶ So Milton.

"Where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

** "In their lofty woods, serpents and lizards, of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkeys, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, among which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. "They keep in their enchanted scenes a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet, and African giants, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes, in this romantic

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids;
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting.
Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;
This to achieve no foreign aids we try,—
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply;*
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder-mills.
Here too, O king of vengeance, in thy fane,†
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain;‡
And round that fane, on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate history;
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age,
(Too numerous far for this contracted page,)
The Rigbys, Calcrafts, Dysons, Bradshaws there,
In straw-stuff'd effigy, shall kick the air.
But say, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls?§
That Eastern feature, art must next produce,
Though not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
For him that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches, in a bridge that cuts‖
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishopric of parson Horne.
There, at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's street;
Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair,¶
And patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.**
Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court hath crost the stream; the sports begin;
Now Noel preaches of rebellion's sin:
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fletcher's eyes.††
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon show'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief!‡‡
He's stolen the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.
Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury,§§
And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury.‖‖
But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far,¶¶
The Jews and maccaronis are at war:
The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.***
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the maids of honour cry Te! He!†††
Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great Brunswick's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Though Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
Oh! let that bard his knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.‡‡‡

excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c., and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.

* "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c.; gibbets, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanoes." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air." &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanoes and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a powder-mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Vide page 40.

† "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the king of vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with pathetic descriptions of tragical events: and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers." Page 37.

‡ This was written while Mr. Wilkes was sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as lord mayor.

§ "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale."

"In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

‖ Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

¶ "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

** "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city."—The name of a woman who kept a fruit-shop in St. James's street.

†† "Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

‡‡ "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dexterous eunuchs." Vide Ibid.

§§ "The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide Ibid.

‖‖ "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

¶¶ "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

*** "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

††† "This is done to divert his imperial majesty, and the ladies of his train." Vide Ibid.

‡‡‡ [The laugh raised by these satiric rhymes in due season died quietly away; and Chambers, abandoning Chinese pagodas and Eastern bowers, confined himself to Roman architecture.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, *Lives of Brit. Art.* vol. iv. p. 350.]

JOSEPH WARTON.

[Born, 1722. Died, 1800.]

Doctor Joseph Warton, son to the vicar of Basingstoke, and elder brother to the historian of English poetry, was born in the house of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsfold, in Surrey. He was chiefly educated at home by his father, Dr. Warton, till his fourteenth year, when he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester College. He was there the schoolfellow and intimate of Collins, the poet; and, in conjunction with him and another youth, whose name was Tomkyns, he sent to the Gentleman's Magazine three pieces of poetry, which were highly commended in that miscellany.* In 1740, being superannuated, he left Winchester school, and having missed a presentation to New College, Oxford, was entered a commoner at that of Oriel. At the university he composed his two poems, "The Enthusiast," and "The Dying Indian," and a satirical prose sketch, in imitation of Le Sage, entitled "Ranelagh," which his editor, Mr. Wooll, has inserted in the volume that contains his life, letters, and poems. Having taken the degree of bachelor of arts at Oxford, in 1744, he was ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. At the end of two years he removed from thence to do duty at Chelsea, where he caught the small-pox. Having left that place for change of air, he did not return to it, on account of some disagreement with the parishioners, but officiated for a few months at Chawton and Droxford, and then resumed his residence at Basingstoke. In the same year, 1746, he published a volume of his odes, in the preface to which he expressed a hope that they would be regarded as a fair attempt to bring poetry back from the moralizing and didactic taste of the age, to the truer channels of fancy and description. Collins, our author's immortal contemporary, also published his odes in the same month of the same year. He realized, with the hand of genius, that idea of highly personified and picturesque composition, which Warton contemplated with the eye of taste. But Collins's works were ushered in with no manifesto of a design to regenerate the taste of the age, with no pretensions of erecting a new or recovered standard of excellence.

In 1748 our author was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, when he immediately married a lady of that neighbourhood, Miss Daman, to whom he had been for some time attached. He had not been long settled in his living, when he was invited by his patron to accompany him to the south of France. The Duchess of Bolton was then in a confirmed dropsy, and his Grace, anticipating her death, wished to have a protestant clergyman with him on the Continent, who might marry him, on the first intelligence of his consort's death, to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known by the name of Polly Peachum. Dr. Warton complied with this proposal, to which (as his circumstances were narrow) it must be hoped that his poverty consented rather than his will. "To those" (says Mr. Wooll) "who have enjoyed the rich and varied treasures of Dr. Warton's conversation, who have been dazzled by the brilliancy of his wit, and instructed by the acuteness of his understanding, I need not suggest how truly enviable was the journey which his fellow-travellers accomplished through the French provinces to Montauban." It may be doubted, however, if the French provinces were exactly the scene, where his fellow-travellers were most likely to be instructed by the acuteness of Dr. Warton's observations; as he was unable to speak the language of the country, and could have no information from foreigners, except what he could now and then extort from the barbarous Latin of some Irish friar. He was himself so far from being delighted or edified by his pilgrimage, that for private reasons, (as his biographer states,) and from impatience of being restored to his family, he returned home, without having accomplished the object for which the Duke had taken him abroad. He set out for Bordeaux in a courier's cart; but being dreadfully jolted in that vehicle, he quitted it, and, having joined some carriers in Brittany, came home by way of St. Maloes. A month after his return to England, the Duchess of Bolton died; and our author, imagining that his patron would, possibly, have the decency to remain a widower for a few weeks, wrote to his Grace, offering to join him immediately. But the Duke had no mind to delay his nuptials; he was joined to Polly by a protestant clergyman, who was found upon the spot; and our author thus missed the

* The piece which Collins contributed was entitled A Sonnet:—

"When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here:
Strange that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear.
From 'midst the drops, my love is born,
That o'er those eyelids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love."

(Signed) Delicatulus.

[Collins's other signature was *Amasius*. But only one of the poems with that name in the Gentleman's Magazine of that time was by Collins. Of the other verses, Mr. Dyce says, "their mediocrity convinces me that they did not proceed from the pen of Collins," (p. 207.) There was no necessity to decide this by their mediocrity; for Cave, in a note at the end of the poetry for that month, says, "The poems signed Amasius in this Magazine are from different correspondents;" and Dr. Johnson says, in one of his little notes to Nichols, omitted by Boswell, that the other Amasius was Dr. Swan, the translator of Sydenham.]

reward of the only action of his life which can be said to throw a blemish on his respectable memory.

In the year 1748–9 he had begun, and in 1753 he finished and published, an edition of Virgil in English and Latin. To this work Warburton contributed a dissertation on the sixth book of the Æneid; Atterbury furnished a commentary on the character of Iapis; and the laureate Whitehead, another on the shield of Æneas. Many of the notes were taken from the best commentators on Virgil, particularly Catrou and Segrais: some were supplied by Mr. Spence; and others, relating to the soil, climate, and customs of Italy, by Mr. Holdsworth, who had resided for many years in that country. For the English of the Æneid, he adopted the translation by Pitt. The life of Virgil, with three essays on pastoral,* didactic, and epic poetry, and a poetical version of the Eclogues and Georgics, constituted his own part of the work. This translation may, in many instances, be found more faithful and concise than Dryden's; but it wants that elastic and idiomatic freedom, by which Dryden reconciles us to his faults; and exhibits rather the diligence of a scholar than the spirit of a poet. Dr. Harewood, in his view of the classics, accuses the Latin text of incorrectness.† Shortly after the appearance of his Virgil, he took a share in the periodical paper, The Adventurer, and contributed twenty-four numbers, which have been generally esteemed the most valuable in the work.

In 1754, he was instituted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Jervoise family; and in 1755 was elected second master of Winchester School, with the management and advantage of a boarding-house. In the following year Lord Lyttelton, who had submitted a part of his "History of Henry II." to his revisal, bestowed a scarf upon him. He found leisure, at this period, to commence his "Essay on the Writings and genius of Pope," which he dedicated to Young, without subscribing his name. But he was soon, and it would appear with his own tacit permission, generally pronounced to be its author. Twenty-six years, however, elapsed before he ventured to complete it. Dr. Johnson said, that this was owing to his not having been able to bring the public to be of his opinion as to Pope. Another reason has been assigned for his inactivity.‡ Warburton, the guardian of Pope's fame, was still alive; and he was the zealous and useful friend of our author's brother. The prelate died in 1779, and in 1782 Dr. Warton published his extended and finished Essay. If the supposition that he abstained from embroiling himself by the question about Pope with Warburton be true, it will at least impress us with an idea of his patience; for it was no secret that Ruffhead was supplied by Warburton with materials for a life of Pope, in which he attacked Dr. Warton with abundant severity; but in which he entangled himself more than his adversary, in the coarse-spun ropes of his special pleading. The Essay, for a time, raised up to him another enemy, to whom his conduct has even an air of submissiveness. In commenting on a line of Pope, he hazarded a remark on Hogarth's propensity to intermix the ludicrous with attempts at the sublime. Hogarth revengefully introduced Dr. Warton's works into one of his satirical pieces, and vowed to bear him eternal enmity. Their mutual friends, however, interfered, and the artist was pacified. Dr. Warton, in the next edition, altered his just animadversion on Hogarth into an ill-merited compliment.

By delaying to re-publish his Essay on Pope, he ultimately obtained a more dispassionate hearing from the public for the work in its finished state. In the mean time, he enriched it with additions, digested from the reading of half a lifetime. The author of "The Pursuits of Literature" has pronounced it a common-place book; and Richardson, the novelist, used to call it a literary gossip: but a testimony in its favour of more authority than any individual opinion, will be found in the popularity with which it continues to be read. It is very entertaining, and abounds with criticism of more research than Addison's, of more amenity than Hurd's or Warburton's, and of more insinuating attack than Johnson's. At the same time, while much ingenuity and many truths are scattered over the Essay, it is impossible to admire it as an entire theory, solid and consistent in all its parts. It is certainly setting out from unfortunate premises to begin his Remarks on Pope with grouping Dryden and Addison in the same class of poets; and to form a scale for estimating poetical genius, which would set Elijah Fenton in a higher sphere than Butler. He places Pope, in the scale of our poets, next to Milton, and above Dryden; yet he applies to him the exact character which Voltaire gives to the heartless Boileau—that of a writer, "perhaps, incapable of the sublime which elevates, or of the feeling which affects the soul." With all this, he tells us, that our poetry and our language are everlastingly indebted to Pope: he attributes genuine tenderness to the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady;" a strong degree of passion to the "Epistle of Eloise;" invention and fancy to "The Rape of the Lock;" and a picturesque conception to some parts of "Windsor Forest," which he pronounces worthy of the pencil of Rubens or Julio Romano. There is

* His reflections on pastoral poetry are limited to a few sentences; but he subjoins an essay on the subject, by Dr. Johnson, from the Rambler.

† With what justice I will not pretend to say; but after comparing a few pages of his edition with Maittaire, he seems to me to be less attentive to punctuation than the editor of the Corpus Poetarum, and sometimes to omit the marks by which it is customary to distinguish adverbs from pronouns. I dislike his interpretation of one line in the first Eclogue of Virgil, which seems to me peculiarly tasteless; namely, where he translates "*Post aliquot aristas*" "after a few years." The picture of Meliboeus's cottage "behind a few ears of corn," so simply and exquisitely touched, is thus exchanged for a forced phrase with regard to time.

‡ Chalmers's Life of J. Warton, British Poets.

something like April weather in these transitions.

In May, 1766, he was advanced to the headmastership of Winchester School. In consequence of this promotion, he once more visited Oxford, and proceeded to the degree of bachelor and doctor in divinity. After a union of twenty years, he lost his first wife, by whom he had six children; but his family and his professional situation requiring a domestic partner, he had been only a year a widower, when he married a Miss Nicholas, of Winchester.

He now visited London more frequently than before. The circle of his friends, in the metropolis, comprehended all the members of Burke's and Johnson's Literary Club. With Johnson himself he was for a long time on intimate terms; but their friendship suffered a breach which was never closed, in consequence of an argument which took place between them, during an evening spent at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The concluding words of their conversation are reported, by one who was present, to have been these: Johnson said, "Sir, I am not accustomed to be contradicted." Warton replied, "Better, sir, for yourself and your friends if you were; our respect could not be increased, but our love might."

In 1782 he was indebted to his friend, Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, for a prebend of St. Paul's, and the living of Thorley in Hertfordshire, which, after some arrangements, he exchanged for that of Wickham. His ecclesiastical preferments came too late in life to place him in that state of leisure and independence which might have enabled him to devote his best years to literature, instead of the drudgery of a school. One great project, which he announced, but never fulfilled, namely, "A General History of Learning,"* was, in all probability, prevented by the pressure of his daily occupations. In 1788, through the interest of Lord Shannon, he obtained a prebend of Winchester; and, through the interest of Lord Malmsbury, was appointed to the rectory of Euston, which he was afterward allowed to exchange for that of Upham. In 1793 he resigned the fatigues of his mastership of Winchester; and having received, from the superintendents of the institution, a vote of well-earned thanks, for his long and meritorious services, he went to live at his rectory of Wickham.

During his retirement at that place, he was induced, by a liberal offer of the booksellers, to superintend an edition of Pope, which he published in 1797. It was objected to this edition, that it contained only his Essay on Pope, cut down into notes; his biographer, however, repels the objection, by alleging that it contains a considerable portion of new matter. In his zeal to present every thing that could be traced to the pen of Pope he introduced two pieces of indelicate humour, "The Double Mistress," and the second satire of Horace. For the insertion of those pieces, he received a censure in the "Pursuits of Literature," which, considering his gray hairs and services in the literary world, was unbecoming, and which my individual partiality for Mr. Matthias makes me wish that I had not to record.

As a critic, Dr. Warton is distinguished by his love of the fanciful and romantic. He examined our poetry at a period when it appeared to him that versified observations on familiar life and manners had usurped the honours which were exclusively due to the bold and inventive powers of imagination. He conceived, also, that the charm of description in poetry was not sufficiently appreciated in his own day: not that the age could be said to be without descriptive writers; but because, as he apprehended, the tyranny of Pope's reputation had placed moral and didactic verse in too pre-eminent a light. He, therefore, strongly urged the principle, "that the most solid observations on life, expressed with the utmost brevity and elegance, are morality, and not poetry."† Without examining how far this principle applies exactly to the character of Pope, whom he himself owns not to have been without pathos and imagination, I think his proposition is so worded, as to be liable to lead to a most unsound distinction between morality and poetry. If by "the most solid observations on life" are meant only those which relate to its prudential management and plain concerns, it is certainly true, that these cannot be made poetical, by the utmost brevity or elegance of expression. It is also true, that even the nobler tenets of morality are comparatively less interesting, in an insulated

[* Did Warton ever announce his intention of writing "A General History of Learning?" We think not, though Hume, in a letter to Robertson, speaks of such a work as coming from Warton's pen. Collins had such an intention, and Warton mentions it in his Essay, in a passage which has been overlooked by every writer on the subject. (*Essay*, ed. 1762, p. 186.) No copy of Collins's published proposals is known to exist, and it is now perhaps hopeless to obtain the exact title of his projected work. Johnson calls it, *A History of the Revival of Learning*; a correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, and an acquaintance of Collins's, *A History of the Darker Ages*; Thomas Warton, *A History of the Restoration of Learning*; and Joseph Warton, *The History of the Age of Leo X.* Walpole mentions it in a letter to Sir David Dalrymple.]

[† Our English poets may, I think, be disposed in four different classes and degrees. In the first class I would place, our only three sublime and pathetic poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton. In the second class should be ranked, such as possessed the true poetical genius, in a more moderate degree, but who had noble talents for moral, ethical, and panegyrical poesy. At the head of these are, Dryden, Prior, Addison, Cowley, Waller, Garth, Fenton, Gay, Denham, Parnell. In the third class may be placed men of wit, of elegant taste, and lively fancy in describing familiar life, though not the higher scenes of poetry. Here may be numbered, Butler, Swift, Rochester, Donne, Dorset, Oldham. In the fourth class, the mere versifiers, however smooth and mellifluous some of them may be thought, should be disposed. Such as Pitt, Sandys, Fairfax, Broome, Buckingham, Lansdowne. This enumeration is not intended as a complete catalogue of writers, but only to mark out briefly the different species of our celebrated authors. In which of these classes Pope deserves to be placed, the following work is intended to determine.—JOSEPH WARTON, *Dedication to Dr. Young*.

The position of Pope among our poets, and the question generally of classification, Mr. Campbell has argued at some length in the Introductory Essay to this volume.]

and didactic shape, than when they are blended with strong imitations of life, where passion, character, and situation bring them deeply home to our attention. Fiction is on this account so far the soul of poetry, that, without its aid as a vehicle, poetry can only give us morality in an abstract and (comparatively) uninteresting shape. But why does Fiction please us? surely not because it is false, but because it seems to be true; because it spreads a wider field, and a more brilliant crowd of objects to our moral perceptions, than reality affords. Morality (in a high sense of the term, and not speaking of it as a dry science) is the *essence of poetry*. We fly from the injustice of this world to the poetical justice of Fiction, where our sense of right and wrong is either satisfied, or where our sympathy, at least, reposes with less disappointment and distraction, than on the characters of life itself. Fiction, we may indeed be told, carries us into "a *world of gayer tinct and grace*," the laws of which are not to be judged by solid observations on the real world.

But this is not the case, for moral truth is still the light of poetry, and fiction is only the refracting atmosphere which diffuses it; and the laws of moral truth are as essential to poetry, as those of physical truth (Anatomy and Optics, for instance) are to painting. Allegory, narration, and the drama make their last appeal to the ethics of the human heart. It is therefore unsafe to draw a marked distinction between morality and poetry; or to speak of "*solid observations on life*" as of things in their nature unpoetical; for we *do* meet in poetry with observations on life, which, for the charm of their solid truth, we should exchange with reluctance for the most ingenious touches of fancy.

The school of the Wartons, considering them as poets, was rather too studiously prone to description. The doctor, like his brother, certainly so far realized his own ideas of inspiration, as to burden his verse with few observations on life which oppress the mind by their solidity. To his brother he is obviously inferior in the graphic and romantic style of composition, at which he aimed; but in which, it must nevertheless be owned, that in some parts of his "Ode to Fancy" he has been pleasingly successful. From the subjoined specimens, the reader will probably be enabled to judge as favourably of his genius, as from the whole of his poems; for most of them are short and occasional, and (if I may venture to differ from the opinion of his amiable editor, Mr. Woolll,) are by no means marked with originality. The only poem of any length, entitled "The Enthusiast," was written at too early a period of his life, to be a fair object of criticism.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor even one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till, suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,

Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring towers,
Where, to avoid cold wintry showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,—
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
Oh guide me from this horrid scene,
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, oh remove!
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidd'st me sing.
Oh hear our prayer, oh hither come
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lovest to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
Who with some new unequall'd song
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love;
Oh deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptured heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
Oh let each Muse's fame increase,
Oh bid Britannia rival Greece.

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipp'd
In double poison—I shall soon arrive
At the bless'd island, where no tigers spring
On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
Nor thundering torrents whirl the light canoe
Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—Oh, my son,
I feel the venom busy in my breast!
Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold Christian who first dared deflower
The virgins of the Sun; and, dire to tell!
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!
I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcass from the earth, and left it
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns
Thy much-loved mother from the desert woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have worshipp'd
With those that eat their God. And when disease
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.
I go! great Copac beckons me! Farewell!

TO MUSIC.

QUEEN of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts;
And, with some softly-whisper'd air,
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[Born, 1731. Died, 1800.]

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. His grandfather was Spencer Cowper, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the Lord Chancellor Cowper. His father was the rector of Great Berkhamstead, and chaplain to George II. At six years of age, he was taken from the care of an indulgent mother, and placed at a school in Bedfordshire.* He there endured such hardships as imbittered his opinion of public education for all his life. His chief affliction was, to be singled out, as a victim of secret cruelty, by a young monster, about fifteen years of age; whose barbarities were, however, at last detected, and punished by his expulsion. Cowper was also taken from the school. From the age of eight to nine, he was boarded with a famous oculist,† on account of a complaint in his eyes, which, during his whole life, were subject to inflammation. He was sent from thence to Westminster, and continued there till the age of eighteen, when he went into the office of a London solicitor. His account of himself in this situation candidly acknowledges his extreme idleness. "I did actually live," he says, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, "three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor; that is to say, I slept three years in his house. I spent my days in Southampton-row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow, constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle." From the solicitor's house he went into chambers in the Temple; but seems to have made no application to the study of law. "Here he rambled," says Mr. Hayley, "to use his own colloquial expression, from the thorny road of jurisprudence to the primrose paths of literature," a most uncolloquial expression indeed, and savouring much more of Mr. Hayley's genius than his own. At this period he wrote some verse translations from Horace, which he gave to the Duncombes; and assisted Lloyd and Colman with some prose papers for their periodical works.‡ It was only at this time that Cowper could ever be said to have lived as a man of the world. Though shy to strangers, he was highly valued for his wit and pleasantry, amid an intimate and gay circle of men of talents. But though he was then in the focus of convivial society, he never partook of its intemperance.

His patrimony being well nigh spent, a powerful friend and relation (Major Cowper) obtained for him the situation of Clerk to the Committees of the House of Lords; but, on account of his dislike to the publicity of the situation, the appointment was changed to that of Clerk of the Journals of the same House.§ The path to an easy maintenance now seemed to lie open before him; but a calamitous disappointment was impending, the approaches of which are best explained in his own words. "In the beginning," (he says) "a strong opposition to my friend's right of nomination began to show itself. A powerful party was formed among the Lords to thwart it. * * * Every advantage, I was told, would be sought for, and eagerly seized, to disconcert us. I was bid to expect an examination at the bar of the house, touching my sufficiency for the post I had taken. Being necessarily ignorant of the nature of that business, it became expedient that I should visit the office daily, in order to qualify myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned. A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence. I knew to demonstration, that upon these terms the Clerkship of the Journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the house, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me from it. In the mean time, the interest of my friend, the honour of his choice, my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward, all pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none. My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against. In this posture of mind I attended regularly at the office, where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the most active spirits were essentially necessary for my purpose. I expected no assistance from any-

* In Hayley's Life his first school is said to have been in Hertfordshire. The Memoir of his early life, published in 1816, says in Bedfordshire. [In Cowper's account of his own early life, this school is said to have been in Bedfordshire; but Hayley says Hertfordshire, mentioning also the place and name of the master; and as Cowper was only at one private school, subsequent biographers have properly followed Hayley. The mistake probably originated in the press, Cowper's own Memoirs having apparently been printed from an ill-written manuscript. Of this there is a whimsical proof, (p. 35,) where the Persian Letters of Montesquieu are spoken of, and the compositor, unable to decipher that author's name, has converted it into *Mules Quince*.—SOUTHEY, *Life of Cowper*, vol. i. p. 7.]

† He does not inform us where, but calls the oculist Mr. D.—Hayley, by mistake, I suppose, says that he was boarded with a female oculist. [He was placed in the house of an eminent oculist, whose wife also had obtained great celebrity in the same branch of medical science.—SOUTHEY.]

‡ The Connoisseur, and St. James's Chronicle.]

§ His kinsman Major Cowper was the patentee of these appointments.]

body there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponent, and accordingly I received none. The Journal books were indeed thrown open to me; a thing which could not be refused, and from which perhaps a man in health, and with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information he wanted; but it was not so with me. I read without perception; and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it could have availed me but little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of MSS. without direction. Many months went over me thus employed; constant in the use of means, despairing as to the issue. The feelings of a man when he arrives at the place of execution are probably much like mine every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day for more than half a year together." These agonies at length unsettled his brain. When his benevolent friend came to him, on the day appointed for his examination at Westminster, he found him in a dreadful condition. He had, in fact, the same morning, made an attempt at self-destruction; and showed a garter, which had been broken, and an iron rod across his bed, which had been bent in the effort to accomplish his purpose by strangulation. From the state of his mind, it became necessary to remove him to the house of Dr. Cotton, of St. Albans,* with whom he continued for about nineteen months. Within less than the half of that time, his faculties began to return; and the religious despair, which constituted the most tremendous circumstance of his malady, had given way to more consoling views of faith and piety.† On his recovery, he determined to renounce London for ever; and, that he might have no temptation to return thither, gave up the office of commissioner of bankrupts, worth about 60*l.* a year, which he had held for some years. He then, in June 1765, repaired to Huntingdon, where he settled in lodgings, attended by a man-servant, who followed him from Dr. Cotton's out of pure attachment. His brother, who had accompanied him thither, had no sooner left him, than being alone among strangers, his spirits began again to sink; and he found himself, he says, "like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to comfort or a guide to direct him." For four months he continued in his lodging. Some few neighbours came to see him; but their visits were not very frequent, and he rather declined than sought society. At length, however, young Mr. Unwin, the son of the clergyman of the place, having been struck by his interesting appearance at church, introduced himself to his acquaintance, and brought him to visit at his father's house. A mutual friendship was very soon formed between Cowper and this amiable family, whose religious sentiments peculiarly corresponded with the predominant impressions of his mind. The Unwins, much to his satisfaction, agreed to receive him as a boarder in their house. His routine of life in this devout circle is best described by himself. "We breakfast," he says, in one of his letters, "commonly between eight and nine; till eleven we read either the Scriptures or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries. At eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval, I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's‡ collection, and, by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the most musical performers. After tea, we sally forth to walk in good earnest, and we generally travel four miles before we see home again. At night, we read and converse as before till supper, and commonly finish the evening with hymns or a sermon."

After the death of Mr. Unwin, senior, in 1767, he accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to a new residence which they chose at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Newton, then curate of Olney, with whom he voluntarily associated himself in the duty of visiting the cottages of the poor, and comforting their distresses. Mr. Newton and he were joint almoners in the secret donations of the wealthy and charitable Mr. Thornton, who transmitted 200*l.* a year for the poor of Olney. At Mr. Newton's request he wrote some hymns, which were published in a collection, long before he was known as a poet.

His tremendous malady unhappily returned in 1773, attended with severe paroxysms of religious despondency, and his faculties were again eclipsed for about five years. During that period Mrs. Unwin watched over him with a patience and tenderness truly maternal. After his second recovery, some of his amusements, such as taming

[* Author of Visions in Verse—The Fireside, &c. See ante, p. 662.]

[† The crisis of his recovery seems to have been accelerated by the conversation of his brother, who visited him at Dr. Cotton's. "As soon as we were left alone," he says, "my brother asked me how I found myself. I answered, 'As much better as despair can make me.' We went together into the garden. Here, on expressing a settled assurance of sudden judgment, he protested to me that it was all a delusion, and protested so strongly that I could not help giving some attention to him. I burst into tears, and cried out, 'If it be a delusion, then I am one of the happiest of beings!' Something like a ray of hope was shot into my heart, but still I was afraid to indulge it. We dined together, and spent the afternoon in a more cheerful manner * * * * *. I went to bed, and slept well. In the morning I dreamt that the sweetest boy I ever saw came dancing up to my bed-side; he seemed just out of leading-strings; yet I took particular notice of the firmness and steadiness of his tread. The sight affected me with pleasure, and served at least to harmonize my spirits. So that I awoke for the first time with a sensation of delight on my mind."—*Memoir published in* 1816.

‡ Martin Madan, a cousin of the poet.

hares, and making bird-cages, would seem to indicate no great confidence in the capacity of his mind for mental employment. But he still continued to be a cursory reader; he betook himself also to drawing landscapes; and, what might have been still less expected at fifty years of age, began in earnest to cultivate his poetical talents. These had lain, if not dormant, at least so slightly employed, as to make his poetical progress, in the former part of his life, scarcely capable of being traced.* He spent, however, the winter of 1780–1 in preparing his first volume of Poems for the press, consisting of "Table Talk," "Hope," "The Progress of Error," "Charity," &c., and it was published in 1782. Its reception was not equal to its merit, though his modest expectations were not upon the whole disappointed; and he had the satisfaction of ranking Dr. Johnson and Benjamin Franklin among his zealous admirers. The volume was certainly good fruit under a rough rind, conveying manly thoughts, but in a tone of enthusiasm which is often harsh and forbidding.

In the same year that he published his first volume, an elegant and accomplished visitant came to Olney, with whom Cowper formed an acquaintance that was for some time very delightful to him. This was the widow of Sir Robert Austen. She had wit, gayety, agreeable manners, and elegant taste. While she enlivened Cowper's unequal spirits by her conversation, she was also the task-mistress of his Muse. He began his great original poem at her suggestion, and was exhorted by her to undertake the translation of Homer. So much cheerfulness seems to have beamed upon his sequestered life from the influence of her society, that he gave her the endearing appellation of Sister Anne, and ascribed the arrival of so pleasing a friend to the direct interposition of Heaven. But his devout old friend, Mrs. Unwin, saw nothing very providential in the ascendency of a female so much more fascinating than herself over Cowper's mind; and, appealing to his gratitude for her past services, she gave him his choice of either renouncing Lady Austen's acquaintance or her own. Cowper decided upon adhering to the friend who had watched over him in his deepest afflictions, and sent Lady Austen a valedictory letter, couched in terms of regret and regard, but which necessarily put an end to their acquaintance. Whether in making this decision he sacrificed a passion, or only a friendship for Lady Austen, it must be impossible to tell; but it has been said, though not by Mr. Hayley, that the remembrance of a deep and devoted attachment of his youth was never effaced by any succeeding impression of the same nature, and that his fondness for Lady Austen was as platonic as for Mary Unwin. The sacrifice, however, cost him much pain, and is, perhaps, as much to be admired as regretted.†

Fortunately, the jealousy of Mrs. Unwin did not extend to his cousin, Lady Hesketh. His letters to that lady give the most pleasing view of Cowper's mind, exhibiting all the warmth of his heart as a kinsman, and his simple and unstudied elegance as a correspondent. His intercourse with this relation, after a separation of nearly thirty years, was revived by her writing to congratulate him on the appearance of his "Task," in 1784. Two years after, Lady Hesketh paid him a visit at Olney; and settling at Weston, in the immediate neighbourhood, provided a house for him and Mrs. Unwin there, which was more commodious than their former habitation. She also brought her carriage and horses with her, and thus induced him to survey the country in a wider range than he had been hitherto accustomed to take, as well as to mix a little more with its inhabitants. As soon as "The Task" had been sent to the press, he began the "Tirocinium," a poem on the subject of education, the purport of which was (in his own words) to censure the want of discipline and the inattention to morals which prevail in public schools, and to recommend private education as preferable on all accounts. In the same year, 1784, he commenced his translation of Homer, which was brought to a conclusion and published by subscription in 1791. The first edition of Homer was scarcely out of his hands, when he embraced a proposal from a bookseller to be the editor of Milton's poetry, and to furnish a version of his Italian and Latin poems, together with a critical commentary on his whole works. Capable as he was of guiding the reader's attention to the higher beauties of Milton, his habits and recluse situation made him peculiarly unfit for the more minute functions of an editor. In the progress of the work, he seems to have been constantly drawn away, by the anxious correction of his great translation; insomuch, that his second edition of Homer was rather a new work than a revisal of the old. The subsequent history of his life may make us thankful that the powers of his mind were spared to accomplish so great an undertaking. Their decline was fast approaching. In 1792, Mr. Hayley paid him a visit at Olney, and was present to console him under his affliction, at seeing Mrs. Unwin attacked by the palsy. The shock subsided, and a journey, which he undertook in company with Mrs. Unwin, to Mr. Hayley's at Eartham, contributed, with the genial air of the south, and the beautiful scenery of the country, to revive his spirits; but they drooped and became habitually dejected, on his return to Olney. In a moment of recovered cheerfulness, he projected a poem on the four ages of man—infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; but he only finished a short fragment of it. Mr. Hayley paid him a second visit in the November of 1793; he found him still possessed of all his ex-

* At the age of eighteen, he wrote some tolerable verses on finding the heel of a shoe; a subject which is not uncharacteristic of his disposition to moralise on whimsical subjects. [These verses have an imitative resemblance to the style of "The Splendid Shilling." Philips was a great favourite with Cowper, as with Thomson. It is remarkable that "*The Task*" should open in Philips's style.]

[† "Both Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin," says Southey, "appear to me to have been wronged by the causes assigned for the difference between them."]

quisite feelings; but there was something undescribable in his appearance, which foreboded his relapsing into hopeless despondency. Lady Hesketh repaired once more to Olney, and with a noble friendship undertook the care of two invalids, who were now incapable of managing themselves, Mrs. Unwin being, at this time, entirely helpless and paralytic. Upon a third visit, Mr. Hayley found him plunged into a melancholy torpor, which extinguished even his social feelings. He met Mr. Hayley with apparent indifference; and when it was announced to him that his Majesty had bestowed on him a pension of 300*l.* a year, the intelligence arrived too late to give him pleasure. He continued under the care of Lady Hesketh until the end of July, 1795, when he was removed, together with Mrs. Unwin, to the house of his kinsman, Mr. Johnson, at North Tuddenham, in Norfolk. Stopping on the journey at the village of Eaton, near St. Neots, Cowper walked with Mr. Johnson in the churchyard of that village by moonlight, and talked with more composure than he had shown for many months. The subject of their conversation was the poet Thomson. Some time after, he went to see his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, at a village near the residence of Mr. Johnson. When he saw, in Mrs. Bodham's parlour, a portrait of himself, which had been done by Abbot, he clasped his hands in a paroxysm of distress, wishing that he could now be what he was when that likeness was taken.

In December, 1796, Mrs. Unwin died, in a house to which Mr. Johnson had removed, at Dunham, in the same county. Cowper, who had seen her half an hour before she expired, attended Mr. Johnson to survey her remains in the dusk of the evening; but, after looking on her for a few moments, he started away with a vehement, unfinished exclamation of anguish; and, either forgetting her in the suspension of his faculties, or not daring to trust his lips with the subject, he never afterward uttered her name.

In 1799 he resumed some power of exertion; he finished the revision of his Homer, translated some of Gay's fables into Latin, and wrote his last original poem, "The Cast-away."* But it seems, from the utterly desolate tone of this production, that the finishing blaze of his fancy and intellects had communicated no warmth of joy to his heart. The dropsy, which had become visible in his person, assumed an incurable aspect in the following year; and, after a rapid decline, he expired on the 5th of April, 1800.

The nature of Cowper's works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and as an original writer, he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the development of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth. His language has such a masculine idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart, and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being whose fine spirit has been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity. He was advanced in years before he became an author; but his compositions display a tenderness of feeling so youthfully preserved, and even a vein of humour so far from being extinguished by his ascetic habits, that we can scarcely regret his not having written them at an earlier period of life. For he blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility; and though he sports very much with his subjects, yet when he is in earnest, there is a gravity of long-felt conviction in his sentiments, which gives an uncommon ripeness of character to his poetry.

It is due to Cowper to fix our regard on this, unaffectedness and authenticity of his works, considered as representations of himself, because he forms a striking instance of genius writing the history of its own secluded feelings, reflections, and enjoyments, in a shape so interesting as to engage the imagination like the work of fiction. He has invented no character in fable, nor in the drama; but he has left a record of his own character, which forms not only an object of deep sympathy, but a subject for the study of human nature. His verse, it is true, considered as such a record, abounds with opposite traits of severity and gentleness, of playfulness and superstition,* of solemnity and mirth, which appear almost anomalous; and there is, undoubtedly, sometimes an air of moody versatility in the extreme contrasts of his feelings. But looking to his poetry as an entire structure, it has a massive air of sincerity. It is founded in steadfast principles of belief; and if we may prolong the architectural metaphor, though its arches may be sometimes gloomy, its tracery sportive, and its lights and shadows grotesquely crossed, yet altogether it still forms a vast, various, and interesting monument of the builder's mind. Young's works are as devout, as satirical, sometimes as merry, as those of Cowper, and undoubtedly more witty. But the melancholy and wit of Young do not make up to us the idea of a conceivable or natural being. He has sketched in his pages the ingenious but incon-

[* Founded upon an incident related in Anson's Voyages. It is the last original piece he composed, and, all circumstances considered, one of the most affecting that ever was composed.—Southey.]

† Vide his story of Misagathus, ["The Task," B. vi.,] which is meant to record the miraculous punishment of a sinner by his own horse. Misagathus, a wicked fellow, as his name denotes, is riding abroad, and overtakes a sober-minded traveller on the road, whose ears he assails with the most improper language; till his horse, out of all patience at his owner's impiety, approaches the brink of a precipice, and fairly tosses his reprobate rider into the sea.

gruous form of a fictitious mind—Cowper's soul speaks from his volumes.

At the same time, while there is in Cowper a power of simple expression—of solid thought—and sincere feeling, which may be said, in a general view, to make the harsher and softer traits of his genius harmonize, I cannot but recur to the observation, that there are occasions when his contrarieties and asperities are positively unpleasing. Mr. Hayley commends him for possessing, above any ancient or modern auther, the nice art of passing, by the most delicate transition, from subjects to subjects, which might otherwise seem to be but little, or not at all, allied to each other:

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

With regard to Cowper's art of transition, I am disposed to agree with Mr. Hayley, that it was very nice. In his own mind, trivial and solemn subjects were easily associated, and he appears to make no effort in bringing them together. The transition sprang from the peculiar habits of his imagination, and was marked by the delicacy and subtlety of his powers. But the general taste and frame of the human mind is not calculated to receive pleasure from such transitions, however dexterously they may be made. The reader's imagination is never so passively in the hands of an author, as not to compare the different impressions arising from successive passages; and there is no versatility in the writer's own thoughts, that will give an air of natural connection to subjects, if it does not belong to them. Whatever Cowper's art of transition may be, the effect of it is to crowd into close contiguity his Dutch painting and Divinity. This moment we view him, as if prompted by a disdain of all the gaudy subjects of imagination, sporting agreeably with every trifle that comes in his way; in the next, a recollection of the most awful concerns of the human soul, and a belief that four-fifths of the species are living under the ban of their Creator's displeasure, come across his mind; and we then, in the compass of a page, exchange the facetious satirist, or the poet of the garden or the greenhouse, for one who speaks to us in the name of the Omnipotent, and who announces to us all his terrors. No one, undoubtedly, shall prescribe limits to the association of devout and ordinary thoughts; but still propriety dictates, that the aspect of composition shall not rapidly turn from the smile of levity to a frown that denounces eternal perdition.

He not only passes, within a short compass, from the jocose to the awful, but he sometimes blends them intimately together. It is fair that blundering commentators on the Bible should be exposed. The idea of a drunken postilion forgetting to put the linchpin in the wheel of his carriage, may also be very entertaining to those whose safety is not endangered by his negligence; but still the comparison of a false judgment which a perverse commentator may pass on the Holy Scriptures, with the accident of Tom the driver being in his cups, is somewhat too familiar for so grave a subject. The force, the humour, and picturesqueness of those satirical sketches, which are interspersed with his religious poems on Hope, Truth, Charity, &c. in his first volume, need not be disputed. One should be sorry to lose them, or indeed any thing that Cowper has written, always saving and excepting the story of Misagathus and his horse, which might be mistaken for an interpolation by Mrs. Unwin. But in those satirical sketches there is still a taste of something like comic sermons; whether he describes the antiquated prude going to church, followed by her footboy, with the dew-drop hanging at his nose, or Vinoso, in the military mess-room, thus expounding his religious belief:

"Adieu to all morality! if Grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes.
* * * * * *
I glide and steal along with Heaven in view,
And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you."—*Hope.*

The mirth of the above lines consists chiefly in placing the doctrine of the importance of good works to salvation in the mouth of a drunkard. It is a Calvinistic poet making game of an anti-Calvinistic creed, and is an excellent specimen of pious bantering and evangelical raillery. But Religion, which disdains the hostility of ridicule, ought also to be above its alliance. Against this practice of compounding mirth and godliness, we may quote the poet's own remark upon St. Paul:

"So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote;
And I consent you take it for your text."

And the Christian poet, by the solemnity of his subject, certainly identifies himself with the Christian preacher; who, as Cowper elsewhere remarks, should be sparing of his smile. The noble effect of one of his religious pieces, in which he has scarcely in any instance descended to the ludicrous, proves the justice of his own advice. His "Expostulation" is a poetical sermon—an eloquent and sublime one. But there is no Hogarth-painting in this brilliant Scripture piece. Lastly, the objects of his satire are sometimes so unskilfully selected, as to attract either a scanty portion of our indignation, or none at all. When he exposes real vice and enormity, it is with a power that makes the heart triumph in their exposure. But we are very little interested by his declamations on such topics as the effeminacy of modern soldiers; the prodigality of poor gentlemen giving cast clothes to their valets; or the finery of a country girl, whose head-dress is "indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand." There is also much of the querulous *laudator temporis acti* in reproaching the English youths of his own day, who beat the French in trials of horsemanship, for not being like their forefathers, who beat the same people in contests for crowns; as if there were any thing more laudable in men

butchering their fellow-creatures for the purposes of unprincipled ambition, than employing themselves in the rivalship of manly exercise. One would have thought too, that the gentle recluse of Olney, who had so often employed himself in making boxes and bird-cages, might have had a little more indulgence for such as amuse themselves with chess and billiards, than to inveigh so bitterly against those pastimes.*

In the mean time, while the tone of his satire becomes rigid, that of his poetry is apt to grow relaxed. The saintly and austere artist seems to be so much afraid of making song a mere fascination to the ear, that he casts, now and then, a little roughness into his versification, particularly his rhymes; not from a vicious ear, but merely to show that he despises being smooth; forgetting that our language has no superfluous harmony to throw away, and that the roughness of verse is not its strength, but its weakness—the stagnation of the stream, and not its forcible current. Apparently, also, from the fear of ostentation in language, he occasionally sinks his expression into flatness. Even in his high-toned poem of "Expostulation," he tells Britain of the time when she was a "puling starveling chit."†

Considering the tenor and circumstances of his life, it is not much to be wondered at, that some asperities and peculiarities should have adhered to the strong stem of his genius, like the moss and fungus that cling to some noble oak of the forest, amid the damps of its unsunned retirement. It is more surprising that he preserved, in such seclusion, so much genuine power of comic observation. Though he himself acknowledged having written "many things with bile" in his first volume,‡ yet his satire has many legitimate objects: and it is not abstracted and declamatory satire; but it places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colours. There is much of the full distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyè, in his piece entitled "Conversation," with a cast of humour superadded, which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England. Nowhere have the sophist—the dubious man, whose evidence,

> "For want of prominence and just relief,
> Would hang an honest man, and save a thief"—
> *Conversation.*

the solemn fop, an oracle behind an empty cask—the sedentary weaver of long tales—the emphatic speaker,

> "——— who dearly loves t' oppose,
> In contact inconvenient, nose to nose"—
> *Conversation.*

nowhere have these characters, and all the most prominent nuisances of colloquial intercourse, together with the bashful man, who is a nuisance to himself, been more happily delineated. One species of purity his satires possess, which is, that they are never personal.§ To *his* high-minded views,

> "An individual was a sacred mark,
> Not to be struck in sport, or in the dark."

Every one knows from how accidental a circumstance his greatest original work, "The Task," took its rise, namely, from his having one day complained to Lady Austen that he knew not what subject of poetry to choose, and her having told him to take her sofa as a theme. The mock-heroic commencement of "The Task" has been censured as a blemish.‖ The general taste, I believe, does not find it so. Mr. Hayley's commendation of his art of transition may, in this instance, be fairly admitted, for he quits his ludicrous history of the sofa, and glides into a description of other objects, by an easy and natural association of thoughts. His whimsical outset in a work where he promises so little and performs so much, may even be advantageously contrasted with those magnificent commencements of poems which pledge both the reader and the writer, in good earnest, to a task. Cowper's poem, on the contrary, is like a river, which rises from a playful little fountain, and which gathers beauty and magnitude as it proceeds.

> ——— "velut tenui nascens de fonte rivus
> Per tacitas, primum nullo cum murmure, valles
> Serpit; et ut patrii se sensim e margine fontis
> Largius effudit; pluvios modo colligit imbres,
> Et postquam spatio vires accepit et undas," &c.
> BUCHANAN.

He leads us abroad into his daily walks; he exhibits the landscapes which he was accustomed to contemplate, and the trains of thought in which he habitually indulged. No attempt is made to interest us in legendary fictions, or historical recollections connected with the ground over which he expatiates; all is plainness and reality; but we instantly recognise the true poet, in the clearness, sweetness, and fidelity of his scenic draughts; in his power of giving novelty to what is common; and in the high relish, the exquisite enjoyment of rural sights and sounds which he communicates to the spirit. "His eyes drink the rivers with delight."¶ He excites an idea, that almost amounts to sensation, of the freshness and

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[* See "The Task," B. vi. l. 265 to l. 277.]

[† "While yet thou wast a groveling puling chit,
Thy bones not fashion'd, and thy joints not knit."
Expostulation.]

[‡ *Southey's Cowper*, vol. i. p. 261, and vol. ii. p. 183.]

§ A single exception may be made to this remark, in the instance of Occiduus, whose musical Sunday parties he reprehended, and who was known to mean the Rev. G. Wesley. [See "The Progress of Error."

> "Beneath well-sounding Greek
> I slur a name a poet must not speak."—*Hope.*]

I know not to whom he alludes in these lines,

> "Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
> Built God a church, and laugh'd His word to scorn."

["The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*."—BYRON. *Works* vol. xvi. p. 124. See also *Southey's Cowper*, vol. viii. p. 305.]

‖ In the Edinburgh Review. [The fox-hunting scene in Thomson's Autumn was cut away by Lord Lyttelton from every edition of "The Seasons" between 1750 and 1762, when Murdoch restored the scene to its proper position. Lyttelton thought that an imitation of Philips was not in keeping with the tone of the poem.]

¶ An expression in one of his letters.

delight of a rural walk, even when he leads us to the wasteful common, which,

> ——— "overgrown with fern, and rough
> With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
> And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom
> And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
> Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
> Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs
> And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
> With luxury of unexpected sweets."
>
> *The Task*, B. i.

His rural prospects have far less variety and compass than those of Thomson; but his graphic touches are more close and minute: not that Thomson was either deficient or undelightful in circumstantial traits of the beauty of nature, but he looked to her as a whole more than Cowper. His genius was more excursive and philosophical. The poet of Olney, on the contrary, regarded human philosophy with something of theological contempt. To his eye, the great and little things of this world were levelled into an equality, by his recollection of the power and purposes of Him who made them. They are, in his view, only as toys spread on the lap and carpet of nature, for the childhood of our immortal being. This religious indifference to the world, is far, indeed, from blunting his sensibility to the genuine and simple beauties of creation; but it gives his taste a contentment and fellowship with humble things. It makes him careless of selecting and refining his views of nature, beyond their casual appearance. He contemplated the face of plain rural English life, in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy; and he sought not to embellish what he loved. Hence his landscapes have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's; but they have an unrivalled charm of truth and reality.

The flat country where he resided certainly exhibited none of those wilder graces of nature which he had sufficient genius to have delineated; and yet there are perhaps few romantic descriptions of rocks, precipices, and torrents, which we should prefer to the calm English character and familiar repose of the following landscape. It is in the finest manner of Cowper, and unites all his accustomed fidelity and distinctness with a softness and delicacy which are not always to be found in his specimens of the picturesque.

> "How oft upon yon eminence our pace
> Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
> The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
> While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
> And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
> Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
> The distant plough slow moving, and beside
> His lab'ring team, that swerved not from the track,
> The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!‡
>
> Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
> Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
> Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
> Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
> Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
> That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
> While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
> That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
> The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
> Displaying on its varied side the grace
> Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
> Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
> Just undulates upon the listening ear,
> Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote."
>
> *The Task*, B. i.

The whole scene is so defined, that one longs to see it transferred to painting.

He is one of the few poets who have indulged neither in descriptions nor acknowledgments of the passion of love; but there is no poet who has given us a finer conception of the amenity of female influence. Of all the verses that have been ever devoted to the subject of domestic happiness, those in his Winter Evening, at the opening of the fourth book of "The Task," are perhaps the most beautiful. In perusing that scene of "intimate delights," "fireside enjoyments," and "home-born happiness," we seem to recover a part of the forgotten value of existence, when we recognise the means of its blessedness so widely dispensed and so cheaply attainable, and find them susceptible of description at once so enchanting and so faithful.

Though the scenes of "The Task" are laid in retirement, the poem affords an amusing perspective of human affairs.† Remote as the poet was from the stir of the great Babel—from the "*confusæ sonus urbis et illætabile murmur*," he glances at most of the subjects of public interest which engaged the attention of his contemporaries. On those subjects, it is but faint praise to say, that he espoused the side of justice and humanity. Abundance of mediocrity of talent is to be found on the same side, rather injuring than promoting the cause, by its officious declamation. But nothing can be further from the stale common-place and cuckooism of sentiment, than the philanthropic eloquence of Cowper—he speaks "like one having authority." Society is his debtor. Poetical expositions of the horrors of slavery may, indeed, seem very unlikely agents in contributing to destroy it; and it is possible that the most refined planter in the West Indies may look, with neither shame nor compunction, on his own image in the pages of Cowper, exposed as a being degraded by giving stripes and tasks to his fellow-creature. But such appeals to the heart of the community are not lost. They fix themselves silently in the popular memory, and they become, at last, a part of that public

[‡ "Yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight."—*King Lear.*

The original of Cowper's line,

"God made the country and man made the town,"
The Task.

is not in Hawkins Browne, as Cowper's friend Rose imagined, but in Cowley:

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain"—
Essays.—The Garden.

a more vigorous though a quainter line. This is not among the parallel passages produced by Mr. Peace, and printed in Mr. Southey's edition of Cowper. (See vol. vi. p. 227, and vol. ix. p. 92.) Is this a resemblance or a theft? Cowley's thought could take no other shape in Cowper's mind.]

[* Is not "The Task" a glorious poem? The religion of "The Task," bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature; the religion that exalts and ennobles man.—BURNS, *to Mrs. Dunlop, 25th December*, 1795.]

opinion which must, sooner or later, wrench the lash from the hand of the oppressor.

I should have ventured to offer a few remarks on the shorter poems of Cowper, as well as on his translation of Homer, if I had not been fearful, not only of trespassing on the reader's patience, but on the boundaries which I have been obliged to prescribe to myself, in the length of these notices. There are many zealous admirers of the poet, who will possibly refuse all quarter to the observations on his defects, which I have freely made; but there are few who have read him, I conceive, who have been so slightly delighted, as to think I have over-rated his descriptions of external nature, his transcripts of human manners, or his powers, as a moral poet, of inculcating those truths and affections which make the heart feel itself better and more happy.*

FROM "THE TASK."

BOOK I.

Colonnades commended—Alcove, and the view from it—The Wilderness—The Grove—The Thresher—The necessity and benefits of Exercise.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns: and, in their shaded walks
And long-protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us: self-deprived
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an India waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus—he spares me yet
These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ancle-deep in moss and flowery thyme,
We mount again, and feel at every step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth: and plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that even a few,
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle; but scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond, (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between,)
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent; between them weeps
A little naiad her impoverish'd urn

[* Cowper is, as he deserves to be, the most popular poet of his age. His translation of Homer is the best English version; nor is it likely that a better can ever be produced, because it represents the original faithfully and fully, except in that magnificent measure for which nothing either like or equivalent in this case can be substituted in our language. The letters have a charm which is never attained in those that are written with the remotest view to publication: they come from the heart, and therefore they find the way to it.—Southey, *Prospectus to Cowper's Works.*

Lord Byron speaks of Cowper as a writer, but no poet; and talks of his Dutch delineation of a wood, drawn up like a seedsman's catalogue. Still stranger than this, he asks if any human reader ever succeeded in reading his Homer. Many, we would answer, have succeeded in reading the Homer of this *maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet*, as he is called in another place by Lord Byron. It is to be regretted that Mr. Campbell has not given his opinion of Pope's Homer in comparison with Cowper and with the original. In his memoir of Mickle, he has, however, casually remarked that Pope has departed widely from the majestic simplicity of the Greek, and has given us the shakes and flourishings of the flute for the deep sounds of the trumpet.]

All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord of this enclosed demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.
And now with nerves new-braced and spirits cheer'd
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation: even the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder; but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need; the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits even the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Even age itself seems privileged in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF "THE TASK."

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feeling, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud

And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

FROM BOOK IV.

Arrival of the Post in a Winter Evening—The Newspaper—The World contemplated at a distance—Address to Winter—The rural Amusements of a Winter Evening compared with fashionable ones.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets;
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations: I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble, at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his top-mast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal:
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent, eternal love.
Oh, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

FROM BOOK VI.

Bells at a distance—Fine Noon in Winter—Meditation better than Books.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)

And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.
The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.*

TO THE MARCH IN SCIPIO.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

[* Cowper wrote this very noble poem to induce Government to the attempt of weighing up poor Kempenfelt's vessel. If song could have induced men to the trial, this surely should have had the effect. The Royal George has been weighed up since the poet wrote, by the ingenuity of Colonel Pasley, but in a less noble way.]

YARDLEY OAK.

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shatter'd veteran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.
It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.
Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepare
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.
So fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reasoners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!
Thou fell'st mature; and, in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;

A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becamest a twig.
Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but, at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right——
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again!
Time made thee what thou wast—king of the woods;
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks
That grazed it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.
While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as century roll'd
Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheaved above the soil, and sides emboss'd
With prominent wens, globose—till at the last
The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.
What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain, now the heat
Transmitting cloudness, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates not unimpair'd;
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest waged
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour which had, far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.
Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing naught but the scoop'd rind that seems
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root.
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!
Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since; and rovers of the forest wild
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The Spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force
Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth received
Half a millennium since the date of thine.
But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.
One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gazed,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures—with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties—assign'd
To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heaven
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charged his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind

With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme;*
* * * *

TO MARY.†

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow——
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

TO MY COUSIN ANNE BODHAM.

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A NETWORK PURSE, MADE BY HERSELF.

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee,
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of Love;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it:
I, therefore, as a proof of Love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

LINES ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who biddest me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

[* Cowper never bestowed more labour on any of his compositions than upon the "Yardley Oak:" nor did he ever labour more successfully.—Southey, *Life of Cowper*, vol. iii. p. 17.]

[† About this time it was that he addressed to her (Mrs. Unwin) one of the most touching, and certainly the most widely-known of all his poems, for it has been read by thousands who have never perused "The Task," nor perhaps seen or heard of any other of his works.—Southey, *Life of Cowper*, vol. iii. p. 150.]

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

[Born, 1732. Died, 1802.]

Erasmus Darwin was born at Elton, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, where his father was a private gentleman. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor in medicine; after which, he went to Edinburgh, to finish his medical studies. Having taken a physician's degree at that university, he settled in his profession at Litchfield; and, by a bold and successful display of his skill in one of the first cases to which he was called, established his practice and reputation. About a year after his arrival, he married a Miss Howard, the daughter of a respectable inhabitant of Litchfield, and by that connection strengthened his interest in the place. He was, in theory and practice, a rigid enemy to the use of wine, and of all intoxicating liquors; and, in the course of his practice, was regarded as a great promoter of temperate habits among the citizens: but he gave a singular instance of his departure from his own theory, within a few years after his arrival in the very place where he proved the apostle of sobriety. Having one day joined a few friends who were going on a water-party, he got so tipsy after a cold collation, that, on the boat approaching Nottingham, he jumped into the river and swam ashore. The party called to the philosopher to return; but he walked on deliberately, in his

wet clothes, till he reached the market-place of Nottingham, and was there found by his friend, an apothecary of the place, haranguing the town's-people on the benefit of fresh air, till he was persuaded by his friend to come to his house and shift his clothes. Dr. Darwin stammered habitually; but on this occasion wine untied his tongue. In the prime of life, he had the misfortune to break the patella of his knee, in consequence of attempting to drive a carriage of his own Utopian contrivance, which upset at the first experiment.

He lost his first wife, after thirteen years of domestic union. During his widowerhood, Mrs. Pole the wife of a Mr. Pole, of Redburn, in Derbyshire, brought her children to his house to be cured of a poison, which they had taken in the shape of medicine, and, by his invitation, she continued with him till the young patients were perfectly cured. He was soon after called to attend the lady, at her own house, in a dangerous fever, and prescribed with more than a physician's interest in her fate. Not being invited to sleep in the house in the night after his arrival, he spent the hours till morning beneath a tree, opposite to her apartment, watching the passing and repassing lights. While the life which he so passionately loved was in danger, he paraphrased Petrarch's celebrated sonnet on the dream which predicted to him the death of Laura. Though less favoured by the muse than Petrarch, he was more fortunate in love. Mrs. Pole, on the demise of an aged partner, accepted, Dr. Darwin's hand in 1781; and, in compliance with her inclinations, he removed from Litchfield to practice at Derby. He had a family by his second wife, and continued in high professional reputation till his death, in 1802, which was occasioned by angina pectoris, the result of a sudden cold.

Dr. Darwin was between forty and fifty before he began the principal poem by which he is known. Till then he had written only occasional verses, and of these he was not ostentatious, fearing that it might affect his medical reputation to be thought a poet. When his name as a physician had, however, been established, he ventured, in the year 1781, to publish the first part of his "Botanic Garden." Mrs. Anna Seward, in her life of Darwin, declares herself the authoress of the opening lines of the poem; but as she had never courage to make this pretension during Dr. Darwin's life, her veracity on the subject is exposed to suspicion.* In 1789 and 1792, the second and third part of his botanic poem appeared. In 1793 and 1796, he published the first and second parts of his "Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life." In 1801, he published "Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening;" and, about the same time, a small treatise on female education, which attracted little notice. After his death appeared his poem, "The Temple of Nature," a mere echo of the "Botanic Garden."

Darwin was a materialist in poetry no less than in philosophy. In the latter, he attempts to build systems of vital sensibility on mere mechanical principles; and, in the former, he paints every thing to the mind's eye, as if the soul had no pleasure beyond the vivid conception of form, colour, and motion. Nothing makes poetry more lifeless than description by abstract terms and general qualities; but Darwin runs to the opposite extreme of prominently glaring circumstantial description, without shade, relief, or perspective.

His celebrity rose and fell with unexampled rapidity. His poetry appeared at a time peculiarly favourable to innovation, and his attempt to wed poetry and science was a bold experiment, which had some apparent sanction from the triumphs of modern discovery. When Lucretius wrote, science was in her cradle; but modern philosophy had revealed truths in nature more sublime than the marvels of fiction. The Rosicrucian machinery of his poem had, at the first glance, an imposing appearance, and the variety of his allusion was surprising. On a closer view, it was observable that the Botanic goddess, and her Sylphs and Gnomes, were useless, from their having no employment; and tiresome, from being the mere pretexts for declamation. The variety of allusion is very whimsical. Dr. Franklin is compared to Cupid; while Hercules, Lady Melbourne, Emma Crewe, Brindley's canals, and sleeping cherubs, sweep on like images in a dream. Tribes and grasses are likened to angels, and the truffle is rehearsed as a subterranean empress. His laborious ingenuity in finding comparisons is frequently like that of Hervey in his "Meditations," or of Flavel in his "Gardening Spiritualized."

If Darwin, however, was not a good poet, it may be owned that he is frequently a bold personifier, and that some of his insulated passages are musical and picturesque. His Botanic Garden once pleased many better judges than his affected biographer, Anna Seward; it fascinated even the taste of Cowper, who says, in conjunction with Hayley,

> "We, therefore pleased, extol thy song,
> Though various yet complete,
> Rich in embellishment, as strong
> And learned as 'tis sweet.
> And deem the bard, whoe'er he be,
> And howsoever known,
> That will not weave a wreath for thee,
> Unworthy of his own."

FROM "THE BOTANIC GARDEN," CANTO II.

DESTRUCTION OF CAMBYSES'S ARMY.

When Heaven's dread justice smites in crimes o'ergrown
The blood-nursed Tyrant on his purple throne,
Gnomes! your bold forms unnumber'd arms outstretch,
And urge the vengeance o'er the guilty wretch.—
Thus when Cambyses led his barbarous hosts
From Persia's rocks to Egypt's trembling coasts,

[* "I was at Lichfield," writes R. L. Edgeworth to Sir Walter Scott, "when the lines in question were written by Miss Seward."—*Edgeworth's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 267.]

Defiled each hallow'd fane and sacred wood,
And, drunk with fury, swell'd the Nile with blood;
Waved his proud banner o'er the Theban states,
And pour'd destruction through her hundred gates;
In dread divisions march'd the marshall'd bands,
And swarming armies blacken'd all the lands,
By Memphis these to Ethiop's sultry plains,
And those to Hammon's sand-encircled fanes.
Slow as they pass'd, the indignant temples frown'd,
Low curses muttering from the vaulted ground;
Long aisles of cypress waved their deepen'd glooms,
And quivering spectres grinn'd amid the tombs!
Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphinx's tongue,
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung;
Burst from each pyramid expiring groans,
And darker shadows stretch'd their lengthen'd cones.
Day after day their deathful route they steer,
Lust in the van, and Rapine in the rear.
Gnomes! as they march'd, you hid the gather'd fruits,
The bladed grass, sweet grains and mealy roots;
Scared the tired quails that journey'd o'er their heads,
Retain'd the locusts in their earthy beds;
Bade on your sands no night-born dews distil,
Stay'd with vindictive hands the scanty rill.—
Loud o'er the camp the fiend of Famine shrieks,
Calls all her brood and champs her hundred beaks;
O'er ten square leagues her pennons broad expand,
And twilight swims upon the shuddering sand:
Perch'd on her crest the griffin Discord clings,
And giant Murder rides between her wings;
Blood from each clotted hair and horny quill,
And showers of tears in blended streams distill;
High poised in air her spiry neck she bends,
Rolls her keen eye, her dragon claws extends,
Darts from above, and tears at each fell swoop
With iron fangs the decimated troop.
Now o'er their head the whizzing whirlwinds breathe,
And the live desert pants, and heaves beneath;
Tinged by the crimson sun, vast columns rise
Of eddying sands, and war amid the skies;
In red arcades the billowy plain surround,
And whirling turrets stalk along the ground.
—Long ranks in vain their shining blades extend,
To demon-gods their knees unhallow'd bend,
Wheel in wide circle, form in hollow square,
And now they front, and now they fly the war,
Pierce the deaf tempest with lamenting cries,
Press their parch'd lips, and close their blood-shot eyes.
Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers!
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;
Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs;
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush—
Wheeling in air the winged islands fall,
And one great earthy ocean covers all!—
Then ceased the storm,—Night bow'd his Ethiop brow
To earth, and listened to the groans below,—
Grim Horror shook,—awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes,—and all was still!

FROM CANTO III.

Persuasion to Mothers to suckle their own Children.

CONNUBIAL Fair! whom no fond transport warms
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, bless'd in vain with tumid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;
The soothing kiss and milky rill deny
To the sweet pouting lip, and glistening eye!—
Ah! what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The eider bolster, and embroider'd woof!
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitied plains,
And many a tear the tasseled cushion stains!
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast!—
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The cherub Innocence, with smile divine,
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on beauty's shrine.

FROM THE SAME.

Midnight Conflagration; Catastrophe of the families of Woodmason and Molesworth.

FROM dome to dome when flames infuriate climb,
Sweep the long street, invest the tower sublime;
Gild the tall vanes, amid the astonish'd night,
And reddening Heaven returns the sanguine light;
While with vast strides and bristling hair aloof
Pale Danger glides along the falling roof;
And giant Terror howling in amaze
Moves his dark limbs across the lurid blaze.
Nymphs! you first taught the gelid wave to rise,
Hurl'd in resplendent arches to the skies;
In iron cells condensed the airy spring,
And imp'd the torrent with unfailing wing;
—On the fierce flames the shower impetuous falls,
And sudden darkness shrouds the shatter'd walls;
Steam, smoke, and dust in blended volumes roll,
And night and silence repossess the pole.
Where were ye, Nymphs! in those disastrous hours,
Which wrapp'd in flames Augusta's sinking towers?
Why did ye linger in your wells and groves,
When sad Woodmason mourn'd her infant loves?
When thy fair daughters with unheeded screams,
Ill-fated Molesworth! call'd the loitering streams?—
The trembling nymph on bloodless fingers hung,
Eyes from the tottering wall the distant throng,
With ceaseless shrieks her sleeping friends alarms,
Drops with singed hair into her lover's arms,—
The illumined mother seeks with footsteps fleet,
Where hangs the safe balcony o'er the street,
Wrapp'd in her sheet her youngest hope suspends,
And panting lowers it to her tiptoe friends;

Again she hurries on affection's wings,
And now a third, and now a fourth she brings;
Safe all her babes, she smoothes her horrent brow,
And bursts through bickering flames, unscorch'd below,
So by her son arraign'd, with feet unshod,
O'er burning bars indignant Emma trod.
E'en on the day when Youth with Beauty wed,
The flames surprised them in their nuptial bed;—
Seen at the opening sash with bosom bare,
With wringing hands, and dark dishevell'd hair,
The blushing bride with wild disorder'd charms
Round her fond lover winds her ivory arms;
Beat, as they clasp, their throbbing hearts with fear,
And many a kiss is mix'd with many a tear;—
Ah me! in vain the labouring engines pour
Round their pale limbs the ineffectual shower—
—Then crash'd the floor, while shrinking crowds retire,
And Love and Virtue sunk amid the fire!—
With piercing screams afflicted strangers mourn,
And their white ashes mingle in their urn.

FROM CANTO IV.

The heroic Attachment of the Youth in Holland, who attended his mistress in the plague.

Thus when the Plague, upborne on Belgian air,
Look'd through the mist and shook his clotted hair;
O'er shrinking nations steer'd malignant clouds,
And rain'd destruction on the gasping crowds;
The beauteous Ægle felt the venom'd dart,*
Slow roll'd her eye, and feebly throbb'd her heart;
Each fervid sigh seemed shorter than the last,
And starting friendship shunn'd her as she pass'd.
—With weak unsteady step the fainting maid
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade,
Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
—On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,
Shades her from winds, and shelters her from dews,
Extends on tapering poles the canvas roof,
Spreads o'er the straw-wove mat the flaxen woof,
Sweet buds and blossoms on her bolster strows,
And binds his kerchief round her aching brows;
Soothes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms,
And clasps the bright infection in his arms.—
With pale and languid smiles the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues, and rewards his care;
Mourns with wet cheek her fair companions fled
On timorous step, or number'd with the dead;
Calls to her bosom all its scatter'd rays,
And pours on Thyrsis the collected blaze;
Braves the chill night, caressing and caress'd,
And folds her hero-lover to her breast.—
Less bold, Leander at the dusky hour
Eyed, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower;
Breasted with struggling arms the tossing wave,
And sunk benighted in the watery grave.
Less bold, Tobias claim'd the nuptial bed
Where seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled;
And drove, instructed by his angel-guide,
The enamour'd demon from the fatal bride.—
—Sylphs! while your winnowing pinions fann'd the air,
And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair;
Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquer'd Death.

JAMES BEATTIE.

[Born, 1735. Died, 1803.]

James Beattie was born in the parish of Lawrence Kirk, in Kincardineshire, Scotland. His father, who rented a small farm in that parish, died when the poet was only seven years old; but the loss of a protector was happily supplied to him by his elder brother, who kept him at school till he obtained a bursary at the Marischal College, Aberdeen. At that university he took the degree of master of arts; and, at nineteen, he entered on the study of divinity, supporting himself, in the mean time, by teaching a school in the neighbouring parish. While he was in this obscure situation, some pieces of verse, which he transmitted to the Scottish Magazine, gained him a little local celebrity. Mr. Garden, an eminent Scottish lawyer, afterward Lord Gardenstone, and Lord Monboddo, encouraged him as an ingenious young man, and introduced him to the tables of the neighbouring gentry: an honour not usually extended to a parochial schoolmaster. In 1757, he stood candidate for the place of usher in the high-school of Aberdeen. He was foiled by a competitor, who surpassed him in the minutiæ of Latin grammar; but his character as a scholar suffered so little by the disappointment, that at the next vacancy he was called to the place without a trial. He had not been long at this school, when, in 1761, he published a volume of Original Poems and Translations which (it speaks much for the critical clemency of the times) were favourably received and highly commended in the English Reviews. So little satisfied was the author himself with those early effusions, that, excepting four, which he admitted to a subsequent edition of his works, he was anxious to have them consigned to oblivion; and he destroyed every copy of the volume which he could

* When the plague raged in Holland, in 1636, a young girl was seized with it, had three carbuncles, and was removed to a garden, where her lover, who was betrothed to her, attended her as a nurse, and slept with her as his wife. He remained uninfected, and she recovered, and was married to him. The story is related by Vine. Fabricius, in the Misc. Cur. Ann. II. Obs. 188.

procure. About the age of twenty-six, he obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, a promotion which he must have owed to his general reputation in literature: but it is singular, that the friend who first proposed to solicit the High Constable of Scotland to obtain this appointment, should have grounded the proposal on the merit of Beattie's poetry. In the volume already mentioned there can scarcely be said to be a budding promise of genius.

Upon his appointment to this professorship, which he held for forty years, he immediately prepared a course of lectures for the students; and gradually compiled materials for those prose works, on which his name would rest with considerable reputation, if he were not known as a poet. It is true, that he is not a first-rate metaphysician; and the Scotch, in undervaluing his powers of abstract and close reasoning, have been disposed to give him less credit than he deserves, as an elegant and amusing writer. But the English, who must be best able to judge of his style, admire it for an ease, familiarity, and an Anglicism that is not to be found even in the correct and polished diction of Blair. His mode of illustrating abstract questions is fanciful and interesting.

In 1765, he published a poem entitled "The Judgment of Paris," which his biographer, Sir William Forbes, did not think fit to rank among his works.* For more obvious reasons Sir William excluded his lines, written in the subsequent year, on the proposal for erecting a monument to Churchill in Westminster Abbey—lines which have no beauty or dignity to redeem their bitter expression of hatred. On particular subjects, Beattie's virtuous indignation was apt to be hysterical. Dr. Reid and Dr. Campbell hated the principles of David Hume as sincerely as the author of the Essay on Truth; but they never betrayed more than philosophical hostility, while Beattie used to speak of the propriety of excluding Hume from civil society.

His reception of Gray, when that poet visited Scotland in 1765, shows the enthusiasm of his literary character in a finer light. Gray's mind was not in poetry only, but in many other respects, peculiarly congenial with his own; and nothing could exceed the cordial and reverential welcome which Beattie gave to his illustrious visitant. In 1770, he published his "Essay on Truth," which had a rapid sale, and extensive popularity; and within a twelvemonth after, the first part of his "Minstrel." The poem appeared at first anonymously; but its beauties were immediately and justly appreciated. The second part was not published till 1774. When Gray criticised the Minstrel he objected to its author that, after many stanzas, the description went on and the narrative stopped. Beattie very justly answered to this criticism, that he meant the poem for description, not for incident.† But he seems to have forgotten this proper apology, when he mentions in one of his letters his intention of producing Edwin, in some subsequent books, in the character of a warlike bard inspiring his countrymen to battle, and contributing to repel their invaders.‡ This intention, if he ever seriously entertained it, might have produced some new kind of poem, but would have formed an incongruous counterpart to the piece as it now stands, which, as a picture of still life, and a vehicle of contemplative morality, has a charm that is inconsistent with the bold evolutions of heroic narrative. After having portrayed his young enthusiast with such advantage in a state of visionary quiet, it would have been too violent a transition to have begun in a new book to surround him with dates of time and names of places. The interest which we attach to Edwin's character, would have been lost in a more ambitious effort to make him a greater or more important, or a more locally defined being. It is the solitary growth of his genius, and his isolated and mystic abstraction from mankind, that fix our attention on the romantic features of that genius. The simplicity of his fate does not divert us from his mind to his circumstances. A more unworldly air is given to his character, that instead of being tacked to the fate of kings, he was one "Who envied not, who never thought of kings;" and that, instead of mingling with the troubles which deface the creation, he only existed to make his thoughts the mirror of its beauty and magnificence. Another English critic§ has blamed Edwin's vision of the fairies as too splendid and artificial for a simple youth; but there is nothing in the situation ascribed to Edwin, as he lived in minstrel days, that necessarily excluded such materials from his fancy. Had he beheld steam-engines or dock-yards in his sleep, the vision might have been pronounced to be too artificial; but he might have heard of fairies and their dances, and even of tapers, gold, and gems, from the ballads of his native country. In the second book of the poem there are some fine stanzas; but he has taken Edwin out of the school of nature, and placed him in his own, that of moral philosophy; and hence a degree of languor is experienced by the reader.

Soon after the publication of the "Essay on Truth," and of the first part of the "Minstrel," he paid his first visit to London. His reception, in the highest literary and polite circles, was distinguished and flattering. The university of Ox-

* It is to be found in the Scottish Magazine; and, if I may judge from an obscure recollection of it, is at least as well worthy of revival as some of his minor pieces. [See it also in the Aldine edition of Beattie, p. 97.]

[† Gray complained of a want of action. "As to description," he says, "I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject."]

[‡ This was no *written* intention, but one delivered orally in reply to a question from Sir William Forbes. An invasion, however, had been for long a settled point—some great service that the minstrel was to do his country; but his plan was never concerted.]

§ Dr. Aikin.

ford conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws, and the sovereign himself, besides honouring him with a personal conference, bestowed on him a pension of £200 a year.

On his return to Scotland, there was a proposal for transferring him to the university of Edinburgh, which he expressed his wish to decline, from a fear of those personal enemies whom he had excited by his Essay on Truth. This motive, if it was his real one, must have been connected with that weakness and irritability on polemical subjects which have been already alluded to. His metaphysical fame perhaps stood higher in Aberdeen than in Edinburgh; but to have dreaded personal hostility in the capital of a religious country, amid thousands of individuals as pious as himself, was a weakness unbecoming the professed champion of truth. For reasons of delicacy, more creditable to his memory, he declined a living in the Church of England, which was offered to him by his friend Dr. Porteous.

After this, there is not much incident in his life. He published a volume of his Essays in 1776, and another in 1783; and the outline of his academical lectures in 1790. In the same year, he edited, at Edinburgh, Addison's papers in "The Spectator," and wrote a preface for the edition. He was very unfortunate in his family. The mental disorder of his wife, for a long time before it assumed the shape of decided derangement, broke out in caprices of temper, which disturbed his domestic peace, and almost precluded him from having visitors in his family. The loss of his son, James Hay Beattie, a young man of highly promising talents, who had been conjoined with him in his professorship, was the greatest, though not the last calamity of his life. He made an attempt to revive his spirits after that melancholy event, by another journey to England, and some of his letters from thence bespeak a temporary composure and cheerfulness; but the wound was never healed. Even music, of which he had always been fond, ceased to be agreeable to him from the lively recollections which it excited of the hours which he had been accustomed to spend in that recreation with his favourite boy. He published the poems of this youth, with a partial eulogy upon his genius, such as might be well excused from a father so situated. At the end of six years more, his other son, Montague Beattie, was also cut off in the flower of his youth. This misfortune crushed his spirits even to temporary alienation of mind. With his wife in a madhouse, his sons dead, and his own health broken, he might be pardoned for saying, as he looked on the corpse of his last child, "I have done with this world." Indeed he acted as if he felt so; for, though he performed the duties of his professorship till within a short time of his death, he applied to no study, enjoyed no society, and answered but few letters of his friends. Yet, amid the depth of his melancholy, he would sometimes acquiesce in his childless fate, and exclaim, "How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!" He was struck with palsy in 1799, by repeated attacks of which his life terminated in 1803.

THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him who ne'er listened to the voice of praise
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung;
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill.
Oh let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy Heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd,
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene,)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride!

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock:
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife:
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parents' transport, and the parents' care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring;
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amid the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"Oh ye wild groves, oh where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! see the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
Oh smile, ye Heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught:
In sooth 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtile nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

"And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
Oh never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire;
Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose: the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
Oh to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line,
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side,
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
Oh for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
Oh let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves the unutterable trade
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride the infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
Oh cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die:
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shall soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
The assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,—
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
Oh then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years,
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark, cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth:
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The clouds stupendous, from the Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along the horizon blue:
Where 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the autumnal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah, then all jollity seem'd noise and folly:
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers, are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while;
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague* should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame;
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

[Born, 1724. Died, 1805.]

This light and amusing poet was the son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, who had been a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. When very young, he was sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds. From thence he was removed to Eton, and placed at the fourth form, as an oppidan, and afterward on the foundation. He finished his studies at Eton with a creditable character, and in 1741 went as captain to the Mount. From thence he went to Cambridge, where he obtained some reputation by his Tripos verses. In 1745, he was admitted fellow of King's college, and in the following year took his bachelor's degree in the university. When he had nearly completed the terms of his qualification for that of master of arts, he was prevented from obtaining it in consequence of what his own son, his biographer, calls a spirited and popular opposition, which he showed to the leading men of the university. The phrase of "popular and spirited opposition," sounds promising to the curiosity; but the reader must not expect too much, lest he should be disappointed by learning that this popular opposition was only his refusing to deliver certain declamations, which the heads of the university (unfairly it was thought) required from the bachelors of King's College. Anstey, as senior of the order of bachelors, had to deliver the first oration. He contrived to begin his speech with a rhapsody of adverbs, which, with no direct meaning, hinted a ridicule on the arbitrary injunction of the university rulers. They soon ordered him to dismount from the rostrum, and called upon him for a new declamation, which, as might be expected, only gave him an opportunity of pointing

[* Mrs. Montague.]

finer irony in the shape of an apology. This affront was not forgotten by his superiors; and when he applied for his degree, it was refused to him.

In the year 1756 he married Miss Calvert, sister to his oldest and most intimate friend John Calvert, Esq. of Albury Hall, in Hertfordshire, and sat in several successive parliaments for the borough of Hertford. Having succeeded, after his marriage, to his father's estate, he retired to the family seat in Cambridgeshire, and seems to have spent his days in that smooth happiness which gives life few remarkable eras. He was addicted to the sports of the field and the amusements of the country, undisturbed by ambition, and happy in the possession of friends and fortune. His first literary effort which was published, was his translation of Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard into Latin verse, in which he was assisted by Dr. Roberts, author of "Judah Restored." He was personally acquainted with Gray, and derived from him the benefit of some remarks on his translation.

His first publication in English verse was "The New Bath Guide," which appeared in 1766. The droll and familiar manner of the poem is original; but its leading characters are evidently borrowed from Smollett.* Anstey gave the copy price of the piece, which was £200, as a charitable donation to the hospital of Bath; and Dodsley, to whom it had been sold, with remarkable generosity restored the copyright to its author, after it had been eleven years published.

His other works hardly require the investigation of their date. In the decline of life he meditated a collection of his letters and poems; but letters recovered from the repositories of dead friends are but melancholy readings; and, probably overcome by the sensations which they excited, he desisted from his collection. After a happy enjoyment of life, (during fifty years of which he had never been confined to bed, except one day, by an accidental hurt upon his leg,) he quietly resigned his existence, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, in his eighty-first year, surrounded by his family, and retaining his faculties to the last.

FROM THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall North.

A Public Breakfast—Motives for the same—A List of the Company—A tender Scene—An unfortunate Incident.

WHAT blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crowds of admirers their persons expose!
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire?
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire?
Oh generous passion! 'tis yours to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board;
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn,
As I ne'er saw before since the hour I was born;
'Twas you made my Lord Ragamuffin come here,
Who, they say, has been lately created a Peer,
And to-day with extreme complaisance and respect ask'd
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an assembly, fandango, or rout;
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party her friends to divert;
But they say that, of late, she's grown sick of the town,
And often to Bath condescends to come down:
Her Ladyship's favourite house is the Bear:
Her chariot, and servants, and horses are there:
My Lady declares that *retiring* is good;
As all with a separate maintenance should:
For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire;
If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch,
So pert is he grown since the custom began
To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring-gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure, such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing and handing the ladies ashore:
How the misses did huddle and scuddle, and run:
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by wagging their tails, they all seem'd to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flock'd all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond:

[* Anstey was the orignal, for Humphrey Clinker was not out till 1771, nor written before 1770. This inadvertency of Mr. Campbell has been pointed out by Lord Byron in the Appendix to the 5th Canto of Don Juan.

"But Anstey's diverting satire," says Sir Walter Scott, "was but a slight sketch, compared to the finished and elaborate manner in which Smollett has, in the first place, identified his characters, and then fitted them with language, sentiments, and powers of observation, in exact correspondence with their talents, temper, condition, and disposition."—*Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. iii. p. 160.]

You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister
Her Ladyship's sister;
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carozer,
And old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer:
Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread-and-butter with great perseverance:
All the chocolate, too, that my Lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatch'd with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns' and the clarions' echoing sound:
Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
That Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture survey'd
All the powerful charms she so nobly display'd.
As when at the feast of the great Alexander
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures;
The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him;
Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite oppress'd,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.
Oh had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touch'd a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels, as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferr'd
To all the genteel conversation I heard,
E'en though I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the *nightly* machine.
Cries Peggy, "This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city:

You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton-street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet;
You may talk what you please; you may search London through;
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too:
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!"—
"These horns," cries my lady, "so tickle one's ear,
Lord! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,
And my Lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend."
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along:
For his Lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curt'sy and bow:
And my Lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd:
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow the employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a *Cotillion*,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postillion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
—Now why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Bumfidget and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a cleaning his coat.
Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
Oh may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days.
In haste I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

S—— B—N—R—D.

Bath, 1766.

APPENDIX.

A.

WHAT DID DENHAM AND WALLER EFFECT FOR ENGLISH VERSIFICATION?

As every poet distinguished for his cultivation of our couplet numbers that has touched upon the Art of Poetry, or made selections from our poets, has spoken of our heroics with rhyme as our only true poetic measure, indeed as if we had no other, and made Denham and Waller the fathers of our versification, a refutation of an absurdity perhaps unparalleled in the whole history of English literature will not be without its use. An assertion traceable in fifty places to Dryden, sanctioned in some way by Prior,* and confirmed by the whole scope and tendency of Dr. Johnson's writings: but not, it is right to add, without its other assistances; for when Goldsmith published his Select Beauties of British Poetry, he found no poet to cull a single flower from before Waller—a more contracted taste, or a slighter knowledge of the art he himself excelled in, it is impossible to imagine.

To say that Waller and Denham are the fathers of English versification is absurd—unless all versification is confined to the couplet. Who has improved, let us ask, on the versification of Spenser, or of any of the stanza measures of the reign of Elizabeth—has Prior, or has Thomson, or has Beattie, or has Burns? Who has improved upon the dramatic blank verse of Shakspeare, of Fletcher, or of Jonson—has Otway, has Southerne, or has Rowe? Has Jonson or Carew been excelled in lyrical ease by Waller or Lord Lansdowne? The Gondibert of Davenant or the Annus Mirabilis of Dryden or the Elegy of Gray are not more musical in their numbers than the quatrains of Davies, who never leaves the ear, as Johnson says, ungratified.

What did the blank verse of Milton gain in its most mellifluous passages from the rhymes of Denham or of Waller? Nothing! Yet Dryden can be found to assert, with all the confidence of truth, that unless Waller had written, no one could have written in the age in which he wrote with any thing like success, when the surpassing glory of Dryden's age was a poem setting at defiance, in its preface and its numbers, the very principle of versification that Denham and Waller adopted, and Dryden sanctioned and improved.

"Well-placing of words for the sweetness of pronunciation was not known," says Dryden, "till Mr. Waller introduced it."—"The excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it in lyric and Sir John Denham in epic poesy."—"Our numbers," he says in another place and at a later period of life, "were in their nonage till Waller and Denham appeared," and that "the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers." But Dryden's criticisms are a series of contradictions: "Blank verse," he says, "is acknowledged to be too low for a poem, nay more, for a paper of verses;" yet he is an admirer of Paradise Lost:—Denham and Waller did every thing for English versification—yet "Spenser and Fairfax were great masters of our language, and saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them;" and "Many besides himself had heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax." He is now for the new way of writing scenes in rhyme, now without, now for couplets, and now for quatrains; whatever he had in hand was best; rhyme invigorated thought and now constrained it—suggested or cramped ideas as his fancy found it, when writing, to exhibit his present performance to the greatest advantage.

Our ten-syllable rhymed verse, or heroic with rhyme, was used by Chaucer in his Palamon and Arcite, by Douglas in his translation of Virgil, and by Spenser in the tale of Mother Hubbard. Donne, Hall, and Marston used it in their Satires; Ben Jonson occasionally in his epigrams or Commendatory Poems; Beaumont in his Bosworth Field; Drummond in his Poem on Prince Henry, and his Forth Feasting; and Golding, Sandys, and

* Prior says that *Davenant* and Waller improved our versification—not, as he is made to say by Johnson and others, *Denham* and Waller. Davenant's measure was the heroic with alternate rhyme.

May in their translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Lucan. Denham's first publication was in 1642, and Waller's Poems were not collectively in print before 1645. The following extracts are brought together to show by examples in what state, when they began to write, the reputed fathers of English verse found the cultivation of our couplet measure; how little they did; and how much they left to Dryden, to Prior, and Pope to do. "By knowing the state," says Johnson, "in which Waller found our poetry, the reader may judge how much he improved it."

Donne is always a rugged versifier. He has the restraint of rhyme without its emphasis; and the fetters which others wear like bracelets are on him inconvenient chains and incumbrances. The lines which follow are in his most melodious flow.

When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow:
Yet if her often-gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
She rusheth violently and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept course,
And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then say I, "that is she, and this am I."—*Elegy*, vi.

Hall had a better ear than Donne—his words are better placed, and his pauses infinitely more select. What follows was printed in 1597.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young that now are old,
(When quiet Saturn, sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborn, and yet unbred).
Time was, that whiles the autumn-fall did last,
Our hungry sires gaped for the falling mast
Of the Dodonian oaks.
Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
Their royal plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
Their only cellar was the neighbour brook;
None did for better care, for better look.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green
Under safe shelter of the shady treen.
Under each bank men laid their limbs along,
Not wishing any ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their own, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.
Satires, B. III. Sat. I.

In the point, volubility, and vigour of Hall's numbers, says Mr. Campbell, we might frequently imagine ourselves perusing Dryden.

Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
"Manhood and garboils shall he chant," with changed feet
And head-strong dactyls making music meet;
The nimble dactyl striving to out-go
The drawling spondees, pacing it below;
The lingering spondees labouring to delay
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
Satires, B. I. Sat. VI.

"Hall's versification," says Warton, "is equally energetic and elegant; and the fabrics of the couplets approaches to the modern standard."

Great is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'erruled with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best,
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The lovesick post, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public plaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth in patched sonnettings,
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the starving world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles to laugh, and when he sighs to grieve
Careth the world, thou love, thou live or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair one be?
Fond wit-wal, that would'st load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty ill-faced bride
Lady, and queen, and virgin deified:
Be she all sooty black, or berry brown,
She's white as morrow's milk, or flakes new blown.
And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room
Amidst the well-known stars: or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his calendar.
Satires, B. I. Sat. VII.

Marston is below Hall, and scarcely above Donne. Ben Jonson, however, is vigorous at times, and though too frequently found carrying the sense in an ungraceful way from one verse into another, is musical after a kind.

TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;
(How nothing's that!) to whom my country owes
The great renown, and name wherewith she goes!
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would crave,
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight and what authority in thy speech!
Men scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once overcome by thee.
Many of thine, this better could, than I;
But for their powers, accept my piety.

TO HEAVEN.

Good and great God! can I not think of Thee
But it must straight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That laden with my sins, I seek for ease?

Oh be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show,
And judge me after: if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, Midst, and Last, converted, One and Three!
My faith, my hope, my love, and in this state
My Judge, my Witness, and my Advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from Thee,
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still! oh, being everywhere,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my state both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground,
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound;
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.

In the evenness, sweetness, and flow of his numbers, Sir John Beaumont is very excellent.

Why should vain sorrow follow him with tears,
Who shakes off burdens of declining years?
Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,
And feels no stroke of any fatal knife?
The Destinies enjoin their wheels to run,
Until the length of his whole course be spun:
No envious cloud obscures his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Than every little moment whence it springs,
Unless employ'd in works deserving praise;
Most wear out many years and live few days.
* * * * *
His memory hath a surer ground than theirs,
Who trust in stately tombs, or wealthy heirs.

To the Memory of FERDINANDO PULTON, Esq.

The following lines are far from halting, and the couplet restricts the sense after the epigrammatic fashion of Pope and Darwin.

He makes sweet music, who in serious lines
Light dancing tunes, and heavy prose declines.
When verses like a milky torrent flow,
They equal temper in the poet show.
He paints true forms, who with a modest heart
Gives lustre to his work, yet covers art.
Uneven swelling is no way to fame,
But solid joining of the perfect frame:
So that no curious finger there can find,
The former chinks, or nails that fastly bind.
Yet most would have the knots of stitches seen,
And holes where men may thrust their hands between.
On halting feet the ragged poem goes,
With accents neither fitting verse or prose.
The style mine ear with more contentment fills
In lawyers' pleadings or physicians' bills, &c.

To JAMES I. *concerning the true form of English Poetry.*

"William Browne," says Hallam, "is an early model of ease and variety in the regular couplet. Many passages in his unequal poem are hardly excelled by the Fables of Dryden." But Drummond of Hawthornden is by far his superior. His Forth Feasting, says the same competent authority, "is perfectly harmonious; and what is very remarkable in that age, he concludes the verse at every couplet with the regularity of Pope." The Forth is made to congratulate King James.

To virgins, flowers—to sun-burnt earth the rain—
To mariners, fair winds amid the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.
That day, dear prince, which robb'd us of thy sight
(Day? No, but darkness and a dusky night,)
Did fill our breast with sighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn minutes to sad months, sad months to years:
Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flowers,
Brooks hid their heads within their sedgy bowers;
Fair Ceres cursed our trees with barren frost,
As if again she had her daughter lost:
The Muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
Sate sadly silent, nor did weep their wrongs:

Oh virtue's pattern! glory of our times!
Sent of past days to expiate the crimes;
Great king, but better far than thou art great,
Whom state not honours, but who honours state;
By wonder borne, by wonder first install'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd;
Young, kept by wonder from home-bred alarms,
Old, saved by wonder from pale traitors' harms;
To be for this thy reign, which wonders brings,
A king of wonder, wonder unto kings.
If Pict, Dane, Norman, thy smooth yoke had seen,
Pict, Dane, and Norman had thy subjects been:
If Brutus knew the bliss thy rule doth give,
Even Brutus joy would under thee to live:
For thou thy people dost so dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.

Ah! why should Isis only see thee shine?
Is not the Forth, as well as Isis, thine?
Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in store,
Let it suffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
Though she for beauty may compare with Seine,
For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial Rheine;
Yet, for the title may be claim'd in thee,
Nor she, nor all the world, can match with me.
Now, when, by honour drawn, thou shalt away
To her, already jealous of thy stay;
When in her amorous arms she doth thee fold,
And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
Much asking of thy fare, much of thy sport,
Much of thine absence, long, howe'er so short,
And chides, perhaps, thy coming to the North,
Loath not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
Oh! love these bounds, where of thy royal stem,
More than a hundred wore a diadem.
So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
So never time may see thy race outworn;
So of thine own still mayst thou be desired,
Of strangers fear'd, redoubted and admired;
So memory thee praise, so precious hours
May character thy name in starry flowers;
So may thy high exploits at last make even
With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven!

There is not much melody in May— he is more vigorous than musical, and writes as if anxious rather for the strength of his thoughts than the

flow of his numbers. But Sandys is called by Dryden "the best versifier of the former age."* Waller, when he condescended to acknowledge Fairfax for his model, might have owned his obligations to the Ovid of Sandys.

And now the work is ended, which, Jove's rage,
Nor fire, nor sword, shall rase, nor eating age.
Come when it will my death's uncertain hour,
Which of this body only hath the power,
Yet shall my better part transcend the sky,
And my immortal name shall never die,
For whersoe'er the Roman Eagles spread
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true presages give,
I in my Fame eternally shall live.

Ovid. B. xv. fol. Oxfd. 1632.

Deep in a bay, an isle with stretch'd-out sides,
A harbour makes, and breaks the justling tides:
The parting floods into a land-lock'd sound
Their streams discharge, with rocks environ'd round:
Whereof two, equal lofty, threat the skies,
Under whose lee the safe sea silent lies:
Their brows with dark and trembling woods array'd,
Whose spreading branches cast a dreadful shade.
Within the hanging rock a cave well known
To sacred sea-nymphs, bench'd with living stone,
In fountains fruitful. Here no hawser bound
The shaking ships, nor anchor broke the ground.
Hither Æneas, &c.

Virgil. B. i. Ed. 1632.

Fenton, anxious to exalt his favourite Waller, and make good the praise he had awarded him as—

Maker and model of melodious verse—

would seem to have assigned to some of the poems of Waller too early a date; dates, which their titles rather than their contents would justify him in assigning. Johnson has noticed this, and very properly. "Neither of these pieces,"† he says, "that seem to carry their own dates, could have been the sudden effusion of fancy. In the verses on the Prince's escape, the prediction of his marriage with the Princess of France must have been written after the event; in the other, the promises of the king's kindness to the descendants of Buckingham, which could not be properly praised till it had appeared by its effects, show that time was taken for revision and improvement. It is not known that they were published till they appeared long afterward with other poems."

This is as curious as it is convincing. Nor is it less so, that the flow of Waller was the result of labour, not an inherent melody—for the felicity of numbers so much dwelt upon in his miscalled early productions, (first known to have been printed in the poet's fortieth year,) is not found in the only printed poem of his before the famous 45; for his verses "Upon Ben Jonson," written and printed in 1637-8, are wanting in all his after excellences. What follows is inferior to what had been done before him:—

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleased and displeased with her own faults, endures
A remedy like those whom music cures.
Thou not alone those various inclinations
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,
But all that custom hath imposed on men,
Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,
That scarce the brother can the brother know,
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see or read thy comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind;
And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserved himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.

Jonsonus Virbius. 1638.

This is not above the level of other poems in the same collection; yet the man who could write this way in 1638, is supposed to have written fifteen years before with a melody which he never afterward surpassed.

The early translations of Denham have all the faults of youth and all the faults of the age in which they were written. His *Cooper's Hill* was an immense stride, in language and in numbers, though the first edition of 1642 wants much of the after sweetness infused into it. This is not superior to Sandys (we quote from the first edition).

As those who raised in body, or in thought
Above the earth, or the air's middle vault,
Behold how winds and storms, and meteors grow,
How clouds condense to rain, congeal to snow,
And see the thunder form'd, before it tear
The air, secure from danger and from fear;
So raised above the tumult and the crowd
I see the city in a thicker cloud
Of business, than of smoke, where men like ants
Toil to prevent imaginary wants;
Yet all in vain, increasing with their store
Their vast desires, but make their wants the more;
As food to unsound bodies, though it please
The appetite, feeds only the disease.

Nor is "The Flight of the Stag," from the same poem, much superior:—

Wearied, forsaken and pursued at last,
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence assumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
When neither speed, nor art, nor friends, or force
Could help him, toward the stream he bends his course;

* Malone, vol. iv. 588.

† "Of the danger His Majesty (being Prince) escaped in the road at St. Andero," and "on His Majesty's receiving the news of the Duke of Buckingham's death."

Hoping the lesser beasts would not essay
An element more merciless than they:—
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst, alas! they thirst for blood!

There are many harmonious passages in Quarles' *Emblemes*, first printed it is said in 1635, though the edition here quoted is the Cambridge copy of 1643.

Not eat? Not taste? Not touch? Not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'st thou not what Heaven ordain'd for food?
Or canst thou think that bad which Heaven call'd good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void.
What sullen star ruled my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth!
How oft have these bare knees been bent, to gain
The slender alms of one poor smile, in vain!
How often tired with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implored the shades of night?
How often have my mighty torments pray'd
For lingering twilight, glutted with the shade?
Day worse than night, night worse than day appears;
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpitied, groan without relief;
There is nor end, nor measure of my grief.
The smiling flower salutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows.
Oh that my tedious life were like this flower,
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour!
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by so large a span?
Or why suspended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my sorrow wasted breath
Denied the easy privilege of death?
The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome shore.

Here let us stop. That Denham and Waller improved this kind of versification, and that Dryden perfected it, there is no one to doubt or deny. But the debt that is due to Denham and Waller has been strangely overrated; they were not the fathers of this kind of verse, but the successful cultivators; and so far were they from improving our versification generally, that every kind of metre, the couplet excepted, was written with greater harmony and excellence before they wrote, than it was in their age or has since been.

B.

ON THE SALE OF "PARADISE LOST."

"The slow sale," says Johnson, "and tardy reputation of Paradise Lost have been always mentioned as evidences of neglected merit, and of the uncertainty of literary fame; and inquiries have been made, and conjectures offered, about the causes of its long obscurity and late reception. But has the case been truly stated? Have not lamentation and wonder been lavished on an evil that was never felt?

"That in the reigns of Charles and James the 'Paradise Lost' received no public acclamations, is readily confessed. Wit and Literature were on the side of the Court: and who that solicited favour or fashion would venture to praise the defender of the regicides? All that he himself could think his due, from evil tongues in evil days, was that reverential silence which was generously preserved. But it cannot be inferred, that his Poem was not read, or not, however unwillingly, admired."

"The sale," he goes on to say, "if it be considered, will justify the public. Those who have no power to judge of past times but by their own, should always doubt their conclusions. The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is in the present. To read was not then a general amusement; neither traders nor often gentlemen thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. The women had not then aspired to literature, nor was every house supplied with a closet of knowledge. Those indeed who professed learning were not less learned than at any other time; but of that middle race of students who read for pleasure or accomplishment, and who buy the numerous products of modern typography, the number was then comparatively small. To prove the paucity of readers, it may be sufficient to remark, that the nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakspeare, which probably did not together make one thousand copies.

"The sale," he adds, "of thirteen hundred copies in two years, in opposition to so much recent enmity, and to a style of versification new to all, and disgusting to many, was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. The demand did not immediately increase; for many more readers than were supplied at first the nation did not afford. Only three thousand were sold in eleven years; for it forced its way without assistance; its admirers did not dare to publish their opinion; and the opportunities now given of attracting notice by advertisements were then very few; the means of proclaiming the publication of new books have been produced by that general literature which now pervades the nation through all its ranks."

In answer to what Johnson has advanced, let us ask in his own words, "Has the case been truly stated?" The century that was satisfied with but two editions of Shakspeare in forty-one years, called for three of Paradise Lost in *ten*,

and three of Prince Arthur in *two*. "That Prince Arthur found readers," says Johnson, "is certain; for in two years it had three editions; a very uncommon instance of favourable reception, at a time when literary curiosity was yet confined to particular classes of the nation." But it was no uncommon instance, for the same age demanded edition after edition of Cowley, of Waller, of Flatman, and of Sprat. There was no paucity of readers: the sale of Paradise Lost was slow because it was not to the taste of the times: our very plays were in rhyme; and the public looked with wonder on Shakspeare when improved by Shadwell, Ravenscroft, and Tate. Dryden, who wrote when Cowley was in the full blaze of his reputation, and Milton neglected and unknown, lived long enough to see and tell of a distinct change in public opinion, and Milton stand where Cowley had stood.

That the sale of thirteen hundred copies of a three-shilling book in two years was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius, Mr. Wordsworth was among the first to disprove. Yet so difficult is it to eradicate an error insinuatingly advanced by a popular author, that Johnson's overthrown statement has been printed without contradiction in every edition of his *Lives*, and has found an additional stronghold for its perpetuity in the Works of Lord Byron. "Milton's politics kept him down," says Byron; "but the epigram of Dryden, and the very sale of his work, in proportion to the less reading time of its publication, prove him to have been honoured by his contemporaries."*

But Blackmore, who wrote when literary curiosity was yet confined, if we may believe Johnson, to particular classes of the nation, has told us in an acknowledged work that Paradise Lost *lay many years unspoken of and entirely disregarded.* No better testimony could possibly be wished for; and as the passage has hitherto passed without extract or allusion, we shall quote it at length: "It must be acknowledged," says Sir Richard Blackmore, "that till about forty years ago Great Britain was barren of critical learning, though fertile in excellent writers; and in particular had so little taste for epic poetry, and were so unacquainted with the essential properties and peculiar beauties of it, that Paradise Lost, an admirable work of that kind, published by Mr. Milton, the great ornament of his age and country, lay many years unspoken of and entirely disregarded, till at length it happened that some persons of greater delicacy and judgment found out the merit of that excellent poem, and by communicating their sentiments to their friends, propagated the esteem of the author, who soon acquired universal applause."†

To strengthen Blackmore in a position which is the very reverse of Johnson, there are other authorities and circumstances, less curious, it is true, but still of interest. "Never any poet," writes Dennis, "left a greater reputation behind him than Mr. Cowley, while Milton remained obscure, and known but to few."‡ "When Milton first published his famous poem," Swift writes to Sir Charles Wogan, "the first edition was long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it, and it gained ground merely by its merit."

But it had other assistance: "It was your lordship's encouraging" (writes Hughes to Lord Somers) "a beautiful edition of Paradise Lost that first brought that incomparable poem to be generally known and esteemed."§ This was in 1688; and such, if we may judge the present by the past, was then the influence of Lord Somers, that in a dedication of Swift's *Tale of a Tub* to the same great man, the bookseller says, with ill-concealed satisfaction and in a very grateful strain, "Your Lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition." Whatever Somers did, the poem had made no great way till Philips published his Splendid Shilling, Addison his translation from Virgil, and his delightful papers in The Spectator, that seem to have written it into reputation.

True it is, we must add, that it had been called by Dryden in 1674, when its author was but newly in his grave, "one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems, which either the age or nation has produced;"‖ that *The State of Innocence* was suggested by it; that Dryden, the most popular of living poets, and the great critic of our nation, had repeatedly published his high approval, and, better still, had turned his glorious epigram in its praise; nay more, that the Earl of Roscommon, who was dead in 1684, had written in Milton's measure and manner.¶ Yet Johnson would have us believe that its admirers did not dare to publish their opinions! But all were not of his way of thinking; and Rymer, who was in poetry what his name would denote, could speak of it in 1678, as "*that* Paradise Lost of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem;"** and Prior and Montague, of its author, in 1687 as "a rough unhewn fellow, that a man must sweat to read him."††

This was the general feeling of the age; and the truth is, as Sir Walter Scott has observed,‡‡ that the coldness with which Milton's mighty epic was received upon the first publication, is traceable to the character of its author, so obnoxious for his share in the government of Cromwell, to the turn of the language, so different from that of the age, and the seriousness of a subject so discordant with its lively frivolities.

* Works, vol. v. p. 15. † Essays, 8vo. 1716.
‡ Familiar Letters.
§ Spenser's Works, 12mo. 1715. Dedication.
‖ *Pr. Works by Malone*, vol. ii. p. 397. In another place (vol. ii. p. 403) he puts Milton on the same footing with Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. This was in 1675.
¶ See page 331 of this volume.

** *Letter to Fleetwood Shepherd on the Tragedies of the Last Age*, p. 143.
†† The Hind and the Panther Transversed, &c. Bayes says, after quoting a liquid line, "I writ this line for the ladies. I hate such a rough unhewn fellow as Milton;" &c.
‡‡ *Misc. Pr. Works*, vol. i. p. 141.

A Christian poem, that should have found its greatest admirers and received its warmest advancement from the Established Church, met there with open and avowed opposition. Milton, hateful as he was to the churchmen for the violence of his political tenets, encountered in the whole collected body of established clergy, that dislike which Sprat when Dean of Westminster professed to feel at the mention of his name,—a name too odious, as he said, to be engraven on the walls of a Christian church. What the clergy should have read, honoured, and encouraged for their cloth, if not for their conscience' sake, was left in the same disregarded state by the laity, who did not profess or wish for once to be wiser than those whose duty it was to direct their minds to good and holy books, and Milton worked his way against every obstacle slowly but surely. No poem ever appeared in an age less fitted or less inclined to read, like, or understand it, than did Paradise Lost.*

C.

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA,

[Died, 1720.]

Was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill of Sidmonton in the county of Southampton, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and wife to Heneage Earl of Winchelsea. A collection of her poems was printed in 1713; several still remain unpublished.

"It is remarkable," says Wordsworth, "that excepting the Nocturnal Reverie, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of Paradise Lost and The Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature."

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined;
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right;
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly vail the heavens' mysterious face;
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright;
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom where venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthen'd shade we fear
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd,
Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursued.

* Yet Mr. Hallam is inclined to think that the sale was great for the time; and adds, "I have some few doubts, whether Paradise Lost, published eleven years since, would have met with a greater demand."—*Lit. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 427.

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